



The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

JANUARY 1963

Lessons for April

VOL. 50 NO. 1



Greetings for the New Year

THE General Board extends heartfelt and loving sentiments to Relief Society sisters everywhere for the year 1963. The members of the General Board have the joy of personally meeting with sisters in all stakes of the Church. While customs may vary and languages differ in countries, the spiritual understanding flows through material barriers, and fuses two Relief Society sisters into a bond of oneness, as they clasp hands and look into each other's eyes.

Though this coming year may be filled with continuing tensions, unrest, and even violence, though men's hearts may fail them through "the distress of nations . . . the sea and the waves roaring," still all is in fulfillment of prophecy by which the saints are forewarned.

Relief Society members know wherein their security lies. They have established their feet on the narrow path — the road of heavenly protection and safety. Serving others, even as they are beset by personal trials and temptations, yet they live in righteousness hedged by the wisdom of older times.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;
And lean not unto thine own understanding.
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.

Though man-made and heavenly tempests roar, Relief Society members walk in directed paths and steadfastly look to the time when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the seas."

On behalf of the General Board we send love and greetings to our next-door neighbor Relief Society members, and to all members in the uttermost parts of the world; to the sister most recently voted into membership and to the one whose mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother have accepted the joyful opportunity of membership, beginning with membership in Nauvoo the Beautiful. Once the obligations of membership are accepted, all become true sisters in the bonds of charity, with the same glorious heritage of love and service.

May the security of peace in righteousness abide in the heart of every Relief Society member in 1963 and forever, is our prayer.

Affectionately,

Beverly Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Louise A. Madsen

From Near and Far

The article "A Permanent Home," by Norma Dee Ryan (October 1962) expressed my feelings at the time. The flowers I worked on all spring were in bloom and the yard green and nice. Now, in our new home, and it is home already, we have planted two more trees that we will never see grow, and started watering the dead grass. The grass is starting to turn green, but we will not be here long, for my husband, too, is military, and we soon expect an overseas order. The Magazine will follow us there, and the Church will soon make it "home."

—Mrs. Colleen A. Bentley
Edgemont, California

When my Magazine arrives I have to stop whatever I am doing and glance quickly through its pages to satisfy myself with reading the thoughts of other saints, and then carry on the rest of the day with a song in my heart, anticipating the pleasure I shall have later when the day is done and I can relax with my favorite Magazine, thankful for the pleasure and benefits I receive.

—Mrs. D. L. Ring
Leederville, Perthshire
Scotland

I always read the "From Near and Far" page because I enjoy the things others think and say about our Magazine. I enjoy every issue. Sometimes I start right at the beginning and read everything except the continued story, which I save until the last of the month, so that I won't have to wait so long to see what happens next. Sometimes when I am blue, I read something that lifts my heart. Sometimes I find wonderful things to help me with my family of seven children. Sometimes when a problem rests heavily upon me, I find the perfect answer in the Magazine. No matter what the case, the answer seems to come from the Magazine.

—Donna Abegglen
St. Anthony, Idaho

I truly enjoy reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is a warm, spiritual visit from home. Two of our young missionaries out here came to see me one day and informed me that they had marked some articles in my Magazine that they wanted me to read. Upon opening the Magazine, I discovered that they had marked all the "articles" in the recipe section — candy, cookies, pie . . . etc. I find that the recipes work just as well here as they did in Switzerland, France, or back in our own country. The elders in the mission here are many of them subscribers to the Magazine, and they tell me that they enjoy it very much.

—Luella B. Hanson
Brussels, Belgium

I especially enjoyed the editorial "In the Family There Is Strength" (by Vesta P. Crawford) in the August issue of the Magazine. I felt the message so keenly, as we had just had a wonderful visit with my daughter and son-in-law and their six children from Washington, D. C.

—Myrene Rich Brewer
Ogden, Utah

During the summer months I was so busy I only took time to scan through my Magazine. Suddenly I found myself in the hospital with a ruptured appendix. I had plenty of time to read all the back issues. For days the Magazine was the only reading material I could handle, because it was small and light. What an uplift I received from its pages, with such a variety of literature and beautiful pictures. Many times I read to the woman who shared the room with me. I hope I was able to spread the gospel to her through this medium.

—Marjorie S. Patterson
President
Santa Ana Stake Relief Society
Santa Ana, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 50

Periodic Publications of the Relief Society of
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

NO. 1

JANUARY 1963

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Vesta P. Crawford Associate Editor Belle S. Spafford General Manager

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Teach Virtue and Modesty

President Joseph Fielding Smith

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Officers Meeting of the Relief Society Annual General Conference, October 3, 1962]

THIS is certainly a wonderful sight to think that you good sisters have come from all parts of the world to attend this conference. I congratulate you for your faith and your integrity and I want to say to you, we pray for you constantly. You are doing a wonderful work, and the Prophet certainly was inspired by the spirit of the Lord to have such an organization as the Relief Society given to the Church. You have a great work to perform. We remember you in our prayers, we want you to know that the work that you are performing is fully appreciated by the brethren of the Authorities of the Church.

Now, I want to endorse all that has been said and done, and I am very grateful that Brother Petersen had the inspiration to speak as he did on a topic that is most timely. I know of nothing that is more important today than the theme which he presented to us. Now, there are a great many good, honest people in the world, but that does not change the fact that we are living in a wicked world, a fallen world. In fact, it has always been fallen since Adam and Eve were driven out of the garden of Eden. But that does not mean that there have not been good people down through the ages, at least most of the time. Your work is just as im-

portant as any other work in the Church. I want you to know that your brethren appreciate it.

I want to say a few words, too, along the line that was mentioned by Elder Petersen. Our day was seen in the days of Isaiah. The Lord opened the eyes of Isaiah. He saw the gathering of the Latter-day Saints to these valleys of the mountains and spoke about it and about the blessings of the Lord that would attend them. But he also saw in that great vision some of the pitfalls and the difficulties and the transgressions that would befall the Latter-day Saints, along with other people, and he has spoken of it. When Isaiah spoke of Zion, he did not mean the world, and when he spoke of the daughters of Zion, he meant the daughters of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I am going to read you a few verses, "As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them. O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths. The Lord standeth up to plead, and standeth to judge the people. The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of his people, and the princes thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses" (Isaiah 3:12-14).

THEN he goes on to talk about Zion. Who is Zion? We, the Latter-day Saints.

Moreover the Lord said:

Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: Therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon. The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings. The rings, and nose jewels . . . (Isaiah 3:16-21).

We haven't got quite to that point yet, have we?

The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, The glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty (Isaiah 3:22-24).

That is as far as I need to read.

Now, you good mothers, you should teach your children virtue, chastity, and they should be taught from their early childhood. And they should be made aware of the pitfalls and the dangers that are so prevalent throughout the world. Now, we are living in a wicked day. When you read your newspapers you can discover that, and they give us but a small fraction of what goes on. Wickedness prevails. One of my good brethren who had the right to speak some years ago said, "Chastity

is dead." I hope that isn't true of virtue.

The tendency of the times is towards evil. I deplore, and I know my brethren do, the tendency in the world which Latter-day Saints imitate and copy, as far as the women are concerned, at least in their dress. When I was a young man going to school the girls wore dresses that came down to their ankles. They were modest. They don't do that now. I went out occasionally in my youth to Saltair to bathe, when the water was up under the pavilion. I had a bathing suit that covered my body to my ankles, so did the men, and so the women. I remember when a young lady came in to go in bathing. She passed one of the men in charge, and he stopped her. He said, "You can't go in dressed like that." Well, she had a dress on that covered her body down below her knees, but he said, "You have got to get stockings on."

A woman came into my office one day, she might be here in this group for all I know, and showed me a picture that she had taken, somewhere near the beginning of the century, of a group bathing at Saltair. I tried to get it from her and she would not let me have it. "No," she said, "I am going to keep this, I am in this picture." But every bather was covered — men and women alike. That's why I wanted to get it, to see it, to show it.

Now they go in bathing together, men and women at the resorts, with very scanty clothing on. Some of our good, clean, virtuous daughters

vie to become Miss America or Miss Utah or California or some other State, and they have to be put on exhibition like prize cattle and go through all kinds of stunts, and dress so they have to show their bodies. Pardon me for talking plainly. I think it is disgraceful that we have reached that point in our lives where, as one of my good brethren said several years ago, "Virtue, modesty are dead." Now we need reformation.

You mothers in your homes, are you in the habit of letting your little children run around scantily clothed because it is warm weather, practically naked or nearly so? And they grow up that way, that is, think-

ing that there is nothing wrong in exposing their bodies. What did the Lord give Adam and Eve garments for? To clothe themselves, and the Lord does not like nakedness. And I think the Latter-day Saints should not follow the fashions and the immodesty of the world. We are the people of the Lord. He expects us to live clean, virtuous lives, to keep our thoughts clean and minds pure and faithful in the observance of all his other commandments. Why should we follow the world, why can we not be modest, why can't we do the things the Lord would have us do?

The Lord bless you in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A Song of Wheels

Margery S. Stewart

The wagon wheels are high and white,
 They make a scarring in the snow,
 The way that wheels do, coming hard
 Behind the oxen, dark and slow.
 The wind, a winter Indian, stalks
 Past tattered canvas, tattered shawl.
 Crouched on the ridges, broods the night,
 Like taloned birds, the shadows fall.
 Then from the farthest wagon back,
 A grizzled man begins to sing,
 The song is like him, strong and deep,
 The music makes a rising ring,
 A spreading splendor in the dark,
 To which the others bend their brands.
 Someone else against the stark
 Oppression sings out sure and bold.
 Others . . . and others . . . here and here . . .
 Until the notes are all held high,
 A fire of music in the night.
 Forgotten spectres turn and fly,
 Once more the wagons circle and stand.
 The dark shrinks back to the edge of the land.

Modesty Protects Virtue

Elder Mark E. Petersen

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered in the Officers Meeting of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1962]

INDEED it is a great privilege and an honor to be in your presence here this morning, my sisters. I am always humble when in the presence of the wonderful women of this Church. I am convinced that the sisters of the Latter-day Saints are truly angelic in many, many ways. I feel confident that you are the stalwarts that lend so much strength to the entire Church through your marvelous devotion, so it is indeed a great honor and a privilege to be in your presence.

During the first months following the organization of the Relief Society in 1842, the Prophet Joseph Smith addressed the sisters a number of times. He endeavored to set the standard and show the way for this marvelous organization. One of his principal themes was that the sisters should uphold morality and right and promote virtue among members of the Church.

Brigham Young also stressed the importance of the sisters upholding high standards, and, at one time, he said, "These Relief Societies are for the improvement of our manners, our dress, our habits, and our methods of living."

The Lord spoke at various times pertaining to the virtues which he expects the Latter-day Saints to preserve. At one time he said, "Practise virtue and holiness before me" (D & C 38:24). Still later he warned, ". . . ye must practise vir-

tue and holiness before me continually" (D & C 46:33). And while the Prophet was in Liberty Jail, the Lord spoke to him and said, ". . . let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God (D & C 12:45).

Inasmuch as he used the expression, "Practise virtue and holiness before me continually," I feel that the Lord not only spoke of virtue in the sense of chastity, but also in a broader sense, even as we speak of the different virtues represented in our Latter-day Saint standards.

Since the Lord seemed to include a general connotation of the word virtue in his revelations, I went to the dictionary to see what it had to say on this subject. Among other things, it gave as definitions, courage, strength, valor, efficacy, excellence, merit, rectitude, purity, and chastity. I was particularly interested for the moment in the word valor which was given as a synonym and, as a result, refreshed my mind on the dictionary definition of that word. Valor was defined as strength of mind which enables one to encounter danger firmly. It stands for gallantry, heroism, personal bravery, and courage.

Then I began to ask myself, what are the virtues the Lord had in mind when he urged the saints to "let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly . . ." and ". . . practise virtue

and holiness before me continually"? My reply was, we must practise the teachings of the Savior by upholding all of the standards of the Church. Without the standards of the Church there is no holiness, nor any virtue either in its broader sense or in the strict definition of chastity.

I began to list some of the standards of the Church which pertain to holiness and the various virtues the Lord expects to find in a Latter-day Saint. I mention just a few of them: first, "We believe in being true." Again, that is as essential as the gospel itself. Next came, "We believe in being chaste." Benevolence, of course, is mentioned and also patience, long-suffering, brotherly and sisterly kindness, forgiveness, charity, godliness, humility, and diligence.

ALL of these are essential virtues, but, as I read them, I remembered that one of the definitions of virtue is valor, and that valor is the strength of mind which enables one to encounter danger firmly with personal bravery and courage.

Next I asked myself, are our virtues, our standards, in danger? Is there need for valor and courage and strength in meeting such dangers today? Then I remembered that in these days there are many dangers which confront us and our families, as well as even our little ones. I remembered that delinquency in the United States is growing at a rate five times faster than the Nation's population; that divorce is reaching new highs even among the Latter-day Saints; that both adult and juvenile delinquency

are threatening the solidarity of our homes and families, and that danger is facing us in tremendous proportions.

Who can stop this condition? Who can build up our most important defenses? Who has the courage to do so?

When I noted that the chief threat is to our homes and families, I remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith laid it upon the Relief Society women of the Church to protect our homes and families by preserving virtue and holiness. The principal cause of juvenile delinquency is unsatisfactory home life. Unsatisfactory home life results largely from adult delinquency. Adult delinquency is weakening the moral fiber of the Nation. More crimes are committed by people over fifty years of age than by any other age group; the next highest is among those over thirty-five.

Since our homes are now placed in jeopardy, how can we strengthen them and resist these evils? Whose influence is greatest in the home? We recognize, without doubt, the place of husband and father, but so often those husbands and fathers, themselves, do not recognize their responsibility and abandon it in favor of business or other pursuits.

The preservation of the home is left chiefly to the wife and mother. In a large part the home is what the mother makes it. Do our women have the personal courage, the valor, the strength of mind to meet this present situation?

Are you, the women, willing to be the protectors of our homes and provide the stabilizing qualities our people need in this day of instabil-

ity? Are you willing to be the "Rock of Gibraltar" in your homes, resisting the corroding influences of a changing world about you? Do you see what is happening all about us?

Let us talk of virtue for a moment in terms of chastity. Do you know what tempts the boys to molest the girls today more than any other one thing? It is the mode of dress of our girls who, in the summertime, often wear extremely abbreviated sun suits, even on the streets; who wear dresses above the knees, whose clothing about the bust is often so tight and revealing that it nearly takes the breath away from the boys who look at it. It is the low-cut evening dress which permits a boy to dance all evening gazing down into a half-concealed but half-disclosed bosom, thus setting him on fire with an unholy desire. It is so often the very skimpy gymnasium suits girls are forced to wear in their physical education classes at school.

WHEN the boys are coming into their teens and reaching maturity, and such sights are placed before their eyes, almost like an invitation, can you blame them any more than you would the girls who tempt them, if they take advantage of those girls?

Unfortunately, many of these young women are innocent victims of a bad situation. From infancy they wear but little clothing. As they reach early childhood there is still little clothing, and so on into young adulthood. They are taught that this is the style and they must follow it. They become accustomed to exposing themselves. It is all

they seem to know, and who is to blame? Who permits them to dress in this manner? Who buys their clothes? Who is it that permits them to wear lipstick and high heels even before they reach their teens? And who permits them to go dating at twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, with little restriction or supervision? And who permits not only this early dating but steady dating as well, steady dating which so often leads to early intimacies, degradation, and loss of this precious virtue of which we speak and, frequently, results in early marriages which almost always break up, even while the youngsters are still in their teens.

The Lord says we are to garnish our thoughts with virtue unceasingly. Can a boy's thoughts be garnished with virtue while he is looking at the plainly outlined form of a beautiful young woman? Can his thoughts be garnished with virtue as he gazes at her limbs so fully exposed by these short, short skirts of today? Are the girls' thoughts garnished with virtue when they wear revealing clothing? Are their thoughts garnished with virtue while they engage in a petting party, and then hope for an early marriage to cover up their indiscretions?

A recent national publication carried an editorial discussing this subject, and among other things said that we must face the fact that more and more American women are unwittingly inviting sex crimes. It was estimated that at least half of the rape cases on the blotter could have been avoided had the victim shown more discretion and

good judgment. The peculiarly American system of encouraging our girls to be attractive and alluring, or training them to be seductive, and then telling them of course that they must draw an uncrossable line, was considered as a destructive system.

The editorial said that the entire concept of training our young women to "both lure and repel, simultaneously," is responsible for irreconcilable conflicts. A girl is encouraged to believe that the number of her dates and the amount of passion she arouses in them may be in many cases the total measure of her success as a female.

And then the editorial calls for a new American heroine, not one who is a sweater girl, whose main claim to fame seems to be the shape of her body and how much of it she is willing to reveal, but the editor calls for a national heroine of virtue and cleanliness, who is willing to put her sex appeal in the background and put forward her wit, her charm, her intelligence, and her integrity.

I believe that if the women of this Church could practice the kind of virtue the Lord speaks of, they could change this situation. If they had the valor and the courage they could protect their children by helping them to live up to the Church standards of decency and right. But, mothers, unless you take a stand, your daughters will not take a stand. You must set the requirements, you must make the decision.

I was confronted the other day by a group of women who were talking about the leaders of the Church and their attitudes on styles. I told those women that I thought they respect-

ed the leaders of the Church as long as the brethren stayed away from certain subjects, but when it came to style, the women of the Church pay far more attention to the style designers in New York and Paris than they do to the appeals for modesty on the part of the General Authorities.

The styles of today are immodest, but many women follow them and reject the counsel of the Church leaders. So whom do they sustain, whom do they place first in their lives? When it comes to styles, it certainly is not the leaders of the Church, and yet modesty is the first line of defense for chastity.

When our girls and boys lose their virtue, we cry to high heaven and wonder why this should ever come to our families, forgetting that in our desire to be fashionable we have set aside modesty, which is the great protector of virtue.

MOTHERS in Israel, as long as we turn away from modesty in dress and follow the way of the world in style, just that long will we pay the price in a breakdown of morals among the younger generation.

Have we the courage to correct this condition? We can have a style of our own, a modest one! We are nearly two million people and no longer a small minority.

But in this we would not be alone. Millions of other women are as modest as we would like our women to be. Recently, one of the colleges of the United States, a non-Latter-day Saint school, had a style show in which every dress shown was as modest as if it had

been cut out by the General Authorities themselves. There are many sensible and decent people in the world who would support us. Why can we not join with them rather than with those who are so evil-minded that they design styles to emphasize sex, knowing very well that such an appeal is an invitation to sin?

Now, may I mention some of the other virtues, particularly the influence of our women in promoting love at home, a spirit of prayer, peace, and co-operation, rather than a spirit of quarreling in the home.

Family quarrels breed delinquency of both children and parents. Wouldn't you like to foster the spirit of love and prayer in your home, rather than the spirit of contention? The Savior taught us that the spirit of contention is the spirit of the devil.

Let us practice our religion in the home and strive for patience, good-

ness, forgiveness, and long-suffering, and yet develop the courage to fight evil and put it out of our lives.

Is physical exposure compatible with the gospel of Jesus Christ? Is quarreling in the home, is violation of the rules of honesty, is gambling, is violation of the Sabbath day?

Oh, sisters, let virtue garnish your thoughts unceasingly. Plan your family life so that virtue will garnish the thoughts of your children also. Be firm and courageous in standing for the right, regardless of what the world designs, or how it may beckon you into its evil pursuits.

We must ever remember that while we are in the world we must not be of the world. We must practise virtue and holiness before the Lord always, for so he has commanded us. I pray that we may do so in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Words Written in White

Ida Elaine James

Today, the world is chastened. Through quiet snows
 Upon the streets move common mortals, white
 With winter's luminous aureole; each goes
 To find his dream or his despair, each bright
 With brief, ethereal beauty. The quiet air
 Is pregnant now with loveliness that sifts
 Magic alike on aging cheek and hair
 And heads of children laughing down the drifts.

There is no sorrow through a world of slow
 And muted wonders such as these that bring
 Pulse to the buried wish of long ago,
 Strength to forgotten prayer, the blossoming
 Of light, from out a world of death and frost,
 To April dreams the heart has somehow lost.

Relief Society Magazine's Fiftieth Anniversary

Marianne C. Sharp, Editor

THIS January 1963 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* marks the fiftieth year of its publication by the General Board of Relief Society.

The need for periodicals within the Church has always been recognized. With the publication of the modern scriptures came the printing of weekly or monthly periodicals even on foreign soil. Rare and valuable are original copies of such periodicals as *The Times and Seasons*, the *Mormon*, *The Millennial Star*, to mention but a few.

It was only thirty years after the saints arrived in the Salt Lake Valley that President Brigham Young saw to it that the sisters had a periodical of their own under the name *The Woman's Exponent*, excerpts from which have been included in *The Relief Society Magazine* for the past nineteen years, under the heading "Sixty Years Ago."

The Woman's Exponent served as the official publication of Relief Society until 1914, when uniform courses of study were provided by the General Board of Relief Society through a published series of Guide Lessons distributed free which were enlarged in 1915 and known as *The Relief Society Magazine*. The groundwork for the *Magazine* was laid at the officers meeting of the General Relief Society Conference

in April 1914, and voted upon favorably. The annual subscription price was to be \$1, and the monthly issue was to be forty-eight pages with illustrations. It would require 12,000 paid subscriptions, the sisters were cautioned, to make it self-supporting.

At this time in 1914, Emmeline B. Wells, who had been editor of the *Woman's Exponent* since 1877, was President of the Relief Society, with Clarissa S. Williams, First Counselor, and Julina L. Smith (wife of President Joseph F. Smith) Second Counselor. These sisters chose Susa Young Gates (daughter of President Brigham Young) as the first Editor of the new *Magazine*, with Jeannette P. Hyde, Business Manager, and Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary, as Assistant Manager. An Advisory Committee consisted of Clarissa S. Williams, Julina L. Smith, and Rebecca N. Nibley (wife of Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley). The offices were at 28 Bishop's Building (just recently torn down). Interesting incidents have been related of how Sisters Hyde and Lyman went up and down Main Street canvassing for advertisements to meet the payroll.

President Joseph F. Smith, who was in California in December, sent the following telegram of good wishes:



FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE
FOR 1915

Description of the cover, from a note in the January 1915 issue of the *Magazine*:
“The beautiful picture on our cover is one of the four bas-reliefs on the base of the exquisite Sea-Gull Monument in the Temple Square, by our artist, M. M. Young. The artist is a grandson of President Brigham Young” (page 44).

Ocean Park, California, December 5, 1914.
Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells,
General Board of the Relief Society:

Accept my sincere congratulations and heartiest greetings in honor of the birth of the *Relief Society Magazine*. May it enter upon its noble mission so firmly entrenched about by the bulwarks of worthy and capable endeavor and enduring truth that its career may be successful and glorious.

JOSEPH F. SMITH

In the January 1915 editorial “The Mission of Our Magazine” was detailed:

It is impossible for us to be sure what any child of ours may become. How much more impossible, then, to forecast what shall be the future, the final character, of this literary infant, newly-born. If the Editor of this enterprise might shape its policy and fashion its fulfilment, she would have this magazine filled with the



EDITORS OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

At the top: Susa Young Gates, 1914-1922; Alice Louise Reynolds, 1923-1930; Mary Connelly Kimball, 1930-1937.

At bottom: Belle S. Spafford, 1937-1945; Marianne C. Sharp, 1945-

Spirit of the Lord from cover to cover. In order to do that, no article should be published which would encourage vanity, hurtful luxury, sin, or any evil passion of the human breast. Rather would we make of this magazine a beacon light of hope, beauty and charity.

The Christian world have all the virtues. They practice many of the moral precepts of true religion; they are charitable, kind, honest, and intelligent. They lack one thing, and one thing only, and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness, taught by those having authority. It is, therefore, the spirit and genius of the Gospel which we would like to develop and expound brightly, attractively, cheerfully, and hopefully, to the readers of the *Relief Society Magazine*.

While the baby *Magazine* may have been weak financially, it was strong and robust in the message it imparted. The early editorials reflect not only the pressing problems of the day, for World War I had begun before the year was out, but they were also filled with encouragement and exhortations from President Wells who had known the Prophet and undergone the blessings and privations of pioneering and lived on at that late date to lead the women of the Church.

An editorial on Success asks the questions, "Who are the successful

wives? . . . [They] are the women who learn to balance their lives so that they can give a portion of themselves, unreservedly and with loving generosity, in personal ministrations to their husbands, no matter how exacting the home cares, nor how taxing the responsibilities of the children may be. . . . Who are the successful mothers? . . . [They] are the women who have cultivated their intelligence from day to day, so that it has kept pace with the development of their own children. . . . The successful mother has been and is the companion of her children, no matter where their own paths in life may be. . . . Who are the successful daughters? . . . The successful daughter may be bright or dull, rich or poor — if she be sympathetic and tenderly unselfish to her mother, she is truly successful.”

These truths as well as other material in the early issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* find a responsive chord in the hearts of Relief Society members in 1963.

Emmeline B. Wells had been given the responsibility in initiating and heading the grain movement by Relief Society. The first volume of the *Magazine* narrates her experiences in this movement. The lessons at this time were on Genealogy; Home Ethics; Home Gardening for Women; Literature and Art and Architecture. We learn from the first volume of the *Magazine* that a member of the General Board, Alice Merrill Horne, was asked to write a textbook for Relief Society on art. Attention was called to the beautiful music rendered by the Relief Society General Choir, and stakes

and wards were urged to prepare music for ward and stake Relief Society functions.

Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* today can judge of the inspiration of the General Board of 1914 in setting forth the mission of *The Relief Society Magazine*. During its history it has inscribed the history of Relief Society, encouraged and exhorted Relief Society members to selfless service, instructed Relief Society leaders and offered to its readers everywhere the directives, warnings, and inspiration of the leading Brethren. The words of the Prophet of that day, President Joseph F. Smith, are as vital to Relief Society today as they were then. The counsel of succeeding Presidents — President Heber J. Grant, President George Albert Smith, and the prophet today, President David O. McKay, live on in *The Relief Society Magazine* to guide and bless Relief Society.

Susa Young Gates served as Editor from 1914 to 1922. Succeeding Editors have been Alice Louise Reynolds, 1923-1930; Mary Connelly Kimball, 1930-1937; Belle S. Spafford, 1937-1945; and Marianne C. Sharp, 1945—.

The Relief Society Magazine has grown to a periodical of eighty pages, includes color in its pages, and has a subscription price of only \$2. It continues to include the lesson work of Relief Society, doing away with the need of Relief Society members to purchase lesson manuals. Its aim is to uplift women in their God-given work as wife, mother, grandmother, homemaker, and charitable neighbor. *The Relief So-*

ciety Magazine stands for the fullest development of a woman's potential as long as her true role as a woman is not neglected nor set aside. Its pages are open today, waiting for Latter-day Saint women throughout

the world to inscribe in it their hopes, fears, aspirations, needs, counsel, and conclusions. The beauty of their written words in cadence and rhythm is preserved for future generations.

Support the March of Dimes

George P. Voss

Vice-President for Public Relations, the National Foundation

YOUR Contribution to The National Foundation — March of Dimes supports:

Scientific Research devoted to the protection of human life through study of the causes and means of preventing disease. Soon to join this quest will be world-eminent scientists who will work together at The Salk Institute for Biological Studies, now under construction in San Diego, California.

Medical Care for the local community through a Nation-wide network of treatment and study centers — more than fifty are in operation — for victims of birth defects, arthritis, and polio.

Public and Professional Education to increase general awareness and understanding of the problems of chronic crippling diseases; to develop competent hands and minds for research and for skilled care of the disabled, and to make available the most advanced knowledge concerning effective care and treatment.

Until these problems are solved, your March of Dimes must devote millions of dollars each year to saving lives and alleviating suffering — helping patients afflicted with birth defects, arthritis and polio. . . .

Support the March of Dimes!

Celestia J. Taylor Appointed to the General Board

Alice L. Wilkinson

Member, General Board of Relief Society

CELESTIA Johnson Taylor, appointed to the General Board of Relief Society, November 7, 1962, brings a rich background of experience and talent and a deep love of the gospel to her new calling.

Born in Alpine and reared in Provo, Utah, she received most of her training at Brigham Young University, where she received her Bachelor of Arts and Master's degrees in English. At the time of her appointment she was an instructor of English at that institution.

Her husband is Lynn D. Taylor, Provo merchant and special instructor of interior decorating at Brigham Young University. They are the parents of two sons and three daughters. John Arthur is married to Katherine Pearson and is a member of the stake presidency in Cincinnati, Ohio. Janice, married to Monte DeGraw, has been a ward Relief Society president. Lynn Ann, married to H. Bryan Richards, is an officer in the MIA. Katherine, married to Brent Brockbank, is a teacher in MIA and is a member of the Sunday School Stake Board in San Francisco. Terry, at home, is a recent recipient of the "Duty to God" award.

Sister Taylor was an outstanding vocal student of Sister Florence J. Madsen. For nine years she served as a ward chorister and later as a Sunday School chorister. She has held stake positions in all of the



CELESTIA JOHNSON TAYLOR

Church auxiliaries and has served as a ward Relief Society president. She was stake literature leader in the East Sharon Stake at the time of her appointment. She has also held important positions in community organizations and in university circles. She maintains a keen interest in reading, music, and drama, and is an accomplished knitter.

Sister Taylor has a warm and gracious personality. Her lovely home radiates refinement and love for her children and grandchildren and a wide circle of friends. The work of Relief Society will go forward assisted by her many capabilities.

Anne R. Gledhill Appointed to the General Board

Vesta P. Crawford

Associate Editor, *The Relief Society Magazine*



ANNE ROBINSON GLEDHILL

ANNE ROBINSON GLEDHILL was appointed to the General Board of Relief Society, November 14, 1962. She has accepted this call with the same devotion to service that has marked her many other responsibilities in the auxiliaries of the Church.

She was born in Beaver, Utah, the eighth child of ten children born to Frank Bernard Robinson and Retta Baldwin Robinson. She lived in Beaver until 1928, when her family moved to Los Angeles, California. She was married to Clifford Ovi Gledhill in the Salt Lake Temple, April 3, 1939. The young couple then moved to Susanville, California, where their three children were born. Susan, the eldest daughter, is living in Provo, where her husband Verl Thoman Doman is a

student at Brigham Young University. They have a son Kevin, four months old. Bette and Rhett are twins, aged twenty. Bette is attending Brigham Young University, and Rhett is on a mission in Hawaii. The family moved from Susanville to Los Angeles in 1945, and to Salt Lake City in 1952.

Sister Gledhill has recently returned from presiding over the Relief Societies in the Great Lakes Mission, where her husband was mission president. In her Relief Society work in the mission, Sister Gledhill was successful in organizing many new Societies and in spreading and implementing the Relief Society message, as well as vigorously directing the program.

Sister Gledhill began her Church work in young womanhood and has had much executive experience in all the auxiliaries open to women. She has served in both stake and ward capacities and is a competent executive and an inspirational teacher. She has been a counselor in ward Relief Societies and is well acquainted with all the departments of the Relief Society program.

To her new position, Anne Gledhill brings experience, devotion, and a marked ability for leadership. Her lovable personality, the ease with which she makes friends, her diligence and enthusiasm will make her a valued and beloved member of the General Board and will endear her to the women of the Church.

Belva Barlow Appointed to the General Board

Oscar W. McConkie, Jr.

First Counselor, University Stake Presidency



BELVA BARLOW

BELVA Barlow comes to the General Board of the Relief Society with unusual qualifications. Her appointment came the 14th day of November, 1962.

Sister Barlow was my Relief Society president in the University Fourth Ward. To a bishop, this statement is made with profound gratitude and a sense of reverence born of the compassion that this position has come to mean.

Belva Barlow was foreordained to her calling. Born to Israel and A. Belva Welling Barlow in East Mill Creek, Utah, such Church service came naturally to the maternal great-granddaughter of the one selected by the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo to serve as the first treasurer of the Relief Society in this dispensation, Elvira A. Cowles.

Sister Barlow is prepared for her calling scholastically, professionally, and in character. Before her graduation with honors from the University of Utah, she was elected to five honorary and service organizations. As debate manager she participated in national debate tournaments throughout the United States. Her professional experience includes schoolteaching; employment in Senator Arthur V. Watkin's office in the Nation's Capital; and present work for the world-renowned scientist and Dean of the University of Utah Graduate School, Dr. Henry Eyring.

Her character was forged in the fires of Church activities: stake missionary in Washington, D.C.; ward YWMIA president; ward Relief Society president; First Counselor in the University Stake Relief Society.

By virtue of proper preparation and past performance, the General Board of the Relief Society may expect significant contributions from Sister Barlow. She brings the vibrance of youth to her calling. Her service as counselor in the presidency of the University Stake Relief Society, with its nine ward organizations composed exclusively of college girls, gives voice in the high councils to the freshest innovation and youngest Relief Societies in the Church. Her wholehearted acceptance of this latest call brings energizing effect to the oldest of all auxiliaries in the kingdom of God.

Zola J. McGhie Appointed to the General Board

Emma Marr Petersen

ONE would never suspect the presence of the tremendous wealth of artistic talent hidden under the calm, modest demeanor of Zola Jacobs McGhie, called to be a member of the General Board of Relief Society, November 14, 1962.

Zola was born to pioneer parents on a ranch in the Snake River Valley, the twelfth in a family of thirteen children.

This little girl sang for President Joseph F. Smith when only three years of age in a stake conference meeting, where he was in attendance, and she has continued to use this talent, as well as many others, until the present time. Her entire family was musical and, for recreation, took part in quartets, trios, and duets.

As she grew older, Zola played leading parts in local school plays and musicals. She set high standards of achievement for herself from earliest childhood, and worked gladly to pay for lessons in music. At one time, her father turned over to her an acre of ground with sufficient beet seed to produce a crop, the sale of which might be used for music lessons. She planted, cared for, and harvested the crop and was thus able to obtain the best lessons available.

She had a number of flattering offers of a musical career from various sources, and, after moving to Salt Lake City, she did a great deal



ZOLA JACOBS MCGHIE

of operatic and oratorio work, often playing the leading roles. She sang in the Tabernacle Choir for twenty years.

Brother and Sister McGhie have three children, Sylvia Eagar (Mrs. Todd), Cherie Sorensen (Mrs. Keith), and Frank Lynn.

Sister McGhie has been a teacher and stake board member in the auxiliaries and served five years in Church work in Hawaii. She was serving as first counselor in the Bonneville Ward Relief Society at the time of her appointment to the General Board.

She approaches each and every task with sincere and humble prayer, intense study, and as much preparation as is possible. Truly, the Relief Society will be richer in having obtained the unique talents of Zola Jacobs McGhie.

Award Winners

The Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1962 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1962 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and closed August 15, 1962.

The first prize of forty dollars is awarded to **Miranda Snow Walton**, El Monte, California, for her poem "Some Late Evening." The second prize of thirty dollars is awarded to **Roxana Farnsworth Hase**, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Sego Lilies." The third prize of twenty dollars is awarded to **Dorothy J. Roberts**, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Attic Rain."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board since 1924, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second General President of Relief Society, a gifted poet and inspirational leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the General Board of Relief Society, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the General Board. The General Board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

Mrs. Walton appears for the fourth time as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Hase is a third-time winner in the contest; and Mrs. Roberts has been a winner six times.

There were 298 poems entered in the contest for 1962. Entries were received from forty of the fifty states, with the largest number, in order, coming from Utah, California, Idaho, Arizona, Washington, and Oregon. Canada, England, Mexico, New Zealand, and Australia were also represented among the entries.

The General Board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The General Board wishes also to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the General Board are very much appreciated. The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and brief highlights on the prize-winning contestants, are published in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest



Miranda Snow Walton
First Prize Poem

Some Late Evening

On some late evening I shall walk alone,
Along a path I have not walked before;
There, in a quiet garden, strange, unknown,
A house stands waiting with an open door.
The peace that passeth understanding falls
Upon my troubled spirit, stills my fears;
Out of the sacred dusk a low voice calls,
One I have known and loved in other years.
I seek my own, for it is end of day,
My footsteps turn within the garden gate;
I look ahead and know in some sure way
Inside those portals dear ones stand and wait.
I hesitate no more, my soul runs free
Before the falling shadows of the night,
The door is open wide, I see — I see
To where a loved one waits beside a light.

Sego Lilies



Roxana Farnsworth Hase

Second Prize Poem

Impatiently we waited for the snow to melt,
The sun to warm the winter-weary roots;
Then, kitchen fork and tin pail in our hands,
We searched the valley floor for sego lily shoots.
How earnestly we took the prize from loosened earth,
Brown-coated, small, but succulent and sweet;
Manna in a desert not yet blossomed as the rose.
How blest we were to share this hidden treat!

Stern greasewood fingers caught and held our skirts,
Chill gusts of wind made bonnets insecure
As self-appointed guardians tried to hide.
Some of the precious root bulbs to mature.
Thinking only of our present needs,
We would have taken all, these hunger-laden hours,
But who could doubt the wisdom of the plan
To let us also know the beauty of the flowers!



Third Prize Poem
Dorothy J. Roberts

Attic Rain

On attic roof there is the sound of showers;
And on my eyes the sting of inward rain
And in my heart with every spring returning,
The stored away, recurrent wrench of pain.

A broken tool . . . and here a bit of garden
Still dangles from the worn sole of a shoe,
The step it took returning every season
Past thistled solitude and twigs of yew.

Pen-fashioned lines re-read and keepsakes dusted —
A slow-resolving memory clinging yet —
This barren desert of a love's withholding
Indigenous to dust where eyes are wet.

The dust from broken days should not be sterile,
Tears be but stains upon an attic floor;
What wonder wakens in a dry Sahara
When the falling rain beats on its hidden door.

Heart-cleaning time comes to the April moment,
And like the seasonal showers, attic tears
Water the roots and nourish new tomorrows —
As roses from this dust — the reaching years.

Miranda Snow Walton was born in Wyoming and has resided for several years in El Monte, California. She is a third-generation Church member and has served in all phases of Church work open to women. Poetry has always been an interest in her life, and she was named the outstanding poet of Wyoming in 1943. Her poems have been widely published, and she is a fifth-time winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, having received third prize in 1936, third prize in 1946, second prize in 1948, first prize in 1961, and first prize again in 1962. She now has a book of poems entitled *For Lovers Only* ready for publication. Her poems have brought much joy and comfort to her family and to her many friends and fellow-poets.

Mrs. Walton has three children: Vivian (Mrs. Delbert Owens), Jack, and Claude Walton. She has been an invalid for several years, and confined to a wheel chair. [Note: Mrs. Walton passed away in El Monte, California, November 12, 1962, several weeks after she had received notification that she had won first prize in the contest.]

Roxana Farnsworth Hase is a third-time winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, having received the second prize in 1933 and third prize in 1937. She was born in Manti, Utah, and educated in Manti and Salt Lake City, Utah. She was graduated from the Latter-day Saints Hospital in Salt Lake City and has been a registered nurse for forty-three years. She married Grover Hase in 1922. He died in 1935, leaving her with three children. There are ten grandchildren. After her husband's death, Mrs. Hase went back to nursing and was head nurse at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City for many years, and was later Assistant Chief Evening Supervisor at the Veterans Hospital.

Her book of poems *Delicious Lumps* has been widely circulated, and she has been national Poet Laureate for the Colonial Dames of the Seventeenth Century. She has been counselor and president in ward Relief Societies and a Sunday School teacher for many years. She is a member of the National League of American Pen Women, the National Writers Club, and other literary organizations.

Dorothy J. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah, attended the University of Utah for three years and taught school for two years. She began her writing in college and has published stories, articles, and poetry. Her work has appeared in the *Deseret News*, the *Salt Lake Tribune*, the *Improvement Era*, the *Relief Society Magazine*, and other publications.

She has won the *Deseret News* Christmas Poetry Contest; second place in the Utah State Fine Arts Poetry Contest; several poetry awards from the League of Utah Writers and the Utah State Poetry Society. She has been a winner six times in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, having won the first prize three times. She is represented in four poetry anthologies.

Mrs. Roberts is the wife of L. Paul Roberts, a Salt Lake City business man. They have two married daughters and six grandchildren.

Edith Larson is a third-time winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, having won the third prize in 1955, and second prize in 1956. She lives in Manton, Michigan.

"I am a native of Minnesota," she tells us, "a long-time resident of Michigan, and a former resident of Fountain Green, Utah. I majored in journalism at Northwestern University and have been studying and practicing the art in my spare time ever since. When I retire from teaching four years from now, I expect to devote all my time to writing, baby sitting for my grandchildren, and working in the branch which we hope will soon be organized here. Manton and Cadillac, combined in the fall of 1962, gave us enough sisters to have our own Relief Society."

Award Winners

The Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, which was announced in the May 1962 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed August 15, 1962.

The first prize of seventy-five dollars is awarded to Edith Larson of Manton, Michigan, for her story "The Tender Kiss." The second prize of sixty dollars is awarded to Christie Lund Coles, Provo, Utah, for her story "The Home." The third prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her story "Stranger at Nazareth."

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1942, as a feature of the Relief Society Centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1943. The contest is open to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication in a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1962.

Forty-nine stories were entered in the contest for 1961, including submissions from Canada, England, Germany, and Australia.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The General Board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine* and aids the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate.

A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the Short Story Committee of the General Board and to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories.

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize-Winning Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Tender Kiss

Edith Larson



AT first Nancy could find no flaw in John's announcement of his decision. He had looked her in the eyes, smiled naturally, and then, when she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with all the relief and joy of her sudden release from worry, he had returned her kiss tenderly.

Furthermore, he had made the announcement in a normal manner as soon as he came home from the office. He had come right through to the kitchen and said, "Hi, Nance. Don't bother to pack. I've told J. C. we're staying here."

In spite of her flare of joy, Nancy had questioned him thoroughly. She knew she couldn't bear it if, in later years, John should feel that her love and need for her family had stood in the way of his career.

"But I'm not giving up all opportunity for advancement," John had reassured her. "J. C. told me this morning that if I honestly

wasn't interested in the Hawaiian opening, there would be a similar one for me here within a year. What's a year in a lifetime?"

And then he had given her the tender kiss and gone out to play with Terry and the twins in the sandpile.

But now, the next morning, as she kneaded the dough for the bread John so dearly loved, she could no longer push back the questions she didn't want to ask. Why, in the midst of her own happiness, should she have nagging doubts of John's? What difference did it make whether he became Stoughton Brothers' youngest department head in Hawaii or in Idaho? The promotion would further his career equally well either place. Surely J. C. realized there was no difference. Why had he insisted on holding the Hawaiian job open another week instead of accepting John's decision as final?

John was right. A short wait wouldn't hurt him — he was only thirty now. And the benefits of staying here were legion. There was this house, a wedding gift from her folks. It had been built just the way she wanted it. When the Hawaiian job had seemed like an opportunity not to be missed, John himself had hesitated over giving up the house.

But even more important, there was her family. Her life, except for the four years at college, had been spent in this valley, which had been the family seat since pioneer days. She was the youngest — ten years the youngest — of eight children, only one of whom had left the valley permanently. By rights, she should be spoiled, but John said she wasn't, in spite of the nice little things her family were always doing for her — like her sister Linda taking Terry and the twins off her hands this morning so she could wash and bake without their constant interruptions.

Of course Linda thought she was packing, too. Why hadn't she told Linda of John's new decision? As usual her sister had come in like a whirlwind and gone the same way; but, if Nancy had shouted her good news, Linda would have stopped — at least long enough to hug and kiss her.

NANCY deftly shaped the dough into loaves and laid each in its place in the neat row of shining bread tins. "Why am I baking bread in the hottest month of the summer?" she wondered. She always did in winter, but—was doing

it now some sort of penance, an admission of guilt? But John had made his own decision. She hadn't influenced it.

Perhaps she *had* been a wee bit slow about starting to pack. Just the thought of moving anywhere out of range of her wonderful family curled her heart into a tight ball. After her first dismay, though, she had tried not to show John how deeply she dreaded the prospective break. But of course he had known. He loved the family, too—had, in fact, adopted them in place of the one he had never known. But still, her people couldn't hold the place in his life they held in hers. She could scarcely imagine a social gathering not tied in with the family. Even her Church life was built around them, though Dad was no longer the bishop. She could hardly imagine trying to rear the three little ones she already had and having another baby six months from now without the help so many aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and grandparents gladly furnished.

But she had intended to go to Hawaii as a good wife should — go with fear in her heart, but no protest on her lips. And she would have done it, too—she knew she would have — if John hadn't turned the offer down himself. Then why couldn't she be whole-heartedly glad the way she wanted to be? Why wasn't she singing as she reloaded the washer with colored clothes? Why couldn't she forget how thrilled John had been at the Hawaiian prospect before he began to count the cost? Last night, he

had seemed to be satisfied; why couldn't she be?

Nancy hung the white clothes on the line instead of running them through the drier. It was a beautiful day to bleach them. Just as she was ready to go after the children, Linda called to say that for once the twins had both fallen asleep over their lunch, so why not leave all three at least until the twins woke up? Then she hung up without giving Nancy a chance to reply.

So Nancy toasted herself a tomato and lettuce sandwich and began sorting and folding clothes. By the time the bread was ready to come out of the oven, she had part of the ironing done and ready to put away, but she was no nearer an answer to the question that plagued her. She would just run through the back lot to the Ellsworths with a fresh loaf of bread. Perhaps talking to someone besides herself would settle her mind.

Uncle Gideon and Aunt Martha Ellsworth were not blood relations; they were the last of their family. Both were too crippled with arthritis to get around very much; but, although they rocked their days away — outdoors when it was sunny, by the big window when the weather was unfavorable — there was no more cheerful pair to visit in the whole valley.

THEY greeted Nancy and the bread with delight, protesting that she shouldn't have bothered when she had so much to do getting ready for the trip to Hawaii. Nancy tried to break in with the truth, but trying to stop the flow of talk from Uncle Gideon and Aunt Martha

was fruitless. They constantly interrupted each other, but no third party stood a chance.

"Gideon talks of nothing nowadays except your Hawaiian adventure," Aunt Martha said, accenting her words to the tempo of her rocking. "You'd think it was. . . ."

"My own trip," interrupted Uncle Gideon. "It sure puts me in mind of the time Martha and I came across the plains. There was a train most of the way then, but. . . ."

"They weren't like these high-powered trains they have today," went on Aunt Martha. "Smoke and grit and red-plush seats and just barely crawling over the mountains. Like as not, you'll take a jet aeroplane where you're going and maybe you won't. . . ."

"Think of it as an adventure at all. But that's what it is. Don't make a particle of difference if it be a space age or the turn of the century. . . ."

"When a man and wife make up their minds to strike out on their own and build a new life for themselves and their family, it's an adventure. Yessiree. It's an adventure that takes the good old-fashioned kind of. . . ."

"Git-up-and-git. Spunk you might call it. Too many young people nowadays don't have spunk any more. They're too ready to sit around on their precious security. They don't even know that adventure is calling them!"

"Not that you're going to have things rough like we did," Aunt Martha hastened to assure Nancy. "Hawaii, I hear, is quite civilized

and easy living. But it does take courage. . . .”

“Spunk, I mean, and spunk I’m going to call it. It does take spunk to pull up stakes in a nice, friendly place like the valley, and leaving kith and kin behind, follow where your husband leads. I’m right proud to know you, young Nancy,” and Uncle Gideon patted Nancy’s knee with his gnarled old hand.

“And so be I,” added Aunt Martha. “We’ll miss you sore — you’ve been the best of neighbors for all you’re so young and pretty. Bringing fresh bread over when you know your Uncle Gideon dotes on it, and you so busy and all! Bless your sweet little heart!” And the tears began to trickle down Aunt Martha’s withered cheeks.

NANCY guiltily made her escape without having summoned up enough “spunk” to tell her good news. So far she had told no one of the change of plans. Why not? Last night it had been late before she found time, but then, why hadn’t she at least called her mother? Mom was dreading her going and would have been so relieved.

“I’ll go and tell Mom right now,” Nancy decided as she hurried back across the lot. “I know she’s been worrying.”

Stopping in the house only long enough to pick up her purse with her driver’s license in it, she skillfully backed the station wagon down the drive and headed for the familiar old house at the head of the valley. It was only a mile away, but every turn of the wheels seemed to sing a new word — “adventure, adventure, adventure.” Curious that

to this crippled old couple, the uprooting she had so dreaded should seem an adventure! Was that the way they had felt when they had left all they held dear behind and struck out for the West on their own?

For once, there was no car in the long drive that curved around the side of her parents’ stately old home. Nancy was glad, for it meant her mother would be alone.

Nancy found her in the summer kitchen, washing cucumbers for pickling, working with the quick, sure motions her children knew so well. Her offer to help having been refused, Nancy perched on a stool and wondered how to broach her subject.

Mom helped by asking, “Have you and John decided what to do about the house yet?”

“We won’t have to do anything. We aren’t going to Hawaii. John has been promised a similar opening right here if he waits just a little while.”

Mom stopped long enough to raise a startled face to stare fleetingly at Nancy. Then her vegetable brush went back into motion. “I must admit I’m glad,” she said simply.

“Glad!” exclaimed Nancy. “I’m so thrilled I could cry. It’s a relieve from a fate worse than death — whatever that means.”

Mom flashed her youngest an amused glance and bent back to her work. “Oh, I doubt if going to Hawaii would really have hurt you, Nancy, but — I’m afraid we didn’t rear you right to be going off adventuring on your own.”

“WHAT do you mean, you didn’t rear me right?” Nancy demanded. “No girl ever had a nicer rearing than I did. I loved every minute of it.”

Mom sighed. “I know. There should have been lots of minutes you hated, lots of minutes in which you were learning to stand on your own feet, fighting your own battles; but somehow—you were such a cute little trick and so much younger and so lovable — somehow your father and I never saw our way to interfering when your older brothers and sisters smoothed the way for you. Which one has the babies today?”

“Linda,” Nancy answered obediently, but her thoughts were whirling. What did Mom mean? She had never talked like this before!

“Yes, it would be Linda. She added your three to her four at a busy time of the year so you could do what?”

“The washing and bake bread. But, Mom, you know perfectly well I’ll baby sit for her in return. I always do.”

“Yes — when your work’s done up so you can give all your time to it. Or when one of Sue’s girls is visiting you so she can amuse the children.” Then, as she looked up and saw Nancy’s stricken face, she added gently, “I’m not saying this to hurt you, child. But ever since John proposed taking you off on your own, I’ve been thinking how poorly we who love you so much have prepared you for the responsibilities of being a wife and mother.”

“But, Mom, I don’t ask anyone to help me. They just do!”

“I know. You’re such a dear, it’s a pleasure to help you — a selfish pleasure in which we, your dotting family, have overindulged. And now I’m wondering,” here the busy hands were stilled and Mom looked earnestly at her daughter, “if your being such a dear didn’t influence John’s decision. I thought he was very enthusiastic over the Hawaiian job. Are you sure he wants to stay?”

“Of course I’m sure. It’s the promotion that counts — not the place.”

“I’m glad.” Mom bent again to her task. “It’s worried me, thinking of you having another baby so soon, way off there by yourself, with Terry scarcely out of diapers and the twins still a year out of kindergarten. Of course, someone of us would have flown out and given you a hand when your time came, but still. . . .”

Nancy laughed shakily. “And here you were just talking about making me a responsible mother.” She jumped off the stool. “I mustn’t stick around chatting. I just came to tell you the news. I could have phoned, but I wanted to see your face — I guess. ‘Bye now. I have to pick up the children.’”

Somehow, she made it to the car, drove around the circle and up the road until she was out of sight of the house. Then she pulled over on the shoulder and shut off the ignition with trembling fingers.

SO that was it! No one thought she was capable of taking care of her own family! And even worse — she hadn’t thought so either! She had shrunk from the prospect

of having to try. Was she really such a poor excuse for a wife and mother? Why hadn't she thrilled with the prospect of adventure as Uncle Gideon and Aunt Martha had done? Could it be that she was so soft and dependent that adventure had no appeal for her?

How did her home and her management of it differ from Linda's or Sue's — or for that matter, from that of any of her brothers' wives? Scene after scene flashed through Nancy's mind: Sue's well-ordered household, Tom's, David's, Jerry's. But their children were all older. Only Linda, who had married late, had young ones like Nancy's. Who helped Linda? She rarely seemed to need any help. No matter whom Nancy thought of, she found nothing to compare with the constant assistance her own household seemed to require — or at least receive — from the family.

"But I *could* do it myself — if I had to!" she cried, silently beating her fists on the steering wheel. "It wasn't the ease they put into my life that made me want to stay here. I know it wasn't. I love my family. I'd die in a strange place—alone."

Alone! How could she even think the word *alone* when John would be with her! "Forsaking all others" — that was what real marriage meant, wasn't it?

Did she and John have a real marriage — the kind that had its roots in mutual understanding and trust? They had a home and children — but did they have a marriage? Or had John done the very thing she had denied? Had he let his decision be influenced by — Nancy winced at her own blunt thoughts — her dependence on her family? He had seemed satisfied to stay. If he was trying to protect her, he would never let on to her. So how could she know the truth?

She went over last night's announcement again. Why had she felt from the first there was some flaw in it? He had sounded so convincing — just like Dad explaining how things had to be — and then he had given her a tender kiss. . . .

That kiss! It was the kiss a father gives a child. It wasn't a bit like the kiss John had given her when he told her about the Hawaiian opening a month ago!

Nancy's head dropped forward onto the steering wheel, and for a few moments she wept unashamedly for the happy, unconcerned child she would be leaving here beside the road. Then she dried her eyes, powdered her nose, and drove decisively on to Linda's to pick up her children, her mind already absorbed with the myriad problems of packing.

Note: For a biographical sketch of Edith Larson, see page 25.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DR. VIRGINIA CUTLER of Brigham Young University, and author of this year's Relief Society work meeting discussions, was one of two American delegates who attended the World Forum of Women in Brussels, Belgium, in November. She was invited to the Forum by the president of the International Assembly of Women. Dr. Cutler presented a paper on the role of the school as an aid to bring about better understanding among the nations.

GERALDYN M. (JERRY) COBB, thirty-one, who has been flying since she was twelve, holds four world's records in aeronautics, and is a consultant to NASA. She is among the thirteen present women candidates for astronaut.

GERALDINE STUTZ, thirty-eight years old, former editor of *Glamour* magazine, became president of New York's Henri Bendel, Inc., fashion emporium, five years ago. At the time it was in rather difficult financial straits. It is now solidly in the black.

REPRESENTATIVE KATHRYN E. GRANAHAN, Democrat of Pennsylvania, has been chosen by President John F. Kennedy as Treasurer of the United States. Upon the death of her husband, Representative William T. Granahan, in 1956, Mrs. Granahan was appointed to complete his term. She was re-elected to the last two terms of Congress. Mrs. Granahan succeeds Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Gatov as Treasurer.

MISS RADIE BRITAIN, a native Texan now living in Hollywood, is the distinguished young American composer of "Southern Symphony," "Light," and "Bondage." For "Heroic Poem" she won the Hollywood Bowl International Prize and, in 1945, became the first woman to receive the Juilliard Publication Award. Recently she won first prize in a world-wide contest for women composers with "Nizan, The Third Day," for women's chorus, piano, and string orchestra. Kate Hammond wrote the religious text. The subject refers to Christ's third day in the tomb.



EDITORIAL

VOL. 50

JANUARY 1963

NO. 1

THE *Relief Society Magazine* is the official publication of the women of the Church, published and directed by the General Board of Relief Society. It is a unique publication, grateful and proud that it is a different *Magazine*, that it makes no claim to be like any other publication. Its purpose has not changed over the years, although its contents and make-up have many times been adjusted to meet the varying needs of the times and the facilities available for enhancing the attractiveness of the publication.

How could *The Relief Society Magazine* be a facsimile of any other publication — why should anyone desire that it should be so? The *Magazine* represents Relief Society, both in its historic aspects and in its present greatly enlarged scope and distribution. Just as Relief Society is a unique organization — organized, and in its early days, directed by the Prophet Joseph Smith — so the *Magazine* is unique, keeping always the same purpose, but being a voice to reach the tens of thousands who now constitute the worldwide sisterhood.

The *Magazine* links the sister-

hood in verisimilitude of purpose and program — assisting in the fields of inspiration, education, and service. The *Magazine* is the voice that links the past with the ever-expanding present. It is as a tree remembering the depth and strength of its roots, yet rejoicing in the number of its branches and the shining glory of its leaves.

It is interesting to realize that the *Magazine* — the messenger — the far-reaching voice — enters the homes of sisters in many lands. It is a cause for much gratitude to know that women of the palms in the far Pacific islands, women of the New Zealand hamlets, women of the Australian cities and towns, women of the historic English villages and towered cities — members wherever there is an understanding of English, are joined together in purpose by the *Magazine*. Transcending the borders and barriers of nations and of continents, the *Magazine* carries far and wide a uniting voice.

The *Magazine*, moreover, speaks to women in various phases of their lives. To the young sister, newly married, it brings a broad and

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beautiful understanding of home-making — both in its high ideals, and in the details of home maintenance and beautification. It inspires the new homemaker to affiliate with Relief Society and become a part of group accomplishment and group spiritual values. To the young mother, the *Magazine* brings the eternal message of sacred family unity, the direction of the habits and abilities and aspirations of children. The woman in the middle years finds her horizons widened, her opportunities increased, by the message of the *Magazine*. And so it is into the later years, when life becomes enriched by all that has passed, and the ever-present challenge of so much that can be done, so much that can be shared and enjoyed in the later years. So the *Magazine* binds together the years of a woman's life — and the lives of all women privileged to hear the voice of the sisterhood.

The *Magazine* is not for one land alone, nor for a limited time in any woman's life. It is for many lands and many sisters, for the length of their lives. So it is also for women in many phases of economic condi-

tions and educational advantages. How wide and beautiful it is for a woman, through the pages of the *Magazine*, to be inspired to make the most of her means and of herself — what a challenge it is to know that the lesson program, as well as the special articles and departments, are planned for all women, whether they are beginners in theology, in homemaking, in literature, or social science — or whether they are in that never-ending process of being added upon. And to the woman who cannot attend the meetings regularly, because of location or employment or illness — the *Magazine* is indeed the voice of Relief Society — keeping and sustaining these women in their places, giving them an ample portion of inspiration, comfort, knowledge, culture, and beauty.

The *Relief Society Magazine* belongs to every member of Relief Society — a unique messenger — unlike any other magazine available anywhere — our *Magazine*, serving the purposes and ideals of the sisterhood, representing the women of the Church and speaking for them.

V.P.C.

Annie M. Ellsworth Resigns from the General Board

IT is with deep regret that the Relief Society General Board announces the resignation of Annie M. Ellsworth as a member of the General Board, effective October 17, 1962.

Sister Ellsworth was appointed to the General Board on April 13, 1955. She came to this responsibility with extensive experience in Relief Society work, having served in various capacities in ward and stake organizations and as Relief Society President of the Central States Mission.

During her years on the Board, Sister Ellsworth has conscientiously and devotedly used her many creative talents and abilities in furthering the work of Relief Society. She has accepted assignments whole-heartedly and has filled them capably and efficiently. Her service on the Board has been especially with the lessons and conference and convention committees. She has also ably represented the General Board as a member of the Utah State Nutrition Council.

Sister Ellsworth's sweet, humble spirit and loving nature have endeared her to her associates, and she will be greatly missed by them and by the many Relief Society sisters throughout the Church who have had the privilege of knowing her. The Relief Society General Board members extend to her their love and best wishes and appreciation for her great contribution to Relief Society.

Bound Volumes of 1962 Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1962 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement in this issue of the *Magazine*.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$2.75, leather \$4.20, including the index. A limited number of the 1962 *Magazines* are available at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for \$2 for twelve issues. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1962 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

WHO FINDS ENCHANTMENT?

LIFE displays its enchantment only for those who keep a light in their eyes and hope in their hearts. Life's magic is only for those who face the winds — even the furies — with courage.

— Nancy M. Armstrong



Keep My Own

CHAPTER 1

Kit Linford

AT first glance the house related itself to the street outside. It was old, dignified, well used. Irene Spencer paused just inside the carved oak door and glanced about her. She stood in an entrance foyer that was larger than many rooms she had seen. Beyond it lay the dark abyss of a room. She shivered a little, and pulled her sweater closer about her.

"It's awfully gloomy in here, Dick," she said.

His voice came from the depths of darkness. "I know. Wait until I open the drapes."

The drag of heavy draperies across a thick carpet made a soft, swishing sound, and raised a dust that filled the close air. Feeble streams of light invaded the room, but the gentle spring sunshine was filtered by dusty glass and wide win-

dow frames until it did little more than break the shadows into shapeless, sheet-covered mounds.

Dick moved down to the other end of the long room, pulling sheets off furniture as he walked. Irene stood alone in the louvered archway that separated the foyer and the parlor and surveyed the expanse of room before her. The drapes sagged with dust, and were a dark wine color. The carpeting was just a dirty shade lighter. The wood paneling that dominated the walls was dark walnut or mahogany. The gaping mouth of an uncovered fireplace resembled a small black cavern. Invading winds had blown loose soot back down the chimney and laid it wantonly on the rug and tile hearth. Those tiles that had not been given a peppery appearance by a layer of soot revealed

themselves to be a rusty cocoa color, a hue that nearly lost itself in the black soot, red carpeting, and brown wood.

The room was musty, heavy with dust, close with disuse.

"Can't you open a window? The air in here is so stale." She pushed her pale gilt hair off her forehead, wondering if the dust had settled on it.

"Wait until you see the rest of it," Dick enthused. "It doesn't look like much now, but it's a grand old house."

"It must be ancient."

"Fifty-five . . . maybe sixty years old. They don't build houses like this anymore."

"I'm sure they don't," she said flatly. Her sarcasm was lost on Dick, who had gone on into the next room.

She became conscious of the cold that permeated the room. The thick walls of the house had been thoroughly chilled all winter, and the gentle spring sunshine hadn't yet become warm enough to penetrate them. She considered returning to the car for a coat, but thought better of it when Dick called out to her.

"Come on, honey. This is the dining room."

Wispy puffs of dust played about her feet as she crossed the length of the room to catch up with him.

He had gone through another archway, and now stood beside the largest dining table Irene had ever seen. It appeared that tall garden urns had been painted gold and then drafted into use as legs to support the tremendous thick slab of

polished wood. Dick wiped the dust off the table with one of the sheets he still carried.

THE ugly carpet had followed her. Identical drapes hung in folds that were gray with dust. Massive furniture stood like shrouded ghosts in gritty sheets. A chandelier hung in suspended grandeur over all, but even its crystal prisms failed to catch or reflect light, because a heavy cloud of grime covered them.

Dick dropped the sheets into a heap at one end of the table. "My mother used to entertain in here," he said. "Dozens of people. This room holds lots of memories." He looked about with satisfaction.

Irene didn't speak as she found the grimy pull cords and drew back the drapes. After nearly choking on resultant clouds of dust, she saw that the windows here were in the same condition as the others, too smoky to admit much light.

"I'm cold," she spoke petulantly.

"It is clammy in here," he agreed. "No one has lived here since my mother died. That's when Granddad moved out, taking me and Davy with him. It was too big and lonely, without her. We'll all be able to come back here to live, now. I know that's what Granddad would like, and it's what I want, too."

Irene stiffened, refusing to recall her enthusiasm when Dick had first mentioned such an arrangement — months before their marriage. An old man and a handicapped boy, she thought. In this mausoleum of a house!

Before she could voice any objections, Dick reached up and pulled a

sheet off a portrait that hung on the wall. "That's my mother," he said.

The painted face was totally unlike what Irene might have expected. She must have been a small woman, and much younger than one would have thought. A tender smile played on the sensitive mouth, and wide-spaced eyes looked down into Irene's own.

"She was pretty wonderful," Dick said. "Remember I told you what a hard time she had of it? Always wanted a big family, and had to settle for just the two of us, Davy and me. There're twenty years between us, too. Dad died a month or so before Davy was born. He had been sick for years. Davy wasn't healthy either. Mother nursed him through some bad times. She wasn't very strong, and it finally wore her down. She died when Davy was three."

"And you went to South Africa."

"Somebody had to recoup the family fortunes. Dad's prolonged illness and then Davy's on top of it, bled us pretty dry. All we managed to hang onto was this house, after having been one of the leading families in Spencerside. Mother managed to keep me in school, although I'll probably never know what sacrifices it entailed for her and Granddad. When I was fresh out of school the Government offered me the position in Africa. I needed the kind of money they offered." He grinned at her. "At the time it seemed like the end of the world. Now I'm glad I went. You were there."

"What happened to Davy?" Irene

asked. "Was it those illnesses during his babyhood that caused him to be mute?"

DICK had always been reticent about discussing Davy's handicap. He hesitated before he replied. "No. It wasn't that. He had learned to talk as well as any three-year-old when Mother died. It's hard to explain what we all went through then, but Davy most of all. We knew what had happened. We could accept it. He was too little. He couldn't understand. To him, she had just deserted him. When we were getting ready to go to the funeral . . . he stayed home with Aunt Ella . . . he somehow got the idea that we were going to get her and bring her home. When we came back without her, he started to cry. Cried for hours. We thought everything would be all right then. Only it didn't work out that way. It wasn't long before we realized he had stopped speaking. He hasn't uttered a word, since."

Her heart twisted with pity. "How terrible for you," she whispered.

"Terrible for all of us, but mostly for Davy."

A nerve was jerking spasmodically at Dick's temple. Irene touched it tenderly, seeking to soothe it away. "I'm sorry. I didn't completely understand. You never wanted to talk about it. . . ."

"No one really understands," he said as he took her hand. "How can any adult comprehend the disillusionment and pain and sorrow of a three-year-old child?" He shook his head to drive the memories

away. "The kitchen's in here. Come on."

An ornately decorated black stove stood in one corner of the kitchen like a reigning goblin. Its tall black chimney stretched into the shadowy caves of the ceiling far above. Two dirty windows made little more than narrow slits in black-streaked, dark green walls. Expanses of green cupboards reached an almost unbelievable height. A low old sink stood on carved legs in another corner, beyond a width of green counter top. The floor was a mass of dirty little tiles. Irene scraped some of the accumulated soil off them with the tip of her shoe. They were dark green, too.

"We'll have to do some fixing up in here," Dick said lamely. "I had forgotten how out-of-date things are."

"That's a prime understatement," she said bitterly, her tenderness of a moment ago forgotten.

She felt him withdrawing from her. Oh, Dick, forgive me. Married only seven months and already it appears I'm developing into a shrew! I don't want to do that. Just give me a little time. Time to adjust to leaving my home, this impossible house . . . Davy. . . .

His voice was tired. "I'm sorry you're disappointed. Maybe I painted a rosier picture than I intended. This house is my home. I hoped you could see the gracious living it offers, under the dust and neglect of these past few years."

"You admitted yourself it's too out-of-date. I am anxious to make a home for you, but there are limitations to what I can do. . . ." How

can I tell you I'm frightened at the prospect of living here with your grandfather and your brother? I don't know anything about handicapped children. I'm afraid to even attempt to rear Davy. What if I failed in some way? Oh, Dick, I knew all these things before we were married, and I accepted them all without question. I was so in love! Can anyone, particularly a girl in love, visualize such things? I didn't see a day past that beautiful ceremony in the London temple and the honeymoon that followed. Now the magnitude of it all frightens me. I am such a coward. This house and everything that goes with it are just overwhelming!

"**WE** can't live in it as it is now," he said quietly, running a thin hand through his prematurely silver-touched hair. "I can see that. I had hoped to set up my studio in the solarium . . . sort of an office . . . well, modern plumbing and appliances will make all the difference in the world."

"Didn't you hear one word I said?"

"I heard you, but we have to be practical. If it won't be too much of a hardship on you, I want to try to live here. I would like to rear our baby here, where I was reared. You have judged the house too quickly, anyway. You haven't seen enough of it. Just starting out in business as I am, I have to think of expenses. It would help a lot to have a place here where I could work until I'm established. The money I earned in South Africa won't last forever. It's time we got down to the business of living nor-

mal lives, Irene. We've been married seven months. That's a pretty long honeymoon. Besides, you knew about this house . . . and everything else . . . a year ago."

She couldn't deny that. He hadn't hidden anything from her. They had discussed it many times. She had always agreed before. It was hard to veto those prior arrangements now.

He left her while he went to explore the rest of the house. Irene stood shivering alone in the kitchen, thinking of the years that Dick's family had lived here. Dick's father, Dick, and Davy had all been born in the same room. Dick's parents had both died here. It was no wonder Dick revered the house.

The rooms echoed with reverberations from the past that were foreign to Irene. The gloom seemed to close in about her, although it couldn't have been much past the noon hour. The sun was high outside. She longed for that sunlight as the eerie quiet enveloped her.

She drew her breath in deeply through her mouth, and tasted staleness, dead air, dust.

She waited for Dick in the death-like silence of the old mansion that had waited five years for him to come back and resurrect it.

A few short hours ago she had felt like the bride she was, then she had stepped across the threshold of this hideous old house. Everything had changed at that moment. Her entire perspective of life had changed. In her own eyes even the view of her marriage had changed. Her complacent happy world had been given a good shaking. She had

looked into the past, and tried to look into the future. She hadn't liked what she saw in either place. Unconsciously, she rebelled against it, and wanted no part of it.

Irene had been content in South Africa. America was a dream. Zion was perhaps more than a dream, she had even thought of it as the center of her faith, but never as a reality that she might someday experience. Dick had appeared like a Prince Charming from that dream world, a man young in years but already making a deep impression in the field he had chosen. He was a gifted architect. He had gone into architectural engineering at the suggestion of Government officials when he went to work for them. He had traveled like a diplomat, but was a sober young man. Irene sighed, thinking of the Prince Charming she had married.

Something moved under the sink. She strained her eyes to see into the shadows, when without warning a mouse scurried out, across the floor.

Irene screamed. Her voice pierced the silence, breaking the dusty quiet. "Dick, Dick!! Oh, Dick, where are you? Dick, Dick, wait for me!"

She ran through the door. He, too, had come running at the sound of her voice, and was right outside in the hall. He caught her in his arms. "Irene! What happened? Are you all right?"

SHE rested in the safe haven of his arms for a moment. Then, shamefaced, she looked up into the concerned depths of his gray-green eyes. "I didn't mean to be such a

fool. Only, it was so quiet, and dark, and then I saw a mouse. In the kitchen." A convulsive shudder ran through her.

He allowed a wave of relief to engulf his frame. "A mouse. You scared me to death. I thought you'd been hurt or something."

A deep voice that wavered with age startled them both. "We'll have to get you a cat."

"Granddad!" Dick released Irene and hurried to where the old gentleman stood in the kitchen door.

They embraced, emotion overpowering their reserve for a minute. Irene remained aside, respecting that emotion and their need to express it. She felt again that foreignness, and wished she could turn about and run . . . far away . . . where she would never have to meet and know this man who held prior claim on her husband.

Then she saw the child.

He was perhaps eight or nine years old. He stood close to Dick's grandfather, and a little behind him in the shadows. He looked like any other boy his age, at first glance. His blond hair was tousled, and he wore blue jeans with a brightly striped shirt. Irene smiled in greeting, and in so doing looked directly into his eyes. She almost gasped aloud. She retreated within herself in horror.

Davy was looking at her. He didn't smile in return. In the blue depths of black-fringed eyes that met hers, she read nothing. Emptiness. A blank. There should have been *something* to read in those eyes!

But Davy's eyes were as void as his lips. The child had no expression whatever on his face.

(To be continued)

Midwinter Dream

Eliza S. Crandell

I will turn my thoughts to springtime now,
 For I am winter-weary, and I need
 The symbols of new birth upon the bough,
 The promise of fruit from entombed seed.
 I leave the fears and doubts of dreary days
 And dream now of the green eternal spring,
 Rejoicing that someone directs always
 This reborn surge of life in everything.

With music drifting from a distant drum
 And visions born of hope that is heaven-sent
 To keep the altar fires till glory's come —
 Until fulfillment, my dream will content.
 For this I know: God will provide
 That even a winter's dream may long abide.

Out of the Wilderness

CHAPTER 7

Shirley Thulin

Synopsis: Marian Morgan, a widow and mother of six children, has come to Montana to supervise assessment work on the mining property owned by the family. They encounter many difficulties and they mistrust Jake Hadley, the owner of a neighboring mine, who has made protestations of friendship. While Marian and the older boys are repairing the roof on the cabin, three-year-old Jill wanders away and becomes lost in the wilderness. She is found by Jake and his friends and returned to Marian. After this experience and the problems of work at the mine, Marian feels that she must leave the wilderness and return to the city.

SUE came out of the bedroom and rubbed her eyes. "You're making so much noise I woke up. What are you doing, Mother?"

"Lots of things," Marian said, trying to sound normal.

"But it's so early. Not even light yet."

"I know it's early. I have a lot to do."

"What?"

"Go wake the others, and I'll tell you."

Marian went from the table to the cupboard to the stove. Her feet felt heavy and her heart even heavier. She had been asking herself questions all morning, but no answers came. It was as though the decision she made in the night had fastened a chain to her soul.

Jim came in, barefoot, buttoning his shirt. He looked at his mother

and she knew he must be misunderstanding all the preparations she was making.

"How's your wrist this morning?" she asked him.

"Fine! Just fine."

"Let me see it."

"It's all right, Mom, really."

"Jim, it's still swollen. Take the binding off and let's soak it. Then we'll wrap it again. I'll make a sling so you won't forget and use it. By letting it rest a few days, it will get well."

"Going to start packing today?" he asked her, trying to sound casual.

"No. The only thing I'm going to pack is a lunch. We're going to need a big one."

"Now tell me," Sue said, coming in, "everyone is awake."

Marian looked at the sleepy-eyed youngsters coming out of the bedrooms, and couldn't help smiling. There's always something special about children just waking, she thought.

"Tell us, Mom," Ted pleaded. "Sue said we're going on a picnic."

"Are we, Mom? Are we?" Tommy asked.

"Oh, boy, a picnic!" Jed did a little dance around the kitchen floor in his pajamas.

"Oh, boy, a picnic," said Jill, dancing, too.

"Well, I am packing a lunch,"

Marian said, "but it's to take with us to the mine."

"The mine? What are we. . . ?" Jim's eyes searched his mother's face.

"We are going to go to work. All of us. Jim's going to be the boss and tell us what to do."

"Are we going to be miners?" Ted asked.

"What's miners?" Jill wanted to know.

"Yes, we're going to be miners." Marian handed the bucket to Jed. "Go get the water, Jed, and Sue, you help the little ones get dressed."

"Oh, Mother, really." Sue made a face. "I don't know how to be a miner."

"Your job will be mainly to watch Tommy and Jill, while the rest of us work. Now, let's hurry, I want you all to eat a good breakfast. Miners always eat a good breakfast."

Jim didn't say anything, but when he looked at Marian, she read the silent tribute in his eyes.

Marian locked the cabin door and hung the key by its string around Sue's neck. As they started along, single file, Jim laughed.

"You know," he said, "we must look like the seven dwarfs."

"They were miners, too, weren't they?" asked Ted.

"Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go," Sue began, and in a few minutes, all the children were singing at the top of their voices and keeping time with their feet as the sun came up over the ridge and greeted them. Marian didn't sing. She was too busy trying to keep her hurt where it belonged. She didn't want

Jim to know how painful her decision had been to her.

"I like to be a miner," said Jill, singing louder than all the rest.

IN the days that followed, Marian and her family were more than miners. They were gardeners and painters, and, as Marian put it, "We're getting to be pretty good fixer-uppers."

They took turns weeding the garden and irrigating it with the water from their little stream. Marian and Sue washed the clothes and ironed and painted the kitchen bright yellow. When Dick brought her the paint, he teased her.

"Trying to bring the city to the mountains?" he asked. But she knew he approved of the things she was accomplishing, and always he left with a handful of fresh peas from the garden to shell and eat on his way back to town.

Jim helped his mother build some more shelves in the kitchen, and a closet in the corner of her bedroom. But mostly they went to the mine and cut down small trees for lumber and tied ropes on them to drag them to the clearing. They hauled dirt to the road and smoothed it and tramped it down firmly to make the road flat.

Night after night Marian went to bed so tired she couldn't go to sleep for hours, but she knew she was doing what had to be done, and was almost glad of the work to keep her mind busy. Whenever she was tempted to be overcome with a feeling of drudgery, she needed only to look at Jim to be rejuvenated. He was so happy, he beamed all over. The other children were happy, too,

and this made Marian feel somewhat justified.

The evenings were pleasant. After the supper was over and the dishes washed, Sue and Jim or Marian took turns reading aloud to the others, or they worked on their Remembrance Books, or read. Sometimes they just talked. But the loneliness that came to Marian sometimes sickened her deep inside, and only another day of accomplishment could chase it away.

ONE day Marian and the small children stayed at the cabin. It was her baking day and she wanted to paint the bench Jim had made from half a log.

"Now everyone will be able to sit on a chair of his own," he had proudly announced as he finished it. There were only four chairs in the cabin when they came.

"That's nice, Jim. This will seat the three littlest members of our family just fine," Marian told him.

Marian took the paint and brushes out in the dooryard. She loved to be outside as much as possible, where she could keep an eye on the children, and look up now and then from her work to the inspiring skyline. Somehow this was an especially lovely morning. She was painting and humming a little tuneless song of her own composing, when the sound of a car coming up the canyon road made her pause. Jill and Tommy came running to her.

"We've got company."

"Somebody's coming."

"Dick, I suppose," Marian said, though it wasn't Saturday.

Then, as the car rounded the bend, she let her breath out in sur-

prise. It was Charles. She thought of running into the cabin to change her clothes and do something with her face, but what? She didn't have any better clothes with her, and there wasn't much she could do in a minute with a sunburned, peeling nose, and skin that had had more weather and less care than at any other time in her life. She did pull the bandana from her hair, and tried to smooth the falling locks back from her forehead, as Charles got out of his car and started towards her.

"Marian!" his eyes were searching deep into her own.

"Hello, Charles."

"Oh, Marian, what has happened to you? You look. . . ."

"Like a weatherbeaten old pioneer?" she supplied the missing words.

"No . . . but you do look tired, wornout. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, that's not so important. What brings you to the wilderness?"

She was teasing him now, teasing to cover up her embarrassment. He was so clean shaven, and white collared. He wore a tie, and his shoes were so shiny she could almost see herself in them.

"I came to. . . . Oh, Marian, I've been so worried about you. No word. . . . You haven't written to anyone."

"Haven't had time, really. I have dropped a line or two to Mother."

"Marian, I came to take you back. . . ."

"We don't want her to go back." They had forgotten the children.

"I mean you, too, Tommy."

Charles patted him on the head.

"Me, too?" said Jill.

"Yes, all of you."

"We don't want to go back."
Tommy was emphatic.

"Marian, has it been too awful?
You look so. . . ."

"We've been working hard, and
accomplished a lot. You will have
to let me show you what we have
done."

She managed a sort of smile, but
her thoughts kept saying, Charles,
why didn't you let me know you
were coming, so I could have been
prepared? It isn't fair for you to
find me here like this, with paint
on my hands, and skinned knuckles,
and shiny nose. Are you laughing
at what you see? Are you feeling
sorry for me? That is even worse.

But aloud she said, "Tommy, take
Charles and show him our little
stream and our well while I put the
paint away. Then we will walk to
the mine and. . . ." She stopped.
Suddenly she wasn't sure she want-
ed him to see what she had been
doing at the mine. She was sure
he wouldn't understand. He will
probably think I've lost my mind,
she thought.

"We used to have a baby deer,
but he ran away."

Tommy took Charles' hand and
led him toward the path. Marian
stood there for a moment, the tears
stinging her eyes, the paint brush
still in her hand. Then she went
inside and tried to put cream on her
face and brush her hair, and give
herself a manicure all at the same
time. When they came back, she
felt a little better, and from the look
in his eyes, she guessed Charles

thought she looked a little better,
too.

THE walk to the mine was pleas-
ant, and they saw squirrels
scamper and heard them scold.
They walked slowly and talked of
the tall trees and white clouds,
rather than saying what was really
waiting to be spoken between them.
And the two children ran and
skipped ahead.

"It is very beautiful here,"
Charles said. "Too bad it has to be
so far away from everything."

"Maybe that's part of its charm,"
Marian defended.

"But the silence, especially at
night, would get on my nerves. I've
tried to vacation in the mountains
several times . . . no television, no
telephone, not even any lights. . . ."

Marian was silent. Two months
ago she would have agreed with him,
why not now? She was homesick.
She longed to see a show, or to
listen to her favorite records, but it
wasn't a painful longing. . . .

They came to the mine, and saw
Jim dragging a tree to the clearing.

"Hi, Jim. Look who came to
visit."

Marian was glad Charles was see-
ing Jim drag the tree, and hadn't
caught her doing it. Not that she
was ashamed of the work she'd been
doing, but . . . well, she was just
glad he had found her painting,
instead.

"Hello, Charles." Jim came over
to where they stood, his wide grin
telling of his satisfaction and of his
pride in his work.

"Hi, Jim. Looks like you are
doing quite a job here."

"We're trying to fix the place up

a bit. Not much time left, and still lots to do."

"Jim has been slowed down a bit with a sore wrist, but it's better now," Marian said. "Would you like to look inside the mine? We have been retimbering the first level, that is, Jim has."

Charles went over and looked inside. He didn't step inside, just looked.

"You can't see much from here. We haven't done the front yet. Jim started quite far back and worked forward. Here, put this helmet on, and I'll show you."

Charles stepped back from the mine. "It's all very interesting," he said. "But why? I mean, why all this work? From what David told me long ago, I gathered there is no ore left."

"Oh, yes, there is, it's just too expensive to ship." Jim was quick to explain.

"You see, there isn't a mill nearby. If someone were to build one, we could start mining again." Marian was surprised that she remembered what Jim had told her.

Charles shook his head. "Learn something new every day," he said, and Marian could see that he had dismissed the subject. She knew that he didn't intend to go inside the mine or want to hear any more about it. Two months ago she would have understood, but now, suddenly, it was her mine, too, her logs, her nice, smooth dirt road.

"Jim, why not quit for today?" Marian suggested. "We'll go on a picnic." Then she said to Charles, "There is a little lake on the other side of that hill. I think you would

enjoy the scenery there. You stay here while Jim finishes up, and Sue and I will go back and prepare some food."

THEY stayed longer by the lake than they should have. It was so good to have someone to talk to. Charles told of what had been going on with all the people back home, and of what was going to take place in the future.

"The big teen dance is coming up next week, Sue," he said, "and, Marian, there is a dinner and fashion show next week. Why don't you come home with me? Looks to me as if you have all earned a rest."

"The garden would die and some of the things aren't ripe yet," Sue said.

Marian looked at Sue, then at Jim. They exchanged an unspoken question and answer.

"We can't leave now, Charles, we haven't finished our work."

That's what she said, but inside she was saying, yes, we will go . . . right now, right this minute. She was remembering the good programs that were always held in the fall of the year, and the garden show, in which she had taken such an active part, and she longed for a visit to the beauty shop, or just to walk along the smooth pavement to the grocery store.

"Please, Marian. You could have your things shipped. It would be so much easier than to go alone on the train."

"I know, but I can't, really, Charles."

"Marian, there's a special reason why you must come with me now."

"We'll be home in only a few weeks. . . ."

Marian sensed what he was about to say, and didn't want him to say it . . . not now. She called the little children, who were playing close by, and told them to start gathering the things together. She hoped Sue and Jim hadn't guessed what Charles had almost said to her.

On the way back, Marian was glad for the evening canyon breeze as it cooled her hot face, and gave her a subject for conversation. They also talked of the long shadows the trees made and the way the leaves were beginning to turn red and gold on the higher trees, but they didn't talk of what was in their hearts, not right then.

When they reached the cabin they talked of the old-fashioned stove, and how long it had been since he had seen one like it. And Charles looked at Tommy's rock collection and at Sue's finished pillowslips while Marian put the little children in bed. It was all quite homey, only Marian could feel the tidal wave within Charles.

When he stood up to leave and asked her to walk out to the car with him, she knew she would have to listen to him now, and to find an answer from within her heart.

"Marian," he said, and she watched the huge moon peek from a cloud before she answered.

"Please, Charles, don't say anything now. . . . I'll be home in just a little while, then we can decide. . . ."

"No, Marian, it has to be decided now. I have to leave right away for

a two months' business tour. I want it to be our honeymoon."

"But the children. . . ."

"Your mother said she would take care of them. I won't get any more time off for at least another year. . . . Please, Marian."

"I. . . ."

"I'll make you happy. You'll never have to do anything like this again . . . leaving the city . . . working so hard."

"It hasn't been so bad. I've learned to love the mountains."

"Don't you care for me?"

"I . . . I don't know, Charles. I thought I did just before I left home, but now . . . things are different."

"We can come back here for a little while each summer. A week to fish and rest. . . ."

"But if we don't finish the work we're doing, we'll lose the place. I don't want that."

"You don't want it? Or is it Jim you're thinking about?"

Marian searched within herself a moment. "Charles, I can't go. I can't marry you . . . not now, maybe not ever. I've felt so close to David here, and it will take time. . . ."

"Marian, you need someone."

"Please give me time."

He looked at her a long while. "Goodbye, Marian," he said, then turned and got into the car.

As the flicker of the red taillights disappeared in the night, she said his name. Over and over she said it, "Charles. Oh, Charles, I do need someone."

(To be concluded)



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Los Angeles Stake (California) Presents "Messengers of Mercy" July 22, 1962

Front row, left to right: Naomi Dearden, chorister; Gladys Rich, composer of "Messengers of Mercy"; Donna Davis, accompanist.

Second row, left to right: Camilla Beck, soprano soloist; Shirley Goodman; Dora Truman; El Geva Berryessa; Laura McCarty; Enid Jacobsen, alto soloist.

Third row, left to right: Margret Ricchmuth; Mary Cortiz; Constance Feleberg; Marguerite Eaton; Madeline Calloway; Emily Eborn.

Fourth row, left to right: Erika Mueller; LaVern Carter; Phyllis Brewerton; Susan Schumann; Clara Lampkin; Lettie Goddard; Marguerite Simmons; Fern Teasdale; Kate Domack.

Marian Pinkston, President, Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, reports: "The cantata 'Messengers of Mercy' was composed in 1942 to commemorate the Relief Society Centennial. Miss Rich is well known for her operettas, children's songs, and cantatas. The Singing Mothers presented this cantata in sacrament service in honor of Utah Pioneer Day, July 22, 1962."



Scottish Mission Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music for Organization of Glasgow Stake, August 26, 1962

Seated in the center, Nada R. Brockbank, President, Scottish Mission Relief Society; at right, conductor Catherine C. Richardson; at left, accompanist Anna Harvey.

Sister Brockbank reports: "When the North British Mission was formed in May 1960, there were fifty Singing Mothers in the Scottish District Relief Society chorus. With the help, and under the direction of Catherine Richardson, we now have over 200 sisters in our chorus. Some of them were unable to be in attendance when this picture was taken. Twenty of our Scottish sisters and two of our Irish sisters were blessed to participate in the International Singing Mothers Chorus in March 1961. The Scottish-Irish Mission was formed in March 1961, with Nada R. Brockbank as President of Relief Society and Jane Morrow as Second Counselor. We have made very rapid growth the past eighteen months, with fifty-six Relief Societies in Scotland and Ireland. The Irish Mission was formed in July 1962, taking ten of our Relief Societies. This left forty-six for us to concentrate on, in Scotland. Through the encouragement of dearly beloved Sister Florence J. Madsen, our sisters have practiced diligently the past two seasons and they produced wonderful results when our Glasgow Stake was formed. We, as a mission, feel that we have been truly blessed in our efforts, through faith, prayer, hard work, and constant practice. With the formation of the new stake by our Prophet David O. McKay, August 26, 1962, we have thirty-nine mission Relief Societies under mission supervision. There are eight wards and one branch Relief Society in the Glasgow Stake."

TO PRESIDENT MCKAY

We thank you for your noble life,
 As we gather here today.
 With heartfelt pleasure we show our love
 In a very special way. . . .

We thank you for the high ideal,
 And the good that still endures;
 Each life is richer, purer now,
 Because it's touched by yours. . . .

— Nada R. Brockbank

South Los Angeles Stake (California) Singing Mothers Present Music For Four Stake Events

Seated in the front row: fourth from the left, Second Counselor Hedi Blumel; at the extreme right, Secretary-Treasurer Cula Magnusson; seated center front, pianist Lillian Carsey, and Singing Mothers chorister Ruth Haycock (in dark dresses).

President Alta Davis and First Counselor Dorotha Miller were both called out of town at the time the picture was taken.

These Singing Mothers presented music for four occasions:

Stake Visiting Teacher Convention, February 2, 1962;

Stake Relief Society Anniversary Program, March 23, 1962;

Stake Quarterly Conference, April 15, 1962;

Relief Society Convention, June 2, 1962.



Duchesne Stake (Utah) Visiting Teacher Convention May 1962

Front row, seated, left to right: Elva Mayhew, visiting teacher message leader; Arwella Moon, Second Counselor; Mina Bark, work meeting leader; Anona Miles, organist; Ora Holgate, President; Jennette Turnbow, theology class leader; Ardath Johansen, Magazine representative; Lois Goodrich, First Counselor; Rita Hansen, chorister; Viola Bleazard, Secretary-Treasurer; Ruth Dastrup; Sara White, literature class leader; Mildred Smith, social science class leader.

Sister Holgate reports that the presentation "A Light Shining" was shown and each sister was presented with an award in recognition of devoted service as a Relief Society visiting teacher.



San Luis Stake (Colorado) Relief Society Presents Anniversary Celebration June 5, 1962

Left to right: Gatha Vance, social science class leader; Leola Reynolds, visiting teacher message leader; Voris Cornum, work meeting leader; Ruth Bagwell, First Counselor; Thelma R. Crowther, President; Aileen Ealey, Second Counselor; Oneita Reed, literature class leader; Marvelle Shawcroft, theology class leader.

Absent when the picture was taken were Olive Reed, Secretary-Treasurer; Marilyn Harmsen, organist; Esther Smythe, chorister; Hazel Haynie, Magazine representative.

Sister Crowther reports: "The stake board of the San Luis Stake Relief Society would like to share with you a very pleasant spiritual as well as social experience we have had in our stake. Homage was paid to the early-day pioneers on Tuesday, June 5, 1962, at a very lovely Relief Society anniversary party at the stake house in La Jara, it being seventy-eight years since the organization of Relief Society here in the San Luis Stake. Many women from the six wards were in attendance and participated in the program which was centered around the pioneer theme and was carried out in song and costume. An original play written by Lena Mae Hansen of the Sanford Ward and entitled 'Relief Society Treasure Chest,' was presented. Esther Smythe, stake chorister, composed words for two songs which fit in nicely with the play. The refreshment table was most attractive with a beautifully decorated Relief Society birthday cake done also in the pioneer motif. On both ends of the table were miniature covered wagons. Tiny wagon wheels decorated individual pieces of cake, with a larger one set in ice to float in the punch bowl. We feel that this event was very successful, because we had many in attendance who are not members of Relief Society and some who are not members of the Church. Through this social we feel that we are helping the fellowshiping program and perhaps we are taking the first steps toward interesting more sisters in the grand work of Relief Society."

Reno Stake (Nevada) Relief Society Work Festival March 1962

Left to right: Lucile Clark, First Counselor; Lura Allen, chorister; Blanche Richards, Second Counselor; Verona Schenk, visiting teacher message leader; Elaine Harris, social science class leader; Betty Morris, organist; Louise L. Bell, President.

Absent when the picture was taken were Mabel Ford, Secretary; Claire Richards, theology class leader; Mary Hurst, literature class leader; Jean Lattin, work meeting leader.

Sister Bell reports that handmade articles made by the members in the work meeting and in their homes were on display. "They included quilts, handicraft work, remodeled and new clothing, art work, ceramics, sewed articles, embroidered, crocheted, and knitted articles. Demonstrations on cake decorating were given by a professional cake decorator and baker, who is branch president of South Tahoe, one of the participating branches. The cake was very beautiful and was decorated with the seal of Relief Society. It was served with punch in the afternoon. Lunch was sold at noon and all the proceeds were kept by the participating wards and branches: Carson City, Fallon, Fernley, Hawthorne, Lovelock, Mt. Rose, Mt. Rose Second, South Tahoe, and Yerington. The festival was advertised throughout the stake, and invitations were issued to nonmembers, as well as to active and nonactive members. Many nonmembers attended, and we feel that it was a fine way to show what the Relief Society work department has to offer. Several hundred people attended, including many Priesthood members. Everyone participating was very enthusiastic, and we are looking forward to making the 'Work Festival' an annual affair. It was under the direction of Work Director Counselor Blanche Richards and work meeting leader Jean Lattin."

Tampa Stake (Florida) Relief Society Convention, May 23, 1962

Seated at the table, left to right: President Clifton B. Edwards, Second Counselor, Tampa Stake; Edith Backman, member, General Board of Relief Society; Inez Edwards, President, Tampa Stake Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; President Edwin H. White; (continuing around the table from the lower right): Rose Benson, organist; Consuela Jennings, First Counselor; Wilma Hamilton, theology class leader; Estelle Gause; Bishop Walter Benson; Winifred Couch, visiting teacher message leader; Grace C. Fernando, Second Counselor; Genevieve Opp, work meeting leader; Margene Fowles, Secretary-Treasurer; Aretta Booth, *Magazine* representative; Evelyn Andrews, chorister; Lola Murdock, literature class leader.

Sister Edwards reports that this picture was taken at a luncheon given for the visiting teachers and stake board members. "Our stake was pleased to have President Spafford and Sister Backman as our visitors for the convention. They gave so much inspiration and help that I feel sure we will go forward this next year. In the thirty-five years that the Relief Society has been organized here in Tampa, this is the first time that the President of Relief Society has visited here."

Taber Stake (Canada) First Relief Society Board

Front row, seated, left to right: Iola H. Layton, Second Counselor; Ida S. Wood, President; Hazel H. Price, First Counselor; Mildred H. Evanson, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Olive H. Johnson, literature class leader; Erma P. Neilson, theology class leader; Delores F. Sommerfeldt, chorister; Clorice M. Harding, social science class leader; Lula P. Gibb, organist; Maude T. Harris, visiting teacher message leader; Ermon L. Hill, work meeting leader; Emma B. Harris, *Magazine* representative.

Taber Stake was organized in September 1960.

Swiss Mission, Servicemen's Branch Relief Society, Naples, Italy

Front row, left to right: Mary Creager; Doris Caulder, President; Carma Horne.

Back row, left to right: Sandra Banks; Wanda Cotter; Donna Peterson; Lucille Crockett.

Ramona Gale is missing from the picture.

Jennie W. Erekson, President, Swiss Mission Relief Society, sends the following report from Doris Caulder: "On the first Tuesday of October 1960, the Naples, Italy, group of Relief Society sisters held their first meeting at the home of Lucille Crockett, with six sisters present. These sisters, so far from home, were thankful for the opportunity to meet together. Their willingness to serve and carry on has helped each to become better acquainted and strengthen the bond of true spiritual sisterhood."

"It was decided that the meetings would be held in the homes of the sisters, the hostess presiding. The sisters took turns in presenting the lessons as outlined in *The Relief Society Magazine*, and all looked forward to the delicious luncheons and exchange of recipes on work meeting days. Relief Society activities have been educational and varied. Pajama bags and toys were made and presented to each child by Santa at the Christmas party held in the home of Sister Cotter. The Relief Society birthday was celebrated by a shopping trip through the curious, winding streets to out-of-the-way factories and city shops. The Singing Mothers have enjoyed presenting special numbers for sacrament meetings and conferences, and there have been many opportunities to teach the gospel to nonmembers, both Italian and American, who have attended the meetings. A permanent organization is now functioning with a membership of nine."





Katherine W. Sontag Makes Rugs of Unique Design

KATHERINE Margurite Wilhelm Sontag, Georgetown, Massachusetts, is gifted in designing and making rugs of many unique and attractive designs. Her patterns and color arrangements are strikingly beautiful, and she makes rugs suitable for any room in the house and carefully harmonizes all of them to the colors predominant in the various rooms. She makes hooked, braided, and crocheted rugs, as well as many other items of handwork, including exquisite crochet work, fancy sofa pillows, and knitted work.

She is always busy gladdening the hearts of those around her with cheerful service and gifts of handwork. She has been active in Relief Society work for twenty-eight years, and has done much social service work for the German Old Folks Home and other organizations. If her name were translated from German to English, she would be known as "Sister Sunday," a very fitting name, as she always carries the spirit of a beautiful Sunday morning with her wherever she goes. She was born in Bavaria, and has been a member of the Church since 1934. She is the mother of two children, a daughter who died in childhood, and a son Walter.



LESSON DEPARTMENT

THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 47 — The Sign Seeker

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: *The Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 63:1-21)

For First Meeting, April 1963

Objective: To learn that the person of faith is justified by the Lord, but the sign seeker is condemned by the Lord.

Background

THE Prophet took leave of Missouri where he had received new revelation dealing with the founding of Zion, the city of God, and numerous matters relating to the gathering of the saints. Arriving in Kirtland the Prophet wrote:

In these infant days of the Church, there was a great anxiety to obtain the word of the Lord upon every subject that in any way concerned our salvation; and as the land of Zion was now the most important temporal object in view, I enquired of the Lord for further information upon the gathering of the Saints, and the purchase of the land, and other matters, and received the following [Section 63] (*DHC* 1:207).

Wickedness and Rebellion

Section 63 begins with the call for the saints to listen, to open their hearts to a revelation of the Lord's word. (*D & C* 63:1.) All men should understand that God is angry with the wicked. Some members of the Church may be classed

as stiffnecked (stubborn) and unbelieving as well as those who have not made covenant with the Savior.

The Lord's displeasure is also shown toward the rebellious. Rebellion against God's law makes a person wicked. Such people willfully defy God after knowing his will toward them. This was true of Lucifer and the third part of the hosts of heaven. (*Ibid.*, 29:36-37.) King Benjamin in *The Book of Mormon* taught that rebellion against teachings received brought a withdrawal of the Spirit. (See *Mosiah* 2:36-38.) The rebellious are condemned because of their having accepted gospel principles and then having disobeyed them. Greater responsibilities bring greater blessings, but, if not carried out, they bring greater condemnations. (*D & C* 1:2-3; 82:3.) The degree of condemnation is dependent upon the nature of the disobedience and the light enjoyed by the member.

The Lord's Power

God's power is understood when men realize that he controls life and is able to cast men into hell. The wicked and rebellious, knowing that they have flaunted their Maker, are fearful that death may overtake them. The ever-present question is, "What will be my situation after death?" God can do all things even to destroying the world, as well as "to cast the soul down to hell" (D & C 63:3-4).

The unrepentant will not escape the Lord's wrath:

Behold, I, the Lord, utter my voice, and it shall be obeyed.

Wherefore, verily I say, let the wicked take heed, and let the rebellious fear and tremble; and let the unbelieving hold their lips, for the day of wrath shall come upon them as a whirlwind, and all flesh shall know that I am God (*Ibid.*, 63:5-6).

In like manner the revelations describe the condition of those who do not hearken to the Lord's message. (*Ibid.*, 84:95-102; 133:71-73.) On the other hand, the Prophet Joseph Smith says that blessings of a celestial nature await those who obey the Lord's voice:

. . . God has in reserve a time, or period appointed in His own bosom, when He will bring all His subjects, who have obeyed His voice and kept His commandments, into His celestial rest. This rest is of such perfection and glory, that man has need of a preparation before he can, according to the laws of that kingdom, enter it and enjoy its blessings. This being the fact, God has given certain laws to the human family, which, if observed, are sufficient to prepare them to inherit His rest (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 54).

Signs Shall Be Seen

As one evidence of the last days, signs are to be seen. Many types

of natural phenomena are mentioned in scriptures. The ones generally known are those which are to appear in the heavens, such as the sun darkening and the moon turning to blood. (D & C 29:14; 34:9; 45:42; 88:87.) Other ocular signs will be observed. (*Ibid.*, 29:14; Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:61.) But these are not the only signs predicted for these times. There are those who desire to have some visual demonstration, such as a miracle, to evidence the existence of God, of the divinity of his Church, of the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the truth of the principles of the gospel.

One desire for some "tangible" evidence of the work of the Lord in our times is the belief that the gold plates of The Book of Mormon should be on display for those who want to "know" that Joseph Smith had plates of ancient origin. These plates, if put on exhibit, would not give evidence of the truth of The Book of Mormon to those who would not accept that scripture on faith or seek for the testimony of the Spirit. Great faith would still be required to believe that these particular plates were of ancient origin or that the characters were what the Prophet claimed them to be. Disputations would probably not cease concerning these claims. Men are not converted to the gospel by such visual demonstrations. The Lord does not give man such demonstrable evidence to convert him. Faith continues as the principle to test man's allegiance to God and the only way that the rich blessings may be enjoyed.

(Hebrews 11:1.) The testimony of the witnesses to The Book of Mormon condemns those who reject that testimony. (D & C 5:10-20.)

The Lord has given evidences or signs that men may understand his purposes, but these may not be so apparent to the person who is not looking for these evidences. The missionary calls signs to the attention of his hearer, such as evidence that these are the days when men are called to repentance for the last time. (D & C 33:2-3; 39:17; 43:28; 90:2.) What are some of these signs? Among several which might be mentioned, these three stand out significantly: (1) the coming forth of The Book of Mormon. As the Old Testament prophets predicted many details about this volume, they indicated that men should know of God's work in the last days by the fulfillment of such prophecies. (Isaiah, Chapter 29; Ezek. 37:16-20.) Associated with this first sign to give evidence of The Book of Mormon is the second one; (2) the gathering of Israel, particularly the Jewish portion. (Isaiah 29:17-19, 22-23; Ezek. 37:21-28.) One of the remarkable historical events of our times is the return of the Lord's ancient covenant people, Judah, to the land of their inheritance. The establishment of this one nation, Israel, in Palestine, in 1948, serves to remind all people that with the return of Judah to the holy land, God is remembering his people as prophesied. (Jeremiah 31:31, 33; 2 Nephi 20:29-31.) He is remembering not only Judah, but others of the tribes of Israel, especially Jo-

seph — the Indians, and also the Latter-day Saints who have been gathered from the nations. (1 Nephi 19:13-16.) (3) The third sign — a definite sign of the last days — is that of the wars, rumors of war and preparations for, together with disease, earthquakes, famines, floods, and other natural calamities that are so evident on the earth today. (Lesson 30, Relief Society Magazine, December 1960.) These three signs are some of the Lord's ways of letting man know that now is the time to repent, and that these signs are to help in man's conversion to the fulness of the gospel.

Sign Seekers in the Church

When Section 63 was received in August 1831, there were members who had come into the Church seeking signs, as there are probably some today who expect some miracle to convince them further of the truth. Concerning these members the Lord gave verses 7-12 of Section 63.

The Lord is not pleased with those who seek signs to convince them of the truth. Signs shall follow, but not always the kind of sign desired. They may be in the form of judgments because of wickedness. Those who sought for a sign in the time of Christ were classified as an evil and adulterous generation. (Matt. 12:38-39.) Sign-seekers show a lack of faith in God and, therefore, the desired sign is not forthcoming to their salvation.

Sign-Seekers, Some Examples

Some notable examples of sign-seekers are found in The Book of Mormon. Lacking in faith they

sought some visual demonstration of God's power as a convincing sign. Several centuries before Jesus' birth a Nephite named Sherem denied that there would be a Christ as Jacob, son of Lehi, and other prophets had declared. Like many modern doubters, including men of religious profession, it was claimed that "no man knoweth of such things; for he cannot tell of things to come" (Jacob 7:7). Jacob bore a solemn witness that prophecy from a prophet of God is true and that Christ would come to the earth, but Sherem demanded a sign. (*Ibid.*, 7:11-13; read also 14-21.)

Another example of one who denied prophecy and the coming of Christ was Korihor. The prophet replied to his request for a sign that there is a God as follows:

Thou hast had signs enough; will ye tempt your God? Will ye say, Show unto me a sign, when ye have the testimony of all these thy brethren, and also all the holy prophets? The scriptures are laid before thee, yea, and all things denote there is a God; yea, even the earth, and all things that are upon the face of it, yea, and its motion, yea, and also all the planets which move in their regular form do witness that there is a Supreme Creator (Alma 30:44).

An Important Principle

This reply, with other experiences, emphasizes an important principle based upon the fact that God is no respecter of persons and that all men must acknowledge him. The Lord gives the same signs to all men, but if they receive a sign without faith, it will be to condemnation.

For the faithful member of the Church there may be many "signs"

received, if asked in humility and for the person's good unto the glory of God. (I John 3:22.) Signs come by faith which brings forth righteous deeds. Men may develop faith by greater and continued acts of righteousness.

The signs received by the humble saint are blessings received from the Holy Ghost. (D & C Section 46; Lesson 32, *Relief Society Magazine*, February 1961.) These blessings are intended principally to prevent the member from being deceived, although they may serve to strengthen faith and bless with the power of God.

The miracle as an instrument of conversion was never intended in the gospel. It has become axiomatic with Latter-day Saints that the person converted by the miracle may require a miracle to keep him in the Church.

President Brigham Young declared:

... When the voice of the Good Shepherd is heard, the honest in heart believe and receive it. It is good to taste with the inward taste, to see with the inward eyes, and to enjoy with the sensations of the ever-living spirit. No person, unless he is an adulterer, a fornicator, covetous, or an idolator, will ever require a miracle; in other words, no good, honest person ever will (*Journal of Discourses* 8:42).

Sins Revealed

When the sign or miracle is granted to the faithful member of the Church for his personal benefit and the glory of God, the sign attests to the fact that the spiritual gifts are a part of the gospel. Due to darkness of mind and sin, some members desire evidence of God's existence or the truth of the Church

by a sign. In 1831 there were members who felt this same way. Commandments of moral purity had been given, but some had turned away from them. (D & C 63:13.) Among these covenant-breakers there were adulterers and adulteresses, a number of whom had turned away from the faith, but there were others who had not apostatized but in time they would be known. (*Ibid.*, verse 14.) The thought suggested in this and the succeeding verse (verse 15) should be understood by those who are tempted to sin or who have sinned and remain unrepentant. It is that this person shall be known and labeled in the eyes of the people.

There follows the significant fact stated in another revelation, that the thought precedes the deed of immorality. (*Ibid.*, 42:23.) The consequences of immoral thoughts for the Church member are loss of the spirit, denial of the faith, and the resulting fear because of the consequences in time and eternity. (*Ibid.*, 63:16; Lesson 27, *Relief Society Magazine*, September 1960.)

Condemnation of the Sinner

President Joseph F. Smith considered that of all principles of the gospel which emphasized the attributes of justice in Deity is the fact that all men will be rewarded for their works, whether they be good or evil. (*Gospel Doctrine*, 9th edition, page 69.)

In accordance with this truth, the Lord has revealed much concerning the final state of the unrepentant sinner. Language similar to what was later revealed concerning the salvation offered to those who will-

fully sin with knowledge, is given in this revelation. Belief in false teachings or unbelief in the doctrines as restored to the Church in this dispensation, constitutes in the member a form of falsehood or misrepresentation of belief. The member of the Church is committed by covenant to believe the doctrines and to live the principles that the Lord has revealed. The condemnation for those who love and make a lie, and the immoral, is to receive the telestial kingdom. (D & C 63:17-18; 76:98-107.) They suffer the vengeance of eternal fire to receive the torment of conscience, which is like an unquenchable fire. (Mosiah 2:37-38.) The mental torment of those who receive the lake of fire and brimstone is described by the Prophet Joseph Smith in this way:

A man is his own tormentor and his own condemner. Hence the saying, They shall go into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. The torment of disappointment in the mind of man is as exquisite as a lake with fire and brimstone. I say, so is the torment of man (*DHC VI:314*).

Because there were immoral members in the Church, some having left but others to be ferreted out if they did not repent, the membership was not justified in allowing these conditions to exist. (D & C 63:19.) The Lord has prescribed excommunication of these persons unless they speedily repent. (*Ibid.*, 42:24-26, 80-81, 87.)

The Faithful Are Justified

Those, however, who endure in faith by keeping the commandments are promised great blessings, even

beyond their present comprehension.

Nevertheless, he that endureth in faith and doeth my will, the same shall overcome, and shall receive an inheritance upon the earth when the day of transfiguration shall come (D & C 63:20).

Familiar to students of the scriptures is the meaning of "overcome." As used in the above verse, the person of faith becomes free of the bondage of sin by overcoming the sinful habit or impediment to his eternal progression. (Romans 6:18; 2 Peter 2:19.) They shall overcome all things and receive an exaltation in the Father's kingdom. (Rev. 21:7; D & C 84:38.)

The Day of Transfiguration

For those who have overcome through faith, an inheritance upon the earth is promised. (Matt. 5:5.) For this intent was the earth created. (D & C 88:17-20.) But be-

fore the earth is celestialized as the home of celestial beings, which is its final transfiguration, the Lord has said that the earth shall receive a regeneration (Matt. 19:28), for it will be restored to its former condition as a paradise. The Tenth Article of Faith mentions that the "earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory." Thus the earth will be restored to its former state when it is transformed to the condition before it fell to its present telestial state. (D & C Commentary, page 377.)

Questions for Discussion

1. Name the three signs given in the lesson that are present in the world today.
2. In what way do these three signs constitute powerful evidence to support the fact that the Lord has spoken from the heavens in the last days?
3. What is the purpose of signs for the faithful saint?
4. Tell what blessing in Section 63 is promised the faithful member of the Church.

The New Day

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The wind, that grand old trouper, plays
 Upon the leafless vibrant trees,
 And mystic tones like flying notes,
 Sound out in many changing keys.

A golden lunar constellate,
 Following a course on high,
 Rolls behind a lonely cloud,
 And out along a star-splashed sky.

Silver streamers on a sea
 Of teeming light will soon appear.
 The wind is gone, the sun will shine.
 Another day is near.

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGES

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 47 — "It Is Not Meet That I Should Command in All Things"
(D & C 58:26).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Week, April 1963

Objective: To emphasize the fact that it is through the exercise of free agency that we develop initiative and self-reliance.

FREE agency is a fundamental part of the gospel; in fact a war was fought in heaven over it.

Our Father in heaven counsels us to pattern our lives on right principles. He has given us laws and commandments as guides, which, if followed, will assure us happiness in this life and joy in the world to come. Nevertheless, he allows us to exercise our own judgment and free agency in the application of these principles and in following these commandments. Only in this way can we learn, grow, and progress. One purpose of free agency is to enable us to develop sufficient initiative that we will not need to be commanded in all things. In fact, when the Prophet Joseph Smith was asked how he governed his people he replied, "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves."

This wise principle of living was also emphasized by the Savior in his parable of the unprofitable servants. In this parable Jesus asked, "Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were

commanded him?" The Savior responded in the negative to his own inquiry and then added: "So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do" (Luke 17:10).

Not only should we follow the Lord's specific commandments, but to be profitable servants, we should go the extra mile and use initiative and free agency in doing good and in living true Christian lives.

One reason why our Father in heaven encourages us to exercise our free will and judgment is so that we can develop confidence and self-reliance.

There is an old story which states that some of the ancient alchemists believed that if they could find one special element they could change some of the common baser metals into pure gold; but this rare element always eluded them.

A similar rare element of character, however, need not be so elusive. This important character element is self-reliance in combination with

humility. In order to build successful lives we must have confidence and self-reliance in our own God-given talents and abilities.

Plato said, "Take charge of your lives, you can do with them what you will." In his wisdom he knew that those who were self-reliant sought constantly to discover and overcome their own shortcomings which kept them from accomplishing the things they were capable of doing.

Someone has wisely said, "No man has made a great success of life or a fit preparation for immortality by doing merely his duty," and The Doctrine and Covenants states, ". . . for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and

not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward" (D & C 58:26).

President Henry D. Moyle expressed this thought beautifully when he said, "We ourselves must act. We must initiate our own search for truth of our own free will. Once we do, the Lord magnifies us, fills our souls with his holy spirit . . ." (CR, October 1959, page 93).

Let us follow the admonition of the Lord and do many things of our own free will, "and bring to pass much righteousness," for the Lord has said, "For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward" (D & C 58:27-28).

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 7 — The Latter-day Saint Home Exemplifies Thrift

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, April 1963

Objective: To show that a family can know the feeling of security through work and the wise use of resources.

THE main ideas of this discussion are given through the use of a flip chart.* The four messages for the chart follow:

1. Keep out of the deficit spending trap. Plan your budget on your terms.
2. Avoid revolving credit. Consider costs of using other people's money.

*A flip chart has messages written and illustrated on large sheets of white wrapping paper or cardboard and fastened together on a stick and hung on an easel. As one message is given, the sheet is flipped over for the next.

3. Watch that garbage can. Use resources wisely.

4. Add many dollars to your income through thrifty home management.

The Family Values Test in the first discussion started out with checking the family value of security. Keeping out of debt, wise use of resources, a nest egg for a rainy day, and a high credit and character rating are listed as essential for realizing this value. The trap of deficit spending is keeping a great many families from knowing the meaning of security under these terms. Deficit spenders don't have to keep a budget; their money is spent automatically through unvarying monthly payments.

Through motivation research, the business world has learned ways to help the family get rid of the rest of the paycheck in a similar withholding pattern. We are urged to take two vacations a year, to buy a second car, to sign for a package mortgage on all the known gadgets. Pay after you get is the mode, and the paycheck is spent before it is earned.

The optimism of some newly married couples is astounding. They assume there will be a continually expanding economy and that future prosperity will retroactively pay for today, and there is no sense in self-denial. If a dealer reports that financing can be arranged through a local bank, they relax their guard completely and debt starts on a path which often becomes the perpetual family street. Deficit spending operates largely to lull people to insensitivity and more debt. Thrift, initiative, challenge, and struggle are words that will gradual-

ly become obsolete if this trend continues.

Revolving credit is deficit spending carried to its ultimate conclusion. It is allowed by retailers to people who do not rate a charge account. A family might be given a \$200 credit limit which must be paid off in regular installments with a 1 to 1½ per cent monthly interest charge on the unpaid balance. Once the family gets into this trap, they seldom get out, for they always like to be bought up to the limit. The family is paying annually a twelve to eighteen per cent interest charge for this convenience.

Some homemakers throw money out of the back door by way of the garbage can faster than it comes in the front door. Through careful management, use of leftovers, and perhaps producing some food, it would be possible to save money that could help the family budget.

A Ph.D. study was made by Marie Geraldine Gage at Cornell University in 1960. She found that unpaid-for services that replace bought goods and hired help can add many dollars to the family's real income. How do you replace bought goods for services? The one big answer is work — with everyone in the family contributing his share. If you don't have money to buy:

A washing machine, you use a plunger, or a washboard and elbow grease;

T-bone steaks, you use cheaper sources of protein and more time and effort;

Tickets to the World Fair, make your own fair in the back yard;

A new dress, make something new from something old;

New cupboards for the kitchen, use some packing boxes, a saw, a hammer and nails.

The list could be endless, but to summarize:

The homemaker who knows the meaning of thrift, who knows how to budget money and keep expenditures within the income, and who knows how to save here and save there, can add many dollars to the family's resources, and, at the same time, she can teach her family how to keep out of the deficit-spending trap.

The Latter-day Saint family believes in the old-fashioned virtue of thrift, in making a budget on their own terms, planning the use of resources, keeping out of debt, except for such major expenditures as a home or education, and, in having a nest egg for a rainy day. They are more interested in giving than

in getting; they pay their tithes and offerings before thinking of their own material wants. They give their services to the Church and community and send their children to schools and on missions. Through the years, they find themselves on prosperity street, instead of on mortgage row.

Questions for Discussion

1. Give concrete examples of ways in which homemakers have been able to add dollars to the family income through care of clothing, the home, and its furnishings.

2. How can we get some production back into the home, not only for saving money, but for personal development? For example: home food production and preservation, clothing construction, and furniture making.

Attention Work Meeting Discussion Leaders

NOTE ON ERROR IN DISCUSSION 5 (for February 1963) — The Latter-day Saint Home Is Clean (part 1), published in November 1962 issue, page 854.

Correct measurements for making furniture polish: $\frac{1}{3}$ boiled linseed oil and $\frac{2}{3}$ turpentine.

Morning Prayer

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

There's something special in each new morning:
A child's quick laughter, a letter,
A whiff of fragrance, a chirp of warning,
An eye's gay sparkle, or better.

There's something especially for my learning
Which makes me richer for being.
So one brief prayer I shape for day's turning:
"Oh, give me vision for seeing!"

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The New Birth of Freedom

Lesson 39 — Melville's Masterpiece — *Moby-Dick*

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes
Dryden Press, New York, pp. 512-537)

For Third Meeting, April 1963

Objective: To enjoy sharing *Moby-Dick*, either with the first reader or with the devotee.

Note: As no study of America's literature would be complete without a consideration of Herman Melville, no study of Melville, the man and literary artist, would be complete without taking into account his masterpiece, *Moby-Dick*.

As the book *Moby-Dick* may not be available to all class leaders, this lesson is so planned that it may be presented with sample readings. Those who are able to read the book in its entirety will find it a rewarding experience.

DURING the nineteenth century, literary America expressed its fervor for greatness through its Tennyson and Browning societies; today its devout lovers of life through literature have organized themselves into Thoreau and Melville and Mark Twain societies. Although Twain is popular, Thoreau is deeper, but it is in Melville's *Moby-Dick* wherein the lone stilly deeps lie, down which those who so desire may plunge to sublime depths of vastness and loneliness and awe approached by no other American writer. Yet, for those just learning to swim its serene vastness, who would be terrified at the mere suggestion of ducking their heads beneath the apparent peace of its azure surface even for an instant, staying on the surface yields immediate delight in humor, excite-

ment, mood, and exotic pleasure. It is with Melville as with Shakespeare — nobody loses. All who come to them will find some hunger satisfied, some image or character sharpened, some horizon pushed back and lowered.

In his cynical and unsuccessful novel, *The Confidence Man*, Melville commented that "It is with fiction as with religion: it should present another world, and yet one to which we feel the tie." In varying degrees we may possess the world which Melville, in *Moby-Dick*, created for all who may choose to enter it. Though we may feel tied to it so strongly that it seems impossible to break away from its spell, yet that world is strictly Melville's alone, created by his genius in his quest to know the "unknowable."

Sources of *Moby-Dick*

In 1820, the year following Melville's birth, the whaling ship *Essex* of Nantucket, Massachusetts, with George Pollard, Jr., as captain and Owen Chase as first mate, was rammed and sunk by a sperm whale just south of the equator, not far from Tahiti.

Fearing cannibals in the unknown Pacific islands, the crew put to sea in three whaleboats for South America some two thousand miles away. During their three months at sea one boat was lost; the crews of the boats led by Pollard and Chase survived after extreme hardship and near starvation. In 1841, while sailing in the same area aboard the whaling vessel the *Acushnet*, young Melville met Owen Chase, then captain of another whaler, and from his son learned the fated *Essex* story. About the time he wrote *Moby-Dick*, Melville made his sole visit to Nantucket where he laid eyes on Captain Pollard, now a night-watchman who had been to sea but once since his rescue. Wrote Melville:

To the islanders he was a nobody — to me, the most impressive man, tho' wholly unassuming, even humble, that I ever encountered.

In addition, Melville knew the short story "Mocha-Dick, or the White Whale" which was published during his youth. Still, no more startling proof of genius exists than to compare *Moby-Dick* with these so-called sources. The true source is Melville ("Art is not nature") nor is Melville's masterpiece only a mirror reflecting the reality of whaling lore and life.

The novel *Moby-Dick* may be

divided into three parts: (1) a long and rather matter-of-fact introduction in which the youth, Ishmael, is forewarned that the whaling voyage on the *Pequod* will be no ordinary one; (2) the major portion of the book which is a pursuit of the white whale, *Moby-Dick*, through months of wandering and which includes details of the whaling industry; (3) the final three chapters of exciting conflict, resulting in a battle with the whale and the loss of the ship. The young outcast, Ishmael, alone survives the disaster and tells the story.

Plot of *Moby-Dick*

Feeling forlorn and completely the outcast, young Ishmael goes to New Bedford, Massachusetts, to ship aboard a whaling vessel bound for the Pacific. At the overcrowded Spouter Inn, the mischievous in-keeper lodges him with Queequeg, a dark-skinned pagan from the South Seas, who shaves with his harpoon blade and eats almost raw steak for breakfast. Once their mutual fears are vanquished, they become inseparable friends. At Nantucket Harbor they are signed up as crew members of the *Pequod*. Before they go aboard they are warned by a mysterious eccentric named Elijah to beware of their still unseen captain, Ahab, and of the fanatic savage crew he has smuggled aboard.

On Christmas day, their captain, still locked in his cabin, the *Pequod* "blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic, and we settle down to shipboard routine." First mate is Starbuck, cool, moral, conscientious, and the only man aboard ship

to oppose Ahab in his determination to wreak vengeance upon Moby-Dick, the white whale, which has "dismasted him" by biting off his leg during a previous whaling voyage. Humorous Stubb and irresponsible Flask are also mates. Harpooners, upon whom the entire success of the whole hunt depends, are Tashtego, an American Indian, Dago, a negroid, and Queequeg. And there is Pip the sprightly negro cabin-boy. Representative of the "human scum" which comprised the whaling crews of the day, the *Pequod's* crew were men from almost every nation, the officers being the only Americans, save for Ishmael.

Continuing the Plot

When Captain Ahab appears "topside" he places his ivory peg-leg in the deck niche cut to receive it, and peers fiercely ahead. Then, to the surprise of the crew, he invites them all into "officer country," the quarter deck, and there in pagan fury he works them into a frenzy of hatred for the white whale, Moby-Dick. He plants a gold doubloon in the mast, promising it to whoever first sights Moby-Dick. Starbuck now realizes that the hunt for the precious whale-oil from which the best quality candles of the day were made, is for Ahab but a pretense, and that he will sacrifice ship and men, if necessary, in order to kill the albino whale.

All the lore of killing whales, cutting the blubber and rendering it into oil in the huge fry-pots fired by burning whale-skin, is explained in detail. And for Melville, most of the objects symbolize some phase of man's relation to the secure land,

the treacherous but life-giving sea, to death, disbelief, immortality or human brotherhood. Meanwhile, the first of several "gams" or meetings with other whalers, takes place, each time Ahab calling out his burning question, "Hast seen the White Whale?" The passing ship *Rachel*, hunting for crew members afloat and feared lost, reports having seen Moby-Dick only the day before.

Events quicken and intensify as a mysterious "spirit-spout" against the horizon frightens the superstitious crew, and the ship becomes aflame in an electrical storm. The crew bows and trembles, while Ahab merely defies fate. Yet for one short moment, he confesses to Starbuck his natural longings for home, wife, and child and that he himself stands aghast at the evil drive which overwhelms him, now against his will.

The White Whale is sighted and all give chase. The first day it destroys one of the whale boats. During the second day a member of the crew is killed, Ahab's ivory leg is smashed, and more men are drowned. On the third day Moby-Dick is harpooned, but Captain Ahab is caught in the line wound around the whale's flank. The infuriated whale sinks the *Pequod* and all are drowned save for Ishmael, who stays afloat until picked up by the crew of the *Rachel* that "in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan."

The book, although not immediately, was praised sincerely on both shores of the Atlantic: "language in the hands of this master becomes

like a magician's wand"; "a unique portrait gallery which every writer must despair of rivaling"; "the gusto of true genius"; "it must be a torpid spirit indeed that is not enlivened with the raciness of his humor and the redolence of his imagination." Yet there were many adverse comments also by those who had not the insight to catch the genius of Melville, nor the will to follow his search for the meanings of good and evil.

Melville's Living Language

As his friends and family soon learned after his return from his whaling adventures, Melville could "spin a yarn" superbly well. Proof of his skill is abundant throughout *Moby-Dick*. Read of Ishmael's first encounter with Queequeg (The Spouter Inn, Chap. 3); Ishmael's awareness of death (The Chapel, Chapter 7, text, page 523); Father Mapple's Sermon (page 525), a superb example of 19th century oratory and religious fervor, adapted to the sailor's idiom and mind. Really, the list is well-nigh endless. For zest and power and love of the sea's space and liberty and challenge, consider Melville's sea as described in "The First Lowering" of the whaling boats (Chap. 48).

Meanwhile the boats tore on. . . . It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling-green; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would dip for an instant on the knife-like edge of the sharper waves, that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurtings and goadings to gain the

top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sled-like slide down its other side; — all these, with the cries of the headsmen and harpooners, and the shuddering gasps of the oarsmen, with the wondrous sight of the ivory *Pequod* bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood — all this was thrilling.

For those readers who enjoy clean, pure narration, paragraph after paragraph building up into suspense and power that is without hitch or flaw, read the three days of the chase which concluded the novel. Or if you enjoy reading people into life, then read "Knights and Squires" (Chap. 26-7) which, like "Nantucket" (Chap. 14), glorifies the average democratic man working at his trade in a manner worthy of Whitman. Or read "The Carpenter" (Chap. 107), or "The Blacksmith" (Chap. 112). Any of these readings fulfills itself if read alone; if placed in context, their power, of course, is greater.

Moby-Dick As Symbol

From its first page this novel is filled with symbols; everyday objects represent concealed truths, or fear of depths beyond themselves, a search for all ultimate yet unknowable answers. Thus the search is life, though it end in death, yet a search possible only on the fluid, unknown mystery, symbolized for Melville by water — by the ocean which encloses most of the globe. His best statement of this important symbol is found at the end of "Brit" (Chap. 58) and deserves quoting.

But not only is the sea a foe to man who is an alien to it, but it is also a fiend to its own offspring. . . . Like a

savage tigress that tossing in the jungle, overlays her own cubs, so the sea dashes even the mightiest whales against the rocks, and leaves them there side by side with the split wrecks of ships. No mercy, no power but its own controls it. Panting and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider, the masterless ocean overruns the globe.

Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of the most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider, once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

Consider all this; and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself: For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life. God keep thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return.

But enough of this rhetorical symbolism, so reminiscent of Shakespeare who influenced Melville more than any other writer. In fact, Melville had almost finished the first version of *Moby-Dick* when he discovered the plays of Shakespeare. As a result of this new insight into the complexities of man and the depths of concealed truth which surround him, much of the novel was rewritten. So much did Hawthorne and Melville have in common that Melville dedicated *Moby-Dick* to Hawthorne and reading Hawthorne helped Melville discover his own identity. Yet it was Shake-

speare who remained the great, single, literary influence of Melville's life.

Dedicated Artist

Some of Melville's admirers have maintained that Melville was an untaught, unconscious genius who really had no idea of what he was doing when he wrote. Yet abundant proof exists that he was a most intense, dedicated artist, so acutely aware of what he hoped to create in his art, that when he felt he had fallen short of his goal, he refused to write trash for cash and so withdrew within his own proud integrity.

In the following excerpt, Melville creates in musical language, the image of stillness and peace with a pleasure uniquely his own:

It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver; and by their soft, suffusing seethings, made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude; on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow. Lit up by the moon, it looked celestial; seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea.

Thus he first defines the portentous "Spirit-spout" which foretells to all the crew their doom — a doom mirrored later by the ominous birds hovering about and by the inscrutable mysteries now glimpsed in the black waters about the ship.

Close to our bows, strange forms in the water darted hither and thither before us, while thick in our rear flew the inscrutable sea-ravens. And every morning, perched in our stays, rows of these birds were seen, and in spite of our hootings, for a long time obstinately clung to the hemp, as though they deemed our

ship some drifting, uninhabited craft; a thing appointed to desolation, and therefore fit roosting-place for their homeless selves. And heaved and heaved, still unresistingly heaved the black sea, as if its vast tides were a conscience; and the great mundane soul were in anguish and remorse for the long sin and suffering it had bred.

The New Appraisal

An anthology of American literature appearing in 1872 but briefly mentions Melville's name, and then only as the author of *Typee* and *Redburn*. His death was scarcely noted even in New York City where he lived out the last twenty years of his martyr-like obscurity. Not until 1919, the centennial of his birth, was any interest whatsoever shown in reviving his reputation. *Billy Budd*, finished the year of his death, was not even printed until 1924. Yet when Somerset Maugham's list of the ten greatest novels appeared about 1950, the one American title to be included was that of *Moby-Dick*. This revival of interest in *Moby-Dick* and the re-

sultant new appraisal of Melville as a literary artist, is one of the most dramatic reversals in all literary history.

It is therefore only since World War II that Melville has come fully into his own. Now he is commonly accepted as one of the greatest of writers in the English language, regarded by many as "the most powerful of all the great American writers." In the words of Lewis Mumford, "in depth of experience, and religious insight there is scarcely anyone in the nineteenth century, with the exception of Dostoyevsky, who can be placed beside him." Although not acknowledged by his own in his own day, Herman Melville, writing with epic sweep and tragic vision, "spoke to the ages."

Thoughts for Discussion

1. For you what is the major source of Melville's greatness?
2. Is it important to remember that *Moby-Dick* was written by an American in 1850? Why so? Why not?

SOCIAL SCIENCE • *Divine Law and Church Government*

The Foundation of Church Government

Lesson 6 — Gradation of Divine Law

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, April 1963

Objective: To show the wisdom of God in the application of divine law to man.

AS the title of this lesson indicates, there have been transitional steps or stages in the presentation and development of divine law.

While the basic meanings and fundamentals of the law of God have remained constant, how the law has been given and the intensity

of the teaching has varied somewhat from dispensation to dispensation.

Revealed What Could Be Understood

God walked and talked with some of the prophets. To others he communicated through revelation and the visitation of angels. As the growth and development of man occurred, the greater ramifications of the law were presented.

Divine Direction Influenced by Man's Willingness to Co-operate

During the leadership of Moses the children of Israel were so steeped in the worldly ways of the Egyptians and were so slow to repent, that they were given the carnal law of "an eye for an eye," etc. Finally they were so resistant to righteousness, that the Lord took away the higher Priesthood, leaving them only the enlightenment of the temporal law. This seemed to be all they could understand.

In the meridian of time Christ, through his personal appearance (testified of by all the prophets), fulfilled the law, restored the Melchizedek Priesthood, and organized his Church. The basis of his government was found in the same divine law that had been revealed to Adam. Only a comparatively small group of his own people accepted him. "At no time since the days of Adam, had the Gospel been so fully taught and made so simply clear to the understanding as in the days of Jesus" (WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Rational Theology* 4th ed., page 57).

Within a few generations, through apostasy, the Priesthood and Church government were taken from the earth. ". . . darkness covereth the

earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people, and all flesh has become corrupt before my face" (D & C 112:23).

In the dispensation of the fulness of times, the Lord has restored every right, key, power, and authority that had ever been given to help man realize the full purpose of his creation. Dr. Widtsoe, referring to this period of time, writes:

Finally, as men broke through the darkness, as intelligence became diffused among all men, and liberality of thought grew and became respected, the Gospel was restored with the authority of the Priesthood and the organization of the Church (WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Priesthood and Church Government*, page 25).

Divine Law Gives Direction and Incentive to All Men

Since the days of Adam and his children the Lord has directed his servants to teach all the people of the mission of Jesus Christ and its saving power through repentance and baptism, in order that all mankind can enjoy the blessings of heaven and the promises of God.

This directive to call all men to repentance was repeated with emphasis through each of the prophets. In Adam's day ". . . the Lord God called upon men by the Holy Ghost everywhere and commanded them that they should repent" (Moses 5:14). All who repented received the blessings; the progress of those who did not was stopped.

Before the flood, Noah, an ordained prophet, ". . . called upon the children of men that they should repent" (Moses 8:20). The Lord told Abraham that his seed "shall bear this ministry and Priesthood unto all nations" (Abraham 2:9). Christ sent his apostles to all

the world, and John the Revelator declared the gospel would be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. (See Rev. 14:6-7; see also D & C 133:37-38.)

The Separation of the Children of God

As we examine the record of man in the holy scripture, we are impressed with the fact that comparatively few of the children of men followed the direction set forth in divine law.

Adam's rebellious children were shut out of the presence of the Lord and "... dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden" (Moses 5:41). The descendants of Noah were scattered "abroad upon the face of all the earth" (Genesis 11:9).

Through Abraham's righteousness and prayers, he being of the direct lineage of Adam through the prophets, the Lord preserved his life and led him and his family out of the land of the idolaters to a place where they could preserve the lineage through which the Savior of mankind would come.

From dispensation to dispensation the nonbelievers in the world increased, until idolaters, pagans, and other nonbelievers in the divine mission of Christ, constituted the masses of mankind.

Secular records reveal men in early times as individuals ruled by force and organized primarily to resist invasion and destruction or to extend their power over others by the application of force.

Through trial and error, investigation, and experimentation; through the use of his intellect and by the processes of reason and reflective thinking; and through the grace of

God and the Spirit that "giveth light to every man that cometh into the world" (D & C 84:46), men have accumulated culture and slowly and painfully improved their status to a present level of achievement. Man's development through the use of his intelligence is but a reflection of the divinity of his origin.

The record of man's cultural development is closely connected with the development of weapons of destruction. The rise of great nations indicates a combination of intellectual achievement and the application of inventive genius to the production of effective weapons of war. It likewise indicates a lack of understanding of the divine purpose in the creation of man. Today, man is reaching the climax of the development of his destructive power. There now exists the physical power through man's knowledge to destroy our civilization.

It should be clearly understood that in contrast to the evidence of force indicated in the secular record as so important in man's development, the religious records place the emphasis upon love and understanding as having a more direct correlation with intelligent growth and development. Love was and is the basic motivation in the plan of life and salvation as presented by Jesus Christ. It is the only power known to man by which peace may be established in the hearts of men.

Divine Direction Makes Man Reach Up — Godhead

A child normally inherits the characteristics of the parents. To be the spirit child of God and created

physically in his image, provides the important idea that the progress of man is limited only by his ambition and personal application. Certainly his relationship to Deity provides perfection for his ideal. To have a goal is the first essential to progress. With our Father in heaven as the ideal of man, the natural effect is to lift man up. To understand this concept, however, man must be in tune with the spirit of the Creator. This will come in the recognition of and adherence to the divine law, testified to by the Holy Ghost and administered under the direction of the Priesthood.

When God created man and placed him on earth with the admonition to subdue the earth and have dominion over it, the seeds of discontent were sown. The admonition meant for man to know all about the earth and its contents — examining its make-up, learning its secrets, and putting to use its latent powers for the benefit and welfare of mankind. “By the sweat of thy brow” did not mean to labor forever by hand. It was the challenge for man to use his physical, mental, and spiritual capacities to find out the unknown. He was to find the answer to every perplexity with which he was presented in satisfying human needs and, in the process, subduing the earth and gaining dominion over every living thing.

We are told that light and truth are eternal (see D & C 84:44-46) and, by the processes of reflective thinking and reasoning, man can discover light and truth. Through invention, or finding the various uses and applications for the discoveries made, he expands his knowl-

edge and applies the information to beneficial use. Thus man moves in progress toward his ideal.

Divine Principles of Progress Applied to Man

The divine law places the responsibility for growth, development, and eventual exaltation upon each individual. But the Lord has provided man with adequate instruction graded to suit his experience and development and has made available to him inspiration and revelation.

The Law of Choice

There is a law eternal in nature that assures man the privilege of choice. “The Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself. . . . Wherefore, men are free according to the flesh” (2 Nephi 2:16, 27). This includes two very closely related conditions — the opportunity for election and the responsibility of performance. Man, really to enjoy the benefit of his freedom of choice, must know the law. To receive the blessings promised by the law, he must, of his own free will and choice, carry out the requirements of the law, the decision to be made on the basis of his conviction that it is right. True virtue is knowing the good and the bad and choosing the good.

This World Is a Training Ground

With right of choice and the availability of divine guidance, man is charged with the responsibility of performance equal to the opportunity presented to him. Freedom of choice means nothing without opposition. “For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all

things. If not so . . . righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad . . ." (2 Nephi 2:11).

Man, through experience, including prayer, learns to understand his relationship to God and his creations. Being a child of God spiritually, man has the divine spark that causes him to reach up to and cry out for divine guidance. Man's life span generally provides the time and opportunity for intellectual and spiritual development equal to inherited capacity.

Self-discipline in bringing one's appetites and desires in line with unselfish consideration of others in all human relations is a major part of this world's training.

Due to man's ability to transmit culture from generation to generation, it is possible to build upon the experience of the past. In this sense each generation stands on the shoulders of the generation that preceded it. The progress of the new generation is measured in terms of the expansion of its cultural heritage.

In review, then, this training ground gives us an opportunity to develop spiritually, temporally, and intellectually. It is for the purpose of finding out what man will do with his opportunities and abilities.

For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned (D & C 58:28-29).

Work Is Basic to Progress

When the "first family" was given the assignment to subdue the earth, it had reference to hard, physical work. The Lord said "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" (Genesis 3:19). Adam was to overcome the weeds and thistles in order to live. He had to work with his hands and use his ability to solve problems. This involved thinking, reasoning, faith, and inspiration.

In modern scripture the Lord says that the idler has no place among his people. "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer" (D & C 42:42). The scriptures indicate that God ordained work as essential to exaltation.

From the scriptures we glean that doing is important. In fact, it is what you do about what you know that really counts. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James 1:22).

The divine directions given for exaltation involve a constant quest for enlightenment. Growth is as much a spiritual and intellectual law as a physical law. There is no growth, development, or enlightenment without energy and effort expended.

To subdue the earth has meant a constant struggle to discover the elements and their uses for the benefit of man. "To subdue the earth" has also an intellectual implication, for the Prophet Joseph Smith said, "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance" (D & C 131:6). Spiritually the challenge is the same. "The glory of God is intelligence,

or, in other words, light and truth” (D & C 93:36).

From the above, it could be implied that man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge of the earth (material things), of life (human relations), and of God. This cannot all be attained at once, but is made available as we are able to understand. “Behold, ye are little children and ye cannot bear all things now; ye must grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth” (D & C 50:40).

The Fulness of Times

The fulness of times has a dual meaning. Religiously we see its meaning in the fulness of the gospel plan. In addition, the light that lighteth all men who come into this world has been expressed in the temporal progress that has been made. Each dispensation has had men with creative power who have added valuable discoveries to man’s knowledge that have assisted in his cultural advancement. Today, we are privileged to enjoy the concentration of all the rules of life with their explanation that the Lord has ever given to his children. We have the greatest collection of usable facts and information that the human race has ever accumulated.

Out of this accumulation, discovery and invention have been greatly increased. There seems to be no end to the expansion of knowledge. This development, together with the restoration of the fulness of the gospel and the functioning of the Priesthood in Church organization, has assured mankind of his destiny according to the design of the Creator.

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Thoughts for Discussion

1. Does divine law apply with the same force to all men everywhere at all times? Explain.
2. What is the difference between the Priesthood of Aaron and the Melchizedek Priesthood?
3. Why was the Melchizedek Priesthood taken from the children of Israel?
4. What do you understand by the quotation "and the Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world"?
5. It is obvious that we live in a greatly advanced civilization. Will the Lord expect a greater degree of perfection from his saints today than from saints of a former dispensation? Justify your answer.

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The Fog

Linnie F. Robinson

Oh, the stillness of the fog;
All the trees are shrouded, white —
Distant houses out of sight;
Not a whisper, not a sound,
Save my heart's low pound.

Friendly hills are curtained out,
And the valley far below
Is a place I do not know.
Not a movement, not a cry
Save my soul's lone sigh.

Feel the pulselessness of fog;
Helpless, man can peer and stare
Seeing nothing for his care.
If I open wide my door,
I am lost upon its shore.

Even heaven shuts me in,
For the sky is close and thick.
Day has burned without a wick . . .
And I long for breath of wind
That this weight of fog be thinned.

Happy Highway of Life

Rozina Farnsworth

Life is short, oh, let us hurry,
Put our efforts to the test.
Then we shall have no cause to worry,
When we know we have done our best.

Let's improve each fleeting moment,
Crown with kindness every one.
Do our duty, do it bravely
Then be proud of what we have done.

Cheerful hearts and smiling faces
Help to keep the clouds away.
We are here on life's great mission
Let's be cheerful while we stay.

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Beauty

Ida Isaacson

Beauty is never new —
It is always here.
Rocks — trees — speak to us
As they have to others.
The blue velvet sky
The carpet of grasses
The splashing waters
The splendid mountains
The wet earthen paths
The sweet balmy air
The strength of children.
Beauty is never lost —
It is always there.

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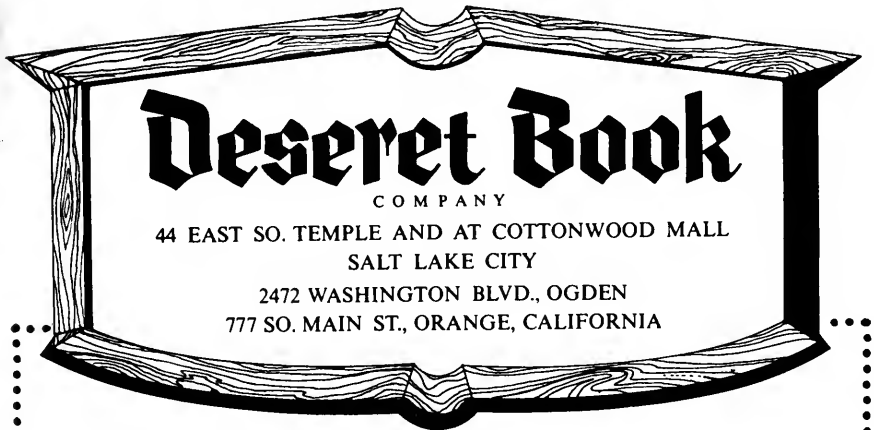
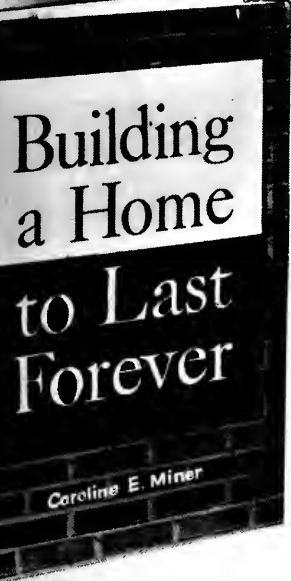
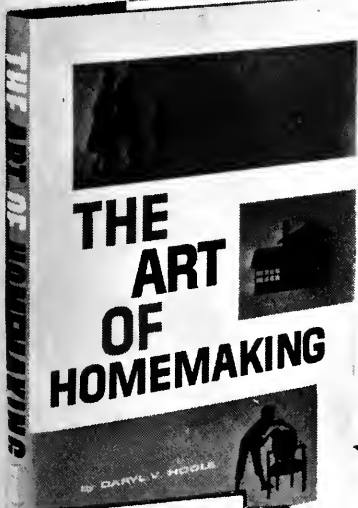
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The
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MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1963
Lessons for May
VOL. 50 NO. 2

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR



The Wind is the Mallet

Alice Morrey Bailey

The wind and the water carve the sculptures of the world,
And the great rock barriers where their force is hurled
Are chiseled into statues by the grinding storms
And the continents are molded into shapes and forms.
The wind is the mallet, and the wave is the tool —
From massive sea or breeze-touched pool
The wind makes the waves and their destiny,
Their length and fetch and velocity,
To model a sandbar, grain on grain,
Or block with the blows of a hurricane.
The seaward ebb and the shoreward flow
Polish the monoliths down below,
And they hump their backs and seem to ride
On ponderous surf-boards against the tide,
And all of the coastlines which frame the land
Are the art of a mighty Sculptor's hand.

The Cover: Iao Valley, Island of Maui, Hawaii
Transparency submitted by Louise F. Brooks

Frontispiece: Haystack Rock on the Oregon Coast
Photograph by Josef Muench

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

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From Near and Far

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the wonderful *Magazine*. The lessons are beautiful and inspiring, and I could not put the August issue down until I had read the article on Jerusalem, by Christine H. Robinson. And, although I should have been housekeeping, I stopped to enjoy the lovely color plates (by Dr. O. Preston Robinson), so beautifully reproduced.

—Mrs. Gene Hendon
Brighton, England

We were so thrilled with the poem sequence "Portrait of Freedom" (by Alberta Huish Christensen) in the September *Relief Society Magazine*, that we used this sequence as the principal component of our opening social presentation. One of our sisters prepared an introduction to each of our phases of lesson work, using one of the poems in the sequence as a basis for each. All were beautifully blended together with appropriate songs by the Singing Mothers. It was so well done that we were invited to present it in a sacrament meeting as a tribute to Veterans' Day. It made a thrilling and very appropriate service which everyone enjoyed tremendously. Thank you for printing these inspiring poems which Sister Christensen so masterfully created.

—Beulah Isom
Reseda, California

I have always enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*, but appreciate it more than ever now that I am so far from home, serving on a mission here in New York. We use the *Magazine* as a gift for new members and investigators. So it is a missionary. I have tried many of the delicious recipes and homemaking ideas and I enjoy every part of the *Magazine*. I am grateful to the Logan, Utah, Eighth Ward Relief Society for sending the *Magazine* to me.

—Lila B. Daynes
Lockport, New York

I was delighted when my November *Magazine* came to see a story by my sister Helen C. Warr ("The Little Blue Bag"). It is an excellent story. Helen is presently serving as a missionary in Scotland. I would like to express my appreciation to Mrs. Olive Moore of Melbourne, Australia, who took time to write from halfway around the world to express appreciation for my article on the Bancroft flood in the July issue of the *Magazine*.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

Thanks for all the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am sure the *Magazine* is a great help to all who read it — especially the pictures and lessons and poems. We are Baptist. It is only a small chapel, but nearly full. Again, I thank you for the *Magazine*.

—Mary Elizabeth Boddy
Hoole, England

Each new issue of the *Magazine* is a joy to receive and read. The added color makes it so inviting to open and read from cover to cover. We, the older members of the Society, have our golden years of retirement enriched by being able to read and use the *Magazine* and make it a part of everyday living.

—Lena B. Shaw
Lawndale, California

... One day my mother encouraged me to start reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. Before I had read it, I thought it was just a *Magazine* for grownups. Now I have discovered that mother has had her *Magazines* bound every year since 1950. I am into my fifth volume now, and I am enjoying the stories and poems very much. When I am older, I am going to be a Relief Society sister, too.

—Deborah Kezarian
Provo, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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CHARITY

The Heart of Relief Society

Elder Marion G. Romney

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Departmental Meeting of the Relief Society Annual General Conference, October 4, 1962]

I appreciate very much the invitation to speak to you today. In their gracious invitation, your General Presidency said the welfare work is to be presented in this meeting. They suggested, however, that my remarks not be confined to your part in the Church Welfare Program only but that they deal also with the broad scope of Relief Society ministration as declared by the Prophet Joseph when he said, "this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads" (*History of the Church*, Vol. IV, page 607). This is the heart of Relief Society work.

It seems to me that the Prophet Joseph did make it abundantly clear that administering to the physical and spiritual needs of people is the real heart of Relief Society work.

This is a charitable society, and according to your natures; it is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence. You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms (*History of the Church*, Vol. IV, page 605).

Defining the area in which the sisters were to function, however, he said:

Let your labors be mostly confined to those around you, in the circle of your

own acquaintance, as far as knowledge is concerned, it may extend to all the world; but your administering should be confined to the circle of your immediate acquaintance, and more especially to the members of the Relief Society (*History of the Church*, Vol. IV, page 607).

As you have so often been reminded, the Relief Society was organized under the direction of the Priesthood — not as a restriction, but as an added endowment. As President Clark said, in Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1940:

The unique qualification of priesthood blessing and promise that is yours, that sets you apart from all other organizations, and that gives you a power and authority that no other women's organization in the world possesses, brings with it certain duties and responsibilities which determine and fix your work, which . . . must follow the pattern of the labors of Jesus, relieving human woe, and ministering to spiritual wants.

That, it seems to me, is the very heart of your work — "relieving human woe and ministering to spiritual wants." President Clark continues:

Now when the Prophet set up the Relief Societies, the revelations regarding the bishops and their duties had already been given. His instructions to the Relief Society must be read in the light of these instructions.

The bishop is charged by the Lord with the obligation of caring for the poor. No one else has ever been so charged.

However, the Relief Society has an important relationship to the care of the poor, because the Prophet said that the Society's

... object is the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and for the exercise of all benevolent purposes ... with the resources they will have at their command, they will fly to the relief of the stranger; they will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice.

Evidently in the beginning the Relief Society sisters used their own funds to supply the wants of the needy. They were, however, to receive their instructions through the order of the Priesthood. This they have always done. This is the order in our present day Welfare work. The methods of providing the necessities have changed, as you well know. But much is still required of the Relief Society and much has been given. Volumes could be written on what has been done by the sisters of the Church by way of supplying clothing, preservation of foodstuffs, nursing the sick, and all that relates to the care of the poor. That labor has been appreciated. The Church Welfare Plan could scarcely have been carried forward without it. I believe you have been grateful for your assignments, for you have done even more than has been required. Your work meetings have been full of spirit and joy because you knew that the things you were making were really needed.

I have here a report from the Ammon Stake in Idaho, which illustrates the co-operation of Relief Society and Priesthood. During

their February stake conference, warm rains caused the rising of streams everywhere. By the time the Sunday morning session was ended, main roads were flooded. "By four o'clock we were really alarmed," the report says. "... men were running, not walking, as they would help each other ... it was neighbor helping neighbor..."

By eight-thirty P.M., bishops had their men organized and were ready to help evacuate families to the school gymnasium.

... but when the first families were taken there the bishops did not have the heart to leave them in the big, cold gym with just tumbling mats spread out on the floor. So they made arrangements with Church members who were not flooded to take them into their homes. Many had called us and offered their homes.

Here we see the spirit of the heart of Welfare and Relief Society at work.

The next morning help began arriving from neighboring stakes.

The President ... of the South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society had her women organized to help with [not distribution of Welfare supplies, which was done by the Priesthood, but with what only women could see as needs] washing, ironing, and baby tending.

Of course, hot meals were prepared for the cold, wet workers. The details are most interesting. A nursery was set up where 120 children were fed and cared for by women and girls working in shifts. The use of two large laundromats was donated for use from nine P.M. until morning.

The work brought unexpected blessings. The sharing of each oth-

er's burdens brought love of each other. "Indeed," says the report, "we feel like brothers and sisters. . . . We are all so grateful for our blessings, and especially for our Church, which makes a disaster in Zion a blessing" ("Disaster in Zion — A Flood in Ammon Stake — February 11, 1962," report by President Cecil E. Hart, chairman of the Eastern Idaho Church Welfare Region).

You see, sisters, we do not engage in charity as a business. It is the natural expression of our love for one another.

It should be remembered, however, that caring for the physical needs of people is only one, and not perhaps the most important, of Relief Society's manifold charitable duties and obligations; for, as the Prophet said, "The Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." To the accomplishment of this objective the Prophet gave specific instructions, one of which was "to purge out iniquity."

To be prepared to carry forward their great work, the women were to first purify themselves. He warned them to beware of self-righteousness. "Be limited," he said "in the estimate of your own virtues and not think yourselves more righteous than others. You must enlarge your souls towards each other." He further reminded them that:

As females possess fine feelings and sensitiveness, they are also subject to over-much zeal, which must ever prove dangerous, and cause them to be rigid in a religious capacity. . . . I have one request to make of the President and members of the society, that you search yourselves — the tongue is an unruly member — hold your tongues about things of no moment — a little tale will set the world on

fire. . . . I do not want to cloak iniquity — all things contrary to the will of God, should be cast from us, but don't do more hurt than good, with your tongues — be pure in heart (*History of the Church*, Vol. V, pp. 19-20).

In a previous speech, he had said, concerning loyalty to husbands:

Let this Society teach women how to behave towards their husbands, to treat them with mildness and affection. When a man is borne down with trouble, when he is perplexed with care and difficulty, if he can meet a smile instead of an argument or a murmur — if he can meet with mildness, it will calm down his soul and soothe his feelings; when the mind is going to despair, it needs a solace of affection and kindness (*History of the Church*, Vol. IV, pp. 606-7).

Surely that is true, not only as to your husbands but as to all members of your household. You need to do more for your children than just supply their physical wants. Certainly, as indicated by statistics concerning juvenile delinquency and crime, they need security and guidance. They need encouragement and appreciation. Someone has said that there are at least three things parents can do for their children — Stop, Look, and Listen; and three more that will go a long ways towards comforting them in their problems are Praise, Encouragement, and Expression of Confidence. Sisters, guard the dignity of the members of your own families. We strive to do that in Welfare; you do it in your homes.

I am reminded of an article by Brother Wendell Ashton in *The Instructor* of August 1962. He tells about twelve young men who met to discuss "The College Man — His Attitudes." One of the collegians said the thing he wanted most out

of life was to be appreciated. "That's more important to me," he said, "than making a barrellful of money." Brother Ashton continued, "There is much in every man's life to appreciate. And there is nothing on this earth that deserves and desires appreciation more than a human soul" (WENDELL J. ASHTON, "To Be Appreciated," *The Instructor*, August 1962, outside back cover).

And let me add, no soul desires and deserves appreciation more than your own family, your intimate acquaintances, and your neighbors, old or young, rich or poor. It is the duty of Relief Society members and all Church members to look to and purify themselves, to love and to care for, encourage and appreciate the members of their own household, and to extend that love to their neighbors.

This is an area in which we get into a sphere of action where no bishop can tell us just what to do. No person other than ourselves can solve our individual problems or direct our specific actions because conditions change and vary. However, principles governing character building and spiritual growth do not change. They persist eternally. We must act on those principles if we would have joy in performing our duty. This is the area where we act, not as an organization, but as members of the Relief Society. We act according to the principle pronounced by the Lord in the 58th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants where he said:

. . . it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a

slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward. Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward (D & C 58: 26-28).

Jesus said, ". . . whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain" (Matthew 5:41).

Someone has spoken of this work done on one's own initiative as follows:

The second mile, the mile of one's own choosing, assures the victory. The second mile changes acquaintance into a friend, affection into love, quarrel into reconciliation, resentment into forgiveness, duty into joy, failure into success, existence into gracious living, prejudice into understanding, belief into faith (NANCY M. ARMSTRONG, "The Second Mile," *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1962, page 97).

An editorial in the *Deseret News* of October 2, 1962 said:

Filling their most historic and important function, Relief Society women made 357,000 visits to the sick and homebound, spent 30,000 days nursing the sick, gave 400,000 hours of other compassionate service — doing housework for incapacitated mothers, taking food to bereaved families, caring for children, and helping unfortunate families in many other ways.

And so it goes; on every front the compassionate, efficient, charming women of the Relief Society go about their divinely given job of doing good, and almost countless are the husbands and children whose lives are richer and happier because of what the woman of the house brings home from Relief Society.

I know you do much beyond the actual call of duty to bring comfort to the aged, the lonely, the homebound, and the ill. I recently had

a sister in the hospital seriously afflicted. I asked her if she was able to read and get comfort from the scriptures. She answered that she could read very little, but that she had a friend who came almost every day to read to her. I am sure the Lord will heap blessings upon the head of that friend for her kindness.

I am told that a Primary teacher who lost her husband was forced to go to work at her profession to maintain her family. Her fellow teachers took turns in caring for her pre-school child in their own homes.

These are but samples of the kind of love that lies at the heart of Relief Society and its members.

While the Prophet awaited martyrdom in Carthage he requested Elder Taylor to repeat his singing of the song, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief," the lines of which I think fairly breathe in rhythm with the heart of Relief Society.

1

A poor wayfaring Man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief
 That I could never answer, Nay.
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Where to he went, or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love; I knew not why.

2

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered, not a word he spake;
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again;
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was mamma to my taste.

3

I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock; his strength was
 gone;

The heedless water mocked his thirst;
 He heard it, saw it, hurrying on.
 I ran and raised the sufferer up;
 Thrice from the stream he drained
 my cup,
 Dipped and returned it running o'er;
 I drank and never thirsted more.

4

'Twas night; the floods were out;
 It blew a winter hurricane aloof;
 I heard his voice abroad and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof.
 I warmed and clothed and cheered my
 guest
 And laid him on my couch to rest,
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment, he was healed;
 I had myself a wound concealed,
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6

In prison I saw him next,
 Condemned to meet a traitor's doom
 at morn;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and
 scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die;
 The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill;
 But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7

Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger started from disguise;
 The tokens in his hands I knew;
 The Savior stood before mine eyes.
 He spake, and my poor name he named,
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
 These deeds shall thy memorial be,
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me."
 (L. D. S. Hymns, No. 153)

That the Lord will enable us to
 obtain and act upon the spirit of the
 heart of Relief Society, I humbly
 pray.

Second Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society

Short Story Contest

Christie Lund Coles

The HOME



CHRISTIE LUND COLES

CINDY cried in an unnaturally bright voice, "Look at that field of daffodils. It reminds me of the poem you first taught us, by Wordsworth. Remember?" But she did not look at her mother as she spoke.

When her mother answered, her voice was dry, clipped, "Yes, I remember." Then there was silence among them . . . her two children and herself as they sat in the back seat of the car driven by her grandson.

Her son Gregory cleared his throat. A few months ago she might have told him, "For land's sake, get out and clear it out." Now, she ignored it. He always did it when he was nervous. And he should be. Right nervous.

She could indeed remember Wordsworth's poem. She had seen the field of daffodils, golden in the warm April sun. And without conscious bidding, the lines of the beloved poem were going through her mind.

" . . . a crowd, a host, of golden daffodils. . . .

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude. . . ."

Well, she would have plenty of solitude now. Plenty. She still wanted to pinch herself to be sure it was true. Her own children whom she had reared and loved, and nursed: Cindy through several bouts of vicious rheumatic fever — before they had penicillin, or anything else to lower the fever or protect the heart — which had left her heart damaged. There had been icebags on it day and night for weeks. The neighbors had come in, taking turns at night. But she never missed a cry, a low moan of pain.

That was her job.

Just as it had been her job to take Gregory alone on the train to a strange city for a horrible mastoid operation. He was under sedation all the way. And, oh, the nightmare at the big, busy hospital. But, Father had to stay at the store.

She wasn't sorry for herself. She had said often that mothers only did what their mothers had done for them, and what their children would do for their children. It was a pattern. A sort of hard pattern, but you learned to put the pieces together. That is, most of them. But this particular piece was one which she didn't want to put into place, she didn't want to believe it was possible she wouldn't be seeing these two, wouldn't hear the grandchildren say, "Hi, Grandma," or caress the great-grandchildren.

Gregory was trying to make talk. He said, "You know, I met Jim Styles down town the other day. You know, the fellow who used to work for Father."

DID he think she was daft or something, that she couldn't

remember the hired help? She nodded. He said, "He lives in a home, says it's okay. He does what he pleases. He comes down town every day."

"What does he come down town every day for?" his mother asked, crisply, and Gregory flushed before he said, "Well, he walks around, sees the sights."

"Of course, he hasn't any family. No children to look after him."

She was remembering the stooped, pathetic little man, and the words came out before she gave them much consideration. She could feel their faces set. And she unrolled the crochet-edged handkerchief in her crooked fingers. She wasn't going to beg them to keep her. No, siree. This whole thing had got her dander up. And they knew it. That's why they couldn't look her in the face, neither one of them. But she wasn't going to weep about it. As they told her, she would have to be "sensible" about it. She was getting old. She had to have special care. Nonsense. She wasn't like some doddering old ladies who had to have canes, and be helped all over. Of course, she had occasional dizzy spells, and once she had fallen, getting up in the night. But a young person could have done that. She felt as spry as she ever did. Well, most of the time, anyway.

She stared straight ahead, and she was conscious that each of her children (her children who had come to mean the length and breadth of life to her for so long) was looking out of the windows, hesitant to speak.

Finally, Gregory said, defensive-

ly, "You know, Mother, that Kate isn't well. She's about ready to go down."

"Women go down easy nowadays," his mother murmured, so softly that he didn't hear, and when he asked her what she said, she answered, "Nothing. Just nothing."

But Cindy went on trying again to make her mother understand that which was not quite understandable. She said, "You know, Stan has been planning to take the girls to Europe for so long. They would just die if they didn't get to go this year. All the other girls are going. I wouldn't think of leaving you in that house alone with just the neighbors to take care of you . . . and Gregory looking in. You should be glad we want to take care of you, want you to have a good place to stay. And this is the best."

"You mean this 'Manor House'?"

"Yes, you can see it up there on the hill. Look at the beautiful grounds."

"Looks just like any other institution to me. Who, inarnation, thought to call these places Homes?"

NEITHER child answered, and the realization went about in her mind: It was sacrilege to take the name of the most intimate, the most personal of all places on earth and tack it on to places of formality and regimentation.

As they drew nearer to the place, she said, trying to keep her voice firm and crisp, "Well, I'll go. But I don't feel right about it. I've still got some pride left."

Her voice quivered foolishly and the nervous tears filled her eyes. They seemed forever on the surface

lately, just as they used to be in her own dear grandmother's when she was old. She had felt ashamed when she saw them, she felt ashamed of her own.

Gregory sighed. Cindy wiped her nose, saying, "Maybe when we come back, we can work out something. But, for the time being, please try to be happy here."

They had stopped, and Greg, the Third, had climbed out of the front seat and come around to open the door for them. The back of his neck was red, and his eyes looked funny as he said, "If they aren't good to you, Grandma, you just hol-ler."

"And I suppose you'll come running?" she questioned, pinching his ear lobe as she had done since he was knee-high to a grasshopper.

"Sure will."

"You just drive a little bit slower. And come to see me sometimes."

"Sometimes." The word had such horrible overtones, as though she was going to be here forever. Days . . . weeks . . . months. Maybe even years. She found herself leaning against the large, cream-colored car.

Cindy noticed and asked, quickly, "Are you all right? You aren't sick, are you? Now, if you are, we'll take you right home."

Home? Home? She didn't have any home. She straightened up. "I'm fine," and seeing her daughter's long, slender fingers quiver ever so slightly, she managed to say, "this is nice. Look at that nice veranda. And they all seem jolly."

Cindy glanced at her quickly, trying to determine if the words were sarcasm or not, then took her arm,

as they started into the red brick building, with only one step to the porch (nice for decrepit people).

As they walked into the large, cool lobby, she thought of the homes she had had in the past: her father's stately home in England which she had left when she was only twenty to come to America, to marry Gregory, to move to a western frontier town where her home had been little more than a cabin for years — a cabin; a cabin with no facilities, with hard work inside and out. But she had had Gregory and the children and happiness, though she carried the look in her parents' eyes until this moment, and would forever.

HOW it must have hurt them to have her leave, so young, so inexperienced. She knew now, more than ever, how it was to have a child desert her. Still, she had been fortunate to have them so long, growing up in her own big house, running up and down the stairs, shouting in the yard with its swings, hammock, garden. After their father had died, they had wanted her to move in with them; but she had rented a small apartment near them, and though she hadn't liked it too well, it was home. She had come to be used to it. Most of her things were there, at least she had had those. What would she have here? A few clothes, one or two favorite pictures, some trifles. But what did she need, really?

Nevertheless, she didn't like it. She didn't like the fact that her children were doing it to her. How could their feelings for her be so different from her feelings for them?

Even as the thought ached within her, she defended them. It wasn't entirely their choice. Hadn't Cindy taken her in last year after her fall? Hadn't she insisted that she have the sunny, east guest room?

She had liked it there, even though Cindy's husband was a little childish in his possessiveness. She knew he had influenced the decision to put her here. Just as Kate and the children's needs had influenced Gregory.

She had wanted to pay at Cindy's but they wouldn't hear of it. She would be paying most of her own way here. That was good.

An attendant, neat and pretty, met them. "You're Mrs. Masters, aren't you? We're so happy to have you with us. We hope you'll be happy here."

"Oh, I'll get along," she answered, "but don't put me in with any real old women." The attendant smiled, but Lucinda managed a little scowl in return. Well, what if she were eighty-three? That didn't make her a doddering old invalid, did it?

"You share the bath with one other woman, and she is delightful. She writes poetry."

Lucinda felt her ears literally perk up. Poetry. Hmm. Jingles, probably. She would no doubt bore her to death reading them to her.

Soon they were passing an open door as they moved down the hall. A neat, gray-haired woman sat in a wicker rocker, reading. Lucinda strained hard to see the title of the book, but, she couldn't quite make it out. Cindy, noticing, said, "She is reading Robert Burns."

The nurse nodded, "She's the one."

LUCINDA shrugged, pretending indifference, though Burns was one of her favorites, that is, if he was read properly. And, she was glad to say, she knew how. Hadn't her father been one-half Scotch?

But now, they were pausing beside the locked door. The attendant was lifting a key from a bunch that hung from her waist, was getting ready to open the door. This was it. The children would be leaving. She would be here alone. She felt sick, and her anger and incomprehension came over her again so strongly that she could hardly bear to have them touch her as they each did as she went across the threshold.

The nurse opened the window and a soft breeze moved the cretonne drapes. The scent of violets moved in softly on the wind's breath. She thought it was coming from outside, but as she moved in and got her "room eyes," she saw that the fragrance came from a small glass basketful placed on the dresser. She looked down on it. And suddenly she was back in England, preparing to leave. She was seeing another small basket filled with violets. It was one of the last things her mother had given her. Cindy, she was sure, had remembered the story and had sent them here.

But, having heard the story, having known the long years of regret, how could she bring anything near it to herself. She lifted her eyes and saw on the other side of the dresser, a lovely cyclamen plant, and on a small table, a bouquet of talisman roses. They always had been her

favorite, and they knew it. They were trying to soften her up. But she felt brittle inside. Teary, perhaps, but brittle.

The attendant had left without her so much as knowing it. The three of them were alone in the sunny room. (Gregory Third had pretended to have something to do with the car.) Lucinda removed her small, veiled hat. She managed to say, "These are very pretty," because she knew they were waiting to hear the words.

When neither of them spoke, she went on, "Cyclamen, it sounds like the taste of peppermint on the tongue. You know these are my favorites." Her fingers touched the roses as she spoke.

Still, she couldn't bring herself to look at them. And she knew that they couldn't quite look at her. They were talking, saying how nice the room was, asking if she would like to lie down. She refused. Then, they were saying they had better go as it was dinner time. She closed her mind quickly against the dinner table at her daughter's and her son's, against the memory of the children. She nodded, and they hesitated, waiting for her to speak, to make some move toward them. Rather slowly, resolutely, she lifted her eyes to look at them.

Standing in the late afternoon sunlight, she looked upon them and saw them in the innocence of childhood, good and gentle, weeping over a kitten's dying, a dog lost; bringing her dandelions, vowing they would never love anyone as they loved her. She saw them when they had done something naughty and had been

found out, regret in their eyes and a begging to be forgiven and loved again in spite of it.

Again she saw herself standing before her mother and father, saying goodbye, saying some things had to be, felt her own pain, again. She saw the pain in their eyes like a sharp knife within her. She supposed they were right, as she had been. Their children came first, their lives.

Even so, she couldn't help looking ahead, seeing the time when their children — in spite of the trips to Europe, the ballet lessons, lovely clothes — might do and say the same thing to them.

Life is a pattern. It all comes back. And her only real sorrow now was for them, and their regret. So now, she must lessen it. She said, "You know I've been moved about quite a lot in my time. I adjust to change just fine. You know that."

They still waited, unbelieving, unsure. Until, finally, she touched the cheek of one and then the other with her foolish, crooked finger. Suddenly, they seemed to have changed very little. They were still just children, her children. She smiled at them, loving them, forgiving them just as she had done so many times before.

CINDY leaned forward, kissed her. Not on the cheek as she had done so often lately, but on the mouth. The kiss was followed by a quick breath and a sound that could have been a sob. Then, Gregory kissed her, and his mouth was soft and tender as his father's had been a long time ago. Each smiled, touched her.

Gregory said huskily, "Now, re-

member, if there is anything you need or want, just let us know."

Cindy nodded, "Oh, yes. Anything . . . anything you need."

Lucinda put her parchment thin hand to her mouth to stop its sudden, weak trembling (and she despised weakness), then said softly, "Yes, and if you ever NEED ME you will know where to find me."

She turned so that she couldn't see them go through the door, couldn't hear it close. But, it didn't close. Instead, suddenly, she felt her daughter's arms about her and her voice, crying, "Oh, I need you now. I need you now. I couldn't bear to leave you here. You're going home."

Gregory was smiling, but there were tears in his eyes, and his strong chin trembled.

Lucinda lifted her head, swallowed, then asked lightly, "You mean I won't get to hear my neighbor recite Bobbie Burns?"

"Not unless you do it now," Cindy said, seizing the flowers, "and give her these."

The girl went to hand her the flowers. But her mother stopped her, saying, "No. You've made these arrangements now. I'll stay here at least while you go to Europe. After that, we'll see."

"If you're sure you don't mind, we'll take you home the very first day we're back. We do want you."

Gregory cleared his throat. "So do we. Kate will feel better soon."

Lucinda put a hand on each of them, saying, "Run along now. I'm going to rock here a few minutes. Then I'll freshen up for dinner." She smiled at them. And they returned the smile.

Christie Lund Coles was born in Salina, Utah, a daughter of Christian N. and Cecelia Peterson Lund. She married Edgar Elroy Coles, and they have a married daughter and three grandchildren. Her poetry has been widely published since she was a student in high school. Her work has appeared in all the Church magazines, and has been featured in many publications of national and foreign circulation. Mrs. Coles has won many State and National poetry and short story contests. She won the first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1943, second prize in 1944, and first prize in 1956. She won the second prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1943. The head librarian at the University of Kentucky recently requested a poem written by Mrs. Coles in her own handwriting for an exhibition of modern poets. She has published two volumes of her poetry and is represented in many anthologies. Mrs. Coles is now a resident of Provo, Utah, where she is associated with several writers' organizations and is active in community and Church work.

Woman With Birds

Lael W. Hill



With twittering small words
They tell of her as "friend" —
Who feeds and shelters birds:



No jay too brash to tend,
No slum-born sparrow too slight.
All wintered birds descend

In by-the-ways of flight;
In hungering and cold
They flutter, they alight.

She coaxes them, *Be bold!*
She spreads the banquet crumbs,
The suet richly doled.



To shelf, to sill, there comes
The motley feathered crowd,
Partaking as of plums;

Till having feasted, proud
And preeningly in rows,
They chirp their thank-yous, loud

With love, through wind and snows,
Whatever way she goes.

BRONSON ALCOTT

the Father of "Little Women"

Laurel Ulrich

LESS famous than beans, but almost as common, is a Boston pleasure known as "literary ghost-hunting." So pervaded with history is the city and the country around it that even the most rational soul can be forgiven if, once inside Salem's "House of Seven Gables," he sees the gray spirits of Hawthorne's ancestors hiding in a secret stairway, or if, stepping into the Longfellow house in Cambridge, he half sees "grave Alice" and "laughing Allegra" poised on the stair-landing above him.

For the childhood lover of *Little Women*, the ghosts are nowhere more abundant than in "Orchard House" in Concord. Here are Amy's plaster cast of her foot, Beth's melodion, and the dining room where the girls staged Jo's plays.

"Where is Jo's attic?" asked a woman near me on a tour of the house.

"Not in this house," said the guide. "We must remember that the girls were grown when they moved here; most of the things Louisa May wrote about occurred elsewhere."

"Oh, my!" the woman confided. "She has destroyed a dream. I almost thought I would find them here just as in the story." Then, looking at a broadside posted above

an exhibit of Louisa May's manuscripts, she said: "Ha, making money on his daughter's name!" TRANSCENDENTAL CONVERSATION BY BRONSON ALCOTT said the bulletin. Then in larger letters: FATHER OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

How few of us, I thought, know Bronson Alcott as anything but the financially unsuccessful and often absent "Father" of *Little Women*. From my study of American literature I knew him as the Transcendental dreamer, the friend of Emerson and Thoreau, who attempted — and failed — to establish a communal Eden in America. I was prepared to sympathize with an idealist, a thinker who suddenly finds his most difficult child famous as a writer of sentimental novels and children's stories. How would he feel to find that the house he lovingly restored, the house Louisa May avoided living in when she could, was called on the sign outside: "Orchard House, Home of Louisa May Alcott"? Bronson Alcott, Transcendental Curiosity, had been banished to the barn-like "Concord School of Philosophy" out back. If his ghost is to be found, I thought, it won't be here. Perhaps at Fruitlands. . . .

ON a beautiful autumn afternoon, we drove the thirty miles



FRUITLANDS, MASSACHUSETTS

Center of Bronson Alcott's Transcendental Community

west of Boston to the quiet little village of Harvard, Massachusetts. Grouped on Prospect Hill, west of the village, with a Shaker house, an Indian museum, and an early American painting collection, is the restored Fruitlands, the site, in 1843, of Alcott's experiment in communal living. For seven months this home housed the Alcott family; Charles Lane, an English idealist-stockbroker, who financed the experiment; and a collection of Transcendentalists and "seekers," who sought to simplify material life, to bring about spiritual renewal through vegetarianism, meditation, and agriculture.

There is little to remind one, walking across the broad lawn to the house, that he is not about to visit a tranquil, but occupied eighteenth-century farmhouse. A low porch along one wing of the red house is framed with vines and potted geraniums. An old hoe and some crude wooden implements strange to us stand neatly against the wall. On one side of the house are the barn and a grape arbor, delightfully shadowy and cool and secret. On the other, speckled red and yellow apples float in the well. A blanket of rough homespun is clipped to the line with the long, handcarved

clothespegs of a hundred years ago. Across the fence are clumps of hay, drying on weathered, wooden poles.

Inside, are the faded tablecloths, maple chests, the broad fireplaces of the eighteenth century. There is much here, too, of Bronson Alcott—volumes of books in faded, velvety colors, a bust of Socrates, letters from Emerson and from George Ripley of Brook Farm, copies of the Transcendental periodical *Dial*, some of Thoreau's *Journals*. Framed on walls throughout the first floor are brief descriptions of the Transcendental movement and its influence from Millerism, phrenology, temperance, hydropathy, Grahamism. We are thus officially reminded that Fruitlands was the home of the Alcotts as social experimenters. But something in the spirit of the house itself defies the asceticism of that experiment.

WE climb the stairs and find Louisa! Here is her room. There on the bench are her spectacles. And there, up the narrow steps, Jo's attic, with the expected book and an apple. An apple! That's it. That's what's disturbing the Transcendental ghost. Despite all the Bronson Alcott mementos, it is the huge wooden bowl of ripe apples that dominates the central room downstairs, that gives it its warm, earthy smell. True, apples were a staple of the Fruitlands diet, but one imagines them in their barrel hidden in the kitchen, nothing like this ripe abundance, this tantalizingly worldly perfume. And in the library it is a bowl of purple plums giving it a heavy, musky perfume. Up the staircase, it is the tang of dried herbs and mint; in the kitch-

en, the teasing scent of cloves in an antique grinder. Spices at Fruitlands!

On the wooden table in the kitchen is a heavy, cornmeal cake, a cake worthy of Bronson Alcott, who baked his coarse bread in animal shapes so the children could enjoy it. Here is fitting food for self-denial. But there is a basket near the window — eggs, a forbidden food at Alcott's Fruitlands.

What are we to make of Fruitlands, a house of contradictions — a Transcendental museum and a delightfully scented, tastefully restored farmhouse? Perhaps our clue is in the fate of the 1843 experiment. It ended when Alcott, torn by Lane's desire to "liberate" him from the worldly vice of family, broke with his English companion. Alcott remained to his death a vegetarian who refused milk and eggs as well as meat, an idealist, a spiritual seeker, but he continued to affirm his ideal of family life. In one sense, then, Fruitlands is a veracious memorial to Bronson Alcott. It is the home of a thinker, but it is most convincing as the home of a happy, vigorous family. To the happiness and the vigor of his family, Alcott never ceased to contribute. We might remember that when his "Conversations" with children (whom he considered closer to the Spirit than adults) caused his failure as a teacher in Boston, he continued to teach his own children. Though never succeeding in writing successfully for publication, he continued to fill volumes of private journals — and gave his children the "journal habit." Though he didn't enforce his eating habits on his fam-

ily, he was constantly there as an example of self-denial. They saw him more than once give a poor neighbor his portion of a sparse supper. Though he could never provide comforts, and sometimes scarcely necessities, he gave his children a home open to Emerson — and to a runaway slave. On his lecture tours there was seldom money to send home, but there were the constant, gentle, loving notes. Odell Shepard, Alcott's biographer, tells us that

though Bronson Alcott failed in many things, "he did not fail as a Father."

The Fruitlands experiment was to be a new social order known as the Con-Sociate Family. When it failed, Alcott left the farm, gravely disappointed. But perhaps his ghost has returned. We can see him there near the fireplace. Charles Lane is gone. But there are Marmee and the girls. And Jo, moody by the fire, is recording it all.

Snow, Girls, and a Watcher

Ida Elaine James

I have a pressing urge to go
Down this winter road of snow
Though block on block there's nothing to see.

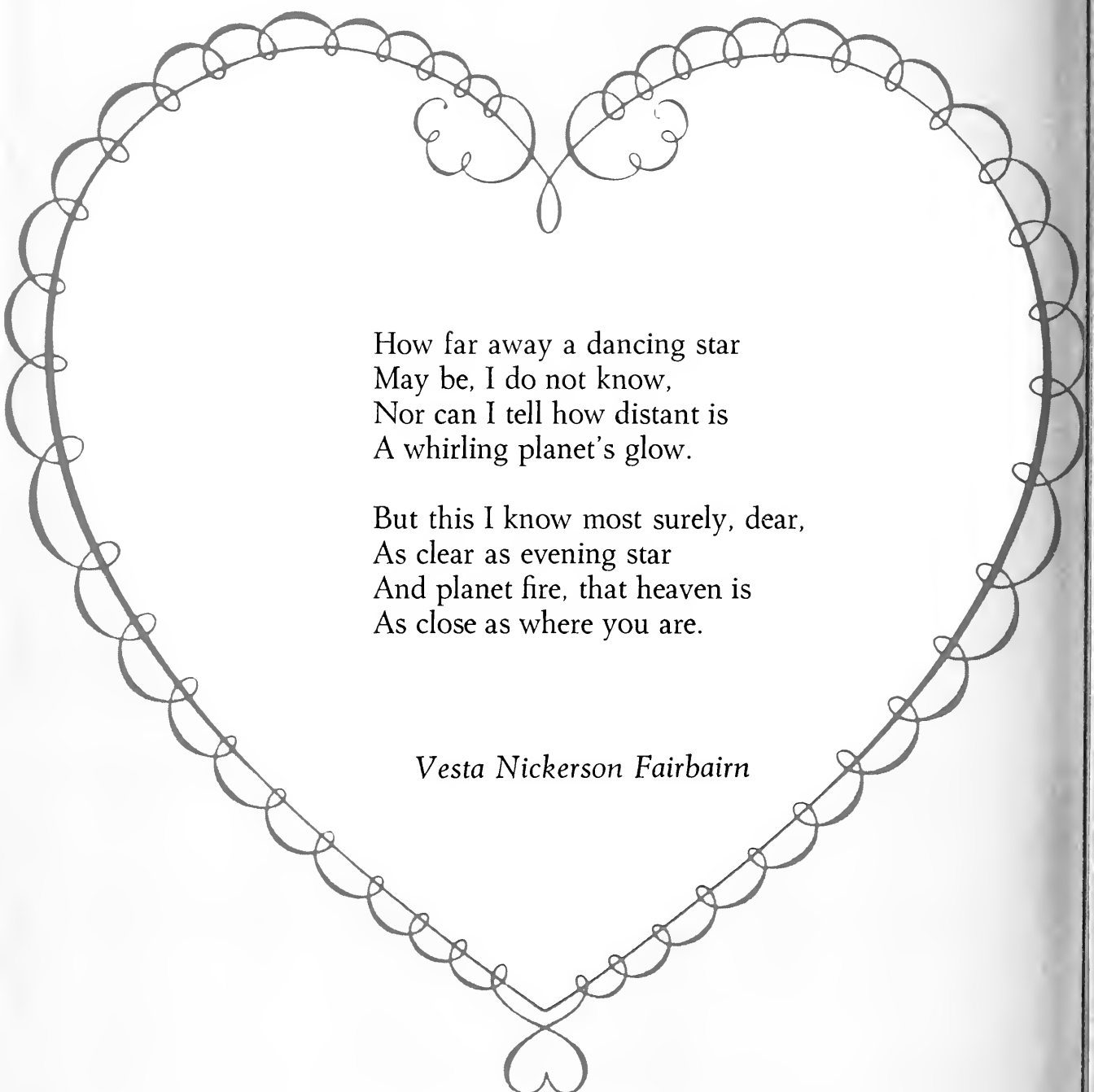
Now a school-girl trudges monotonously
Loaded with books — a scarf on her head —
It brightens the scene with cardinal red.
What I can see of her hair is straight.

She turns and listens, stops to wait
For a schoolmate. Now the road is girled
And alive! This one's hair is curled,
And her scarf is gorgeous sunflower gold.

They see and yet they do not see
My searching look — pass absently
And disappear, as I look far —
Wondering where the brief scarfs are
Upon the schoolgirls once I had.

I trudge along the snowy, sad,
And silent road. There's nothing to see
But snow and snow monotonously;
Nor snow, nor girls would notice me.

For My Husband



How far away a dancing star
May be, I do not know,
Nor can I tell how distant is
A whirling planet's glow.

But this I know most surely, dear,
As clear as evening star
And planet fire, that heaven is
As close as where you are.

Vesta Nickerson Fairbairn



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELOVED former Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who ruled for fifty-eight years and then, in 1948, abdicated in favor of her daughter Juliana, died November 28 in Apeldoorn at the age of eighty-two. Ascending the throne at the age of ten, she was officially crowned at eighteen; she ruled longer than any other member of the house of Orange. A woman of wisdom, intelligence, and courage, Queen Wilhelmina showed these qualities particularly during the dark days of World War II. Upon abdicating, she asked that she be treated as a "private person."

MRS. ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, wife of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thirty-second President of the United States, died November 7, 1962, in New York City, at the age of seventy-eight. The Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation has been set up to perpetuate her humanitarian work. Mrs. Roosevelt had been the United States Representative in the General Assembly of the United Nations and chairman of the United Nations Economic and Social Council Commission on Human Rights and first chief of the President's Commission on the Status of Women.

MRS. LUUKIA PELEKAI, mother of thirteen children, and grandmother of twenty-four moomunas (grandchildren) is head housekeeper of the famous Hotel Iiana on the Island of Maui. An active member of the Church, Mrs. Pelekai was left a widow in 1946. She assisted her children in getting an education and several of them filled missions. In her work at the hotel, Mrs. Pelekai gives great care to the famous koa walls, ohia wood floors, the fine paintings and bronzes, and the framed engravings of early Polynesians.

MARY ELLEN CHASE, renowned Biblical scholar and one of America's best-loved novelists, is the author of *The Psalms for the Common Reader*, which is reaping the highest of praise. She is also author of *The Bible and the Common Reader*. Her purpose is to help readers better to understand the meaning, background, and spiritual and literary beauty of this wondrous Bible poetry. Sidney Kaplan, Professor of English, University of Massachusetts, calls the book "an expert charting . . . of deathless lines."



The Modern Homemaker

IF a contest were held to determine the most often repeated cliché, "We live in a changing world" would surely win. Yet the element of truth in the statement is so apparent that no one can deny that we do live in a changing world. In fact, the changes in some ways leave us standing in awe, breathless and marveling, and perhaps somewhat unprepared for the speed with which our individual worlds change.

Another cliché, changed slightly by Margaret Hickey, Public Affairs Editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*, to fit the modern woman is, "Never underestimate the *brainpower* of a woman." Women in today's world need to recognize the first of these two clichés and to capitalize on the second. The home presents infinite possibilities for use of this brainpower in the variety of roles required of a wife and mother in present-day living. The creative possibilities in the care of a home and family outweigh the repetitious tasks that may seem somewhat confining. Many a beautiful poem has been conceived while the author was engaged in prosaic manual tasks. Beautiful

children's clothes have been mentally designed while hands were busy washing dishes. Scripture has been committed to memory while the ironing was being accomplished.

An old saying "Like Mother used to make" expresses a nostalgic picture of mother in the kitchen making something wonderful — so wonderful that all their lives the children look back with fondest memory to a concoction no one can make quite "like mother used to make." This is one of the ways family traditions are born. Quite frequently it is not an elaborate dish that is remembered, but some family favorite into which mother stirred a little of herself — something which evokes a remembrance of mother's personality and of the taste and flavor of family life. The seasoning was more than a mixture of herbs, it was mother's delightful way. Modern homemakers may wish to remember this. Every woman who enters a kitchen carries with her the possibility of adding to the family's store of memorabilia.

Still another old adage takes for granted that wives should help their

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husbands "get ahead." This they do in part by being thrifty. One of the most important virtues for every homemaker to acquire is the habit of thrift. Careful planning of expenditures is a contribution to the well-being of a family which is most helpful in "getting ahead."

The best modern homemaker will combine the old-fashioned virtues associated with her calling with the abilities required for homemaking in her present situation.

She needs so many arts and skills to make her home the haven of security and happiness it should be, that Relief Society must be prepared to help. Helping to meet the problem of modern home management is the assignment of the work meeting. Those whose duty it is to plan the activities of the work meeting must do so keeping in mind the complexities of modern housekeeping. This planning must extend beyond a mere listing of articles to be made to a consideration of ways to be helpful in all of the arts and skills of homemaking.

Relief Society can aid its members in the special skills involved in

money management, in the fundamental skills involved in keeping clean and orderly homes, and in the creative skills involved in sewing, cooking, and decorating. Members can be enlightened on the wise use of time and energy. They can be given a background of guidance for making plans which will help to assure superior homes.

Relief Society can teach its members to consider the needs of all members of their families for the security of a happy home. This feeling of security is a tower of strength in this often bewildering world. Happy homes are a combination of the spirit of those who dwell therein and the wise use of management resources.

Relief Society can help its members know that women's place in the home is not a relegation to drudgery but a place in which they can make maximum use of their *brainpower*.

Women can aspire to no greater heights than to be eminently successful in the role they were intended to fill, that of wife, mother, and homemaker.

—L. W. M.



Notes to the Field

Talking Book Records of Relief Society Lessons Available for the Sightless

THE Society for the Aid of the Sightless has prepared the Relief Society study courses for October 1962 to May 1963 on talking book records. These courses include the visiting teacher messages; theology; work meeting discussions; literature; and social science. The recordings will be sent free to any blind person desiring them; they have been prepared for the use of the blind only. Requests should be sent to the Society for the Aid of the Sightless, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1962 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1963.

Springtime Snow

Mabel Jones Gabbott

This springtime world, so beautiful, is cold,
Snow-white; yet underneath the earth is warm,
Keeping the sun-spilled forsythia fires
Along the path, the tulip's blaze of gold,
Or dandelions, mounding lawns like pyres
Of heaped-up suns; holding like a charm
This radiance, until the untimely snow
Has gone. . . . So shall I keep your words to glow
Within my heart when you must go.



FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS GRADUATE FROM THE
PRACTICAL NURSING DEPARTMENT, CENTRAL UTAH
VOCATIONAL SCHOOL, PROVO, UTAH

Left to right: Melva Openshaw, Santaquin; Venice Johnson, Provo; Arva Rowley, Pleasant Grove; Helen Wiscombe, Mapleton.

Relief Society Supports Home Nursing

Nellie F. Kujala

Head, Practical Nursing Department, Central Utah Vocational School

THE need for adequately prepared women to care for the sick has always been of paramount importance and concern. As a partial answer, home nursing courses have been organized and taught; organizations such as the Relief Society have lent their support; schools of nursing have been given support and encouraged to maintain high scholastic standards. These schools have served better to prepare the young girl for her future role as wife and mother and to supply communities with adequately prepared people to care for those who are ill. Women who meet nursing requirements have been encouraged to pursue nursing.

The Relief Society has also shown an interest in nursing activities. This was again made apparent at recent commencement exercises of the Practical Nursing Department of the Central Utah Vocational School, Provo, Utah, when it was discovered that seven of the twenty graduates had been active Relief Society officers. Among these were four former presidents, two counselors, and one secretary.

Graduates of Utah schools of practical nursing have attained the highest scores in the national licensing examination for several years. Those engaged in teaching practical nursing feel that the high scholastic achievements are due to the high caliber of the Utah women and the influence of such organizations as the Relief Society.

The New Pioneers of Wales

Elena Neale

JEAN sat back in her chair, closing her book with a sigh. Oh, how she wished she had been born a hundred years ago. Reading about Church history was a favorite pastime of Jean's. To her it seemed as if all the romance of being a Latter-day Saint belonged to those far-off days.

Dan Jones had come to Wales and taught the gospel and made many converts in South Wales. Most of those people had emigrated to America and had either traveled in covered wagons or had made their own handcarts and pushed them to Salt Lake.

Jean could just picture herself struggling along the trail in her bare feet, with a faded gingham gown on, and an equally faded sunbonnet. How brave she would have been when they had met Indians, or had gone short of water or food! Then, at last, to reach the Valley where the saints were — to help to build it up into the beautiful place that it was now! That was a time to have lived, not now when everything was so ordinary.

Oh, well. . . . Jean rose with another sigh and started to lay the table for the evening meal. Dad would be home soon from work, and her brothers from school, and Mum from Relief Society meeting.

Jean was a convert to the Church, as were all her family. The mis-

sionaries had knocked on their door one August day in 1955 and, eventually, had baptized the whole family. Now she was grown up, all of eighteen years, and working in an office, today being her day off. Jean was rather petite, with large black eyes and silky black hair, and a very romantic disposition. Her father was branch president of their small branch in Wales, and her mother was a Primary teacher. Jean herself taught the little ones in Sunday School and loved doing it. They were all active in the Church, but sometimes it seemed to Jean as if it were rather pointless.

Just then the door opened and in came Mum. "Hello, Jean," she said, "have you had a quiet afternoon to yourself?"

"Yes," said Jean, "I finished that book on Church history."

"Good," said Mum. "I must find time to read it, when I can. Come on now, pet, let's get a meal ready before Dad comes home. You haven't forgotten that we are all going out tonight?"

"No," said Jean, "I am looking forward to it. It's not often we get one of the leaders of our Church to speak to us."

Tonight had been set apart for a district meeting, when all the branches were meeting to listen to a talk from one of the Authorities of the Church. Jean had no more

time for daydreaming then, as each member of the family came in for the meal. It was all rush to get everything over in time, and to get ready to go.

They were lucky to live so close to the school where the meeting was to be held, and soon they were there. Jean loved these gatherings of the saints. Here one felt at home with everyone, and it was a pleasure to renew one's acquaintance with friends from other branches. At last everyone was seated in the hall, with the speakers on the platform. The district president rose, and the meeting went on as planned.

At last it came to the turn of the main speaker. He was a fine-looking man, so clean, so strong, and a good example of Latter-day Saint living. Jean sat back to listen carefully to him. His first words made her sit up, however, as he said how good it was to be here with "the Church's new pioneers." Jean listened, enthralled! This was an aspect of being a convert that she had never realized before. It was true, everything he said.

The pioneers of a hundred years ago had played their part as was required of them, but there were still goals to be reached. Wales was a district now, with scattered branches in it, but one day it would be a stake. Every individual member had a duty to perform in spreading the gospel among friends. Every member had a duty to perform by attending sacrament meetings, and supporting the auxiliaries.

"**H**ERE in this hall," went on the speaker, "are the new pioneers, ready to build Wales up

to become a strength in the mission field. Just as your ancestors helped to build up Salt Lake City and the other parts of Utah, here you must build up the Church. To have a knowledge of the gospel and a strong testimony is not enough, if one keeps it to oneself. We must build up our meetings until people will be queuing up to join in with us. Make our meetings friendly, attractive places, with a smiling welcome for everyone. Do what we can to bring converts in. Strengthen our Priesthood, support our presidents."

The speaker went on for some time on this theme, and when the meeting was over, everyone felt charged with a new enthusiasm, especially Jean.

At home that evening, her father was already making plans for the branch and his counselors were supporting him. Jean escaped to her bedroom after family prayers, and sat down to review the evening. Only this afternoon she had been bemoaning her lot, as an ordinary Latter-day Saint, with nothing to do. Now a whole new field of activity opened in front of her. Here was a challenge which just had to be taken up! Were the people of Wales today going to be outdone by their ancestors of Dan Jones' time? No, not if she could do anything about it.

Jean went down on her knees to pray for guidance and strength from the Lord, and forgiveness for her apathy in the past. Daydreaming was over. At last she, too, was a pioneer!

Alone with Beauty

Alice R. Rich

BEAUTY one day manifested itself and brought joy, deep and satisfying, to pioneer eight-year-old Nellie, as she went about her evening chores in late summer. In that cool twilight hour she let the soft sand sift through the sun-browned toes of her bare feet, while she waited for the last of the family milk cows to come through the open gate from the upper pasture on their way to the corral. Their lowing made pleasant echoes as the sound came back from the rugged cliffs of the high Pine Valley Mountains to the west.

Nellie had started a little early on this regular activity tonight, so she could watch a wild primrose plant blossom. It stood only a little way from the wagon road, made flinty hard by the passing of many iron-rimmed wagon wheels, as they hauled the countless loads of farm produce and the sturdy cords of firewood brought from the nearby hillsides to be burned in the iron cook stoves and wide fireplaces.

Nellie had first seen the primrose plant when a tiny green point pierced the hard, dry soil. She had watched morning and evening as she brought the cows to and from the pasture and marveled at the growth of the primrose in the hard earth, with only the infrequent summer showers to water it. Tonight, the veined leaves spread over the ground, and three swollen buds curled to-

gether in the center, tightly wrapped in cone-shaped calyxes.

She was sure that the flower would bloom that night. Hurriedly, she urged the cows through the corral gate, fastened the lock, and went back to watch beside the plant. She sat on the cooling soil with arms clasped around her bare knees to watch the primrose on this night of nights, for she had looked forward to this time since first she had discovered the struggling plant with its green points piercing the soil.

A striped-back chipmunk frisked his bushy tail and scurried along the pole fence, his cheeks bulging with garnered food for winter storing. When he saw Nellie he paused to chatter a word of scolding. A hurried glance at him was all she could spare. She must not let her eyes move from looking at the flower a single second, she must see the bud open and convince herself that Jack, with his beanstalk, wasn't the only one who knew the miracle of plant growth.

A noisy crow flew over her head on his way to the cedar thicket; a meadow lark sang his cheery song from the beech tree on the creek bank; and the nightly frog orchestra from Lawson's meadow sent its croaking notes over the still night air. Nellie usually enjoyed all these lovely sights and sounds, but tonight she gave them only a passing thought. She must keep her eyes

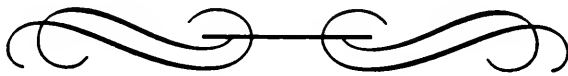
and thoughts on the swelling primrose bud; she must see it open.

An exquisite fragrance came from the primrose plant through the cool air. One green frond uncurled, and part of a petal lifted the edge of its curled yellow satin head ever so slightly. Then a quivering tear opened further in the green, and one bud stood almost upright in its swollen cone. The miracle was happening! Next, a deep yellow seam opened from top to base of the bud. Then a calyx opened, and the bud stretched itself as a second seam split and the second calyx opened itself out and down to let a soft center pistil lift and make way for the last calyx to unfold and let the

velvety petals spread wide their yellow loveliness.

In quick succession, the other two buds quietly and methodically broke their binding green, and three lovely primroses quivered on their fragile stems to make a beautiful centerpiece in their leafy foliage.

The long twilight faded into near darkness, as Nellie, lost as to time and place, sat and enjoyed the living wonder and beauty before her. The challenge and promise of the wayside plant had given her lovely thoughts to tuck and tie into her dreams and had answered her quest in its wonder and its mystery. The simple desire of her child heart and its accomplishment had fed her soul. She had lived today.



Day of the Spelling Match

Maude Rubin

Like ten-pins most of the boys went down,
Leaving only me and that city girl. . . .
She tried the hard word, then with a frown
Flipped to the bench with a flowery twirl
Of her wild-rose skirts.

I spelled it loudly,
CINNAMON. The prize was a pencil,
Bright red, sharp-pointed. Whistling proudly,
I carried triumph enough to fill
All Gold Hill Gulch. No road too steep —
I conquered the mountain in one great leap!



Don Knight

WHITE SANDS, NEW MEXICO

For Tomorrow

Dorothy J. Roberts

Burden are the moments —
Save those love-tempered ones —
Called back by blossoming plum,
Revived by rivers,
Wakened by a winding road.

Burden, are the days,
Walking a lonely way,
Burden, the refusals.
Adamant, the contour
Of the prideful deed
Sculptured on the years. . . .

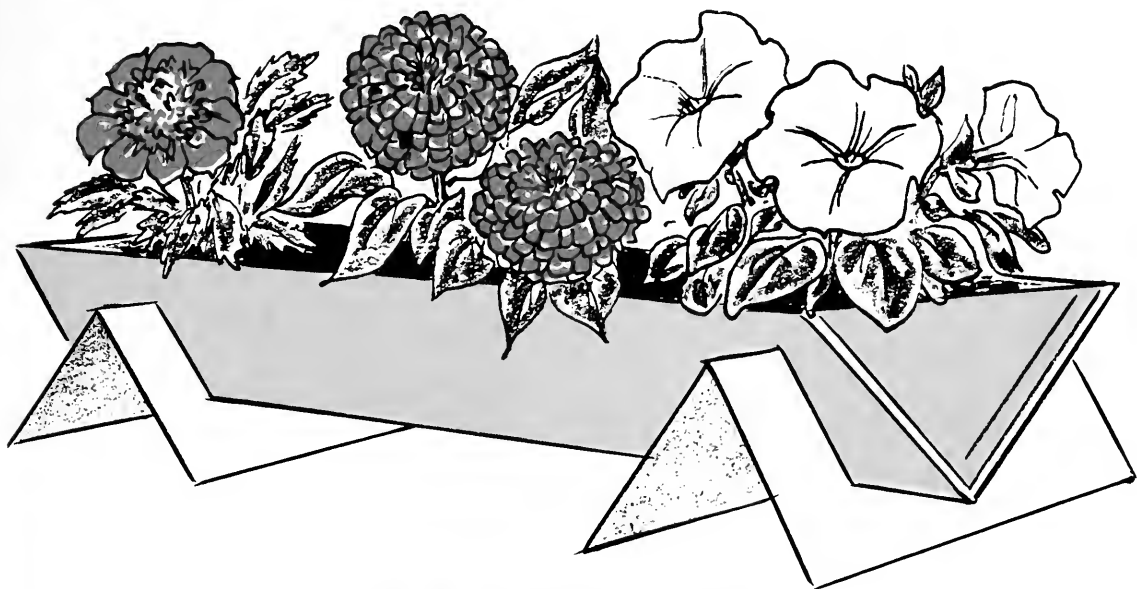
Impending and allotted time,
The better self be yours.
Cupped here is essence of desire,
Bouquet to pour
Whole, upon the task,
The tender eyes, the hour.

INDOOR GARDENS for Your Child

Helen B. Morris

DURING the early days of spring, before the first hyacinths burst into bloom, you can add a note of brightness to your home and to your child's enthusiastic interest with a simple indoor garden.

Here are a few ideas for indoor fun with gardening.



Milk Carton Planter

YOU may want to make your own planter from a wax or plastic-coated milk carton. First, cut the carton in half lengthwise, so the ends of the two sides will be shaped like triangles. Use only the half without the opening.

To make the legs for the planter, stand the carton on end on a piece of folded cardboard, and trace around two sides. Cut out along the line, and partly unfold the cardboard. Make two of these for each planter. The legs may be fastened to the planter with Scotch tape or masking tape. The planter may be decorated with heavy aluminum foil, or covered with foil, or it may be covered with a thin layer of papier-mache and painted with water colors and shellacked for a glossy finish.

Prepare the compost for your planter by mixing two parts of garden soil to one part of humus. Humus is simply decayed leaves, or other decayed organic material. If your soil has clay in it, add one part out of four parts of sand to the mixture.

Put the prepared soil in the planter and plant a few seeds of small flowers, such as dwarf marigolds, baby zinnias, or dwarf petunias. Set your planter in a sunny window, keep the soil moist, and watch your plants grow and bloom to make a spot of spring-time in your child's room.

A Crystal Garden

ANOTHER kind of indoor garden may be made from colored crystals. To make this garden, you will need some small pieces of brick, or pieces of a broken flower pot, clinkers from a coal furnace, a saucer, a bowl, salt, water, mercurichrome, household ammonia, and laundry bluing.

In the bowl, mix together 4 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon ammonia, 4 tablespoons laundry bluing, and a few drops mercurichrome. Place the pieces of brick or clinkers in the saucer and pour the mixture over them. Place the saucer where it will not be disturbed.

As the liquid evaporates, crystals will begin to form, and within a few days you will have a beautiful indoor crystal garden.

A Vegetable Garden

YOU can grow your own indoor plants with only water, a jar, and a sweet potato, horseradish, or a few carrot tops (not the foliage)

Put a sweet potato in a jar and add enough water so the potato is about half covered. Keep the jar in a sunny place and keep enough water in it so the potato is always half covered. Leaves will grow on top of the sweet potato and roots will grow into the water.

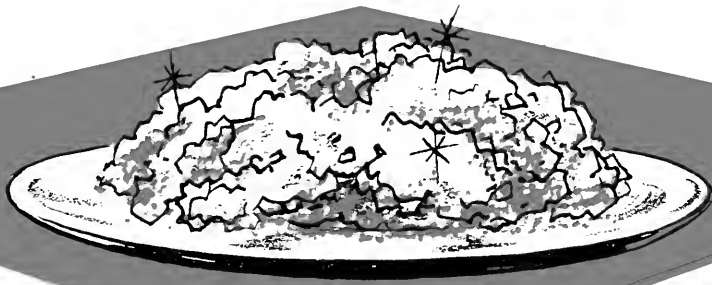
Or you may cut the tops (not the foliage) from 5 or 6 carrots and put them in a bowl. Put about an inch of water in the bowl. Green leaves will grow from the tops of the carrots.

A horseradish will sprout, if the top end is cut off and placed in a bowl of water. The long part will also send up green leaves, if it is split and placed flat side down into the water.

A Water Garden

TO make your own indoor water garden, you will need a flat dish, a horseradish, carrot tops, small figurines of frogs, birds, and flowers, colored rocks, and some small, round sticks to be used as logs.

Put water into the dish and place a row of rocks along one end to make the bank of the pond. A few drops of blue food coloring may be added to the water. Between the rocks plant some carrot tops. In one corner put the clumpy top end of a horseradish, and across the other two sides, place the long parts of the horseradish as explained above. Arrange the logs in the dish, and figures of frogs, birds, lilies, and insects on the rocks, logs, and in the water. If you wish you may make your own figures from melted wax, clay, or soap, or you may use small toys or figurines which can be bought at the variety store. If you keep the water fresh, the carrot tops and horseradish will sprout, and your water garden will make a bright spot in your child's room while he is waiting for spring.



Keep My Own

Kit Linfo

CHAPTER 2

Synopsis: Irene Spencer, who has been married seven months, goes with her husband Dick to see his family home. Irene, who met Dick in South Africa and has no relatives in the States, is to live in the old home with Dick's Grandfather and his young handicapped brother, who have been living elsewhere. The shabby old house repels Irene, and she is worried over her responsibilities in the strange household.

“GRANDAD, this is Irene,” Dick said.

Grandad might once have been as tall as his wiry grandson, but his shoulders were stooped with many years. A cane hooked over one arm also revealed his age. Otherwise, the few lines in his face accented his dignity. His hair was iron gray, with snow-white streaks running through it. He must have gone gray early like Dick, Irene thought.

Grandad took one of her hands into both of his. Sea-green eyes smiled into hers. “Dick has good taste,” he said mischievously. “I’ve always been partial to brown-eyed blondes. Dick’s letters have been full of nothing but you for the past year. I’m glad to know you at last, Irene.”

“Dick told me about you,” Irene spoke through a tightening in her throat. “About Davy, and how wonderful you and Aunt Ella have been. . . .”

“Let’s get on with your tour of the house,” Grandad interjected

easily. He was embarrassed by reference to his sacrifices for his grandson. Irene understood, and a warm feeling of kinship with him flooded her.

He asked, “Have you been upstairs? Have you seen the solarium? The library? What have you missed?”

“Some other time, Grandad,” Dick said. “Irene’s pretty worn out. You weren’t home when we got here, so I took the key from Aunt Ella and we came over just to pass the time. Right now what we need most is something to eat.”

“No sooner said than done,” Grandad nodded. “Your Aunt Ella knew you’d be hungry. She’s fixing something now. We didn’t expect you until tomorrow.”

“Dick was so anxious to get home that he didn’t stop to make any of the business calls he intended to make,” Irene explained.

“Then they’ll keep, I imagine.” Grandad grinned. “Let’s go. Come on, Davy.” He took the child’s hand and drew him out from where he was half-hidden behind him. Dick was startled. He hadn’t known the boy was there at all.

“Davy! I didn’t see you there! How’s my boy? Come on over here and let me have a look at you.”

He stooped down and sat on his heels, his arms extended. Davy retreated further behind his grandfather.

Grandad's tone was reassuring. "It's your brother Dick, Davy. Home at last. All the way from South Africa."

Dick looked up at Grandad. A puzzled frown pulled his eyebrows together. "He doesn't remember me, does he?"

"No, not much. He was less than four years old when you left. He knows about you, though. He's known for quite a while that you were coming home. He's been waiting for you. He's just a bit timid."

IRENE was mystified. "How do you know he was waiting? I mean, with his handicap. . .?"

There was a warning fire in Grandad's eye. "Davy is not retarded mentally, Irene. He's very normal in most ways. We never discuss him as if he can't understand, because he can."

Walking to the car, Grandad went ahead with Davy. Dick's voice was low. "Grandad didn't mean to be curt, honey, but you have to know about Davy. He's really gifted in some ways. Grandad's tutored the boy himself because, of course, we couldn't place him in a public school, and financially we've been unable to hire anyone else. Grandad wanted to do it. He used to teach at the university. Under the circumstances, he's done wonders with Davy."

Irene mused, "When the child looks at you, Dick . . . well, I've never seen anything quite like it. . . ."

"I know the look you mean. He used to do that before I left. Get that awful expression on his face.

Sort of blank." He drew a deep breath. "I don't know exactly what it means. Grandad could explain it better . . . basically, I guess it's a sort of defense, like not speaking. All of it is psychological. We made sure of that. There's not a thing wrong with Davy physically."

Davy scrambled into the back seat of Dick's car and took refuge in a corner. Grandad was looking back at the house. After a moment of meditation, Dick spoke.

"It's home, Grandad."

"Our family belongs there," Grandad said. "In a way, the house doesn't belong to us. We belong to it."

Irene was silent, the alien, apart from those who belonged.

Dick drew her back into the circle. "When I was just a little fellow Grandad used to recite John Burroughs, Irene. While I was away, it almost seemed I could hear the house itself intoning the same lines."

"John Burroughs? I don't think I know. . . ."

"'Waiting.' That's the one you mean, isn't it?" Grandad asked. Dick nodded. Grandad went on, a quaver forming an emotional undertone to his words:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! My own shall come to me.
The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

"That's a part of it," he said after a moment, "the part you probably mean."

Dick was obviously moved by the

recitation. "Yes." He touched Irene's arm. "Coming, honey?"

"Yes." She glanced back once more.

THE powerful motor of the car propelled them rapidly away down the wide street, leaving the grand old house alone and quiet again in the protecting shade of the trees that surrounded it. It had waited many years. It was content to wait yet a little time more for the return of its own.

"Now, Irene," Grandad cautioned as they turned in the drive leading to the small house, "don't take Dick's Aunt Ella too seriously. She's a bit brusque sometimes, but she means well. When you get to know her, you'll think as much of her as we do."

"You told me hardly anything about her, Dick," Irene reminded.

"She's a distant aunt on my mother's side, honey," he replied. "Grandad could tell you how distant. She doesn't have anybody but us. She was my mother's right hand, and she's kept the family together ever since mother . . . since we lost her."

Grandad nodded agreement.

The cottage was a white jewel, nestled in a setting of trees and grasses that still wore the new-green patterns of early spring. Irene sighed in appreciation.

"It's such a pretty cottage," she said.

"We've been comfortable here, but it's not like living in our own home," Grandad said.

Looking at the glistening white cottage, Irene wondered how anyone could prefer that gloomy old mansion to this.

Ella met them at the door. When they had arrived earlier, she had been bathing, and had told Dick where the key to the big house was. Irene was surprised to see that Ella wasn't as old as she had originally surmised. Her hair was rolled into a neat bun high on the back of her head. Her figure was ample and her smile easy, when she chose to bestow it.

"It's about time you came back," she said. "Don't you know it's way past lunchtime? Or don't you eat regularly in South Africa?"

Dick laughed at her. "People in South Africa are much the same as they are here, with much the same appetites. Something smells good, Aunt Ella!"

Grandad led Irene forward. "Ella, this is Dick's wife, Irene."

Ella stuck out her hand. Awkwardly, Irene took it. She wasn't accustomed to women shaking hands. Indeed, handshaking at all was in Irene's eyes, a purely American habit.

Ella pumped her arm for a moment, then dropped it unceremoniously.

"Glad to know you," she said heartily. "Come in, come in. Everything's ready. I know my Davy's hungry."

Davy ran to her, and they led the way to the kitchen.

ELLA was justly proud of her culinary skills. A thick potato soup with flecks of ham floating atop it was followed by a delightfully crisp spring salad. The homemade dressing had a pleasing tang, the perfect complement to the delicate vegetables.

While the food was disappearing,

Ella dominated the conversation. Irene listened to the steady run of her chatter, noting with a half-detached air of amusement that Ella was prone to both ask and answer most of her own questions.

“What did you think of the house? Big old place. Take a lot of work to get it into livable shape again. Old-fashioned before Dick left. Worse now. Give us all something to think about and work on, won’t it? Hard work never hurt anybody. Davy, drink your milk.”

The boy obeyed her without seeming to have heard her. Irene had been watching him out of the corner of her eye. She noticed that when he thought no one was watching him, the vacant expression dissipated itself. It had dissolved now into an unmistakable aura of hero-worship as he stared at Dick.

Grandad cut across the steady volley of Ella’s words. “Then you will move back to the big house with us, Ella?”

Ella paused in the middle of a sentence. “I thought you’d need me. A house that size is a big job for two women, let alone one. If you don’t want me, though. . . .”

“Now, don’t get touchy,” Grandad soothed. “Of course, we want you. Irene will need all the help she can get. I thought you might not want to leave here. You’ve made this house a home. . . .”

“I want to be where I’m needed,” Ella interrupted, a trifle testily. “There’s no purpose being anywhere if you’re not needed there.”

Grandad spread soft butter and thick honey on a hot biscuit. “How about it, Irene?”

Irene recalled distastefully the

soot and grime and dust that mantled the big house. If she lacked enthusiasm, she couldn’t help it. Ella was appraising her with a sharp eye. She said quietly, “After all, it’s your home too, Ella.”

“Then that’s settled.” Grandad seemed well satisfied.

Grandad lay down in his hammock to nap. Davy went outside to play, and Ella busied herself about the house. Rejuvenated by the excellent luncheon, Dick and Irene strolled about the town. He wished to renew his memories of it, while she sought to become acquainted with it.

HE guided her along the loved paths of his childhood with remembered skill. “How do you like it, honey?” he asked.

“Utah is just as I always thought it would be, and Spencerside seems to be a lovely little town. There’s just one thing. . . .”

“What’s that?”

“Wouldn’t it be more practical, business wise, to be located in one of the cities?”

“I considered it. Actually we’re not in a bad position here. About an hour’s drive to Salt Lake. Convenient to other towns as well. Advance bidding will bring me most of my work. It should work out fine in that respect.” He paused. “It might be practical later to open offices in the city, if I do that well.”

They sat on stools at the soda fountain in the drugstore and ordered malted milks. Dick introduced Irene to many friends and neighbors who stopped by to welcome him home. As they were fin-

ishing their drinks, he selected a bag of candy for Davy.

While he was paying the clerk, Irene came across a child's book on a rack near the magazine stand. It was titled, *See the New Baby*. She looked through it, and when Dick rejoined her, she held it out for him to see.

"It might be hard to tell Davy about the baby," she said, "but this might help. Not right away, of course. The time would seem so long to a child. Later, perhaps, when we're better acquainted."

Dick glanced at it, and was pleased by the illustrations and appealing text. "It may be just the ticket," he said. He dug a few more coins out of his pocket and handed them to the clerk.

Irene was enchanted with the book, although she had hardly had time to read it. The pictures were charming. She anticipated Davy's delight when she would give it to him. Then a shadow darkened the pleasing mental picture. Would he be delighted? Would he understand? Would he be jealous of the baby? How on earth was one to know? Oh, Davy, Davy. If only whatever sealed your voice could be undone, forgotten. If only you could speak!

Walking back to the cottage, Irene spoke hesitantly, broaching a subject she had thought of many times since she had heard about Davy. "Dick, as long as your grandfather and Ella haven't been able to help Davy overcome his . . . difficulty . . . don't you think it might be best to send him away, to a school for children with his handicap? There must be some excellent ones.

They'd know what to do for him much better than we do."

DICK'S lips tightened. "I have talked to specialists about such arrangements, Irene. Because of the nature of his trouble, what brought it on and so forth, they don't advise such a school, except as a last resort. I investigated several schools, too, and found that there are excellent ones, fine places that even specialize in his type of affliction. They aren't for Davy. Not yet, at least. Not until home therapy, which the doctors continue to advise . . . has been proved a failure."

"I see." She tried to keep the bitterness she felt out of her tone. "Of course we must do whatever's best for Davy."

He glanced at her sharply. He had heard the undertone of her words, and recognized her selfish wish to set aside a responsibility, to relegate it to someone else. "Yes," he said firmly, "we'll do what's best for him."

Irene had mangled the beauty of the afternoon. She regretted it, but was at a loss to know how to make amends. They walked the rest of the way back to the cottage in a charged silence.

Grandad had awakened, for the hammock was empty. Dick saw Davy playing on the hillside back of the house. "Why don't you go on in the house, Irene? I'll go get Davy. Here, take the candy. You can give it to him." He hurried away.

Irene rested a moment in the spring-scented coolness of the back porch. She was charmed by the cottage, and enjoyed the quiet aloneness of the porch. Then she froze

in the act of sniffing the delectable aroma of Ella's kitchen, as Ella's voice came to her through the partially opened door.

"I want to give her the benefit of a doubt, too, but I'm not sure I like the idea of someone I don't know taking much of the care of my Davy."

"She may be just what he needs," Grandad said, "a new mother image."

"What do we know about her?" Ella demanded. "Nothing, that's what. Just nothing."

"You're creating mountains without even a molehill to start. I know enough about her. I know she's Dick's wife. I know she gave up her home, and even her country, to come here with him. That takes grit, Ella. Grit and a lot of love for Dick. That should be enough to know."

"All that's well and good, but she seems mighty young to be taking on the responsibility of Davy."

"I'm sure she'll appreciate your help, Ella."

Irene was confused. She didn't know how to make her presence known without embarrassing Grandad and Ella.

"We've done well with him," Ella insisted. "He's shown lots of promise lately."

Grandad sounded much like Dick when he said, "Small victories, Ella, little things, after all is said and done. Whenever we feel we've done so much, we should remind ourselves of one thing."

"What's that?"

"He still doesn't speak."

In the ringing silence that followed, Irene rattled the screen door

and coughed a little to announce herself. As she entered the kitchen, she held out the candy.

"Dick bought it for Davy," she said, "but there's enough, if you'd like some."

Grandad peered into the paper bag. "Well now! Salt water taffy. Thank you, Irene."

"Ella?"

"No, thanks." It wasn't quite a rebuff. Ella softened the sharp impact with a hastily added, "I'm much too fat. I'm trying to stop eating so many sweets."

"That's a good idea," Irene said. "I don't want to gain too much weight before the baby comes. Maybe we could watch our diet together."

"Baby?" Ella refused to lower her eyes.

"I must have forgotten to mention it," Grandad said. "Dick wrote about it. October, I think he said. Is that right, Irene?"

"Yes. It'll be quite an experience . . . I mean, I don't know much about babies. I was the only child, and when I was orphaned I went to live with an aunt. I've just never been around babies. I'll really appreciate having you, Ella. I think every new mother needs another woman, don't you?"

The appeal was obvious. Grandad smiled to himself at Irene's subtle diplomacy. He wondered how Ella would answer the plea that had touched every word Irene spoke, and still hung suspended in the air.

Ella had opened her mouth to speak when Dick and Davy burst noisily through the door. The moment was lost.

(To be continued)

GLAMORIZE YOUR PARTY MENUS WITH

Tarts

Ruby K. Smith

DID you ever notice how many of your friends order pie when they have a choice of desserts, or that members of the same party often choose all different kinds of pie? For many people, any dessert will do as long as it is pie.

For that next special party of yours, why not cater to the varied tastes of your friends with tarts? Tarts — or individual pies — are fun to make, and the possibilities of variation in the fillings are endless. Tarts are easy to serve, and since they are much more attractive than sections of larger pies, they are ideal for buffet dinners, children's parties, Relief Society socials, fireside refreshments, and special occasions of all kinds. What could be more inviting than festive individual pies served with colorful punch? And how happy some of your dainty tarts would make an elderly neighbor or a sick friend!

Any good pastry recipe may be used for tart shells, and any pie filling — from plain applesauce to the fanciest chiffon mixture — may be used to fill the shells. Fillings may be cooled and poured into the baked tart shells to set, or they may be allowed to set in a bowl, and lightly spooned into the shells just before serving.

Last of all, it will be the topping used on the tarts which will delight the eye and stimulate the appetite for special taste treats. Sweetened whipped cream is the most popular topping — either in generous or small amounts, but with some fillings, a meringue is preferred. As for the last-minute garnishes, there is no limit to the variety of possibilities — including maraschino cherries, fresh berries, nut meats, chopped nuts, coconut, or small amounts of jam or jelly.

Basic Pastry

1 ½ c. flour	½ c. shortening
½ tsp. salt	cold water for mixing

Sift flour and salt together in a bowl. Add the shortening and work it into the flour with a pastry blender or fork, until the particles are the size of small peas. Add cold water by teaspoonfuls, until the flour-coated bits of fat are barely dampened. Wrap in waxed paper and chill before rolling.

(For a richer tart pastry, add 2 tsp. sugar and the grated rind of one lemon to the flour and combine 1 egg yolk with the water.)

Makes about 12 to 16 tarts, depending on size.

Hot Water Pastry

½ c. boiling water	2 c. flour
¾ c. shortening	¾ tsp. salt

Pour water over shortening and beat until creamy. Cool. Add flour, sifted with salt, and mix to a soft dough with fork. Wrap in waxed paper and chill thoroughly before rolling.



Roll pastry $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut in 5- or 6-inch circles. Fit into large muffin pans, pressing out all air bubbles. Turn under and flute edges; prick well with fork. Or fit pastry circles over inverted custard cups, pinch together at four corners, and prick. Bake in hot oven (450°) about 15 minutes.

Lemon Chiffon Tarts

1 tbsp. gelatin	4 eggs, separated
$\frac{1}{4}$ c. cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. lemon juice
1 c. sugar	1 tsp. lemon rind

Soak gelatin in cold water. Beat egg yolks, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and lemon juice, and beat until very light. Cook over low heat until of custard consistency. Remove from heat, and add lemon juice. Add soaked gelatin and mix well. Cool mixture. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to well beaten egg whites and combine with cooled mixture. Spoon into baked tart shells and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Basic Recipe for Cream Fillings

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar	6 tsp. sugar
$\frac{1}{3}$ c. cornstarch	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
2 c. milk, scalded	flavoring
3 eggs, separated	

Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar and cornstarch, add milk, and cook over low heat until thick. Add egg yolks and cook 3 minutes. Remove from fire, add flavoring, and chill. Pour into baked shells and cover with meringue made of stiffly beaten egg whites, combined with 6 tsp. sugar. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Variations

Vanilla — Flavor with 1 tsp. vanilla

Coconut — Add 1 c. coconut

Pineapple — Add 1 c. shredded pineapple (drained)

Chocolate — Add 2 squares chocolate (melted)

Lemon — Substitute 1½ c. water for milk, and flavor with juice and grated rind of one lemon.

Chocolate Chiffon Tarts

Substitute 2 squares of chocolate and ½ c. boiling water for the lemon juice and rind in the basic recipe. Flavor with vanilla.

Peach Perfection Tarts

1 tbs. sugar	¼ tsp. almond extract
1½ tbs. cornstarch	2½ c. sliced peaches, drained
1¼ c. syrup from canned peaches	6 baked tart shells
1 tbs. lemon juice	whipped cream, as desired
2 tsp. butter	sugar to taste
few grains of salt	

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add peach syrup, and cook over low heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add butter, lemon juice, salt, almond extract, and peaches. Chill thoroughly. Fill tart shells and garnish with sweetened whipped cream.

Banana Cream Tarts

⅓ c. flour	2 eggs
¼ tsp. salt	3 bananas
⅔ c. sugar	1 tbs. lemon juice
2 c. milk	1 c. apricot jam

Mix flour, salt, and sugar together in top of double boiler. Stir in milk to make a smooth mixture and cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until bubbly.

Beat eggs. Add the hot sauce very, very slowly, beating vigorously. Pour back into double boiler and cook over hot water until thick and smooth. Continue stirring. Chill.

Mash one banana with fork and mix into custard along with lemon juice. Spoon filling into baked tart shells, and cover tops with thin slices of the remaining two bananas.

Work apricot jam through a sieve or blender until smooth. Heat over low heat until almost liquid. Spoon a thin layer of the glaze over bananas. Chill before serving.

Raisin Filling

2 c. seedless raisins	½ c. water (for dissolving cornstarch)
1 c. water	3 tbs. lemon juice
½ c. brown sugar	½ c. chopped walnuts
3 level tbs. cornstarch	

Simmer raisins in 1 c. water for about ten minutes, then add thickening made of cornstarch and ½ c. water. Cook until mixture is thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from stove. Cool slightly and add lemon juice and walnuts. Spoon into baked tart shells. The top of the tarts may be garnished with a small amount of whipped cream slightly sweetened and flavored with lemon extract to suit taste.

The consistency of the raisin mixture may be adjusted to suit preference by adding to or subtracting from the amount of cornstarch used. The recipe will fill approximately the number of tarts which may be made from the basic recipe.



Hazel L. Giles Collects Pioneer Relics

HAZEL Lindsay Giles, Center Creek, Wasatch County, Utah, enjoys an unusual historical hobby. Through her interest in preserving the treasures of yesteryears, Mrs. Giles has built her own private museum of pioneer relics. Her childhood bedroom has been converted into a pioneer bedroom, authentic from the hand-woven rug on the floor to the lace window curtains. A lived-in atmosphere has been created with such items as a pioneer bed with a patchwork quilt and beautifully crocheted pillowslips made by Mrs. Giles' mother as a wedding gift more than fifty years ago. Adding a quaint atmosphere to the room is a stove that belonged to Mrs. Jane (Stacy) Murdock, one of the first settlers of Wasatch County. Three old-fashioned flatirons sit on the stove. A whatnot stand contains old china, square pikes, a powder horn, a family picture album, and many other antique items. Another relic is a rocking chair that belonged to Christina Lindsay, grandmother of Mrs. Giles, a widow who crossed the plains with her seven children in 1862. A wash bowl and pitcher set adorn an old-fashioned washstand with a marble top.

During Wasatch County's centennial celebration many of the items of this collection were on special display.

The work of Mrs. Giles in collecting pioneer treasures has inspired many other women to preserve the heirlooms of early days and to make them a part of the colorful history of the mountain valley.

Out of the Wilderness

CHAPTER 8

Shirley Thulin

(Conclusion)

THE next few weeks were hard ones for Marian. She was growing weary, and she was remembering Charles, and she could not straighten out her feelings about him.

Jim was more excited than ever, though, and talked of little else than how proud he was of all the things they had been able to accomplish.

"It will only take me a few days to finish replacing the timber at the mouth of the mine," he said. "The road is done, the water is drained out of the mine, and next year I can retimber the next level."

"I'll be glad when you get the mouth of the mine retimbered," said Sue. "That wood looks bad to me."

"It's looked like that ever since I can remember," Jim told her. "Dad always started deep inside, so I did."

"Well, it doesn't make much difference now," Marian said. "Jim's going to fix it, and by Saturday we'll have all the packing done and be heading for home." She repeated the last word to herself over and over. It sounded so wonderful. *Home*. . .

Jim took his cap from the peg behind the door and put his hand on the knob. "You have made this cabin a home, Mother," he said.

Marian laughed. "The woman's touch," she said. "Now get going,

and be sure to keep the twins working. I want you to finish so you can help me pack the last few days."

"We always work," Ted protested.

"Well, almost always," Jed added, "except when we stop to watch the chipmunks hiding their winter's food away."

"Or go to find pine nuts. . . ." Jim teased.

"Well, you showed us where to look for them," Jed reminded.

"And they'll taste mighty good at Christmas time," said Marian. "Now hurry along, all of you."

Marian put the big tub on two chairs out in the dooryard. She had to busy herself so that she wouldn't think of the way she had neglected to do for David these things he would have appreciated so much. If only I had made this cabin a home for him. . . . She poured buckets of hot water into the tub and swished the suds around. She was putting the clothes into the tub, when she looked up and saw Jake coming. I'm glad Jim isn't here, she thought.

"Well, you look busy. I guess you've found that life here in this part of the country is a lot harder than at home, haven't you?"

"Yes, it is, but I don't mind." Marian wiped her hands and smoothed her hair back from her face.

"Your garden looks good."

"There isn't much of it left now," Marian said aloud, but kept wondering why he had come. She knew it wasn't to talk about her hard work, or her garden.

"I have something here to show you." He took some folded papers from his pocket. "Had my lawyer make them out yesterday."

Marian took them. She didn't know much about legal papers, but she could tell it had something to do with the selling of the Silver Star and the land that went with it.

"That's a lot of money," she said, just above a whisper.

"It's a lot more than what it's worth, as mining property, that is. You'd be wise to accept."

MARIAN wanted to say she would, but she couldn't. Somehow the words wouldn't come, and she kept remembering what Dick had said that first day. "Jake doesn't offer something for nothing."

"Why should you be so generous, Jake?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm not being generous. I stand to make a good profit from this property. You see, it is no good for mining, as you probably know. But along with my layout, it would make a good spot for a hunting lodge. Of course, I will have to put a lot of money into it, build several large cabins, put in improvements."

"I see. Well, I'll have to think it over. We have done all the work for this year, now."

"You've done all the work for this year, but what about next year? It will be quite a few years before your boy is old enough to do it himself."

Marian picked up some more

clothes and put them into the tub. "You will have to come back after I've thought it over."

He stood there, an awkward silence between them. Then he turned toward the cabin and asked if he might have a drink of water. Marian wiped her hands again and walked behind him to the door. As Jake stepped inside, Marian could tell he was surprised. Even though she couldn't see his face, the sudden straightening of his shoulders told her that he could not quite believe what he saw.

"You have fixed things up!" He turned to look at her.

"There is still a lot we want to do."

"I was up looking at the mine early this morning. . . . That boy has done a lot, too."

Jake rubbed his chin, and the look in his eyes upset Marian. She stepped over towards the water bucket, but before she could get him the drink he had asked for, he said he guessed he had better be getting on back, and left.

Marian stood in the doorway of the cabin and wondered at his sudden departure. She finally decided that it was his disappointment at her reluctance to sell, and went back to her washing. But every rub of her hands on the board, accentuated her distasteful feelings for Jake.

THINGS were going pretty much according to schedule by Wednesday, and Marian found herself sorting and packing with a light heart. Jim and the twins had left early that morning. "We'll be able to finish today," Jim had told her, and after watching them go along

the road a little way, she returned to her tasks.

It seemed to Marian that the boys hadn't had time to reach the mine, when they came running back into the clearing.

"Mom, oh, Mom!" Jim was in front of the twins, and he looked like the little boy he had once been, with his face twisted and the tears unchecked, rolling down his cheeks.

"What in the world?" Marian hurried towards him.

"Oh, Mother . . . the mine . . . it's caved in."

"Caved in?"

"The front's all caved in," Ted verified.

"The rotten wood . . ." Jed guessed.

"It wasn't the rotten wood. It wasn't that bad." Jim turned to look in the direction of the mine.

"Jim, tell me what. . ."

"The whole front section of the mine has fallen down. The tunnel's packed solid with dirt and rocks."

"But how. . .?"

"I don't know. It was that way when we got there." He kicked at the ground with his foot.

"It must have been the way Jed said. The wood was just too rotten and gave way. . ."

"I don't know. . . . All I know is that all our work has been for nothing. It will take weeks to dig it back out, maybe months!"

"But the road. We fixed the road."

"That won't count for enough. The work on the mine, along with fixing the road, was barely enough."

MARIAN said, "But it can't be. . . it just can't be! Our whole summer. . . ." She was searching des-

perately for something to say to comfort him, but she just stood there, bewildered.

"I guess Jake was right," Jim said, his eyes dry now, his voice low. "We should have sold out to him when he offered."

"Don't talk like that, Jim."

"Well, we have lost the whole thing. We may as well have sold out as to just lose it."

"I can't believe we've lost it. Not after we've worked so hard. There must be some way." But her words stopped. Jake was coming towards them.

"I just came from the mine. Was anyone hurt?"

"No . . . no one was hurt," Marian answered.

"You are just the man we want to see." Jim's tone frightened Marian.

"Please, Jim. . . ."

"Your offer still good?" the boy asked.

"Why yes, but. . . ."

"Well, we want to sell out," Jim said.

"No, we don't." Suddenly Marian's mind was clear. "We're not going to give up, not after all we have done. This property has been in the family for a long time, and we're going to keep it, somehow."

"But the boy's right, Ma'am. There really isn't much you can do." Jake was ready to agree with Jim.

"There is something we can do. We can stay and dig the mine out. Even if we have to do it with our hands!"

"We have to get back for school," Jim reminded her.

"I . . . I know . . . but. . . ." Marian was grasping for an answer.

"Spring vacation. We'll come back then and finish!"

"Oh, Mom, let's not kid ourselves. That may be all right for this year, but what about next, and the next? It's just too much for us to handle."

Marian looked at her son. He avoided her eyes. "Jim, you don't really want us to sell, do you?"

"Of course he does," Jake said. "He's a sensible boy."

Jim looked at his mother and then at Jake. Slowly the expression on his face changed from one of despair to a flickering of hope. "No, but what can we do?"

THE sound of the car made them all turn in the direction of the road. "It's Dick and his father, but it isn't Saturday. I wonder. . . ."

"Hi. Seen anything of a stray horse? Our new mare strayed away."

"No, I haven't," Jim said.

"Well, Jake." Dick and his father got out of the car. "Didn't expect to see you here. You were over at the Silver Bear a few minutes ago."

"Yes, I just dropped by to see my neighbors."

Dick looked at Marian, and then at Jim. He seemed to know that there had been something going on. "How is everything, Marian?"

"Oh, Dick, the mine caved in. All of our work has been for nothing."

"Caved in?" Dick's father narrowed his eyes and looked at Jake. "Did anyone get hurt?"

"No, Mr. Tucker. No one got hurt, but we will lose the mine now. There isn't time to dig it out again."

Mr. Tucker was still looking at Jake. He didn't seem to hear Mar-

ian. He rubbed his chin and said, "You know, it seems to me that I once heard of another mine caving in, didn't I, Jake?"

"Did you, Tucker?" Jake's voice was harsh, but there was a scared look in his eyes. "I better be head-in' back." He turned to leave. "You be thinking about that deal we were talking about. I'll be back."

"Just a minute, Jake." Mr. Tucker stepped in front of the big man, and Marian saw him bristle. "What deal's this you're talkin' about?"

"Don't figure it's any of your business," Jake said, stepping past the little man.

"Well, I'll make it my business. You weren't figuring to buy this property, were you, Jake?"

"Like I said, it isn't much of your business." Jake's huge hands clenched into hard fists at his sides, and Dick stepped between them.

"Take it easy, Dad."

"Son, it's hard to take it easy when you know so much about a man that isn't good."

"You don't know anything about me." Jake was grinning now. "You really don't know one thing about me, old man."

"I know you had a hand in the caving in of another mine that you later bought, and I know you have been getting away with deer meat out of season, and I know why you want to buy this mine, too."

Jake's smile vanished, and his words cut through the air. "You're only guessing, Tucker. If I want to make this property into a hunting lodge, that's my affair."

"A hunting lodge? Well that's a good one. You found out about Johnson's mill, didn't you?"

"You have no right. . . ."

"Well, right or wrong, you had better stay away from this mine."

Tucker couldn't say any more, because Jake pushed him to one side and walked away fast.

NO one spoke until the air cleared a bit, then Mr. Tucker said, "He knows about Johnson's plans to build a mill. I didn't think the news had had a chance to get around yet, but I can tell he knows."

"Someone's going to build a mill?" Jim was excited. "That means we can start shipping again."

"Yes, it means lots of things, son. It means the town will be building up again. There is ore in these old mines that nobody even heard of a few years back. They will be moving in here, family after family."

"Then Jake didn't want to make a hunting lodge. . . ." Marian couldn't believe Jake's deception.

"No, sir, he wants to mine the ore."

"But he didn't really cave our mine in, did he?"

"I don't know. Nobody has ever been able to catch him at his tricks. Everyone thinks he had a hand in running the Wrights off their place last year."

"Well, it doesn't matter, if he did it, or if it fell down by itself. We have to sell." Jim's excitement of a few moments ago had changed.

"What do you mean, Jim?" Dick asked.

"We have to go back Saturday. That doesn't give us time to dig it out."

"Well, you don't have to worry, son," Mr. Tucker assured him. "We'll get some of the men and

help. You aren't going to lose the mine. Not while I'm still able-bodied."

"We can't let you do that," Marian told him. "You and Dick have already done so much for us, bringing our supplies all summer, and. . . ."

"Say, that reminds me," and the little man's eyes danced with a secret he seemed reluctant to tell. "What did you do with all that paint and other fixings you had us bring up?"

"Oh, we just fixed up the cabin a bit."

MARIAN was almost ashamed of the time she had wasted on the cabin. I should have helped Jim more at the mine, she thought. We could have finished replacing that bad timber sooner.

"Just fixed up the cabin." He laughed a squeaky little laugh and could hardly stand still for the thoughts he was thinking.

"Come on, Dad." Dick was grinning now, too, knowing how his father loved a surprise. "Tell us what this is all about."

"You don't have to dig out the mine this summer, time to worry about that next year. Go home and file the papers that you did all the necessary assessment work."

"But I don't understand," Marian said.

"Don't you see? The work you did on the cabin counts, too. The cabin is part of the property, and a mighty important part, too! If you improve the cabin, you improve the property."

"Really?" Marian's heart felt like playing a game of leap frog. "You

mean the tarpaper on the roof, and the shelves and the closet. . . .”

“Yes, and the paint in the kitchen, and come to think of it. . . .” The old man slapped his knee. “I’ll bet this will be the first time that old office will receive listed improvements such as a painted kitchen and waxed floors!”

Jim stood there, grinning and sniffing.

“Well, I guess we had better get back to finding our horse,” Dick said.

“I had almost forgotten why we came,” Mr. Tucker spoke slowly. “You know, it’s almost worth losing a good horse if it kept Jake from getting away with something.” Mr. Tucker got in the car.

“When do you want me to come for you?” Dick got in the car, too.

“Tomorrow,” Marian said, “if it’s all right.”

“It will be fine, and, Marian, if I were you, I would file a complaint to keep Jake off your property.”

“Oh, she won’t need to, now that he knows we have found out about him. He will stay away,” Mr. Tucker said, “no doubt about that.”

As the car drove away, Jim said, “I think I’ll go take a look at the mine. Maybe we left some of our tools out. I’ll be back soon.”

“All right, Jim,” and Marian checked her impulse to go with him.

She knew he wanted to be alone while he said goodbye to the mine until next year. She picked up a bucket. They didn’t need any wa-

ter, but she wanted to go for some anyhow. She had some goodbyes of her own to say. She wanted to say goodbye to the mountains, now dotted with fiery reds and yellows, and to the majestic trees that had somehow given her some of their strength. She wanted to thank the wilderness for sharing with her a secret, the secret of finding the strength within oneself to do the things that must be done. By coming to the wilderness, she thought, I have found my way out of my private wilderness.

As Marian stood on the little hill by the well, she knew that never again would she feel so all alone, or frightened. Charles was wrong, she thought. I don’t need anyone . . . someday, maybe, but not now.

Back at the cabin she asked the children how they were coming along with their packing.

“Can we take our rocks with us?” Tommy wanted to know.

“And our pine cones?” Jill asked.

“When we come back, I’m going to get deep in the mine with Jim,” Jed planned.

“I’m going to save my money to buy a camera,” Sue added. “Then I can show Kathy and the others how beautiful it is here.”

“And I’m going to bring yards and yards of red and white checked cotton for curtains, and some of my pictures to hang on the walls,” Marian said. “And, oh, yes,” she laughed, “a new scrub board. I wore the old one pretty thin this summer.”

Notes FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Riverdale Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference, August 19, 1962

Standing at the left in the front row: Irene C. McGregor, chorister; and Ila Rasmussen, organist.

Stake Relief Society President Myrl S. Stewart stands fourth from the right on the front row, with Della Greenwell, First Counselor, at her right, and Alice Aldrich, Second Counselor, at her left; and Secretary-Treasurer Nina Atwood, second from the right in the front row.

Sister Stewart reports: "The Riverdale Stake Singing Mothers furnished the music for both sessions of stake conference on August 19, 1962. It was a glorious experience. The songs were well prepared and beautifully sung. On September 15th the Singing Mothers gave a concert. The purpose of this concert was to increase the singing skills of the members, to give the Singing Mothers an opportunity to give cultural enjoyment to others, to create an interest in beautiful music and Relief Society, and to be of service to others. There were sixty members who practiced twice a week all summer, furnishing their own transportation. We have an excellent director and an excellent organist. One member expressed herself as having learned more about music this summer than she had ever learned in her life before. They sang to an overflowing audience with special guest artists assisting. It was an outstanding musical program given free for the enjoyment of the members of the stake and created much interest in and praise for Relief Society work. Many members from surrounding stakes attended."



North Sanpete Stake (Utah) Relief Society Board Plans for Visit to Salt Lake City, June 5, 1962

Seated, front row, left to right: Valene Johansen, Second Counselor; Louise B. Johansen, President; Ruth McKinney, First Counselor; Amy Ursenbach, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Pauline Rasmussen, social science class leader; Glenda Staker, literature class leader; Ruth Ericksen, Magazine representative; Ethel Ericksen, chorister; Rhoda Drage, organist; Ruby Hansen, work meeting leader.

Not present when the picture was taken were Ethel Mower, theology class leader, and Emma Evans, visiting teacher message leader.

Sister Johansen reports: "A day never to be forgotten was experienced June 5, 1962, by 300 Relief Society members of North Sanpete Stake when they boarded six chartered buses and several private cars bound for Salt Lake City, where they toured the Bee Hive House, Temple Square, and the Relief Society Building. At noon the group attended the Tabernacle organ recital. On the agenda at one P.M. were a dinner and program at the Relief Society Building, catered by Beth Carlton and Mildred Lasson of Fairview. Guest speakers were President Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society, and Pearle M. Olsen, a General Board member, who was born and reared in Mount Pleasant, and while there served as ward and stake Relief Society president.

"The welcome was given by Louise B. Johansen and prayers by Nellie McAllister and Amy B. Ursenbach. Two violin solos were played by Irene Cannon Lloyd, a member of the General Board of Relief Society. The North Sanpete Stake Singing Mothers, directed by Ethel L. Ericksen, with Rhoda Drage as accompanist, sang 'One World,' and 'When Mothers Sing,' the last number being dedicated to the late Opal L. Hermansen, who directed the Singing Mothers for many years. Valene Johansen introduced the 'goal' for the stake for the year and the theme of the program: 'Every sister of your ward to become a member of Relief Society.' The three winners in the stake poetry contest on the theme 'What My Relief Society Means to Me' were announced and the sisters read their poems: Pearle U. Winkler, first; Eda Anderson, second; and Ellis D. Cooms, third.

"Recognition was given the wards with the highest number of new members, and with the greatest increase in attendance, and gifts presented to their presidents: Louise Seely, Fourth Ward; Barbara Johansen, Second Ward, Geniel Watson, Spring City. The eldest and the youngest Relief Society members in attendance were honored: Margaret Menzies, eighty-two, and Jeanie Christensen, twenty. The table decorations were blue and gold flowers with miniature figures of old-fashioned girls. Little bluebirds held messages of love and cheer for our wonderful organization — Relief Society. Favors were small jars of yellow hand cream tied with blue ribbons."

Wilford Stake (Salt Lake City, Utah) Presents "Fun Day"
May 18, 1962

Seated at the table, left to right: Helen Stringham, Grandview Second Ward; Alene Burrell, Wilford Second Ward.

Standing, left to right: Marie Hopkins, Imperial Ward; Alta Hathenbruck, Grandview Ward; Renee Falkner, Imperial Second Ward; Naomi Pond, Kenwood Ward; Faye Condie, Wilford Ward; Alice Karpowitz, Kenwood Second Ward.

Elna Hart Palmer, President, Wilford Stake, reports: "The Wilford Stake Relief Society took suggestions given by the General Board at Conference in 1961 and had a 'Fun Day.' The day began with a demonstration on floral arrangements, followed by a demonstration on hair styling. The stake board presented a skit on 'Work Day Behavior' and cleverly revealed how the work meeting lessons on manners have helped us this year. Each ward displayed items that had been completed on work meeting day, and some hobby items were shown.

"Immediately following lunch, which was served to over four hundred sisters, came the highlight of the day — a fashion show. Throughout the year a basic sewing class was taught to many of the sisters. Many of the dresses modeled were the result of this sewing instruction. We feel that much good was accomplished by this class. We intend to make this a yearly affair, and the next 'Fun Day' is already being planned. We intend to show items of interest from each lesson department. Our purpose is to reach the inactive sisters, and we feel that we are making progress in this direction."

European Mission, and West European Mission Singing Mothers Present Music for the Servicemen's Conference, Berchtesgaden, Germany
November 6, 7, 8, 1962

Seated, left to right: Helen Chambers, chorister; Carolyn N. Brugger, Relief Society supervisor, European Mission; Sara Tanner of the West European Mission; Zina C. Y. Brown, wife of President Hugh B. Brown; Minnie P. Burton, of the European Mission; Maxine Hanks, of the British Mission.

Sister Brugger reports: "The sisters from the L. D. S. Servicemen's organization in Europe held an inspiring Relief Society gathering in Berchtesgaden, Germany, November 6, 7, 8, 1962. The Relief Society session of this conference was conducted by Carolyn N. Brugger, with the theme 'Fellowshipping through Relief Society' being carried out. Sherley Palmer, wife of Chaplain James Palmer in England, Thelma Fetzer, from the Berlin Mission, and Grace Cullimore, from the Central British Mission gave informative talks to inspire the sisters in fellowshipping. Zina C. Y. Brown gave a spiritual talk on honoring the Priesthood and remaining strong in times of stress.

"This was a wonderful conference, with 150 sisters present for the Relief Society session. They came from all over Europe, with Germany, France, Britain, Scotland, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy being represented. One sister came from as far away as Morocco. Outlying posts were represented at the conference. The Singing Mothers sang in one general session and in the Relief Society session. These sisters from distant places came together and mingled their voices under the direction of Helen Chambers."

Utah Stake (Provo, Utah) Singing Mothers Furnish Music for Stake Quarterly Conference, May 13, 1962

Standing at the left in the front center row, left to right: Edna H. Williams, Education Counselor; Nellie R. Mecham, President; Florence Britsch, Work Director Counselor; Ethel R. Lewis, chorister; Rayola Van Wagenen, organist.

Since this picture was taken, Florence Britsch has been released, and Clarice Sumpter sustained.





Morgan Stake (Utah), Morgan Ward Presented Beautiful Painting of Nauvoo, March 17, 1962

Evadna R. Francis (right), Morgan Ward, presents a painting of Nauvoo to Emma Lou W. Bell (left), President, Morgan Ward Relief Society.

Hazel F. Durrant, President, Morgan Stake Relief Society, reports: "At their anniversary party, the Morgan Ward Relief Society sisters were given a beautiful original painting of Nauvoo, painted and presented by Evadna R. Francis. The painting depicts Nauvoo as it may have been when the Relief Society was functioning during its years of infancy, where it was first organized. The painting now enhances the space where it hangs in the Relief Society room, and is enjoyed by ward and stake members alike as they gather there. Sister Francis is a busy homemaker. She has served in all the women's auxiliary organizations, both ward and stake, and is a former president of the Morgan Ward Relief Society. She has served as a visiting teacher for fourteen years, missing only one month in that time. She is a registered nurse and does part-time nursing occasionally and aids all who need her help. She taught the work meeting course for 1961 in Morgan Stake. She is a new student of art and has been studying for only two and one-half years. Of her thirty-one completed paintings, she considers 'Nauvoo' her most rewarding, probably because of her reason for creating it."

Twin Falls Stake (Idaho) Singing Mothers Participate in the Chorus for Relief Society Annual General Conference, for the Semi-Annual Church Conference, and Other Occasions

Mona H. Brown, President, Twin Falls Stake Relief Society, reports the outstanding accomplishments of the Singing Mothers of Twin Falls Stake: "Our Singing Mothers began practicing in April in preparation for the opportunity to sing at Relief Society Conference and General Conference. Although they spent many hours away from their families and homes, they have all expressed their gratitude for the opportunity to sing under the direction of Sister Florence J. Madsen of the General Board of Relief Society, and feel that it has been one of the greatest events of their lives. This group also sang for our Relief Society Convention in August, for the stake quarterly conference in September, and in Burley, with the seven stakes from this region, in a special concert under the direction of Sister Madsen. Betty Birrell is our chorister, and Wilda Carlson is organist."

Santaquin-Tintic Stake (Utah) Honors Visiting Teachers at Convention May 17, 1962

Jennie W. Murdoch, President, Santaquin-Tintic Stake Relief Society, reports that a large percentage of the stake visiting teachers attended the convention: "Our theme was 'Blessed art thou, visiting teacher.' The beautiful music was furnished by the Goshen Ward Singing Mothers. An original song was composed and sung for us. Our guest speaker was Sister Lavina Fugal of Pleasant Grove. She is a truly great Latter-day Saint mother, and an American Mother of a past year. She made us feel that it is a great privilege and blessing to be a visiting teacher.

"There are over a thousand years of visiting teaching represented by the sisters in the picture, each person having at least thirty years of teaching and some fifty years and more. All of the sisters who have served more than thirty years were honored by First Counselor Helen Smith. A special tribute was also given to every sister who had achieved a one-hundred per cent record in her visiting teaching and in attendance at her meetings. Second Counselor Florence Lamb and Secretary-Treasurer Zelma Clayson were in charge of refreshments. At the time of the convention we did not have a stake visiting teacher message leader, but we are now fully organized."



Panguitch Stake (Utah) Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference Sessions, March 18, 1962

Organist Nina Steele is seated at the piano at the far right; chorister Iletta D. Reid stands at the right on the second row.

Eva N. Dalton, President, Panguitch Stake Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers presented the following selections: "When Mothers Sing," "My Prayer for Today," "Home," and "Thanks Be to God."

"Practicing for this performance was done largely in the wards. Ward choristers and organists were instructed by stake leaders at stake leadership meetings. Ward leaders then spent many hours with their choruses practicing within their own wards. Only two practices on a stake basis were required for this performance."



Manchester Stake (England), Rochdale Ward Visiting Teachers Honored At Opening Social, September 24, 1962

Front row, seated, left to right: Shirley Tiffany; Edith Kenworthy; Jessie Withington, Work Director Counselor; Elsie Wortley, President; Mary Woodruff, former president, Manchester Stake Relief Society; Olive Teale, Education Counselor; Maureen Hoyle; Irene Webber.

Back row, standing, left to right: Kathleen Kenworthy; Vera Shore; Mary McQuade; Jean Caffrey; Monica Robinson; Lillian Fountain; Elsie Butler; Eileen Thompson; Dorothy Woodhead, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sister Woodruff reports: "The visiting teachers of the Rochdale Ward maintained the lead position in the stake in visiting teaching throughout the year. In their honor a chicken dinner was served to twenty-nine Relief Society sisters. A program followed the dinner, and a film on visiting teaching was shown."

Dorothy Thorpe is the new president of Manchester Stake Relief Society.



LESSON DEPARTMENT

THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 48 — Give Heed to Warnings and Trifle Not with Sacred Things

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: *The Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 63:22-66)

For First Meeting, May 1963

Objective: To realize that to redeem Zion peaceful means were to be used; that wars would plague the world until the Savior comes; that there would come a time of peace during the millennium; and to know the seriousness of blaspheming sacred things.

Will and Commandment

The center place for the city of Zion (Jackson County, Missouri) had been designated by revelation. Members of the Church desired to know what they should do in relationship to it; therefore the Lord made known his purposes to his saints. They were to gather to that place if they desired to do the will of the Lord. As stated in verses 22 and 23 of Section 63, they were not to consider this a commandment. The Lord gives revelation for the benefit of all who will obey, but he knows that some members, if commanded in all things, will bring condemnation on themselves by disobedience. Consequently, in this revelation, he leaves it up to the individual to obey his will or not to obey. Those who love the Lord will obey his will as if it were a commandment. (Matt. 7:21; D & C

84:44-45; *D & C Commentary*, page 37⁸.)

Mysteries As Blessings

Latter-day Saints know that to meddle in the things which have not been revealed brings disappointment and sometimes loss of faith in fundamental beliefs. Speculation does not contribute to salvation. Rationalization of the scriptures may destroy faith. There are mysteries of the kingdom which may be known by all who seek in faith. (Alma 12:9-11.) These revealed truths further one's salvation, for they are essential to soul-growth. As one learns the truth contained in the revelations, it becomes "a well of living water, springing up unto everlasting life" (D & C 63:23; John 4:10-14). It should be clear that individuals differ in their knowledge of gospel truths and the

application of them in their lives. There is ample opportunity for the Latter-day Saint to learn the mysteries revealed in the scriptures.

Concerning the gathering to the land of Zion, the saints were to learn this mystery: do not undertake the journey in haste, lest pestilence follow. (*Ibid.*, 63:24.)

Render Unto Caesar

During the ministry of Christ there came some who sought to trap him by asking him whether one should pay tribute to Caesar. His reply then and also in this dispensation stresses the necessity for the saint to follow the laws of the land. "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" (Matt. 22:15-22; D & C 63:26; 58:21-22.) This truth is emphasized when one understands that Jesus is the Creator of the earth, yet he respects the laws of the land. The saints who were to go to Zion were to follow legal practice in purchasing the land, although it was to be their inheritance. Only by this means would they have any opportunity to live in peace with their neighbors. Enough opposition would come to the saints from Satan stirring up the hearts of their enemies, without their tempting them to shed blood. (*Ibid.*, 63:25-28.) When the Lord commanded the saints to purchase the lands and there should be no shedding of blood, he was saying what had been said of old — "Thou shalt not kill" (Exodus 20:13). In fact, what follows in the revelation is a warning to comply with the commandment to purchase the land promptly, or else they would be scourged from place to place.

(D&C 63:29-31.) Elder B. H. Roberts wrote the following on this prophecy:

. . . And so the event turned out. The saints failed to respond with becoming promptness to the commandment to purchase the land of Zion; and all that was predicted in the revelation befell them. The passage then was a warning to the saints, not a threat directed at the old settlers of Jackson county; and if blood was to be shed, clearly it was to be the blood of the saints rather than that of their enemies (*A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, 1:264).

Wars Decried

Immediately following this prediction of distress among the saints because of neglect in following counsel, the Lord declares that the wicked in the world shall slay the wicked, for they lose his spirit by their unrighteousness. (D & C 63:32-33.) Destruction follows when that spirit is withdrawn from men. (2 Nephi 26:11; *D & C Commentary*, page 380.) Fear will come upon all men in that day because men will be fighting amongst themselves and the saints will hardly escape. (D & C 63:34-35; cf. 1:34-36.) The saints in 1831 and later, during the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith, were counseled to come to the land of Zion that they might not be engulfed in these tribulations. (*D & C Commentary*, page 380.) Those who should come to Zion were to be the faithful, serving God in righteousness and faith. It was the solemn duty of the saints to declare a warning voice to the world that judgment awaited the unrepentant, and the only escape would be through following the will of the Lord. (D & C

63:36-37.) That the saints would “hardly escape” was commented upon by the Prophet on September 29, 1839, as follows:

... Explained concerning the coming of the Son of Man; also that it is a false idea that the Saints will escape all the judgments, whilst the wicked suffer; for all flesh is subject to suffer, and “the righteous shall hardly escape;” still many of the Saints will escape, for the just shall live by faith; yet many of the righteous shall fall a prey to disease, to pestilence, etc., by reason of the weakness of the flesh, and yet be saved in the Kingdom of God. So that it is an unhallowed principle to say that such and such have transgressed because they have been preyed upon by disease or death, for all flesh is subject to death; and the Savior has said, “Judge not, lest ye be judged” (DHC IV:11).

Instructions to Kirtland Saints

From verses 38 to 47 in Section 63, instructions are given to members of the Church in Kirtland, Ohio. Specific directions are given that the Titus Billings farm should be disposed of and some were to go to Zion. (Verses 37-39.) The money thus received was to be used for the purchase of land in Missouri. (Verse 40.) Newel K. Whitney was to continue the operation of his store, and funds from this source were to be sent also. (Verses 41-44.) He was to take charge of these operations and also to act as an agent of the Church, since some members were not to go to Zion at this time. (Verses 45-46.) The counsel given in this revelation suggests a pattern for the future when the city of the New Jerusalem will be built. Only those who are worthy and receive a call to assemble in that area will have the privilege of participating actively in that endeavor. Only he

who is faithful overcomes the world. Constancy in the work of the Lord brings the blessing of having overcome. (Verse 47.)

“Blessed Are the Dead That Die in the Lord”

The Latter-day Saint’s concept of death is stated in these words:

He that sendeth up treasures unto the land of Zion shall receive an inheritance in this world, and his works shall follow him, and also a reward in the world to come.

Yea, and blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, when the Lord shall come, and old things shall pass away, and all things become new, they shall rise from the dead and shall not die after, and shall receive an inheritance before the Lord, in the holy city (D & C 63:48-49).

Several important facts concerning the faithful dead are found in these verses: (1) Righteous works follow the faithful in building a mansion of glory. (2) The dead that die in the Lord are blessed. Death is a blessing for it opens the way to the faithful for further progression on the way to eternal life. Great blessings of communion with loved ones and the realization of having fought a good fight on the earth bring joy. (3) Those that “die in the Lord” need have no fear of the future. Uncertainty and doubt of the period after death flee from those who have and are sincerely overcoming the world. (4) The greatest blessings are not available in the spirit world because that sphere of life is only intended as temporary in preparing one for the resurrection. (5) The departed saints look forward to the second coming of Christ when they shall

rise from the grave to obtain an inheritance in the place prepared for them. Even "the holy city" (New Jerusalem) will be a part of their inheritance. (6) The faithful dead will have a resurrected body free from disease, pain, and sorrow. This union of spirit and body in the resurrection will remain forever. Death will never again separate them.

The Millennium

In continuation of events following death of the body and the coming of the Lord in judgment upon the wicked, several ideas about the thousand year period of peace and righteousness on the earth are indicated. The present celestial condition of the earth will pass away, and a terrestrial state will prevail. Death is one of the most real events of mortality. It must come to all. Notwithstanding the millennium is known as the time when death shall not bring sorrow, death will come when man reaches the "age of a tree," which is the millennial "age of man." (D & C 101:29-30; 63:50.) Death during this period will consist of being changed immediately from mortality to resurrection. (*Ibid.*, 63:51-52.)

Look forward to "these things" — death, spirit world, resurrection, second coming of Christ, millennium, an inheritance in the earth. In 1831, speaking as the Lord views time, the second coming of Christ was near at hand. In the assurance that his coming is nearer than at the beginning of this dispensation, saints should follow the counsel to look forward even to "the day of the coming of the Son of Man."

(*Ibid.*, 63:53.) The Lord knows that there will be many among the saints who will not be prepared by righteous living to receive the Savior when he comes. These have been called "foolish virgins among the wise." They are foolish because they had the law, they knew of these things and yet this knowledge was taken lightly, in not letting the doctrine of the second coming have an influence upon their lives for repentance. They shall, however, be separated from the righteous, for the Lord will take judgment upon them. (*Ibid.*, 63:53-54.)

That there is great need for a call to repentance is known by all who have a knowledge of the bondage of sin which holds so many people in the world. The Lord is not to be mocked by those who themselves have not received the benefit of release from sin through accepting his atonement. (*Ibid.*, 63:58; *D & C Commentary*, page 384.)

Even though this condition exists today as a result of the apostasy, men should know that the Lord is all-powerful and that in time all things shall be subject unto him. (*Ibid.*, 63:59-60.)

Do Not Blaspheme

Wherefore, let all men beware how they take my name in their lips —

For behold, verily I say, that many there be who are under this condemnation, who use the name of the Lord, and use it in vain, having not authority.

Wherefore, let the church repent of their sins, and I, the Lord, will own them; otherwise they shall be cut off (*D & C* 63:61-63).

To blaspheme is to speak irreverently of God or sacred things. The name of Deity should be held in

the greatest respect. To take the name of the Lord in vain has been condemned from the beginning. (Exodus 20:7; Levit. 22:32; Deut. 5:11.) Ancient Israel understood that to curse or blaspheme Deity was an offense so serious that death was the penalty. (Levit. 24:16.) But how far has the world departed from the divine injunction that the Lord's name should be used reverently? The vulgar person often delights in blaspheming the name of the Lord, consciously or designedly, to verify his oath or word. In commenting upon this practice of the world, President Joseph Fielding Smith has said:

. . . Some individuals have become so profane that it appears almost impossible for them to speak two or three sentences without the emphasis — as they think — of a vulgar or blasphemous oath. . . . A person is known as much by his language as he is by the company he keeps. . . .

. . . How strange it is that some people, and good people at that, think that to use some expression involving the name of the Lord, adds interest, wit, or power to their stories! How often this is seen in the moving pictures, even in shows that otherwise are commendable. . . .

Above all other peoples on the earth, the Latter-day Saints should hold in the utmost sacredness and reverence all things that are holy. The people of the world have not been trained as we have been in such matters, notwithstanding there are many honest, devout, and refined people in the world. But we have the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the revelations of the Lord, and He has solemnly taught us in our own day our duty in relation to all such things (*Improvement Era*, July, 1941, page 525).

Sacred Things Made Light Of

The people of the world are not the only ones who make light of sacred things. In the days of the

Prophet some members of the Church did so, and there are members today who do not sense its seriousness. The word of the Lord in the scriptures, the principles, ordinances, and practices of the Church are to be spoken of with care, for they are sacred. Mockery of sacred truths is blasphemy in the sight of the Lord. The Nephites in the pride of their hearts sinned grievously and lost their strength for the Spirit withdrew from them. One of their sins was "making a mock of that which was sacred" (Helaman 4:11-13).

Two thoughts emerge from the truth that man is not to mock sacred truths. In the first place, the person who professes belief and practice and at the same time does not live the principles, is making light of sacred things. All should determine that the best life is the life of conformance to God's will. The second thought is the too prevalent poking fun at or jesting about Church teachings and practices. An editorial in a Church publication written by Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve poses the following pertinent questions as well as others on this point.

How many people joke about the Word of Wisdom when in social groups?

How many joke about sobriety or the lack of it?

How many make light of our teachings on modest dress, and flaunt their standards by persistent violations?

How many make light of the dress requirements of those who go to the temple?

What is our attitude toward the

Sabbath? Do we make light of it, and at times do we make fun of it as we proceed to violate it?

There follows the admonition to self-examine our attitudes on these matters, and a stern reminder of the seriousness of trifling with sacred things:

The Lord will not be made light of. He will not be laughed at, nor ridiculed, nor ignored by those who are under obligation to him.

Self-examination on these matters can be a wholesome thing. And self-determination will be likewise. Determination of what? Determine whether we want to be in the good graces of the Lord or not. Whether we want to be "fence straddlers" or not. Whether we want to carry water on both shoulders, or not. Whether we want to be sincere or not. Whether we are willing to compromise our principles or not. Whether we are willing to sin a little for business sake or for social prestige. . . .

If we trifle with sacred things, we not only disobey, but we ridicule as well. . . .

We may do it thoughtlessly, you say. But that very thoughtlessness is itself an evidence of lack of interest, lack of concern about it all. It is itself proof positive that we are taking lightly the things of God, that we therefore trifle with them.

Without sincerity there is no salvation, regardless of any show of obedience (*The Church News Section, Deseret News*, March 29, 1958).

Now is the day to determine to whom obedience will be given. If we have been negligent in the past, the Lord is gracious and kind to the repentant.

These things remain to overcome through patience, that such may receive a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, otherwise, a greater condemnation (D & C 63:66).

Remember that that which cometh from above is sacred, and must be spoken with care, and by constraint of the Spirit; and in this there is no condemnation, and ye receive the Spirit through prayer; wherefore, without this there remaineth condemnation (*Ibid.*, 63:64).

Questions for Discussion

1. What does it mean that the saints will hardly escape the destructions of the last days?
2. Give six points about the faithful dead as developed from Section 63:48-49.
3. Discuss: Those who love the Lord will obey his will.

Little Lights

Hannah C. Ashby

I do not stand as a beacon light
 On a lofty mountain high,
 To guide the world of men in flight
 As they travel through the sky,
 But a little light in a lowly place
 Can give a message of cheer,
 And bring a smile to a troubled face
 From love light shining near.

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGES

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 48 — “Inasmuch As They Are Faithful They Shall Be Preserved, and I, the Lord Will Be With Them” (D & C 61:10).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Week, May 1963

Objective: To emphasize the fact that the Lord's protecting spirit gives the faithful strength to meet life's problems.

The scriptures are filled with promises that those who remain steadfast and faithful to the Lord's commandments shall be protected and preserved. David the Psalmist said, “the Lord . . . forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved forever” (Psalms 37:28). The great general and prophet Moroni in the Book of Mormon declared, “God will support, and keep, and preserve us, so long as we are faithful unto him” (Alma 44:4).

There are both physical and spiritual aspects to the Lord's promises and assurances that the faithful will be guarded, saved, and preserved. In some instances, the faithful will be protected and preserved against physical harm. This was the meaning of this promise given by Moroni.

More frequently, however, this promise has had a spiritual rather than a physical meaning. The statement given above by David had this more enduring meaning. He spoke of the faithful people being preserved not just in this life but “forever.”

It is this broader meaning that the Savior emphasized when he said, “Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it” (Luke 17:33). Obviously, when one loses his life, as indicated in this scripture, he is not preserved and protected physically; yet as the Savior has promised, if one loses himself, and even his life, in the service of others, and thereby in the Lord's service, he preserves his soul and gains eternal life. Over and over again the Savior emphasized the divine fact that saving one's soul is infinitely more important than preserving one's life. “For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” (Mark 8:36).

To be preserved in a spiritual sense means to be delivered from evil; to be shielded by the Lord's spirit; to be secure and firm in our convictions of the truth. It means to be sustained and upheld in righteousness and to possess one of the Lord's choice gifts, the blessing of peace of mind.

Temple Bailey, in an impressive story, tells about a young mother who set her foot on the path of life and wondered if the way would be long and hard. Her guide said to her, "Yes, the way is hard and you will be old before you reach the end of it, but the end will be better than the beginning."

In this story the young mother faced her problems with faith and confidence, but as her children grew, illness came into their lives and there was sorrow, and the way was stormy and dark. The children were filled with fear and uncertainty, but they came to their mother with confidence and she covered them with her protective mantle of love. Then the mother said to her guide, "These days are even better than the brightness of the sun, for now my children have learned courage."

This story continues with the experiences of trouble and affliction through which the mother and her children learned the true meaning of faith and love and the need for the constant assurance of the Lord's protective spirit. They learned that with faithfulness through life's ex-

periences, both bitter and sweet, the Lord helped them to develop the qualities which preserved their spiritual strength, and thus they came to realize that the end was better than the beginning.

President Hugh B. Brown said:

Men sometimes labor under the false impression that reverses, disappointments, tragedies come only as the result of sin and disobedience. . . . The trial perhaps may come . . . to teach some of the great lessons of life. And so we must remember that the winds blow and the rains beat upon the house that is built upon the rock. The promise is not exemption from the storm but that they who shall so build shall have strength to withstand it (*Eternal Quest*, pp. 247-248).

We will not be spared from the problems of life and we may not be spared from some of its tragedies. But, the Lord will give us his protective spirit as a shield. His strength will become our strength, and, if we are truly faithful, we have no need to fear, for we can have the Lord's comforting spirit to be with us and his assurance that our souls will be preserved throughout this life and throughout eternity.

NOBLE THOUGHTS

Think noble thoughts always. They are the seeds of noble deeds, and the flowers that they bring make for happy hours and sweet memories.

—Pauline Bell

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 8 — The Latter-day Saint Home Is a Training Ground

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, May 1963

Objective: To show the importance of home influence on the training and growth of children.

FOR this last discussion we shall have a symposium. The leader and three members will be seated at a table in front of the group. Each member will be prepared to make a short talk about one of the topics listed below. The role of the leader is to introduce each speaker and her subject and watch the time. She then makes a summary statement of the main points of the discussion and invites further discussion from the group. Topics for the symposium:

1. Preparation for marriage begins in the cradle.
2. Need for work should be part of children's training.
3. Work is essential to happiness.
4. Good conditions will induce good work.

Our greatest assurance that an engaged couple will be able to establish a happy home which will be a good training ground for children is that each one has come from a happy home. It is here that children first learn to love or hate,

to work or be idle, to take responsibility or to be irresponsible, to be honest or dishonest, to live democratically or to be tyrants.

The young couple might ask, how does this training begin? Here we must distinguish between two kinds of language: the language of the feelings and the language of words. The first is the more potent influence, and it begins with the newborn babe. John, the newborn, understands his mother when she cuddles him close and sings soft tones of love as she nurses him. He doesn't know the meaning of words, but he knows his mother's love. This language is so strong that her fears and tensions as well as her love can be communicated to him instantaneously.

A child first learns to be part of a team through the language of the feelings and gradually learns that he has some part to play in having satisfying relationships with his family. His coos and smiles bring different rewards than screams and tantrums, and he learns the meth-

od most effective for getting what he wants. If parents are consistent and work together in training this child, he can be taught the routines of the household, who does what, and what he must do to be an acceptable member, long before he understands words. Yes, this is the beginning of the training period that takes at least twenty years to prepare him for starting a home of his own.

Can you see your child ten years from now, twenty years from now, fifty years from now, or on the path of eternal progress? If you can, and if you appreciate the uniqueness of this child, something of his potentiality, his capabilities, his special strength and weaknesses, you can guide him and instill in him the principles of righteous living that will aid him to solve the problems that he will meet along the way. This is a day-by-day process whereby the values you cherish, what you do, and how you feel will be communicated more potently through the feelings than through anything that you may say.

Work and the need for everyone to stand on his own feet and eventually pay his own way is an important ingredient in successful family living. Don't do anything for the child that he can do for himself is a good adage. Give him clothes that he can button, shoes that he can tie, food that he can eat with his own effort, and don't expect perfection. Let him make his own toys from boxes and spools and blocks of wood; teach him to put them away when it is time for the nap or the bath or the dinner. Let him help stir the cookies and

make the bread. Let him help set the table and wash the dishes.

As one job is learned something new must be brought into the picture to keep the creative impulse alive and working at its best.

As children become mature enough to take responsibility, give them enough of it to make it a challenge. Regular duties rotated week by week, with some changes and additions, can become the rule. Boys and girls can make beds, clean floors, wash dishes, paint walls, prepare food, mow the lawn, wash clothes, plant the garden, weed, skin onions, feed the chickens, and do many other jobs.

After any of these jobs is done, children should be taught to clean up after themselves. There is a psychological value in cleaning up after you finish a job. When you have put the lawn mower and the grass cutters away, you know you have completed something, and you have prepared the way for starting out fresh the next time.

What are the conditions that induce good work? Good family relationships, where there is trust, confidence, and love, come first; and then other values should be considered. Every person needs some private spot to call his own. It might be a box for treasures pushed under the bed, a dresser drawer, or part of a closet, and everyone must respect this spot as personal property and not trespass. Privacy also extends to the need to be alone on occasions. If a person wants to be alone, let him go to his room, shut the door, and be alone; and, let everyone respect this need. Time for personal medita-

tion, contemplation, reading, and praying can bring forth new insight and new understanding.

Self-expression through creative hobbies may result in a better world tomorrow, if children are allowed to explore and find some special interest. As early as they are old enough to hold a crayon, they should be allowed to draw. Sand, clay, wood, simple tools, and a place to work are essential. The place might be the kitchen table, in a special room, or outside, the important thing is to make provision for cultivating special interests. The seeds planted will pay great dividends throughout life.

Children need friends and should be allowed to have them come to their homes. They need to feel that they have a beautiful home that they are proud to share with their friends. They need cultural and educational stimulation through various family activities, and, most important of all, they need the strength that comes through worship, through the love of God, and of keeping his commandments. This spiritual side of family living will provide the iron rod by which members may find support and assistance as they move along the path of eternal family life.

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The New Birth of Freedom

Lesson 40 — The Challenge of Walt Whitman

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes
Dryden Press, New York, pp. 538-576).

For Third Meeting, May 1963

Objective: To attempt a sympathetic approach to Whitman, that we may experience further insight into his greatness.

MOST critics now accept Whitman as America's greatest poet, both as spokesman for the American temperament within her own boundaries and to the world community. From the early decades of Whitman's poetic fame, he was well known abroad, and more critical studies of his work have

appeared in England, France, Germany, and Denmark than in his own country. As with Poe and Henry David Thoreau, his universal qualities were first acclaimed abroad. Yet all Whitman's roots are in Nineteenth-Century America and in the traditions and cultures which, in turn, produced it. In one sense ex-

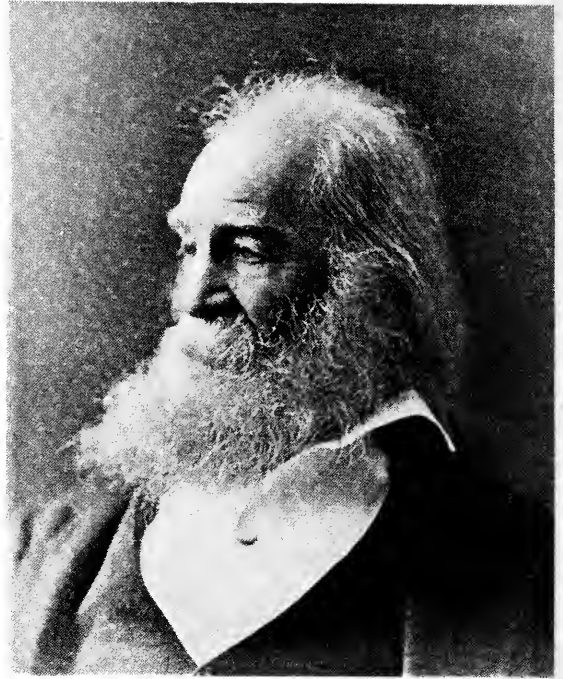
tremely provincial, he transcends limits of time and place to achieve true universality.

Whitman's Outward Life

The second of nine children, "Walt" was born on a Long Island, New York, farm in 1810. His strong, warm-hearted mother came from an easy-going prosperous Dutch family; his father, heir to family wealth which had been lost, made desperate attempts to provide for his growing family. Conditions did not improve when the Whitmans moved to Brooklyn, New York.

Leaving school at the age of twelve, he worked as office boy and typesetter, but additional education came through extensive reading and experience. He learned the printing trade, was an itinerant schoolteacher for four years, and, from 1853 to 1855, he was a carpenter. He edited many journals and was active in the Democratic party until by 1846 he became editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, a newspaper of some influence. In his editorials he was aggressively patriotic, supporting enthusiastically the expansion into the vast American west. An idealistic Jeffersonian he would rather have a rich average population than a rich government. He believed that moral reform begins in each man's heart and that all enduring principles, democracy included, must be constantly defended.

In 1848 he left the *Daily Eagle* for New Orleans, Louisiana, taking his fifteen-year-old brother Thomas Jefferson Whitman with him. Here he worked as an editor for four months before returning home to



WALT WHITMAN

continue newspaper editing. This was the only trip he made past the eastern seaboard until he was sixty. When, in 1862, his brother George Washington Whitman, who was serving in the Civil War, was wounded, Walt went to Virginia to nurse him. For three years he spent so much of his time as a volunteer nurse in the field hospitals that his health broke.

He was appointed clerk in the Department of the Interior in 1865 and, later, received an appointment in the Attorney General's office where he worked for nine years. He lectured on the life of Abraham Lincoln each year, and from royalties and gifts was able to buy a house in Camden, New Jersey, where he lived unmarried. In 1873, a stroke caused partial paralysis, and for the next ten years his health was not good, and sometimes he was in actual want, a condition remedied by friends once it was discovered. He died in 1892, at the age of 73.

The New Nation's New Poet

During the late 1840's and early 1850's Whitman became increasingly aware of the unique destiny his country was to fulfill. Never had such a combination of cultures existed before, free from the withering restraints of entrenched privileges. Never had the common man been so favored, so near to achieving those high goals of which mankind had always dreamed; never had man's potential divinity seemed so near attainment. "The Americans, of all nations, at any time upon the earth have probably the fullest poetical nature. The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem," he wrote in 1855. He

believed fervently that there is "nothing in the known universe more divine than men and women and the woman equal with the man." Whitman made equality the keystone of great poetry:

Come to us on equal terms. Only then can you understand us. We are no better than you. What we enclose you enclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy (Preface to *Leaves of Grass*).

With rare sensitivity Whitman sought to catch the overtones of all facets of life in vigorous, expanding, young America. In "I Hear America Singing" he records in poetic symbol the varied songs that he hears:

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
 Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
 The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
 The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
 The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the
 steamboat deck,
 The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
 The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon
 intermission or at sundown,
 The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl
 sewing or washing,
 Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
 The day what belongs to the day — at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
 Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs. (From *Leaves of Grass*)

"Leaves of Grass"

His first volume of poetry, entitled *Leaves of Grass*, was published by Whitman in 1855. It was a large paged, thin volume, comprising a dozen untitled poems preceded by a long preface. Odd in style and format, it was original in mood, thought, wit, and wisdom. In the prose preface Whitman explained what he "was up to" — a poetic revolution. He felt, perhaps even more than did Emerson, that

the new Nation needed a "new voice" to be the spokesman for all America. Whitman attempted to become that spokesman. He was convinced that this "new voice" should use new and original poetic forms. He therefore rejected the traditional forms of English verse: regular meters, rhyme, stanza patterns, elaborate similes, and allusions to the classics and Middle Ages.

Ever since *Leaves of Grass* ap-

peared, it has aroused almost every type of response among Whitman's ever-increasing audience, but rarely if ever indifference. Both form and content of Whitman's poetry have been too revolutionary, too new, to move a first reader merely to mild appreciation or scorn; the reaction is usually strong, and for a complexity of reasons. Sometimes repeated readings over the years have but intensified the original response; sometimes first impressions have changed. When now we may come to Whitman without opportunity to allow his versions of reality to be matured within us through time, what will our reactions be? Here lies substantial challenge indeed.

To the second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, which appeared in 1856, Whitman included many additional poems. In fact, throughout his life he continued to supplement, rewrite, and revise the contents of the volume. Although individual poems or groups of poems were often published separately, they were finally incorporated in the parent volume. "One's-Self I Sing," which has commonly been placed first in this collection, sums up the general theme of the poems. Here Whitman announces that he sings of "modern man," the individual common man in a democratic society.

ONE'S-SELF I SING

One's-self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the
 Muse, I say the Form complete is worthier far,
The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing.

Whitman was a great lover of nature, animals, cities, his America, his fellow humans of all races and ranks, and his fancy — the magnificently developed tool which enabled him to communicate this love.

He loved his poetic self-image so fully that he gave his life to its fulfillment. A large key to unraveling the complexity that is Whitman is found in the final poem in *Leaves of Grass*:

Good-bye my Fancy!
Farewell dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So Good-bye my Fancy. . . .
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really
 blended into one;
Then if we die we die together, (yes, we'll remain one,)
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens. . . .
 now finally,
— Good-bye — and hail! my Fancy.

The joy of merely being alive has no greater exponent than Whitman. Always he praised a vigorous, healthy body, vibrant, free and unafraid. He loved to walk alone at night in nature, best of all along the beach with its booming surf. He swam often, bathed regularly, and was so spotless with his casual

white shirt open at the throat, that people meeting him for the first time often received the impression that he had just bathed, so cleanly and serenely did he glow. Throughout his life he regarded evil as a sickness and praised cleanness and ruddy health:

O to make the most jubilant song!
Full of music — full of manhood, womanhood, infancy!
Full of common employments — full of grain and trees.
— “A Song of Joy”

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
— “Song of the Open Road”

. . . I loved well those cities, loved well the stately and
rapid river,
The men and women I saw were all near to me. . . .
I too lived, Brooklyn of ample hills was mine,
I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan island, and
bathed in the waters around it. . . .
Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the ebb-tide!
Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!
Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench with your splendor me,
or the men and women generations after me!
— “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry”
(Text, page 548)

Whitman's senses were so acutely alert that his sensate images are unforgettable, and are central to his narrative gift:

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard. . . .
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals
teaching content. . . .
— “Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun”
(Text, page 555)

Thinking of Whitman as a poet dedicated to the vigor of life, it may seem strange to find that death is the theme of his masterpieces. Yet have not love and life in all great poetry embraced the reality of death? Representative are the following: “When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd” (text, page

559), “Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking” (text, page 551), and “Passage to India” (text, page 563).

The Civil War ripened Whitman's compassion for his courageous brothers on both sides of the conflict. No one has depicted this great and heroic conflict more truly:

RECONCILIATION
(1865)

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
 Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time
 be utterly lost,
 That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
 softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
 For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
 I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin —
 I draw near,
 Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face
 in the coffin.

(Text, page 558)

Man is most truly himself when something larger than himself, and
 he is in mystical communion with above him:

. . . When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured
 with much applause in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

— "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer"
 (Text, page 555)

Whitman's Poetic Art

Believing that poetry exists "to indicate the path between reality and the soul," Whitman felt the poet's first great function was to bring the reader, through his senses, an experiencing of the simple, good, natural world about him, as evidence of God's universal presence. And if poetry was to do this, it must be that which it is, hence its necessary simplicity, directness, complete frankness and honesty, as opposed to traditional structures, subjects, ornamentation, and ar-

tificiality which Whitman found in all other poets.

There are those who feel that Whitman's poetic art is a mystery — unexplainable; that his way with words, the power of his phrasing is not to be defined, yet these qualities are characteristic of all great poets. In his expressive lines we find such freshness and originality as are to be found in Shakespeare, in Dante, and Homer. From his "Leaves of Grass" witness the impact of these following first lines of poems:

I celebrate myself. . . .
 I sing the body electric. . . .
 There was a child went forth every day. . . .
 Weapon, shapely, naked, wan! . . .
 Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road. . . .
 A woman waits for me. . . .
 Out of the cradle endlessly rocking. . . .
 I hear America singing. . . .
 A noiseless, patient spider. . . .

Yet Whitman often failed to sustain the miracle of his first lines. Frequently he seemed unconcerned with the architectural aspect of the complete poem, and he often be-

comes tiresome through an endless cataloguing of details. Some of his poems, however, are flawless in their organization. Such is

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres
to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile
anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.
(Text, page 569)

Conclusion

Not even Poe has provoked as much controversy as to his true identity as has Whitman. More than fifty book-length studies have been written in attempting to explain the mystery of his life and its relation to his poems. No one critic has succeeded in saying the last word. Collectively, however, they do succeed in proving the diversity of response to so complex a genius as Whitman. Always he has been the center of controversy. Thus to know the true Whitman becomes increasingly difficult.

The man who is *Leaves of Grass* is indeed a reality, just as Homer's Ulysses, Shakespeare's Hamlet, and Melville's Ahab are real, within that realm of the imaginative re-creation of life, which is literature. The enduring real Whitman is his poems, which may or may not have any relation to his documented personal life. The Whitman who is

real and great is fictional and poetic, just as the real Dickens is Scrooge and Tiny Tim who were born within the inner self but were never the actual Dickens.

Only to the degree that the poet Whitman image has become a friendly one, and thus eligible to receive a sympathetic hearing, is his poetry at all useful to us. Only then have we prepared ourselves for the second step — to allow him to come to us in flashes through poems chosen at random which may fairly indicate him at his best.

Only when we are freed from prejudices within ourselves, as we approach poetry so frighteningly new as Whitman's or in relation to the person who was Whitman, are we enabled to accept Whitman's poetic power and the greatness of the poems which are his four masterpieces: "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," "Out of the Cradle End-

lessly Rocking,” “When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d,” and “Passage to India.”

Only when we are thus candid and free, when we no longer blame Whitman for his bold poetic freedoms and creative newness, but, instead, reconsider our own reliance on the security of tradition, then and then only can a sympathetic reading of him give us further insight into his creative greatness.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Granting that America was built on a new idea in lieu of a tradition, discuss the comparative merits of having such ideas expressed in a new literary form.

2. “I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear.” Never before nor since have these American carols been heard and communicated as they were by Whitman. Really, did he hear America singing, or himself? Discuss the relationship between the “singer” and the song.

3. How do you account for Whitman’s great influence abroad and his comparative neglect at home?

SOCIAL SCIENCE • *Divine Law and Church Government*

The Foundation of Church Government

Lesson 7 — Summary

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, May 1963

Objective: To focus the attention on the importance of divine law as the basis for Church government.

By these things we know that there is a God in heaven, who is infinite and eternal, from everlasting to everlasting the same unchangeable God, the framer of heaven and earth, and all things which are in them (D & C 20:17).

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee (Job 22:21).

THE objective of our course of study is to understand the law of God as it operates through his Priesthood for the exaltation of his children. In our lessons, we have been examining the evidence of God’s interest in man’s welfare. This can be seen in the rules of conduct, personal directions, and basic principles of living that God has presented to man to guide, encourage, and lead him into the expression of

his finest qualities. When man has been able to recognize the wisdom of God and relate the values of the divine law to his own life and accomplishments, and do this of his own choice, he then has begun to move up the scale of progress toward the objective of his Creator.

The Divine Law

There can be little, if any, meaning to any person in the above state-

ment unless that person has a firm conviction that God lives, that man is his spiritual offspring, and that there is divine purpose in the creation of man. With the faith necessary for such a conviction, any person can recognize the wisdom of God expressed in divine law. He can also understand that divine law operates through the Priesthood of God for man's welfare, and that Church government is Priesthood in action. These things being true, the kingdom of God or his Church is where and when the divine law operates through individuals possessing the authority to act in his name upon the earth for the happiness and welfare of mankind.

The Challenge to Man

In the creation the earth was made for man as a place for his development. In the command given to Adam and Eve to subdue the earth and have dominion over every living thing, there was a challenge for the development of both physical and mental powers. The earth was so organized that every temporal need could be obtained through the application of effort and intelligence. At the same time, man was challenged spiritually. If he could keep in tune with the source of light and truth by which the earth was organized, his task of subduing the earth and his personal perfection would be made easier and with more rapid strides.

Directions for Successful Living

Man was not placed upon the earth and left without help. God provided him with direction for successful living, through the law by which the plan of life and salvation

may realize its purpose. The Father further assisted by commissioning man with his power and authority, the Holy Priesthood. Through this power, continued revelation from heaven would clarify and expand the law of God. This assistance would be available provided the Priesthood was honored, for divine law is the way of truth and light. Those who deny God deal in darkness, for the light of divine revelation is shut off and they have no guidance but the reasoning of their own minds.

The divine law is plain, simple, and concise. It is the expression of God's will concerning the behavior of his children in their relationship with each other. Divine law establishes man's relationship to God and clarifies his duties and responsibilities to his Creator. Man is taught to love God with all his heart, might, mind, and strength. The second foundation law is to love his neighbor as himself. The law goes on to say that on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. ". . . by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Gal. 5:13-14).

The Importance of Choice

The essentials of the divine law were revealed to Adam and have been with man in each dispensation to the present time. All mankind is given the eternal heritage of free choice. The divine law is to be established in the hearts of men by teaching, persuasion, long-suffering and love unfeigned. Love is the motivation of divine law. Force is the tool of Satan and has no place in the divine plan. To enjoy the

blessing of exaltation one must know the truth, receive the light of Christ, and choose righteousness of his own free will.

The Need for Repentance

From the beginning, there have been those who chose darkness rather than light. Each dispensation saw this percentage increase until the masses of mankind are outside the divine law.

In each dispensation the Lord has organized his Church on the basis of the divine law revealed to Adam. Wherever the Church government has been organized, it has been done through men holding the Priesthood of God. The great responsibility of the Church is to teach repentance and baptism.

The ones to whom the call to repentance is directed are those who 1. fail to recognize God the Eternal Father, 2. refuse to accept the sacrifice of Jesus Christ and his redeeming mission, 3. set their hearts on the things of this world, 4. aspire to the honors of men, 5. not knowing God contend against him, 6. in short, become selfish, greedy, and give freedom to their carnal desires and appetites.

The Light of Truth

The following are essential teachings from the divine law that have been available to mankind from Adam's day on: 1. The reality of God and his availability to man, 2. that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that his mission is to redeem mankind, 3. that the Holy Ghost, a personage of spirit, is a member of the Godhead and the special wit-

ness of the Father and the Son to mankind. He is a continuous source of light and truth to the world. 4. The acceptance of revelation as a continuous flow of the divine wisdom to enlighten mankind, 5. the acceptance of love as the motivating force in the gospel of Jesus Christ and in man's achievement, 6. the personal responsibility for growth and advancement, the eternal challenge of mental and spiritual development. "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth" (D & C 93:36).

These teachings are basic to the proper understanding of man's relationship to God, and his place and purpose on this earth. The divine law leaves nothing to chance. The teachings are not based on ignorance, superstition, or fear. They require of man the highest motives for action (love of God and love of fellow men), personal responsibility for achievement (the freedom of choice), and unlimited development of mental capacity (perfection, with Christ the example). In following divine law, man would be able to remove the most serious obstacles to progress (fear, ignorance, and superstition) and at the same time be relieved of the dissipation of much energy (trial and error method of arriving). The nearer one lives to the divine influence the freer the flow of inspiration and revelation and, consequently, the more light and truth available. Thus more truth can be discovered and accepted, and as truth and light increase, the less influence evil can have over the possessor of light and truth.

Divine Law and Man's Earthly Progress

Man had a common origin. Adam and Eve, the first parents, were placed here by the wisdom and power of God. There was reason and purpose in the creation and the reason and purpose applied to all men for they are all his children. The plan included freedom of choice, which, in order to be effective, required a forgetting of the experience in the spirit world; it included the presence of opposition so that freedom of choice could be effective. The first man was placed in a stimulating environment, being permitted to walk and talk with God and challenged with the idea of using the natural resources of this earth to satisfy his needs. Thus, man was imbued from heaven with the feeling of discontent, to find out, to investigate the unknown, to seek the answers to all perplexities of life arising from temporal, intellectual and spiritual experience.

All men did not follow the revelations of the divine will. In time the masses of the earth lost this contact. They pulled away from the teachings of God, they lost the leadership of the Holy Priesthood and the direct influence of God in their activities. However, the inspiration of heaven has always been available to the children of men. Being the spirit children of God and created in his image provides the setting that makes all men reach up, putting forth effort to improve their status. For every man that comes into the world is lighted by the light of Christ which is the light of truth. (See D & C 84:44-46.)

Today, for certain, we live in the

fulness of times. God has spoken to the earth restoring his Priesthood. The government of the Church is the Priesthood in action. The Church is destined to bring to a completion the plan of life and salvation. In a material sense man has reached a pinnacle of discovery and invention. Built on the accumulation of the culture of the past, inspired by the Spirit of light and truth, there have developed new and fabulous means and methods of meeting man's needs and in solving his problems. Speed, power, and precision dominate our mechanized world.

Man's greatest lag is in human relations and understanding. This is the mission of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to bring to the world the love of God and consideration of and love for mankind.

Divine Law and Eternal Progress

Reference is frequently made to this life as one phase in the plan of life and salvation. The plan was presented by the Father to the great council in heaven. There great decisions were made. The eternal principle of free agency was expressed. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, volunteered his service and sacrifice to fulfill the plan of the Father for the redemption of mankind. The plan made earth life the experiment in agency, discipline, development of intelligence, and for eternal progress by obedience to the divine law given to regulate human relationships.

The plan of life includes eternity. It is God's plan and he is eternal. The law governing the plan is God's law and therefore is eternal. Still

more important is the fact that Priesthood, which is the power to act in God's name, must be present to carry out the plan.

Progress on earth or in eternity is vitally connected with the powers of the Priesthood. Fulness of the Priesthood is the basis of eternal progress. Priesthood, therefore, takes on great significance. It is

. . . authority to administer the ordinances, ceremonies, and establish duties of the Church; it is more than a system, it is creative power of God given to men to create, devise, and initiate movements, institutions and activities that serve the welfare of human souls and that will open the way to significant, challenging growth activities on the part of the possessors. Priesthood implies progress as well as preservation and conservation. Men holding the Priesthood who cannot see the dynamic creative significance of Priesthood cannot possibly magnify their Priesthood and calling (Lambert: *Foundations of Religious Life*, page 129).

The plan of life and salvation is one of progress, constantly moving up or toward the perfection of Jesus Christ.

Divine Law and Church Government

In the beginning of our lessons, we accepted the definition of divine as that which pertains to God. Divine law is the mind and will of God in reference to the welfare of his children on earth. These laws have to do with regulation and direction of the relationships of mankind. Divine law is a way of life as defined by the Creator which provides the greatest challenge for achievement to the minds of men. It was the divine law that was given to Adam as the direction for subduing the earth. And being the children of God, even though mankind

generally strayed away from the direct contact with the divine influence, it is the divine factor of the light of truth that gives light to every man, that has had a direct bearing on the intellectual and material progress that mankind has achieved.

Generally speaking, government is the exercise of administrative powers. The basis of government is found in the agreement and laws men accept to define the powers of government. Divine law or the wisdom of God is the warp and woof of Church government. And Church government is the Priesthood in action.

Through our review of the dispensations of time, we have noted the consistency with which divine law operates. We have seen that the Lord does not do anything except through his commissioned servants. Truly his is a house of order. In a similar manner, we have noted that there is purpose in the creation of man and the earth. The major point of the purpose is to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. The divine law comes from God who is eternal; it functions in this life as a directing force, helping men to achieve the fulness of their potentialities here and now and at the same time preparing them so that they can feel at home in the presence of God throughout eternity.

Divine law, then, is the foundation upon which the government of the Church (the Priesthood in action) is established.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the first essential to understanding the divine mission of Jesus Christ?

2. What is the difference in motivation between the laws of God and the laws of men?
3. What part does the divine influence play in the intellectual development of the people of the world?
4. Does membership in the Church of Christ guarantee the blessings of God? Justify your answer.
5. What is the advantage intellectually in being baptized a member of the Church and being in tune with the Holy Ghost?
6. What is the main purpose of our existence in this world?

References

The six previous lessons, and all of the references given for each lesson.

The Foolish Giants

Margery S. Stewart

Down on the beach
 Anemones are clinging
 To little pools of sea,
 To rocks where tides are bringing
 Coral and leis.
 Children come dancing,
 With mischievous toes
 They touch the sea flowers
 To watch them close
 In a delicate shower.
 We are too tall to bend;
 We cannot really see
 How anemones open
 So industriously.
 Too tall to be sand-sized
 And be lost under
 Anemone fountains
 Or a child's wonder.

SACRED MUSIC FOR WOMEN'S THREE PART CHORUSES

- () **ABIDE WITH ME; 'TIS
 EVENTIDE—Madsen**20
- () **AS ANGELS IN HEAVEN—
 Schreiner**30
- () **COME UNTO HIM
 "MESSIAH"—Handel**20
- () **COME YE BLESSED OF MY
 FATHER—Madsen**20
- () **GO YE FORTH WITH MY
 WORD—Madsen**25
- () **IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY
 COMMANDMENTS—Madsen** .. .25
- () **INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes..** .25
- () **LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT
 FOR JOY—Stephens**20
- () **LORD IS MY LIGHT—Allitsen** .20
- () **HOW LOVELY ARE THY
 DWELLINGS—Liddle**25
- () **MY HEART EVER FAITHFUL—
 Bach**25
- () **UNTO THEE I LIFT MINE
 EYES—Beethoven**22

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Jacksonville, Florida

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ROWLEY
Salt Lake City, Utah

Home

Catherine B. Bowles

This cozy little cottage
Is nestled beneath the trees;
The bright sun shines upon it
It is cooled by gentle breeze.

The flowers grow around it,
In this quiet shady bower
Honeysuckle sends its breath
To sweeten the twilight hour.

This precious little cottage,
Built with tenderness and care,
Will always be remembered
With memories all can share.

Peace surrounds this little house
Where faith and love are given;
The spirit of the gospel shines
Which makes it such a haven.

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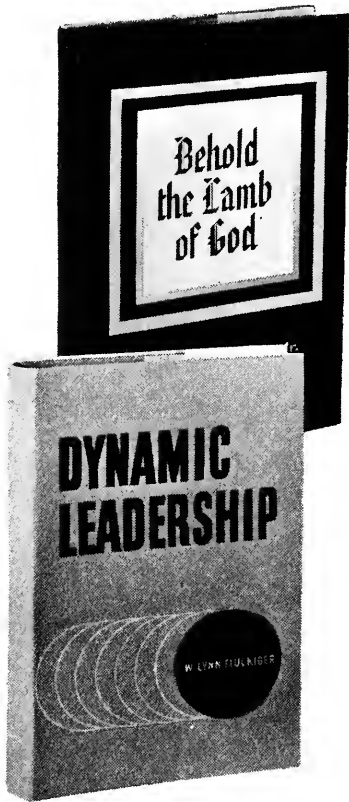
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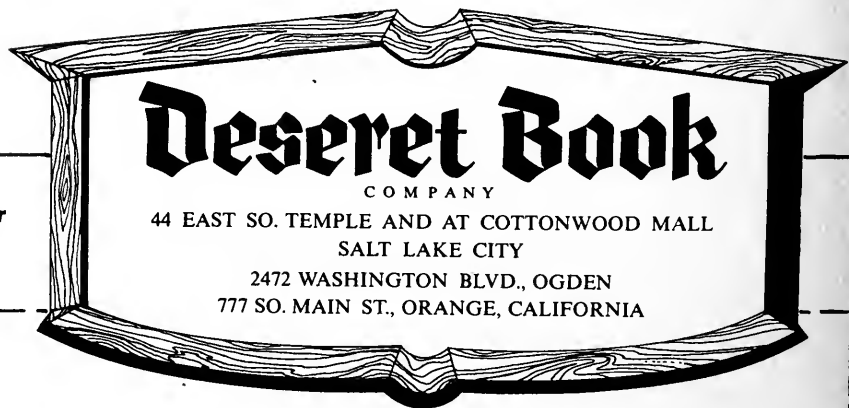
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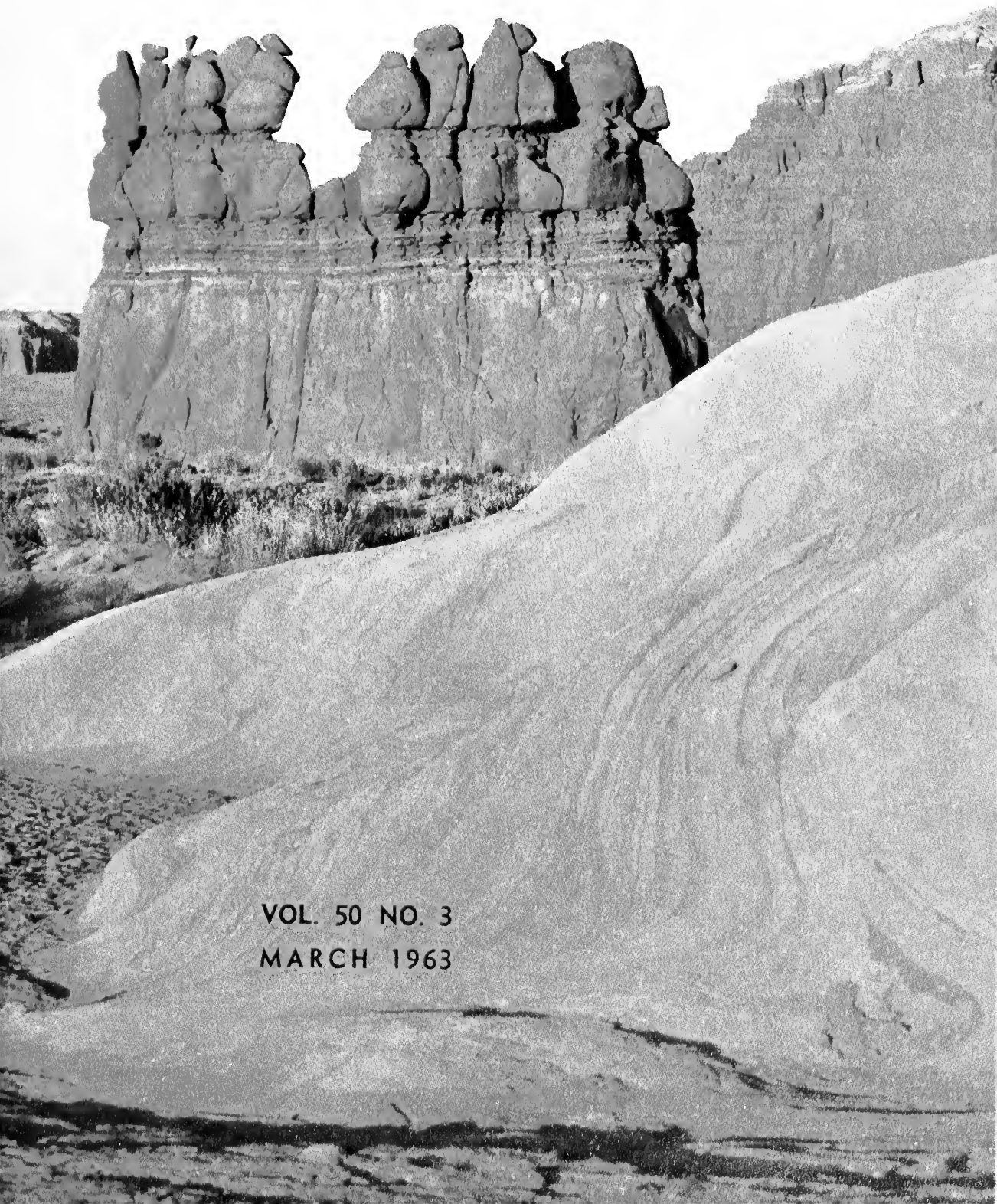
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MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

VOL. 50 NO. 3
MARCH 1963





The Cycle

Lael W. Hill

After the seed, the greening,
The soft root quested forth,
A small stem thrust, a leaf uncurled
Up from spring-warm earth.

After the green, the blossom
Opened to wind and sun
And ministering of velvet bees
Till summer's hour is gone.

After the bloom, the ripeness
Clustered on vine and stem,
A cool sweet given, turn and taste,
Down from the heavy limb.

After the fruit, the sowing
Of self in an hour grown late,
The kernel waiting long through dark—
Cycle again complete.

The Cover

The Goblin Choir, Goblin Valley, Utah
Transparency by Bill Ratcliffe

Frontispiece

Arch of Blossoms — Prune Orchard, Santa Clara Valley
California

Photograph by Don Knight

Art Layout

Dick Scopes

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

The illustrations in *The Relief Society Magazine* are so excellent. They add greatly to its beauty. My congratulations to the splendid artist (Dick Scopes). My last two stories were illustrated, and it is amazing how closely the artist captured the likeness I had in mind as I wrote.

—Helen H. Trutton

Walla Walla, Washington

The *Magazine* has been a delight to me for years. I have been a teacher of theology and literature, and have served as ward Relief Society secretary and president, and now I am teaching literature again, which I thoroughly enjoy. I especially admire the writings of Margery S. Stewart, which have appeared in the *Magazine*.

—Ruby T. Thomas

Salt Lake City, Utah

I am a convert to the Church, and I do so much enjoy Relief Society and the wonderful *Magazine*. One of my deepest regrets is that I did not know about this *Magazine* and did not have it in my home while I was rearing my seven sons and one daughter. I know that if this had been my privilege, I could have done a much better job.

—Mrs. Mary C. Walker

Parma, Idaho

Now that I am in the mission field and occasionally teaching the Relief Society lessons, I have gained a love for the sisterhood and for the *Magazine*. There is a wonderful group of sisters in the Ayr Branch. We all look forward to Tuesdays. The many poems, stories, and special articles in the *Magazine* really make it a choice piece of literature. I am so thankful that the Relief Society sisters of the Third Ward, Alpine Stake, in American Fork, Utah, saw fit to send me a subscription to the *Magazine*. I know many missionaries who wish the members of their wards would be so thoughtful.

—Jeanne Runolfson

Ayr, Ayrshire, Scotland

I am thankful for the privilege and honor of being a *Magazine* representative. I have now completed my fourth campaign. I love the size of the *Magazine*, as it fits so well into my purse. I really appreciate that — in more ways than one. The December *Magazine* has such a beautiful cover.

—Norma M. ZoBell

Raymond, Alberta
Canada

I always look forward to *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is most interesting. I think the covers are beautiful, and there is so much to read. Also, I like the pictures of the Singing Mothers.

—Miss Mabel Davis

London, England

I once considered *The Relief Society Magazine* my very own, but it is no longer true. If my husband sees it first, it disappears until he has read all of the articles of interest to him. If I am lucky, I may discover it and read an article before it disappears again — this time into my seventeen-year-old daughter's room (she has been reading the *Magazine* for two years). I have another daughter coming up who has been casting eyes on the *Magazine*.

—Elisabeth Nielson

Olympia, Washington

I find *The Relief Society Magazine* so uplifting. Yesterday I was feeling very discouraged and downhearted. It was a chilly fall day, and I felt the pressures of winter coming on, with all the accompanying problems. Then my September *Magazine* arrived with the morning mail. I read it from cover to cover and it gave me such a good feeling. I felt I could face the winter, or almost anything, for that matter. My spirit was renewed, and several of my problems had been resolved by something I had read in the *Magazine*.

—Irene B. Devoe

Cadillac, Michigan

The Relief Society Magazine

VOLUME 50

MARCH 1963

NUMBER 3

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE Marianne C. Sharp Editor
Vesta P. Crawford Associate Editor Belle S. Spafford General Manager

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The Law of

Charlotte A. Larson

[Address Delivered at the Relief Society Annual General Conference, October 3, 1962]

WE read in Psalms: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever."

By obedience to God's commandments the earth was created, it was without form and void. By his commandments the masses were assembled, light came, the seas and continents appeared, grass grew, animals and birds were created and, finally, the masterpiece of God's creation, man, a child of his Heavenly Father, was formed to have dominion over all the earth.

Because of obedience to God's law we have the sun, our source of energy, oxygen in our atmosphere; life itself was made possible. If these elements which omniscient God has placed in their proper relationship did not obey all the commandments in their spheres, there would not be order in the universe. Planets would not revolve in their normal orbit; chaos would result.

The first law that God ever gave to man was the law of obedience. It was a commandment pure and simple. From obedience and submission spring all other virtues.

Thus wrote Montaigne: "Obedience is the most basic principle of God. By obedience to God's laws,

we have the privilege of returning to our home with him."

God gave his Only Begotten Son that we might live again by obedience to the plan of salvation. God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ recognized that in order for this mortal period of man's existence to be of benefit to him, there would have to be a plan and rules by which man could live and gain eternal life, and thus be assured of his return to the presence of the Lord.

These rules are so rigid and specific in their nature that only by following them would man be able again to dwell in the presence of God.

In addition, God gave to each one of us the most valuable gift that we now have or ever will have, free agency. We must never forget the responsibility that goes with such a great gift. The choice is with us constantly. The Lord promises us many blessings but they are predicated on obedience to law and the covenant.

In the Doctrine and Covenants he states, "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." Not only must we obey the Lord's commandments, we must teach our families to obey them.

Does a true Latter-day Saint obey

Obedience

Member, General Board of Relief Society

only some of the commandments? Can we choose to pay tithing and fail to keep the Sabbath Day holy? Can we as parents and leaders teach our children to keep the Sabbath Day holy if we attend our meetings only once in awhile? Can we teach our children obedience to God's commandments if we obey only a portion of them? Can we obtain the promised blessings to the faithful if we take the liberty to justify or rationalize some of the things we do because someone else breaks the law a little, or keeps only part of the Lord's commandments? The Lord will not judge us by others but only by ourselves and what we do.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments," and if we do this for no other reason save he commanded it, we will be well along the road to immortality and eternal life. Then the windows of heaven will be opened and the blessings of heaven poured out so greatly that we will be unable to contain them.

Let us look at the history of mankind and see what has happened when man ceases to obey. Look at the Israelites, the chosen people of

God. After they were delivered from bondage, they forgot to keep his commandments and were forced to wander forty years in the wilderness to prepare themselves to enter into the promised land.

Nephi, by obedience, was taught many things to enable his people to reach their promised land: the procuring of the sacred plates, the building of the ship, the sustaining of life during the trek through the wilderness. Also in our own Book of Mormon we have recorded the appearance of Christ to the people of this great land. He commanded and the people obeyed and peace reigned for 200 years.

Sisters, we have a special obligation to be an example, not only an example of the believers but also of the doers. We have a special assignment in life. "Wherefore . . . take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day. . . ." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ETERNITY

Earth and heaven portray a pattern of ever-changing events, yet never-changing in purpose. God is the same yesterday, today, and always.

—V. Mildred Oyston

Third Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society

Short Story Contest

STRANGER AT NAZARETH

Sylvia Probst Young



A small breeze soft and gentle stirred among the leaves of the olive trees, and overhead a warm, blue sky lay like a great oval ceiling above the greening earth. It was spring in Nazareth — spring with its peace and flowering beauty touching everything — everything, but Martha's heart. Standing at the window, unaware of the fresh wonder of the day, she knew only the weight of sorrow, overwhelming, pulling her into the dark depths of despair.

"You must try not to grieve so," Lucius had told her with a husband's tender concern. "You must keep yourself well for Lydia's sake."

For Lydia — Martha smiled faintly thinking of her small granddaughter. Lydia was like one ray of bright sunshine in a dark world. For Lydia she must live and try to keep a

semblance of the youthful zest that had always been hers.

A door opened then, and Martha turned to see the little Lydia looking up at her. She was a beautiful child, with soft, creamy skin, and deep brown eyes that expressed a kind of wistful longing, sensing a loss that her five years were unable to comprehend.

"You didn't sleep," Martha said, her eyes tender on the child.

The little one shook her head. "I rested with my eyes open, and I played with my Jasmine doll."

Her face was suddenly worried. "Will my mother be coming home today?"

"Not today, Lydia." Her voice was dull, but quietly controlled.

It was the same answer she had given day after day since Lydia had been given to her keeping, but how

could she explain to so young a child? Perhaps when Lydia was older she would understand, but not now.

Leprosy — the very word chilled her to the bone. Fearful and scourging — it meant only heart-break and misery; coming with an evil venom, destroying not only the aged and sickly, but the young and beautiful as well — Anna — her own lovely Anna — now stricken by its ravishes.

Martha found it hard to go on living, knowing that Anna was an outcast — that Anna could not return. All the money that Lucius and she had in the treasury could not rid Anna of the dreadful disease for which no doctor had found a cure.

Twice she had been to the place of desolation leaving food and clothing and hurrying away, not looking back; it was a living death. Could she have laid Anna in a cool, clean sepulcher, peace would have come at last, but this way there could be no peace — not ever.

Determinedly, she tore her thoughts away from her grief; a little girl stood beside her. Lydia's father was in Jerusalem with the Roman army. Lucius and she must be father and mother to the child.

"Let's go to the mount, Grandmother," the little one implored.

MARTHA nodded. The mount, a low hill behind their home, was a pleasant place for an idle hour. From the mount you could look over the white stone houses of Nazareth basking in the spring sunlight to Mount Tabor and beyond to the

Valley of Jezreel. It was a quiet place of retreat which Martha had often sought.

"All right, little one," she consented, "we shall go to the mount."

Together they went to the kitchen to make a lunch, because for Lydia a lunch was the most important part of going to the mount. From a shelf Martha took a small, round basket in which she put a loaf of barley bread, a square of honey comb, and some little fig cakes, covering it with a clean, white napkin. Over the napkin she laid a brown paper on which she placed a bright-colored scarf that she was making and Lydia's Jasmine doll. From a low cot in the dining room she took a soft, blue robe to sit on.

Hand in hand Lydia and she crossed the olive grove and walked along the quiet path to the mount. Pausing a moment, Martha looked back across the wide vineyard, beyond the spacious stone house. Lucius and she were among the most prosperous of Nazareth, but gladly they would have given it all — the flocks and vineyard — the costly home furnishings, to have Anna back.

The mount was green and inviting, with the feel of spring everywhere. By the side of a palm tree Martha laid the woolen robe and they sat down in the warm sunlight. From the basket she took the wooden doll and the fig cakes for Lydia, and her nimble fingers were soon occupied with her handwork. For long moments, there was no sound, and then they heard a footfall.

Martha raised her eyes to see a

man coming along the path toward them. A tall, well-built, young man, walking slowly as if in meditation, but when he raised his dark eyes Martha gazed in wonder at the face she looked upon. A gentle face it was, a face of wisdom and compassion, not to be forgotten.

The stranger spoke softly. "It's a beautiful day to be here," he said.

Martha was warmed by his friendliness, and awed by his presence, not knowing why.

"We love this little mount," she answered, "and it's so close to home."

HE nodded, "I shall miss Nazareth when I go." There was a note of loneliness in his voice.

It was a leading statement and Martha wanted to ask him why he was leaving, but she didn't. Instead, she invited him to sit there with them for a little while. Something about him seemed strangely familiar.

I've seen him before, she thought, but where and when?

Amiably he sat down on the robe beside them, and Martha felt a kind of calming peace in his presence, while Lydia, who made friends with everyone, quickly began talking to the pleasant stranger.

"Look," she said, holding up her wooden doll, "this is Jasmine, but she needs a new dress."

He took the offered toy in gentle hands, touching it lightly.

"How would you like me to make you another like her?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" Lydia clapped her hands as he drew from a pocket in his tunic a piece of wood about the length of the doll, and a little knife in a leather case.

With deft fingers he guided the knife through the wood, changing it to a figure with a head and arms and legs. The woman and child watched quietly while it seemed that his hands moved almost automatically, his eyes, touched with sadness, seemed to be seeing something far beyond.

In a surprisingly short time the doll was finished, beautifully carved, equally as fine featured as the one it had been made to match.

Lydia was overjoyed. "Now it needs some clothes," she said, holding it up in her hand.

"We shall make them both a tunic tomorrow," Martha promised.

Lydia was hungry then, so Martha took the food from the basket, and spread it out before them on the white napkin.

Her guest was pleased, and shared the picnic lunch with pleasure.

"I can think of nothing better than the fresh honey comb with a barley loaf," he told her. "The honey — is it from your own bees?"

"Yes," Martha answered, and then she told him of Lucius, and their flocks and vineyard.

"And Lydia," he asked, "does she live with you?"

Martha nodded, while her eyes looked searchingly far away.

"Her father," she said, "is in the army in Jerusalem, and her mother" — her voice was broken — "is a leper." The word choked her, and she bowed her head to hide the sudden rush of tears.

The young man did not speak, but he laid his gentle hand upon her shoulder, and in that moment a sudden comforting warmth filled Martha's whole being. It was un-

believable! She raised her awe-filled eyes to look at him. Who was he with such miraculous power?

"Who are you?" she wanted to ask, but her lips refused to speak the question in her heart.

YET, in spite of her wonder, Martha felt that she had known this man as one knows an old friend, and they talked as friends might do, of many things, while Martha marveled at his great wisdom and knowledge. Although years older, she was like the child, and he the teacher, as they talked of prophets and kingdoms and the world and its wonders.

Long shadows were falling, and Lydia, tired from play, had fallen asleep, when they rose to go. Martha would have wakened her, but her gentle friend lifted the child in his strong, young arms.

"She is light as a feather," he said, "one of God's precious children."

Quietly they walked down from the mount, while the sun, a great burning ball of orange, hung low in the western sky.

At her home Martha unlatched the door, and the man carried Lydia to the low cot in the dining room.

He smiled lovingly at her. "It has been a very pleasant afternoon," he said.

"Indeed it has," Martha agreed quickly. "Perhaps we shall see you again another day?"

"Another day," he answered, and turned to go, but at the doorway he hesitated, and again Martha felt the tender compassion in his eyes.

"Friend," he said, "let not your heart be troubled, for she that is afflicted shall return again to you,

whole and well." Then, turning quietly, he went away.

Behind the closed door Martha stood as one shaken, uncomprehending. What manner of man was this who could even promise that a leper would be healed? Who was he? Then Martha's eyes came suddenly to rest on the round oak table and in that moment she knew — the carpenter's Son! He and his father had made her beautifully carved table. No wonder he could carve a doll for Lydia, no wonder she had thought she had seen him before. But why was he endowed with power to comfort and to speak prophetic blessings? Was he some kind of prophet, great and wise?

Martha was perplexed, and when Lucius came from the fields for his supper she told him of her experiences with the young stranger.

Lucius listened in his gentle, understanding way.

"Perhaps this man is a great prophet," he told her, "and perhaps you will see him again, Martha, and then you may find out."

"I must see him again," she answered softly, "for he has given me peace."

Long after the curtains of night were drawn, and Lucius slumbered, Martha lay with open eyes, a plan going through her mind. Tomorrow Tarza would come to clean, then she would leave Lydia to the servant girl's care and she would go to the carpenter shop to learn more of this amazing man.

Before the sun rose next morning, Martha was up and about her tasks, her trip to the carpenter's shop paramount in her mind. She wanted to go early, but Tarza was late in

coming, and the sun was already high in the heavens before she could leave.

Now she walked hurriedly along the narrow streets as if impelled by some inner urge, her thoughts on her mission and what she might give as reason for her visit.

THE carpenter's shop stood next to a quiet street across the town from Martha's home, and as she drew near she could see a woman sitting on a bench beside a fig tree, her head bowed in her hands. It was evident that she was troubled about something.

Martha hesitated, feeling like an intruder, but the woman, sensing another's presence, raised her head and Martha saw a face of gentle beauty beneath the dark, sorrowing eyes.

"Good morning," she spoke softly. "May I be of service to you?"

"Yes, perhaps you can help me. The young man who works in the carpenter shop, I have come seeking him."

"You mean Jesus?"

"I did not learn his name, but yesterday my granddaughter and I met him on a mount near our home. I have never met anyone like him before. With the touch of his hand he brought peace to my heart, and promised that my stricken daughter would be made whole again."

The other woman smiled knowingly. "Yes," she said, "he could promise that."

"I came," Martha explained, "because I had to see him again, to know who he is."

"He is not here." The answer was spoken with a sorrowing finality.

"This morning he went away to begin his great mission; I do not know when he will return."

"You are his mother?"

"Yes, I am his mother. Mary is my name."

MARY — there was something different about her, too — something that seemed finer than anything earthly. And, looking at her, Martha saw the same tender compassion in her face that she had seen in the face of her son.

"You have come a long way," she told Martha, "rest here and I will bring you a drink."

Quickly she crossed to the sun-dried brick house and returned presently with a plate of small cakes and a pitcher of cool water.

When she had eaten and drunk, Martha asked again about the other woman's son.

"Tell me, you spoke of his great mission. Is he a prophet of God, for surely no ordinary man has such power as he."

Mary looked at her long and earnestly. "Yes," she said, "I can read it in your face, you are a believing one. He is more than a prophet; he is the One of whom the prophet foretold, the promised King of Israel."

For long moments neither woman spoke, it was as if they were in a holy place.

"Tell me all about him," Martha said at length.

Then Mary told her of his wondrous birth in Bethlehem, of the flight into Egypt, and of his childhood days in Nazareth.

She recalled the time when he

had gone with them to the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem, and how they had found him, a boy of twelve, teaching the great and wise there in the temple.

Her eyes lighted tenderly when she spoke of his great love for all of God's little creatures — a lamb, a bird, a bee, and for all of the lovely things that adorned the earth, a tree, a lily, a blade of grass.

Like a star, her face glowed when she spoke of his tender concern for

his home and family, the friends he had found.

The words sank deep into Martha's heart. Always she would remember this morning, and the wonderful afternoon before — a highlight of her life, never to be forgotten.

"Thank you for telling me this," she said as she rose to go, "I shall see him again, some day."

"Yes, someday," the mother answered, "some wonderful day."

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, placed first in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1956, and received the first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1951 and 1961, second prize in 1952, and third prize in 1959. A busy schoolteacher, homemaker, and Church worker, Mrs. Young is also a creative artist in the literary field.

"It is always a thrill to me," she writes, "to find a poem or a story of mine published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I write because I love to, but usually in the summer when school is out. (I am a fourth-grade teacher.) I have written mostly for Church magazines. My poems have appeared in *Utah Sings* and in other anthologies. When I was in the California Mission, I was editor of the mission magazine. As a member of the Church, and a homemaker, my blessings are bountiful. My husband Reid W. Young is a member of the Midvale Stake High Council, and our four sons are active Priesthood workers. The eldest, Robert, is now serving as a missionary in the British Northeast Mission."

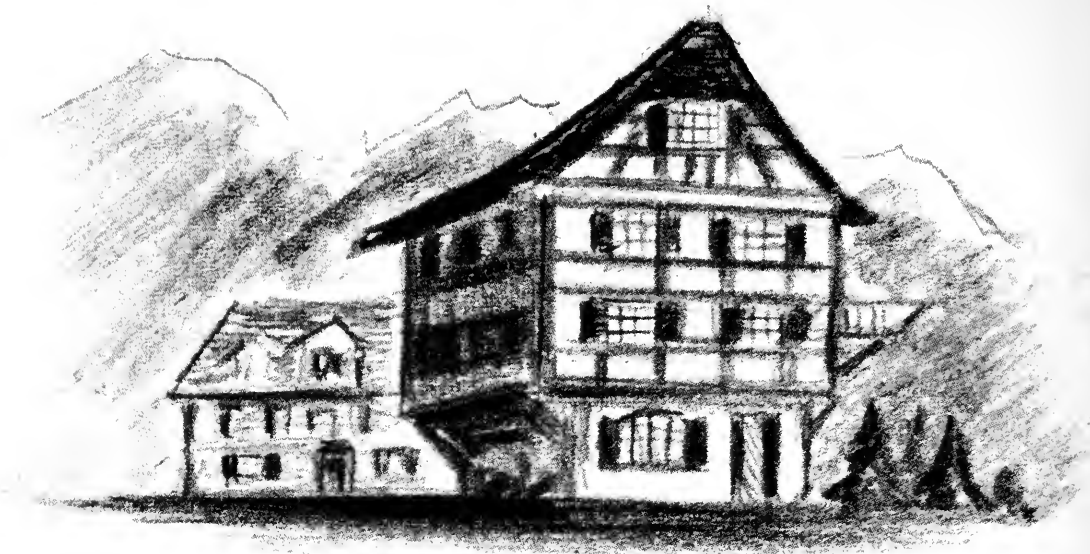


After the Forest

Dorothy J. Roberts

The peculiar beauty of the desert lies
Not in lush abundance, but in the vast
Repose which rests the spirit and the eyes —
After bristling landscape, calm at last.

Beauty lies in a ring of poppies,
Like a brooch on the bosom of the sand —
Or in one lily and a single stone
Jeweled with a lichen band.



a Kiss on Both Cheeks

Helen Hinckley Jones

THE bus doesn't travel directly from Basle, Switzerland, to Faverois, France. It takes a snake's winding course from village to village. We sat silently — my husband Ivan, my daughter Sammie, and I, as we passed fields as green as spring salad, broken by cleared patches as brown and baked as giant slices of country bread. We were thinking of the DuCloux family, Ivan's relatives who, like their fathers before them, lived in Faverois.

From Germany Ivan had written to Monsieur DuCloux that we were expecting to be near Faverois. In Switzerland, he had received a letter from the daughter, Françoise. Monsieur DuCloux was away on business but his wife, his son, and daughter would be happy to greet us. Would we call when we reached

Basle? So Ivan had called. "Come early," Madam DuCloux had urged, "in time to eat with us." We had forgotten that in the village dinner is the midday meal.

So now we were on our way to Faverois, half excited, half hesitant. What would we have to talk about with cousins we had never seen? Would they like us or would we be brash intruders?

Each mile of the journey reminded us that eastern France and America are different, very different. At nearly every crossroad the bus stopped at a village — a cluster of gray two-storied houses, each house half barn so that people and animals live under one roof. Although it was not yet eight, women were gathered around the central fountain which in days gone by fur-

nished the whole village with water. The women were always chatting and laughing as if life were always a gay thing. Perhaps, since the bus came just twice a day, it was an event in quiet lives, and the housewives had timed their daily shopping to be at the bus stop to see who got off and who got on. Some had already purchased long loaves of unwrapped bread. Others clutched string bags stuffed with the brown paper cornucopias that are the grocery bags of European shopkeepers.

At every stop people got on or off the bus. There were women in dark dresses to their black-stockinged ankles, with aprons almost as dark, almost as long, tied around their heavy waists. The faces of the women, somehow sad in repose, came alive with hearty good humor as they fell into noisy conversation with chance friends. There were young girls with clicking high heels, tight skirts above nylon covered knees, and ratted bouffant hair above unlined pretty faces. Young men, riding from one village to work in another, rubbed chafed hands together and joked with each other boisterously — perhaps to attract the attention of the girls. Old men, rheumy eyed, clambered on with the aid of the bus driver and settled with grunts and sighs onto the nearest seats. Sometimes older children, carrying bags of schoolbooks, climbed on, jostling each other and staring at us with open curiosity.

And we wondered about the DuCloux family.

Along the road younger children laughed and played on their way to the village school. The boys wore smocks almost to the bottom of

their brief pants, the girls, pinafores over their dresses. And even the tiniest carried a bag of books slung to their backs or carried in the hand.

Everywhere the farmers and their wives were already at work in the fields, the women looking like part of the landscape in their long skirts, their heads turbaned with white kerchiefs. Once we passed a young couple going to the field on a bicycle, a baby tied to the mother's back. In France, it seemed, women were really their husbands' helpmates. What would the DuCloux women think of us soft Americans?

Once we passed a weathered cart with a drooping horse. The man and woman walking beside it looked like figures from Millet. "Take a picture, Daddy," Sammie urged. Then, "But they might not like it."

"No one likes to be thought picturesque," her father said; and then we talked about human dignity as the bus traveled east and west yet always north toward Faverois.

"FAVEROIS," the bus driver told us, looking at us with unconcealed curiosity. And Faverois looked like all the other villages; gray houses that were half barn, a small church, a wayside shrine. But to us it was different because we stepped from the bus to the outstretched hand of Madame DuCloux. Her dark eyes were bright with welcome, her handclasp was warm and firm, and her greeting was a burst of French. The DuCloux family speaks no English; because of their business, German is their second language. At once Ivan was chattering easily. A mission in

France thirty years ago had given him the use of the language. Sammie and I remembered the correct phrases of greeting. A beautiful young girl, looking like a college coed in a yellow sweater and smooth skirt of blue wool, seemed to appear from nowhere. This was Francoise, who had written the letter that brought us to Faverois.

We had expected to see the inside of one of the tall gray houses we had seen in all of the villages, but the DuCloux family had recently built a modern yellow stucco villa with a wide balcony overlooking a garden blazing with fall flowers. "I can't live without flowers," Madame DuCloux said. Her zinnias made me suddenly incredibly homesick and I nodded in agreement. There was a back garden, too, alive with beauty, and an orchard that stretched away to low green hills.

After a time, we sat in the living room admiring with our eyes the beautiful antique provincial furniture, and commenting on the shining new television and the record player.

Conversation was as natural as if we had known each other always. There were two young DuCloux children, both of them away at school. We looked at the school pictures of the seventeen-year-old daughter, and I just happened to have pictures of my twenty-year-old daughter who was at home in America. Madame DuCloux brought out family photographs that cousins in America had sent and Ivan pointed out his father. Francoise unrolled a scroll with the family tree on it. Only the DuCloux who had remained in Faverois had their names

upon the beautifully executed leaves and vines. A young American cousin, Mark, had spent the summer with them, and they spoke of him with affection and with laughter. He had learned French so fast. He had had an incredible amount of energy that had kept him racing from morning until bedtime. Then they asked about the "père de Mark" and the "grandpère de Mark."

FRANCOISE, who has completed her education and is a partner with her father in a large fish business — from hatchery to market — wanted to know more about career women in America. How do women with families manage their businesses? How many mothers work in America? Why do the American women who work outside their homes choose to do so? Madame DuCloux, whose life is her husband, her family, her home, wondered about American housewives. Do they love to cook and make cooking a fine art? Do they enjoy gardening? Do they excel in homemaking?

When we women moved from the parlor to the kitchen, Sammie and I could no longer depend upon Ivan to do most of the talking. "Le Français d'école" is not exactly the French we needed to gossip over dinner preparation, but Sammie did well, Francoise helped out, and Madame DuCloux smiled understandingly.

After a time Bernard, the brother of Francoise, came into the kitchen. He was a handsome young man with a blunt, forthright manner and turbulent eyes. He was awaiting his call to the military but he didn't

want to speak of that. Instead, he took Sammie in to the record player and brought out his stack of "forty-fives," American and European, and the two listened to Harry Belafonte like cousins who had been reared on the same street.

And then there was dinner, served beautifully in eight courses in the French manner. Madame DuCloux, as women the world over, expressed her feelings in the preparation of food.

When the aperitif was served, lemonade was provided for us. Mark had explained the *Word of Wisdom*. Next bread — wonderful bread both dark and white — to be eaten with sweet butter and thin slices of slightly smoked beef. The fish of the third course were platter-sized trout, one for each. (The only break in the friendly feeling in the kitchen had been when Sammie had requested that the heads be cut off before the fish were cooked. She said she couldn't stand to see fried fish looking at her accusingly. Madame had said in polite but blunt French, "You hadn't better stay around here, then," and she gestured with her head toward the barn just across the driveway where the fish were prepared for market.)

We felt we had dined well when the fish course was finished, but the meat course was a long filet of beef, which had been dotted with butter and roasted to just the right doneness, fork tender, and mushrooms, steamed, simmered slowly in butter, and finished with sweet cream. The mushrooms were heaped upon the plates as if they were carrots — or potatoes. Next there was a fresh green salad with a dressing

made of oil and vinegar and aromatic spices that was not even remotely related to "French" dressing in a bottle. After the salad came the cheese, several varieties, served with more flavorful bread.

The dessert was open-faced wild blackberry pie. Such a pie I had never seen nor tasted. An unbaked crust was placed in a large shallow pie pan and filled with the berries. Over the berries was poured a mixture of beaten egg, cream, and sugar, and the whole baked to a bubbling succulence.

AFTER dinner we visited the orchard, and Françoise picked a basket of apples for us. Now the talk changed to the plans of Françoise to visit America. The Utah cousins had invited her, and we urged her to extend her trip to California. We suggested that she stay a year and study the language and American business methods. She said that a year was too long.

When I asked, "Would you rather live in a city or a village?" she answered with simplicity and dignity, "All my life I have lived in a village."

In the late afternoon Françoise borrowed a car from an aunt to drive us back to Basle. Even with the promise of a ride through the quiet countryside, we were reluctant to leave. Bernard came in from work, and afraid of becoming emotional, said a brusque goodbye. But Madame DuCloux embraced us and kissed each of us on both cheeks, the tears standing in her eyes. She would never come to America, and we would never again be in Faverois.

We stood on the driveway holding tightly to each other's hands. She was holding to the little breath of romance from another and different world. I was holding to the warmth and love that had welled up naturally from her sensitive sweet spirit.

How is Ivan related to this family? He and Monsieur DuCloux are five generations removed from a common ancestor. And what magic had brought us together that day in Faverois? Ivan's cousin, Margaret

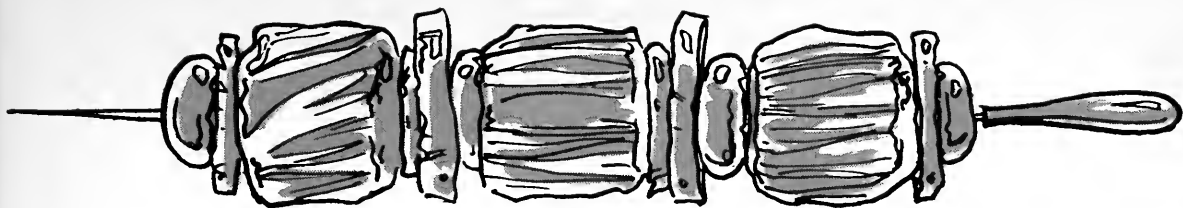
Jones Stephens, tracing the genealogy of her paternal grandmother, had found the DuCloux family first in New Orleans and then in Faverois. The "père de Mark," in France with the American military, had made a visit, then young Mark had spent the summer.

How many cousins all over the world might we find in a similar way? And, oh, when again will someone, in the same spirit, kiss us on both cheeks?

Too Beautiful

Linnie F. Robinson

Oh, canyoned hills of early spring,
 With peaks of snow to shine and sing,
 Upon your shoulders, carelessly,
 You wear the oak and maple tree;
 With cliffs of stone and jutting rock,
 Tall forest trees and pale blue stock;
 Small squirrels, each with soft white breast,
 Or smooth blue eggs cupped in a nest;
 Then blades of grass so newly long —
 You are a miracle of song.
 Here cradled on your sloping side
 I see your splendor, reaching wide;
 Heaven is with me, for I can see
 Each part of it in things that be.
 Oh, I shall know the whole world round
 When I can know this spot I found.



Kabobs for Stevie

Mabel Harmer

“MOTHER, will you measure this skirt so that I can wear it tomorrow?” Pam held up a flowered skirt, which to Elaine’s harrassed eyes seemed to be at least twenty yards around.

“I’ll try,” she agreed. “If any two of you four could manage to get in for lunch at the same time it would leave me a few minutes for other tasks. Vacation is definitely not for mothers.”

She glanced out of the window as she heard the car stop in the driveway. Ordinarily Bert didn’t come home to lunch, but, of course, he would today when she was especially busy. Her mild irritation gave way to pleasure when she noticed that he was carrying a florist’s box.

“It’s sweet of you to bring me flowers, dear,” she greeted him. “But won’t it look a bit presumptuous for me to wear a corsage before I’m elected?”

“Elected?” he repeated, puzzled. “Elected to what?”

“President of the Women’s Civic League, of course. The meeting is tonight. Isn’t that what. . . ?”

Bert shrugged slightly. “No, it isn’t. Tonight is the company dinner when I get my fifteen-year pin. I thought maybe you’d remember. But it isn’t important.”

“Of course it’s important,” said Elaine quickly. “I’ll skip the meeting. The committee will understand.”

“You’ll do no such thing,” protested Bert. “It isn’t as if I was getting a fifty-year pin, or even a twenty-five. It isn’t such a feat to have been with Fields for fifteen years.”

“I’ll go to the dinner, and there’ll be no more argument about it,” said Elaine decisively. It was on the tip of her tongue to add that this was the first real recognition he had ever received, but she caught herself in time.

The minute he had gone back to work she called Annette Shivers, chairman of the nominating committee. “I’m terribly sorry,” she said, “but we’ve had a mix-up on dates. Bert is getting an award at the company dinner, and of course I have to be there.”

“Oh, dear! that’s too bad,” lamented Annette. “That pushing Nora Macklin will have the edge, if you’re not there. She’s been president of everything in town now except the dog-catchers association. Isn’t there any way you can make it?”

“None whatever. I can’t let Bert down. And it isn’t as if this job were a matter of life and death, you

know. I'm errand girl for three or four others. I'll manage to keep busy."

"I know. But you'd be so good for this one. We were counting on you. Maybe we can put it over anyway."

Elaine sat thinking for a moment after putting down the phone. It was true that she didn't particularly want the presidency. Why is it, she wondered, that I manage to get into so many jobs, the symphony board, the Red Cross Blood Bank, and the United Fund, besides my Church calling as social science class leader in Relief Society? Five minutes with any fast talker and I'm done for. "You'd be so good at it," was the usual line. "And we need you." That last was usually the clincher.

SHE went up to the closet and took out her old blue lace formal. Was there anything she could do to make it look different? Not at this late date. Maybe next time she could dye it black or get a different color slip. After all, it was only three years old. Anyway, there was no need thinking of a new one. Not with Joyce determined to take dancing lessons and Kerry's teeth to be straightened.

It's too bad there isn't a salary attached to being on boards and drives, she couldn't help thinking. If I were half as smart as some folks say I am, I'd get a paying job of some kind. It shouldn't be so hard now that Stevie is in school full time.

She opened the drawer where she kept her artificial flowers, then remembered the corsage. It was the first one that Bert had given her for

ages. The affair must mean a lot to him. She must make the most of it.

She glanced at the clock. Almost two. Ann Griffen would be here at any minute to call for her to do their visiting teaching, and after that she had promised to turn in her report on the United Fund. She couldn't possibly do Pam's skirt. She'd give Jen a ring.

"Of course I'll do it," said her sister-in-law agreeably. "Pam must have everything she can to keep up with the other girls."

Elaine resented the mild inference that Pam was being neglected, but this was no time to make an issue of it. It was probably true that the girls didn't have everything they wanted, but they had never gone without anything really important. It was going to take more money right along now, however. Joyce wasn't going to be satisfied with Pam's hand-me-downs after she started junior high next year. If only Bert were a bit more aggressive! He was so wonderful in every other way.

As she and Ann left the house, Elaine suggested, "Now, we mustn't let Sister Rogers keep us very long this afternoon. Remember we have six other visits to make."

"I know," Ann agreed. "But she doesn't get out much, and she does enjoy talking with us so much—with you, anyway. She says that you are so clever and do so many interesting things."

Elaine smiled. "Right now I have to interest myself in making these visits and turning in my United Fund report so that I can get home before the boys do. They're

down at the playground swimming, and they'll be completely hollow by the time they reach the refrigerator."

Yet she barely made it back in time to greet them.

"We don't want much to eat," was Stevie's surprising statement. "We're going over to Timmie's. It's his birthday and his mother is making kabobs."

"Do you eat them or wear them?" asked Elaine with an amused smile.

"Eat them, of course," he replied scornfully. "I'll show you how to make them some day."

It was easily seen that her stature as a mother would improve greatly once she had learned to make kabobs.

"Then I can go easy on dinner, I suppose. That will be nice, since I am going out with Dad."

THE girls promptly made plans to eat with Aunt Jen. "As long as I'm going over anyway to have her help with my skirt," said Pam, "and she's always tickled to have us."

Elaine felt something of a pang that they all left so cheerfully. Was it as if she had somehow failed them? And yet, why should she? It wasn't as if she were walking out on them for her own pleasure. After all, she was going out with their father to something that was important to him. And what if Timmie's mother did make swell kabobs? Had she ever been responsible for one single donation to the Red Cross Blood Bank? Those were the values that counted in the long run. At least, Elaine hoped that they were.

Bert's eyes lighted up when they were ready to go. "You look gorgeous," he said. "Those pink roses were the right color, weren't they?"

"Perfect," she agreed.

Her dress could be three years old or ten, Bert wouldn't know or care. She would still look gorgeous to him.

There were about 300 people at the dinner, including the mayor and a number of other dignitaries. While they were waiting on the mezzanine floor, Radcliffe Hardin, the chairman of the United Fund drive came over. "I see that you got your report in. Congratulations on a magnificent job. I don't know what we would have done without you."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Hardin chimed in. "A dozen times I've heard Rad say, 'Mrs. Rogers will take care of that.' I think it's the limit the way the men turn over all the work to us and take all the glory. Don't you?"

Elaine smiled. "The absolute limit."

It was nice to have appreciation, but to be singled out for it was the last thing she wanted at the moment. This was Bert's night, and she wanted only to be in the background. It was becoming less likely every minute.

Hardin called to Roy Lambert, the mayor. "You know Mrs. Rogers, of course. She has been my right hand in the United Fund drive. And Mr. Rogers," he added as an obvious afterthought. "I just thought you'd like to know where you can turn when you need funds for a new fire engine or to get elected, or something."

"Thanks, I'll remember," answered the mayor with a chuckle.

With relief, Elaine saw the crowd moving across the mezzanine towards the dining room. She gave Bert a sidelong glance to see if he had minded. There was nothing in his expression to indicate that he had. On the other hand, he hadn't started shouting any hoorahs.

The tables were each set for eight, and they found a place with the Armstrongs who worked in the same department with Bert. Rowena Armstrong had been one of her lieutenants in the drive, and it was only natural that she would bring it up again.

"Aren't you exhausted, darling?" she cried. "I am, and I suppose my work wasn't a tenth as heavy as yours. But it does give one a wonderful feeling of satisfaction to know that it was so successful, doesn't it? Everyone thinks you did a terrific job."

"Thanks. I'm glad it ended before tonight. I want to enjoy this dinner." She tried to say it with an air of also ending the discussion and helped by asking Dan about his fishing, a subject on which he could talk for hours.

The dinner was superb, and Elaine was enjoying herself thoroughly. Later, when the awards were made, she couldn't help feeling a bit deflated. Bert stood with eight others to receive the fifteen-year pins. There was a round of applause for the group. Then the other awards were made.

"Only another dozen years and I can get one of those diamonds that go in the twenty-five-year pin," remarked Dan cheerfully. "Only I

hope that I have to travel here to get it. If I can't swing a branch managership by that time, I'll get out and sell brushes."

"I hear there's going to be an opening in Morriston," said Rowena. "I believe that Dan could get it, if he'd just go after it."

"You don't ask for manager's desks, Pet," he observed. "You work your nails to the quick and hope that you'll be selected."

ON the way home Elaine asked, "Do you think that Dan has a chance to get the managership at Morriston?"

"A pretty good chance. He's capable, but he shoots off his mouth too much. He's a go-getter, though, and Fields knows it."

Elaine sighed inwardly. Dan had been at Fields two years less than Bert. By rights it should be he who was in line for promotion. But did anyone ever speak of him as a "go-getter"? Was it only wives who realized what depths there were to still waters?

When Annette called the next morning to tell Elaine that she had lost out on the presidency, she was only mildly disappointed. "Never mind," she said lightly. "I'll scout around and see if I can't find something else to do with just as much work."

She had to wait only a few hours. She was planning a picnic for the family when a call came from Radcliffe Hardin's office. "Could you possibly drop down for half an hour on some very important business?" he asked.

Elaine replied that she would. She had hoped that the Fund work

was all over. Anyway she'd get most of the lunch ready before she left. Then the picnic could go on as planned even if she were delayed. Too many things had interfered with family outings of late. This one simply must go on.

At Mr. Hardin's office she cooled her heels in the reception room with very poor grace for more than twenty minutes. When she was finally shown in she was surprised to see two other men also there.

"I'm awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," Hardin apologized. "There were a few details we had to straighten out. And, by the way, this has nothing to do with the Fund. This time it's politics."

"Politics!" repeated Elaine, wide-eyed.

"That's it. Parley Maitland here is our state chairman. I thought you had met. And Chet Warner is national committeeman."

Elaine acknowledged the introductions.

"Well, to get down to brass tacks, we've been looking the field over here for a strong contender for the State senate from our district. We want someone with proved ability who can pull the vote of the women. After searching the field, we feel that we have hit on exactly the ideal candidate. Mrs. Rogers, we would like you to run."

"Me!" cried Elaine aghast. "Why, I don't know the first thing about politics."

"In some ways that's an advantage. You don't have any political enemies. You've been interested in schools. A lot of help is needed there."

"I'd have to think it over," she

said weakly. "And consult my husband, of course."

"Of course," he agreed. "We don't want to rush you, but time is getting short. Since you aren't particularly well known in the political arena it will take some time to build you up — make you known."

"Yes, I understand." She said goodbye and left.

In spite of her rush to get home to finish preparations for the picnic, she walked back. The whole idea was almost overwhelming. It wasn't only the honor. It was a chance to be of real service. Most of all, here was a chance at last to make some money. She knew that the pay wasn't high, but it was something. And there were so many mounting needs for extra income. She would have to arrange for some help in the house. Now, if only Bert would consent.

THERE was little question of that.

She couldn't remember when he had ever opposed her on any matter that was very big. And he was just as proud of her accomplishments as if he were personally responsible for every one.

When she reached the house she went about making final preparations with feverish energy. She had the box almost packed when Stevie came in. "What are we going to have, Mummie?" he asked.

"I thought we'd fry 'burgers. Would you like that?"

"Yeah, I reckon," he admitted. "But kabobs are better."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we'll have to make out with what I have here for today."

The picnic turned out to be a

great success with everyone, including Stevie, consuming generous amounts of 'burgers and trimmings.

ELAINE waited that night until the children were in bed to break the news. "The most outlandish thing happened today," she said. "Radcliffe Hardin called me down to his office. A couple of others were there. You'll never guess what they wanted!"

"Hm, that's an easy one. They wanted you to take a job."

"Well, it was hardly that. They want me to run for an office this fall. For the State senate, of all things. Did you ever hear of anything so wild?"

"Oh, I don't know. Did you accept?"

"Without consulting you! Of course not." There was a long pause. Then she asked, "Well, what do you think about it?"

"It's entirely up to you," he replied, almost too casually. "I daresay you'd have lots of fun. I notice the legislature gets invited out to meals pretty regularly. If they ask me, too, we'll save on the board bill. I guess we can't expect them to include the kids."

"Bert — please be serious. The nominating convention is only a few weeks away. I have to give them my answer tomorrow."

"Then go ahead with my blessing — if it's what you want."

"I wish I knew if it was what you want," she said wistfully.

He kissed her lightly. "I want you to be utterly and completely happy. If this will help — then take it on."

"Thanks. I believe I will," she

said, excitement creeping into her voice. As she dropped off to sleep she thought, I wonder how many women there are in the legislature. That must be terribly thrilling.

She gave an affirmative answer to Hardin the next day, and shortly afterward was announced as a candidate. At once exciting things began to happen. There were messages of congratulation. There were invitations to speak. Free tickets began to arrive. Two different people called to "get a word in early about a hoped for bill."

The convention was only about a week away, and they were at the annual company outing when Dan Armstrong remarked casually, "I'm sorry that Bert turned down the job at Lincoln. I think it would have turned out to be a good thing in the long run. Of course there'd have been a dry spell while he was building the business up, but he'd have made good."

ELAINE murmured something noncommittal and tried to look as if she knew what he was talking about. She could hardly wait to get home to ask, "What's this about an offer at Lincoln?"

"Oh, it's a new company starting up. They offered me the manager-ship of the store."

"And you turned it down?"

"Well, what else could I do? I'd have to take less pay than I'm getting now, and we just barely manage as it is. You can't very well leave here now that you're involved in this political thing. Anyway, I'm not sure that I could handle the business. It's pretty big."

Elaine sat still for a moment.

Through her mind flashed a panorama of the civic duties she had done in the past — of the many friends here in the city — the chance she now had for broader activities. There also flashed a picture of Pam going to Aunt Jen for various favors. Of Stevie spending more and more time at the neighbors. Of Bert quietly accepting mediocrity in his work.

She stood up. “We can get along on less money for a time, if we have to. I can leave here, and you can handle the business. They wouldn’t have asked you if they hadn’t been sure. A challenge like this is all in the world you need. You can call and accept the very first thing in the morning.”

“But what will Hardin say? What will the party do?”

“What Hardin says doesn’t matter. And the party can get another candidate. It’s been done before.”

Bert picked up a hairbrush and twirled it neatly around. “Lincoln isn’t a very big town,” he said. “You’d miss all the activity you’ve had here. What would you do without the symphony board, the United Fund drive, and the rest?”

“I’d do a lot of things I haven’t had time to do before,” Elaine replied. “I’d put the hems in Pam’s skirts and hear all about her latest party. I’d learn the workings of the store from the manager himself. But, first of all,” her eyes twinkled, “I think that I’d learn to make kabobs for Stevie.”

Big-Man Shoes

Rose Thomas Graham

Clomp, clomp, clomp, clomping down the long street,
Big-size shoes with little-size feet.
Where are they going? What is their plan?
Big-man shoes with little-boy man.
Way up high in a blue airplane?
On a green boat? In a red train?
Off for a year, a month, or a day?
The world is so small — time far away.

He has his secrets. I wouldn’t dare
Question the how, the when, or the where
Man-shoes are taking little-boy feet
Clomp, clomp, clomp, clomping down the long street.



What does your
SPEECH
reveal?

Myrtle E. Henderson, M.A.

Former Head, Speech Department, Dixie College

SPEECH is communication of thought, and one purpose of speech is to set up friendly relations among people. It is well for every woman to think about the effect her voice and her manner of speaking are having upon those with whom she is associated.

Children Come First

Perhaps without realizing it, mothers themselves are contributing to some of the problems of their children. Psychologists tell us that a mother who greets her child in a shrill, angry voice, "Don't slam that door! Go back and wipe your feet!" has very likely made the child feel like going out and slamming the door again and never coming back home. She has started a train of feelings of resentment in the child and has contributed to his nervous tension. A child's speech will reflect the kind of speech he hears at

home. It may gratify or embarrass the parents. If this was not a fact, all children would talk alike.

Be honest with yourself — does the flatness of your voice reflect a listless attitude toward life? Is the shrillness caused by taut nerves? Does huskiness obscure the vitality of your words? Is your voice so sweet that what you say seems insincere?

One mother was told that her voice was one cause of her son's resentment and disobedience. She had a tape recording made of her voice. Upon hearing the recording, she exclaimed, "I don't sound like that! That's the voice of a nag — a shrew!"

It is difficult for us to realize just how our voices sound unless we have them recorded and listen to them ourselves.

Sometimes parents have voices so flat, nasal, or husky that they may

make the child feel depressed. Their voices do not give any soothing love or parental quality to the child's world.

How Does Your Voice Affect Husband and Friends?

Even though we may not be aware of it, our voices give impressions of us, either for good or for bad. Our mood is usually reflected in our voices. If we are happy our voices fairly thrill with joy. If we are sad, one can almost hear the tears. An optimist will sound cheerful, a pessimist will sound mournful and sad.

The whining, nagging woman may gradually drive away the happiness in her home.

Kind words of appreciation will do more to keep family and friends happy than any amount of criticism and nagging will do.

Causes of Poor Speech

Poor speech may be due to various factors or a combination of causes.

Nervous people are inclined to speak so rapidly that they cannot be understood. This is because they run their words together. Their articulation is lazy and indistinct. Their lips and tongue do not move enough to make the sounds properly. This lip and tongue laziness may also be attributed to pure carelessness. Leaving off sounds from endings of words makes for poor, uncultured speech. The singing sound of *ing* is often left off from words like dancing, asking, laughing; sometimes the *d* is left off of words like hand, sound, land. In doing this, much beauty of

speech is lost. There are other sound omissions, many of them in the middle of words.

Another common practice which contributes to poor speech is sound substitution. We have all heard *idea* changed to *ider*, *library* to *liberry*, *little* to *lille*, *butter* to *buder*, *calling* to *cawing*. Words like *little*, *water*, *butter*, can easily be said correctly if the tip of the tongue is made to touch the teeth ridge back of the upper teeth to say the *t*.

The Class Leader's Speech

Naturally, much of the success of Relief Society class leaders depends upon adequate preparation, but the way they speak, and their voices, can have much to do with their success in teaching. The droning, monotonous voice can put an audience to sleep. The class leader who speaks too rapidly and runs her words together will make it difficult for her audience to understand her, and they are likely to get off on a train of thought of their own and miss the major part of what the class leader is trying to say. A shrill or raspy voice may make an audience nervous or annoyed, even physically uncomfortable. The whining or weak voice may arouse the sympathy of the class, and instead of listening to what is being said, they will be thinking, "Poor soul, why does she do it if it is such a burden to her?"

These voices are not hopeless. If class leaders become aware of the kind of voices they have by having tape recordings made, and then begin to practice better speech, much improvement can be made in a relatively short time. This, however, must be a consistent, constant effort.

A pleasant voice helps to make a pleasing personality.

The person whose voice is vibrant with enthusiasm and warmth, who has good round tones, good resonance, and speaks distinctly is the one who will most likely be an outstanding class leader, provided she has made careful preparation of each lesson, has faith in divine guidance, and love in her heart for her class and the lesson she is teaching. Part of adequate preparation is to understand the meaning of all the words used and to learn to pronounce them correctly.

Another essential of good speech and good conversation is knowing how to be a good listener. We should give the other person a chance to talk, then listen to what he has to say, and try to grasp the meaning. Too many people are ready to pounce upon a pause, if the speaker merely takes a long breath. Then they continue with their own train of thought without any reference to what has been said. It would be well to remember what

Demosthenes said, "A vessel is known by its sound, whether it be cracked or not; so men are proved by their speech, whether they be wise or foolish."

The Telephone Voice

A special kind of speaking is over the telephone. It is necessary to speak slowly and distinctly. Don't hold the mouthpiece too close to the mouth, and don't shout. If you do, you may annoy the person to whom you are speaking. When one makes a call to another, she should remember that she is interrupting the other person who may be doing something very important or rushing for an appointment or a meeting. Tell who you are immediately and come directly to your message. Since young children like to answer the telephone, they should be taught to do it properly.

Courtesy and thoughtfulness on the telephone are just as much a part of good training as face to face conversation.



Boy Wandering

Zara Sabin

A scarce-two boy with a red wheelbarrow
 Plodding up the path
 Stops stock-still to watch a sparrow
 At the broad bird bath,
 Traipses on all eager-earnest;
 Then, on trusty toes,
 Lured aside by loveliness,
 Stoops to smell a rose.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MR. EVA MACARAEG MAC-APAGAL, who has a medical degree from the University of Santa Tumas, is the First Lady of the Philippines, wife of President Diosdado Macapagal. Mother of two children, and an accomplished homemaker, Mrs. Macapagal contributes much time and energy to the health and economic welfare of the people of her country, being especially interested and helpful in projects of economic development.

MYRA KEEN, associate professor of paleontology and curator of malacology at Stanford University, California, is the author of a publication heralded by scientists as one of the most outstanding in its field, entitled "Marine Molluscan Genera of Western North America." One of a very few women trained in this field of science, Professor Keen has achieved a high rank for her accuracy and scholarship. She teaches Biological Oceanography at Stanford.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, one of the most famous singers of Wagner's soprano roles, died December 9, 1962 in Oslo, Norway.

BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY, a Latter-day Saint, and a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has recently published a book of collected poems and verse plays called *House of Dreams* (Pageant Press). A daughter of Utah pioneers, Mrs. McKey achieved outstanding success as an actress under the name of Blanche Kendall, working with such leading men as J. H. Stoddart and William McKey, who later became her husband.

MMARGARET E. MURIE is the author of an unusually interesting travel book *Two in the North*, which recounts with "rare talent and sensitivity" three journeys which she made with her husband Olaus J. Murie into "the wild frontiers" of Alaska. The book, which describes in vivid detail the Koyukuk River Valley, the Old Crow River, and the Sheenjek Valley in the Brooks Range, is illustrated by Mr. Murie, a distinguished artist and naturalist. Mrs. Murie first went to Alaska with her parents when she was nine years old. She was the first woman to graduate from the University of Alaska. Her present home is Moose, Wyoming, in the Jackson Hole country.



EDITORIAL

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Willis Earl Spafford

HEARTFELT sympathy is extended to President Belle S. Spafford and her family in the death of her husband, Willis Earl Spafford, who passed away unexpectedly Saturday, January 26, 1963, from a heart attack.

Brother Spafford was born in Provo, Utah, November 14, 1891, a son of Willis K. and Elizabeth Ann Stubbs Spafford. He was educated in Provo city schools and at Brigham Young University. He served as a missionary for the Church in South Africa.

On March 21, 1921, he married Belle Smith in the Salt Lake Temple. A son and a daughter blessed this union, Earl S. Spafford, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Mrs. Mary S. Kemp (Mrs. Clarence W. Kemp) Chicago, Illinois. Also surviving are eight grandsons and a granddaughter.

Brother Spafford was former deputy collector for the United States Treasury Department, and was employed in that department for twenty-seven years.

Only those who have been closely associated with Sister Spafford in the years of her presidency can appreciate the support Brother Spafford has been to her in her calling. Faithfully, he has called each week day for her, and they have spent the noon hour together. He has subordinated his personal feelings at all times for the furtherance of her calling. He was a modest man, with deep humility and of rare judgment. He was group leader of the high priests of his ward and ministered to them and their needs. He has left a rich heritage of obedience and devotion to the Church to his beloved wife, loving children, and devoted grandchildren whom he delighted to serve.

Relief Society sisters throughout the world extend their love and sympathy to their great leader, President Spafford. They remember her at this time with sisterly compassion and pray that she will be comforted and receive strength from the Heavenly Father for the time of earthly parting.

- Belle S. Spafford, President
- Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor
- Louise W. Madsen, Second Counselor
- Hulda Parker, Secretary-Treasurer

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Mary R. Young	Anne R. Gledhill
Mary V. Cameron	Belva Barlow
Afton W. Hunt	Zola J. McGhie

The Heritage of Relief Society

MISTS of many years have fallen on Nauvoo, and more than a century has passed since a group of faithful and devoted women felt an urgent need to “combine means and efforts” into a pattern of directed enlightenment and service. Their purposes and their desires were reported to the Prophet Joseph Smith. His answer will long be remembered, for the words have been cherished over the generations. “Tell the sisters their offering is accepted of the Lord. . . . and I will organize the sisters under the Priesthood after a pattern of the Priesthood.” The meaning and the spirit of that and subsequent meetings still endure and have spread to many lands — the counsel of the Prophet proclaiming a pathway to “better days” — the day and the time of women’s advancement and organized service.

In that time in 1842 the yearnings of women for fulfillment were given eternal direction. The desires placed in their hearts began a time of realization. For every woman in every land wishes to develop herself, her gifts, her personality, and to use the brief years of earth life as a time of continual enlightenment; every woman has within her the desire to

serve others — to minister unto those in need; and women everywhere ponder in their hearts the meaning of eternity. So it was that Relief Society was given to women as a choice and precious gift for themselves, for safe keeping as a heritage, and to be a treasured legacy for their daughters.

Those footsteps that traced a pathway to and from Relief Society meetings in Nauvoo, those words of tenderness and compassion spoken long ago marked the changing pathway for women.

The spirit and message and the works of ministration lighted the shadowed circles of the camps of exodus, glowed with the morning light upon the wagon trains slowly discovering a pathway in the cleft of the mountains. The saints in the valleys of the wilderness received the kindly comfort and the helping hands of Relief Society women, although the full and perfect organization awaited the development and the application of the pattern of Nauvoo, and its large intent. The poplar-lined streets of villages sheltered in the desert knew the footsteps of faithful women walking to and from their meetings, visiting the

families in the wards, walking swiftly to homes of trouble and care. Wagons and surreys and saddle horses brought the ranch women to their meetings.

And in a time of cities many new organizations appeared in states and territories, and in the mission field the faithful sisterhood learned the pattern of individual progress and group co-operation and service. They learned that many hands make light work and that many women working together can lift heavy burdens, not possible to women serving as individuals.

The footsteps and the words and the pattern from Nauvoo have spread to the far corners of the earth, to the lovely green islands, to the great continents — to many lands among many people. As the stakes and missions of the Church have increased their borders and their numbers, so have the organizations of Relief Society become multiplied, and the message that once was proclaimed to a few is now the living pattern for thousands who rejoice and remember and express their gratitude.

The blessings, opportunities, and responsibilities of Relief Society must be explained, exemplified, and patterned in the lives of those who

in time will be affiliated and receive the blessings and the uplifting responsibilities.

Many members of the sisterhood have been heard to say "Relief Society has everything," and this is true in the sense that individuals and the organization as a whole have received, from the beginning, a steadfast though flexible pattern, guided and directed by those who have the power to speak and act in the name of the Lord.

Relief Society is more than a fellowship, more than groups of women studying art or literature or music or social science, more than a group devoted to learning the ways of ideal motherhood and homemaking, more than an organization seeking to learn the enduring truths of theology. Relief Society partakes of the qualities of all of these — and then is added upon, for it has been given a sacred and everlasting pattern.

Let us speak of this and tell it as glad tidings to those who are new among us and those who are seekers after the blessings that are a living part of the beloved heritage. Let all our words be strong and beautiful, for we are the present guardians of a great and precious treasure.

—V.P.C.

INDEX FOR 1962 RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE AVAILABLE

COPIES of the 1962 index of *The Relief Society Magazine* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price is twenty cents, including postage. Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1962 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 33 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 239.)

RED CROSS

A World-Wide
Army of Mercy

James A. Linen, Volunteer National Co-chairman

1963 Campaign for Members and Funds The American National Red Cross

THIS year marks the 100th anniversary of the founding of a world-wide army of mercy. It is an army of volunteers who, under the emblems of the Red Cross, the red crescent or the red lion and sun, aids the victims of misfortune.

By international treaty — the Geneva Convention — the neutral symbol of a red cross on a field of white shelters sick and wounded combatants and those caring for them, persons taken prisoner, and peoples whose homelands have been occupied by enemy forces.

The red cross is also the universal symbol around which men of good will everywhere rally to aid the victims of earthquakes, floods, storms, and other natural disasters.

There are now some 90 Red Cross, Red Crescent (in Moslem countries), and Red Lion and Sun (in Iran) societies. They have a total membership of 157,000,000. That is quite an army. It averages out to a ratio of one Red Cross member for about every 20 persons in the world.

These national groups are linked through the League of Red Cross Societies in Geneva. The League and the all-Swiss International Committee of the Red Cross (the oldest Red Cross group), send aid to any spot on the globe where there is war or disaster.

In the United States this international army of mercy functions through the American Red Cross, which was founded in 1881 by Clara Barton. The charter issued to the Red Cross by the U. S. Congress charges it to:

Furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of the Armed Forces and other victims of war in accordance with the spirit and conditions of the Geneva Convention;

Provide relief and furnish communications and other services to and for the benefit of U.S. servicemen and women, veterans, and their families; and

Carry on a program of national and international relief to mitigate and prevent sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, flood, and other calamities.

The Red Cross relies entirely on voluntary contributions of money, time, and skills to carry out its programs. It receives no funds from the Government, although it performs certain functions for and in behalf of the Government and the American people.

Let us take this opportunity to assure that, whenever or wherever it is needed, the Red Cross — and through it the world-wide army of mercy — will be there when needed.

Let's have a bake party

Mary S. Kemp

A delightful way to spend a young kind of birthday is to have a "bake" party. The kindergarten age is ideal for such a party. Children love to feel bigger than they are, and at this type of party they are giant-sized. Every small child enjoys helping his mother bake, and this can sometimes be quite a trial to a busy mother. At a "bake" party, the children can literally put a "finger in every pie."

A bake party, to be successful, must be carefully planned. Six children, about five years old, are a sufficient number to manage. Enthusiasm for the party is developed well in advance by invitations which might be written on baker's hats drawn on construction paper:

Friday's "bake" day at our house,
And Mother needs a crew
To make pies and cakes and rolls
And even cookies, too.

My birthday we will celebrate
And bakers we'll become.
Each thing we make is ours to keep,
And we'll take our bake goods home.

The party will begin at nine.
At noon we'll have a lunch.
Please come with hands and face well
scrubbed
And join this baker's bunch.

In order for the small, purposeful guests to achieve, certain advance preparations are important. Baker's hats and aprons serve to turn the children into gourmet chefs and to protect the party clothes as well.

Instructions for the apron and hat:

Apron

1. Cut out of unbleached muslin the apron according to the diagram. Allow enough additional border to hem.



2. Cut the shoulder strap 18" by 3 1/2". Fold in two, seam, and turn inside out. Sew to one side of the apron as illustrated. Leave the other side free so that it can be adjusted by pin to the size of the guest.

3. The side ties must be 32" long so they can tie in front as real baker's aprons do.

4. The pocket is placed in the center of the bib section of the apron.

5. The apron may be trimmed with embroidered figures shaped from cookie cutters.

Hat

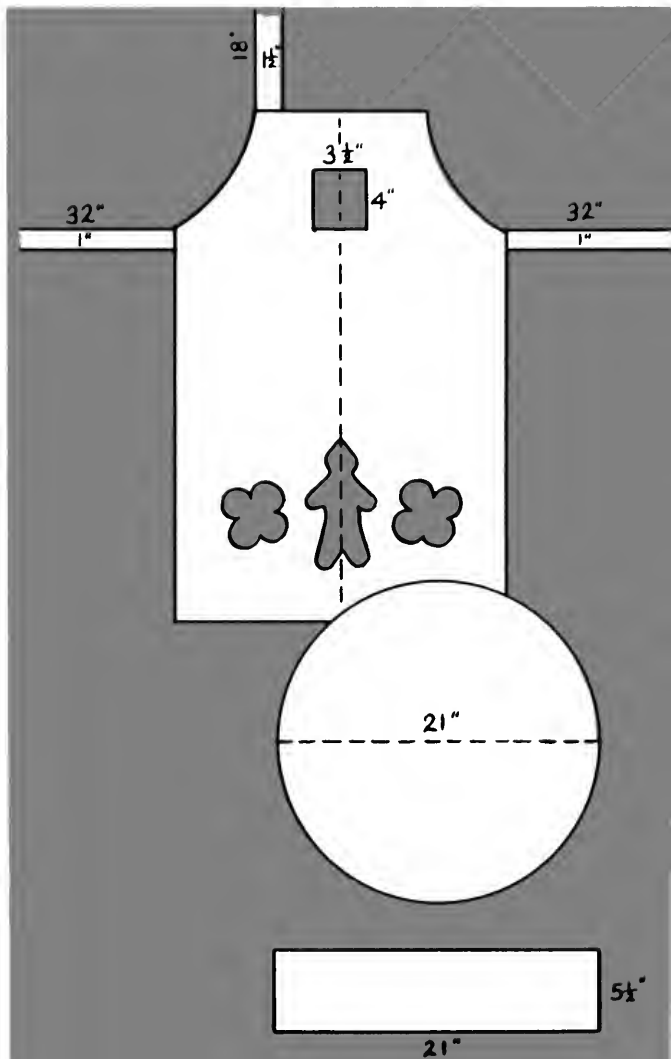
1. Cut a circle out of unbleached muslin 21 inches in diameter. Gather the edges to fit the band (about 20 inches).

2. Cut a band 21" by 5 1/2". Interline the band with buckram or other stiffening. Hem the lower edge and join the ends with a 1/2" seam.

3. Baste the gathered circle to the edge of the band, right sides facing. Then sew on the machine.

4. Embroider a cookie character in the center of the hat.

5. If necessary, adjust the head size to the guest by a small safety pin at the band seam.





Each successful baker needs the proper implements. Small participants call for small size pie tins, angel food cake pans, loaf tins, and rolling pins, which can be taken home, of course. The use of Mother's cookie sheets and cookie cutters is allowed, however.

A variety of recipes gives the party a certain allure. Banana cream pie, cup cakes, angel food cake, cloverleaf rolls, sugar cookies, and a batch of fudge keep the guests busy for an entire morning.

Childish impatience will not wait for full preparation during the party. Well in advance, with the aid of cake mixes, the cup cakes and angel food cakes should be baked. Do not remove the angel food cakes from the pans. A batch of fudge can be divided among the six wee loaf tins. The freezer will keep things fresh until party day.

The night before the party, the dough for the sugar cookies and cloverleaf rolls can be made and refrigerated. Prior to the start of the party, the pie dough should be mixed, the cream filling prepared, and also the cake icings.

THE children are greeted with the aprons and hats, and led to a well-scrubbed kitchen table. The party begins without delay:

1. Each child is given a ball of the previously refrigerated roll dough. The children are instructed to roll small balls of the dough with their hands, placing three balls in each section of a muffin tin. Soon the six rolls for each child are completed.

2. While the rolls are rising, the cookie dough can be distributed. With the bit-size rolling pins on the well-floured table, the children roll and cut their cookies. During this period the rolls are baked.

3. With the working area still floured, it is an excellent time to begin



pies. After rolling the dough and patting into their pie tins a crust, the children turn the pie pans on the tops of glasses and learn to trim the crust edges with their hands. The cookies are baked while the pie crusts are being made. Be sure each child has his own section of the drainboard or another table on which to display his finished goods.

4. As the pie crusts bake, the children are busily engaged in frosting the angel food cakes and decorating them with candies. Also, at this period, the fudge is carefully cut by the bakers into serving pieces.

5. The high peak of the party is the completing of the pies. A layer of filling, a half of a banana sliced carefully, another layer of filling, and a meringue topping (prepared as the children work) make the pies ready for browning.

6. The concluding activity is the decorating of the cup cakes. The licking of fingers, sticky faces, and the tasting of various trims are all permissible at this point. Each child has a birthday candle for his favorite cup cake. Four to six cup cakes should be given to each guest.

The party should begin about nine A.M. in order to complete the baking by noon. The tired and hungry children by then are ready for a lunch of peanut butter, jelly, cheese, and tuna fish open-faced, animal-shaped sandwiches (which can be prepared the night before and refrigerated). A few potato chips, jello, and a glass of milk complete the lunch.

It might be noted that busy children are well-behaved, and children who accomplish are anxious to go home promptly and "show Mother." Each child should have his bake goods and pans placed in a box or on a cookie sheet and should have an escort home to avoid an unnecessary catastrophe.

Such a party as this will prove to be a talking point for many days and a memory for many years.

Sewing Success

in Monument Park 11th Ward

Salt Lake City, Utah

Helen Lach, Instructor

EVERY Relief Society, in my opinion, should, and could conduct a sewing course. It can be a most interesting and stimulating class in the organization. For the teacher who has enthusiasm and appreciation for the advantages of home sewing, the achievement can be most rewarding, and the women who learn to sew receive great joy in their new accomplishments. Many women become interested in the full program of Relief Society, and eventually become members, by first participating in the sewing classes.

At first, interest in a sewing project may require some stimulation. In our

ward, before beginning the course, we displayed completed articles of home sewing made by accomplished seamstresses and made a detailed comparison of price and quality of workmanship between the home-sewed clothing and ready-made articles. We emphasized such important considerations as well-made seams, hems, buttonholes, facings, collars, and other fine points of sewing and tailoring. The benefits of sewing projects for mothers of young children were outlined, and it was explained that many women begin their careers as seamstresses by making simple clothing for their children.



At the left: Muumuu made of polished Polynesian cotton, with plain polished cotton insets. Pattern was drafted by the instructor from an original Polynesian muumuu. Similar patterns can be purchased. The muumuu has three frog fasteners down the front. Cost \$3.25, including pattern. Made by Mrs. Ila Nelson.

Center: Child's basic dress made of polished cotton and trimmed with pearl buttons. Puffed sleeves are edged with narrow white rick-rack braid; white cotton collar on dark red dress. Cost \$4.50, including pattern.

Several dresses similar to this one were made in the classes.

At the right: Black dress with brocade top and gathered chiffon skirt with taffeta underskirt. Cost \$6.00, including pattern. Made by Mrs. Ila Nelson.



At the left: Wool doubleknit (sweater-knit) coat, fully lined with rayon taffeta; double-breasted. Cost \$3.00, including pattern.
Model: Miss Kathleen Lach

Center: Peacock-blue colored wool two-piece suit; skirt and jacket fully lined with sheath lining; flap pockets and covered buttons on jacket. Cost \$5.90, including pattern.
Model: Mrs. Aenona Crocker

At the right: White wool sheath dress, fully lined with sheath lining. Has tie belt of self-material. Cost \$15.00, including pattern.
Model: Mrs. Olive Nilson

After the advantages of learning to sew had been fully explained and illustrated, the membership in the courses increased so rapidly that it was difficult to provide the careful instruction needed. Several women reported that their husbands and families had become enthusiastic over the sewing completed in the Relief Society courses, and schoolgirls were proud to wear the skirts and dresses which their mothers had made. Some of the students learned, for the first time, the importance of stitching a hem correctly, sewing on buttons expertly, and making simple alterations. Household clothing budgets seemed to be much more ample, and the families of the "sewing sisters" enjoyed also the advantage of being well dressed. Some women were able to reduce the clothing budget as much as one half or more.

It was found that special help in the

selection of fabrics was needed. Instruction in methods of examining different kinds of fabrics to evaluate their quality was given, and the women were advised regarding the proper width of material to buy for economy in cutting a particular pattern. Also, many women found that used clothing could be laundered or dry cleaned and made into new articles. It was pointed out that mill end sales and sales of short lengths often provide bargains in purchasing materials, but the customer should use care in buying large amounts of material, as some fabrics deteriorate rapidly, and others must be very carefully stored to prevent moth damage. Some fabrics may become out-dated before the homemaker can find time for sewing them. Each woman was given individual help in selecting her pattern and material before she started her work in the sewing class.

SINCE most of the articles made in the Monument Park Eleventh Ward Relief Society sewing courses were constructed from simple, basic designs, the finding of appropriate patterns was not difficult. Several of the women used the same pattern, and others either drafted or altered patterns to suit their needs. Many of the patterns were drafted or altered by the instructor.

Our sewing classes are conducted under the general supervision of Kay Sullivan, work meeting leader, and the instructor is Helen Lach. Two classes are held each Thursday, forenoon and afternoon. The morning class begins at nine and lasts until twelve, and the afternoon class begins at one and lasts until four. Enrollment is limited to three or four women, unless the group is composed of experienced sewers who require less instruction. During the noon hour, when regular class instruction is not being given, specific help is provided for women who are not enrolled in the classes. They bring their individual problems to the instructor and receive directions for remodeling, inserting zippers, finishing seams, and other problems which arise in the process of home sewing.

In order to accommodate our present long waiting list of applicants for the sewing courses, each woman is limited to making three articles. Then, if she wishes to continue and increase her sewing skills, she is permitted to re-enroll, and her name is placed on the waiting list. Usually, a two-piece suit can be completed in four instruction periods. Some of the women who have finished one or more of the regular sewing courses return for help during the noon period, and in this way they are enabled to complete other articles in their homes.

In one year, fifty-three beautiful articles were completed in our sewing courses. These included suits, coats, children's clothing, men's and boys' clothing, dresses, and ensembles. In one combined class project twenty-two muumuus were made. Beautifully sewed, and a delight to wear, these muumuus gave the women much satisfaction, and they were pleased with the colorful materials and the unique designs. In the mid-year a successful fashion show was held, displaying the completed articles.



At bottom: Two-piece suit in basket-weave turquoise-colored wool; acetate crepe lining was used for the jacket and sheath lining for the skirt. The jacket has tailored slashed front and is trimmed with crystal buttons; the tailored buttonholes were made in the sewing class. The skirt has inset pockets in the gathered front panel. Cost \$9.00, including pattern.

Made by Mrs. Shirley Latteier

At the top, left: Black wool sheath dress with tie belt. The belt is trimmed with fringe made from silk embroidery floss. Cost \$2.00, including pattern.

Made by Mrs. Ila Nelson

At the top, right: Fire-wagon red, doubleknit sheath dress and jacket ensemble; crepe lining used for the jacket and sheath lining for the dress. Cost \$15.00, including pattern.

Made by Mrs. Jackie Anderson



At the left: Jumper in wide-wale, olive-green corduroy; white cotton blouse. Note pleat and stitching down the front of the jumper. Blouse has a bow tie. Cost \$3.00, including pattern.
Model: Miss Kathleen Lach

Center: Ensemble, dress made of peach and white striped seersucker, and coat made of nubby shantung lined with white taffeta. Cost \$9.00, including pattern.
Model: Mrs. Olive Nilsen

At the right: Two-piece suit made of Copenhagen blue basket-weave wool. Jacket lined with rayon crepe and skirt lined with sheath lining. Cost \$15.00, including pattern.
Model: Mrs. Fern England

Suggestions to Keep in Mind When Conducting a Sewing Class:

1. Carry on the class under the direction of the ward presidency, and work closely with the work meeting leader.
2. Do not enroll more women than can be adequately instructed and given enough individual attention to retain and increase their interest.
3. Provide a nursery, if necessary.
4. Have the classroom ready and all equipment set up.
5. Regularity and promptness in beginning and closing classes should be strictly observed.
6. Discourage visitors or interruptions during the instruction period.
7. Avoid any comparison or competition in skill or time required for completing articles. Rather, encourage the mastering of each step and strive for beauty in the finished garment.
8. See that each article is completely finished and properly pressed before it is taken home.

Monument Park Eleventh Ward Relief Society Officers: Rhea Stucki, President; Work Director Counselor, Echo Bean; Education Counselor, Alta Glade; work meeting leader, Kay Sullivan.

Monument Park Stake Relief Society President: Henrietta Young.
Photographs and Transparencies by Hal Rumel.

Pictures for the Home



Color Photograph by Lorenzo S. Young

Zola J. McGhie

Member, General Board of Relief Society

TAKE a good look at your pictures. Are they a constant joy or a jarring disturbance? Pictures are of such importance that they can make or break a room's atmosphere. Therefore, they should be chosen, framed, and hung as attractively as possible.

Examine your pictures carefully. Discard those not good for your purpose. Never hang a picture you don't like; put it away for a time. Your taste may change. Good pictures do not go out of style. Key your pictures to your scheme of decoration and display them to best advantage. Don't be ashamed to admit that many pictures declared good are not to your taste and will not fit into your decor. Even your favorite picture cannot survive an inappropriate frame, tasteless surroundings, bad lighting, poor hanging; and yet inexpensive lithographs, arranged with skill, can give life to the whole room.

Matting, Mounting, Framing Pictures

Mats are placed at the front of a picture to enlarge and enhance its appearance, improve its proportions, or relate it to the room. As a rule, they are 3" wide at top and sides, and 3½" wide at the bottom. If you aren't sure, cut paper to try. Mats may be white or colored. Mountings are placed behind the picture.

General Indications for Various Types of Pictures

1. *Original prints* in black and white, such as etchings or lithographs, are usually matted in white or cream and framed with glass and narrow mountings of natural or black wood. Gold lines are sometimes added.
2. *Original color prints* are usually put in proportionately larger mats with wider frames. Glass is always used and simple natural wood frames or painted finishes.
3. *Water colors* are usually put in proportionately larger mats with wider frames. Glass is always used and simple natural wood frames or painted finishes.
4. *Pastels*, similar to water colors, are matted only when necessary.

5. *Oils* are framed closely except for occasional use of extra wide inserts. Picture and frame should be closely related.
6. *Photographs* may gain importance by matting. Ordinarily they are framed close to the picture with glass, in natural wood, gold, or silver.
7. *Fine reproductions* of oils, water colors, and prints are framed to resemble their originals.

Arranging and Hanging Pictures

If a picture is worth hanging, it is worth hanging well. Grouping pictures is usually more interesting and dramatic than spotting them. There are two kinds of balance to consider in arranging a group of pictures.

1. *Symmetrical Balance*

Pictures are usually the same size and subject, matted alike, and framed alike. This arrangement is good over a bookcase, on a stairway, or hall. Pictures should relate to the space, the furniture, and the room.

2. *Asymmetrical Balance*

Pictures with unusual shapes, sizes, old, new, or combined with bric-a-brac, may be arranged in interesting ways. This type of hanging takes more skill, but is more interesting.

If You Do It Yourself:

1. Collect the right tools and equipment.
2. Learn how to use them.
3. Learn various ways of finishing.
4. Learn correct and simple methods of decorating.
5. Inexpensive mounts can be made of wallboard with a covering of shellac to give them a glazed protective finish.
6. Steel pins, phonograph needles, or angle hooks may be used to hang pictures. Soft pencil or chalk rubbed on the frame eyes will mark places to hang.
7. *Passe-partouts* (pieces of cardboard, wood, or other material with the center part cut out for the placement of a picture) are often used effectively for

small pictures or groups. They may consist of binding tapes covering picture, mat, and glass. They are good for use with antique costume pictures and flower or bird prints. Mats may be plain, French, or black with gold lines.

Suggestions for Experimentation

Small delicate water colors in off-white frames or small family photos attached to velvet or ribbon around a mirror in a bedroom or hall.

A collection of small pictures or snapshots of odd sizes and shapes in one large frame, matted with wallpaper, is effective in a den or family room. Coins or other interesting objects may also be used.

A group of like frames and mats with removable panels that can be changed from time to time hung at eye level above book shelves.

Groups of plates in a dining area.

Do's and Don't's

Do

1. Hang pictures with blind wire concealed.
2. Use rings at top and bottom of small pictures to keep them hanging straight.
3. Use discretion in choosing pictures for use with patterned wallpaper. When hanging picture on heavily patterned wallpaper, use good sized plain mats or contrasting color to make pictures stand out.
4. Keep picture in proportion to piece of furniture over which it hangs. Don't overpower the picture or the furniture.
5. Prevent frames from marking walls by gluing cork liners from bottle caps on the bottom corners.
6. Arrange groups on the floor before hanging them on the wall.
7. Hang pictures at eye level or a little below, depending on space and effect desired. (Most people hang pictures too high.)

Don't

1. Hang floral prints on floral wallpaper.
2. Hang pictures on scenic wallpaper.

Use of the Relief Society Magazine in the Work Meeting

As Explained by

Jennie R. Scott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

This table featured articles made up from patterns taken from *The Relief Society Magazine*. It showed the help available to the work meeting department from the *Magazine*.



Display From Mesa Stake
Color Photograph by Lorenzo S. Young

Articles on display were made from patterns published in the issues listed below

Hot pads from "Holders for Pans" — September 1960, page 587.

"A Strawberry Pin Cushion" — October 1960, page 662.

"Christmas Aprons" — October 1960, page 658.

Quilting pictures from "Let's Learn to Quilt" — September 1961, page 591.

Pine cone dolls — "Holiday Table" — December 1961, page 827.

Holiday apron — "Aprons for Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus" — November 1961, page 747.

Worm pull toy — "Christmas Gifts" — November 1961, page 742.

Toy duck — "Stuffed Toys Are Delightful" — March 1962, page 211.

Candlesticks — "Make It Out of Imagination" — February 1962, page 102.

"Toddler's Cover-Apron" — June 1962, page 438.

Floral arrangements were made up using directions from:

"Flower Arrangements for Springtime" — March 1951, page 177.

"Whys, Wherefores, and Fun with Green Plants" — March 1960, page 181.

Recipes included:

Rolls from "Say 'Merry Christmas' With Fancy Yeast Rolls" — December 1959, page 823.

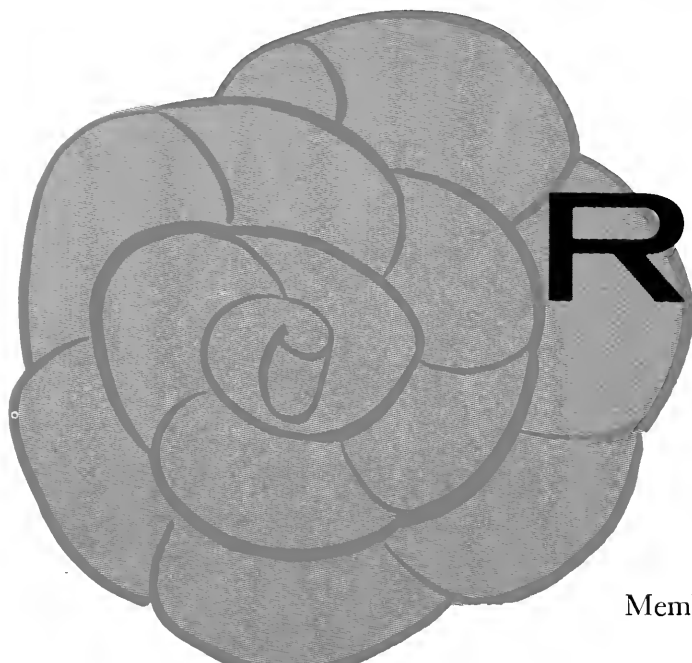
Easy filled cookies — "Recipes for a Picnic" — July 1961, page 456.

Carrot cake — "Something Different for Dinner" — April 1961, page 256.

"Candy for Your Easter Basket" — April 1962, page 274.

"Homemade Candy for Winter Evenings" — January 1962, page 36.

Ribbons and Roses



Jennie R. Scott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

A wide variety of arts and crafts made in Relief Society were on display at the work meeting department of the Relief Society Annual General Conference last October. These displays emphasized the originality and ingenuity of the Relief Society members in fashioning useful and beautiful articles for the home.

Ribbons and Roses

An umbrella (small frame covered with net and decorated with roses) or a heart centerpiece would be attractive for a bridal shower or an announcement party. Aprons can be decorated with the roses, and favors made for place cards. Small sprays for decorating packages, jars, and candles add interest and beauty. Nosegays for graduating girls, bouquets for bridesmaids, and even the bridal bouquet can be made from these lovely roses. A corsage costs very little and is a nice remembrance.

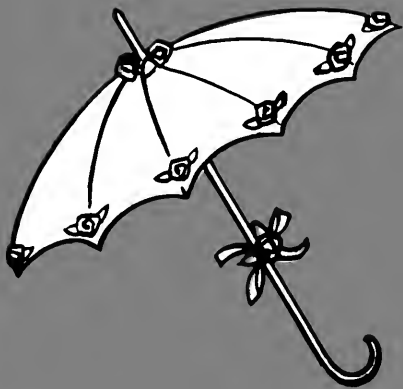
A small living fir tree decorated with ribbons and roses for office or apartment is most attractive at Christmas time, as are wreaths and a kissing bell.

A ribbon rose on a tray for the sick room would help to brighten the morning for someone who is ill.

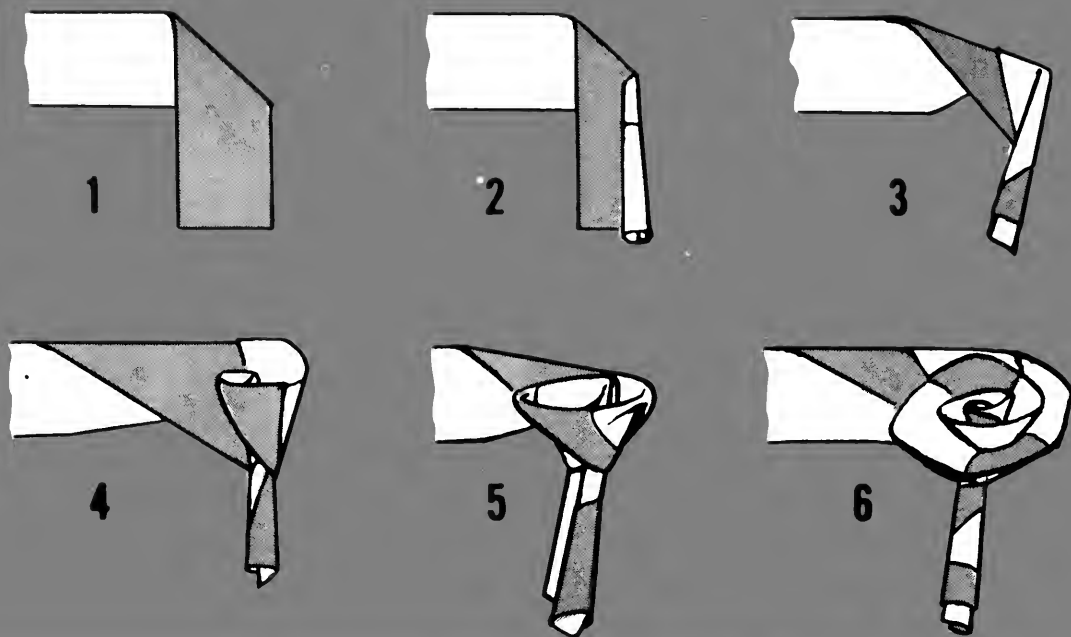
FOR WORK MEETING



Color Photograph by Lorenzo S. Young

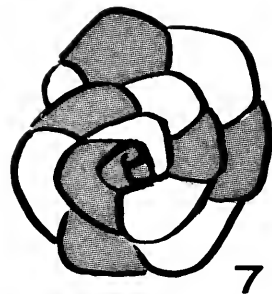


The roses can be made from any width ribbon. So-called number 9 ribbon (1½ inch) is the most popular and will make about a two-inch diameter rose. The best type of ribbon, and also the most inexpensive, is regular florist acetate rayon ribbon. It can be bought by the bolt (100 yards) at about \$1.60. Each little rose costs about one-half cent.



Procedure

Cut a piece of No. 9 ribbon about 20 inches long. Have the wrong side of the ribbon toward you. Fold the right-hand end of the ribbon at an angle, leaving about an inch tail (Figure 1). Roll the fold about 3 or 4 turns very tightly, to form a core for the center of the rose (Figure 2). Next, fold the ribbon from the top back away from you with your left hand forming an angle (Figure 3). Roll core in one or two loose turns, almost to the end of the fold. Again fold the top edge of ribbon back, forming a new angle — notice it is the opposite side of the ribbon this time (Figure 4). Roll the core in loosely about a half turn, then make a new fold. These folds should not be more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, depending on the width of the ribbon. Continue in this manner until you have the desired size rose, or until only an inch of ribbon is left (Figures 5 and 6). To finish, tuck the end piece down as neatly as possible and wire the tails with florist wire (Figure 7). The ends of the ribbon may need to be trimmed. Next, tape the stem with floratape and place a rose calyx under the flower. Place a leaf behind the flower to frame the rose.



Wreath or Heart of Ribbon Bows and Roses

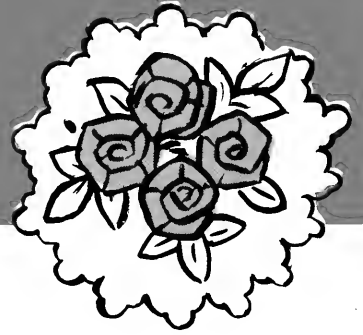
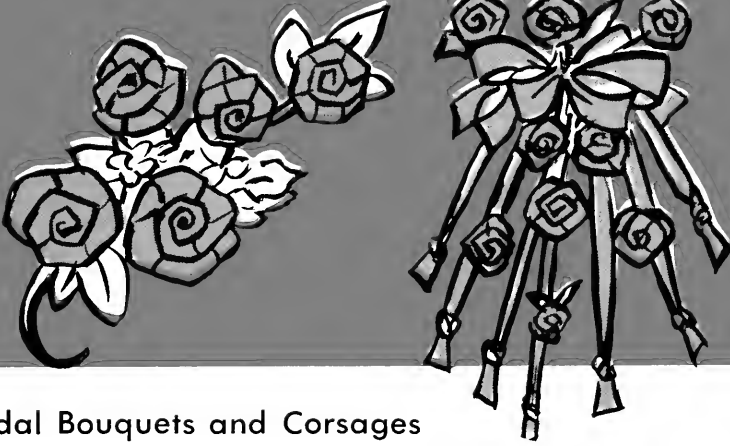
Materials needed:

- Styrofoam circle or heart
- No. 16 or 18 wire
- No. 9 floral acetate ribbon

To make ribbon bows, begin with shiny side of ribbon toward you. Grasp in middle and crumple slightly, looping ribbon back away from you, twisting as it comes up to middle each time so as to keep shiny side on outside of bow.



Make as many loops as you wish. Usually three double loops make a nice bow for corsages, packages, etc. Wire securely at middle, twisting wire tightly around middle of ribbon. Caution should be used so that wire will be sufficiently long to leave two 2-inch ends exposed so they may be securely pressed into styrofoam circle or heart and hold bow tightly. Add bows until circle or heart is covered. Add roses, balls, fruit, or ornaments as desired.



Bridal Bouquets and Corsages

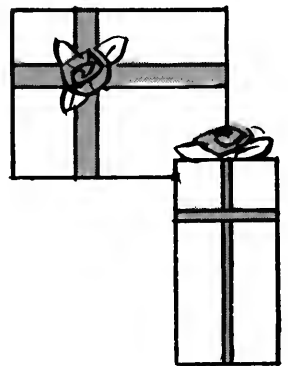
Bridal bouquets are enlargements of the small corsage. Groupings of single roses and leaves are placed one below the other, usually in groups of threes or fives, with as many as the size needed demands. Floral wax wrap secures the roses and leaves to the wire stems. Bows made like the ones used in the wreath are placed either in the middle of the grouping or at the base to complete the corsage or bouquet.

In the bridal bouquet, long streamers may be left on the ends of the bows and knotted here and there. Covered millinery wire works very well in the forming of bows and making of roses, but when putting them together a heavier wire is needed. Either No. 16 or No. 18 wire works very well.

A nosegay may be made by clustering bows and roses in a circular pattern and adding plastic lace backing. Tiny nosegays make lovely place cards at announcement or birthday parties.

An attractive table arrangement can be made by placing a large candle in the center of a compote and surrounding it with bows and roses, with a wreath of roses and leaves twined up the candle itself. A small hole cut in a base of styrofoam can be used to support the candle. Florist clay will hold the candle in place (see below).

The basic small corsage gives a finishing touch to a gift package for any occasion. A single rose and leaf glued or tied on a glass canister filled with homemade cookies or candies makes a cheerful gift for shut-ins.



(Table display — pattern for ribbon roses and ideas for their use by Sue Ballantyne, Portland Stake)

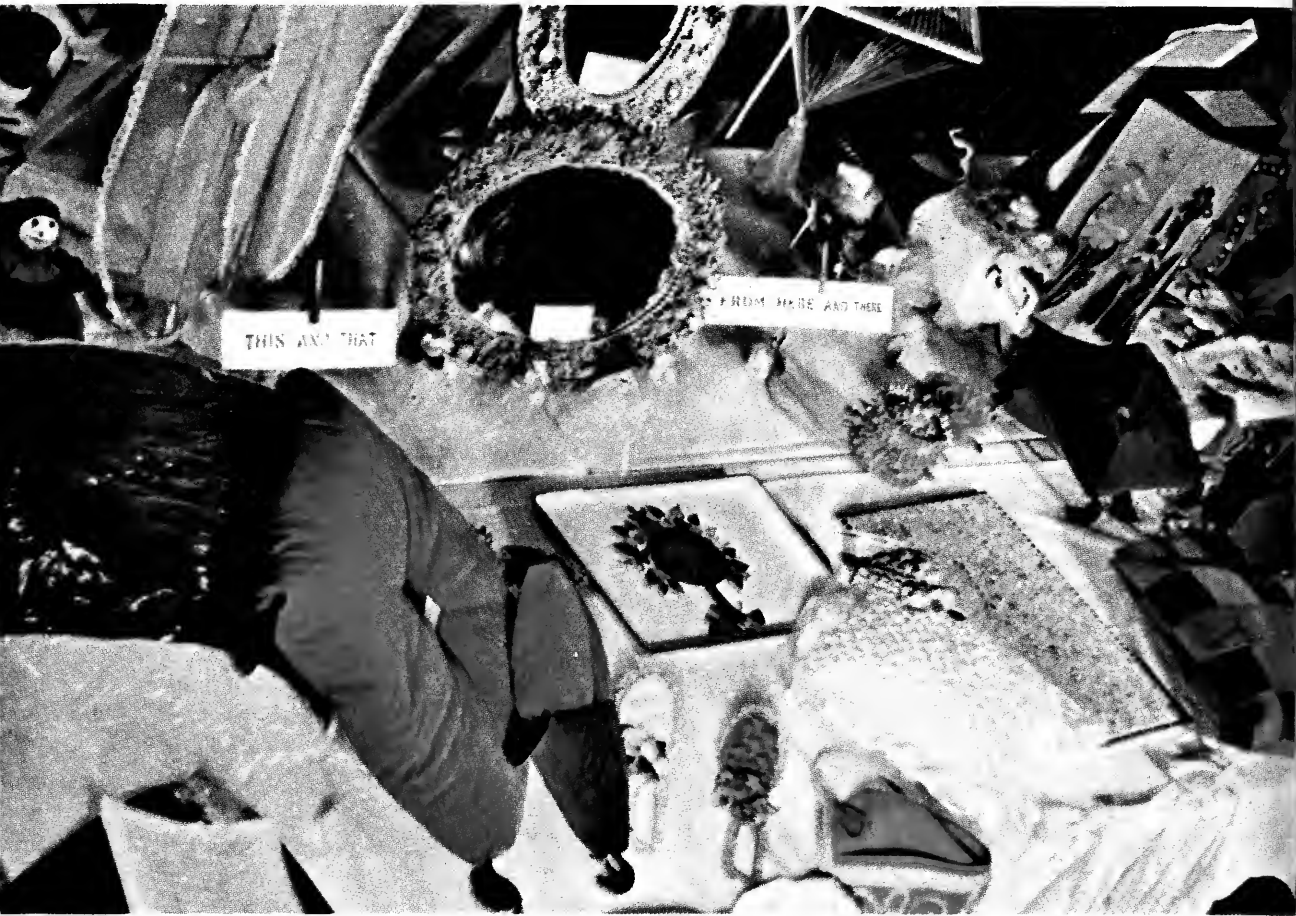
(Illustrations for Ribbons and Roses
Gloria Hermanson, Bountiful Stake)

Make a Zabaton

Jennie R. Scott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE tables marked "This and That From Here and There" displayed a number of interesting items. The large pillow in the center of this picture is a Zabaton, or Oriental pillow, which can be used on the floor or on a couch or bed. It is made from a square of material of any size. Usually those for the floor are made from a 36-inch square or larger — a 36-inch square of material makes a 25-inch square zabaton. The zabaton is a favorite of decorators and is an excellent way to use remnants.



Color Photograph by Lorenzo S. Young

Material needed:

A square of material — bright print, velveteen, drapery material, pure silk.

Floss for tassels.

Cotton bat, dacron bat, or celucloud bat (synthetic cotton) for filling. Use 1 pound of batting for an 18-inch square, 1½ pounds for a 27-inch square, and 3 pounds or more for a 36-inch square of material.

Directions:

Fold square in half, right sides together, and sew up both ends (Figure 1).

Open up. Place sewed seams together in center, and pin. Sew from outside toward center about 4 to 6 inches on unsewed sides, leaving center open (Figure 2). Place seams side down on the table, still wrong side out. Unfold filling and pinch off a piece that is once again as large as the pillow on each side, and place it on top of the pillow (Figure 3).

Fold the remainder of the filling so it is the same size as the pillow and set on top of the filling over the pillow, being careful that there are no holes and shallow places in the filling and it feels equal and smooth all over.

Now fold the overlapping filling evenly over on all four sides so that the edges are rounded and the same size as the pillow. Some of the filling may be pinched off the corners, if desired, so they will not be too bulky (Figure 4). Carefully turn pillow and filling over so that the pillow is now on top of the filling with the seams side up.

Thread 2 yards of floss through darning needle. Use thread double. Do not knot.

Starting about half way down from the center of one seam, stitch long basting stitches $\frac{1}{2}$ inch away from the machine stitch down to the edge of the material, catching one thickness of material only. Pull needle through and pass it through the filling once only 2 inches back from the corner of the filling. Make a loop around the filling and enter the material at the edge on the opposite side of the machine stitching and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from it and baste toward the center until opposite the starting point, catching one thickness of material only. Clip off needle, leaving plenty of basting thread at beginning and ending of basting (Figure 5). Repeat process on each corner.

Turn pillow again with filling now on the top. Roll up in a ball holding each corner and turn pillow right side out through the open seam, so that the filling is on the inside. Press filling toward the corners.

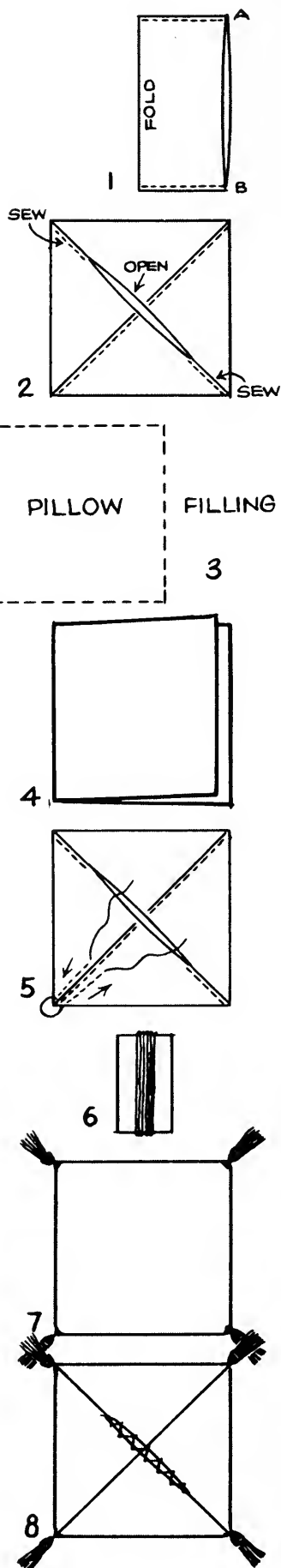
With needle pull out basting threads on each side of the seams toward the last stitch from the corner, leaving the last stitch in. Pull on the threads, working the filling well into corners. Tie in double knot, leaving long ends on. Repeat process with all corners.

Make tassels by winding floss around cardboard cut the size you wish the tassels to be (Figure 6).

Remove cardboard and tie uncut ends to long threads left on pillow corners. Wind floss around the top to make a head and tie. Cut other end to make tassel (Figure 7).

Slip stitch the open seam on the back (Figure 8).

Sew on round or square button on the right side with cross-stitch or make tassel for center, or just cross-stitch. A button round or square can be made by covering with material a piece of stiff cardboard padded with a thin piece of cotton.



(Zabaton Pattern — Zola McGhie, Bonneville Stake)

(Illustrations for Zabaton — Gloria Hermanson, Bountiful Stake)

CONTEMPLATION

In order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn, than to contemplate (Descartes).

HAVE you ever thought of inviting a group of friends to your home during a snowstorm to gaze at the beauty of the snowflakes? Undoubtedly, this may sound like a bizarre idea. Noting the intricate pattern of each individual snowflake, however, could be one of life's richest, esthetic rewards. To be thoroughly appreciated, the snowflakes should be watched under a light. If the guests have on dark coats, and the snowflakes alight on this background, the magical lacininess of each flake can be more thoroughly enjoyed.

Since most of us have forgotten the joy that comes through observing quiet beauty, such an evening may sound Bohemian. But, in Japan, parties to watch a full moon rise, or to view the first blossoms on a tree, are common.

Emotions, which are seldom expressed, stir within the guests as they watch the wondrous light of the moon evolve from a small lemon slice into a luminous sphere. The moon's slow ascent is watched in silence.

When it is fully risen, the host often distributes pencil and paper so that each guest may compose a poem telling of his response as he watched the graceful sight.

Henry David Thoreau felt this inner need for developing the illusive

act of contemplation. He felt it so strongly that he spent two years living in the wilds of Walden Pond. He once said, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Thoreau, individualist as he was, escaped any desperation he may have felt by his intimate communication with nature. He wasn't content to live as most of us do, by mere actions. He wanted to learn about life; he wanted to understand and enjoy life. He once said, "I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life. . . ."

Thoreau felt he could best savor every morsel of life by disentangling himself from the cumbersome material things that cloud our vision and make life's goals at times seem hazy. To achieve this goal, he lived primitively, surviving on the food that he alone provided for himself. His fare was simple: berries that he gathered, or game that he shot. His home was a hut that he built at a cost of \$28.12½, where the light from heaven filtered in through the cracks twenty-four hours a day.

IN the endlessly oscillating world of today, complete isolation of this nature would be impractical, if not impossible, but there should be a brief period daily when we can be alone to listen to the yearnings of our hearts. This period should be

Is Realization

Joan H. Haskins

a time of quiet evaluation and self-discovery. We might listen to classical music, study a painting, or read a fine piece of literature. The important thing is the thought processes that accompany these acts, not merely to look with our eyes, but to understand with our souls.

Many of our great philosophers have found their period of contemplation can best be accomplished while walking. The Chinese have a wonderful proverb that says: "Man who walks through countryside sees much more than man who runs." Sometimes we become guilty of running through life, trying to accomplish so much that we die before we ever have a chance to live.

Try escaping from the hubbub of the crowded streets by visiting a secluded hillside, a grove, or a meadow. Learn to pause and absorb the beauty of your surroundings. Study each flower, shrub, or insect rather than merely glancing at these marvelous microcosms.

Observe how many leaves a plant

has, try to determine the exact shade of the flower, and note the structure of the center of the bud. We go through life snatching fragments of beauty, never pausing to study its intricate forms.

The ancient Greeks practiced the art of contemplation in its highest degree. Aristotle, in his book on *Ethics*, tells us that the activity which surpasses all others in blessedness, is that of contemplation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, great naturalist, felt that all things are answerable in nature if we but seek and study. Emerson's comment, "If a man be alone, let him look at the stars," stresses the need that he felt for solitude and for an examination of the universe.

Certainly, through contemplation, we become aware that it is life's spiritual values that supersede its material ones. As children of God, it is our role to develop an understanding and appreciation for all of his creations so that we can live in harmony with them and with ourselves.

Announcing the Special Short Story Issue

THE April 1962 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding short stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"Strange Bond," by Thelma Grube

"A Load of Hay," by Ilene H. Kingsbury

"Strictly for Silence," by Dorothy Clapp Robinson

"If at First," by Ruth G. Rothe

EVENTIDE

Frances C. Yost

BONNIE Sharpton glanced at the clock. It was getting late and Charles hadn't come home. She shouldn't have let the children talk her into staying up to see their daddy.

"Some women are just plain lucky to have a man on an eight-hour day. My Charlie puts in ten to twelve hours, and I put in an hour before he leaves, and two hours after he gets home. And that isn't counting the night shift when the children call for water or have a stomachache."

Connie stopped short. She didn't want to start talking to herself. Just then the door opened and Charlie walked in.

Larry and Mary rushed to their father and wrapped their arms and legs about him. Poor, tired Charlie, he looked as if he had been ensnared by an octopus. She was proud to be the mother of twins, but no one who hadn't had the experience of rearing twins could possibly believe the mischief two the same age could concoct.

Charlie was smiling as he fondled the children, but when he looked up at Connie, she knew it had been one of those off days. She wouldn't ask how things had gone for him. It was best not to mention it. This salesman work on a commission was hard on a man, and for that matter hard on his wife. Occasionally there were good days, though they never balanced out the poor ones.

Charles dropped into a chair, yet he didn't relax. His feet were tapping the rug and his hands were tapping the arm rest. It was as if his feet were still beating the pavements, and his knuckles knocking on doors.

"Please, Connie, get the children off to bed. I'm starved to death."

"Yes, dear."

Connie hurried Larry and Mary up the stairway before her. Every bone in her legs ached. And the hardest part of the day was yet before her, getting the twins settled down for the night. If she had another time of it getting them asleep as she had last night! Connie sighed, thinking about it. Larry had started a pillow fight with a torn, leaky pillow and Connie figured she would be picking up feathers when snow fell next Christmas.

Connie pulled a chair between the twin beds and sat down. It felt good to get off her feet.

"Mother, read us a story."

"It's too late, Mary."

"But you promised," Larry chided.

"I read earlier in the evening. Have you forgotten?"

Was it going to be another riot like last night? Connie promised herself she wouldn't think about last night. She must discipline her memory. Why was putting children to bed such a nightmare for her? When she was a child it had

been a joy to drop off to sleep in her soft feather bed. She could almost feel her mother's cool hand on her forehead. What had she said. . . ?

"Connie, honey, you've been a good little girl all day today. You helped Mother every time with the dishes, and you threaded the needle when Mother's old eyes couldn't see the little needle's eye. You dusted the parlor ever so well. You were a little jewel all day long. Mother will sing a song or two, so close your eyes and rest. 'Go to sleep my pickaninny. It's time for a little child to rest. . . .'"

WHAT had her mother had at bedtime that Connie didn't have? Connie pondered the thought. Coolly and logically, Connie studied the problem in her mind. Like a hard rain on the windowpane, the difference struck Connie on her forehead. Her own mother had known the value of a lullaby.

Lullabies seemed to be a forgotten art in this atomic age. Yet music had played an important part in the history of man. Why, even before earth life, according to the Good Book, the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. At Christ's birth, angels had come near the earth and sung peace on earth and joy to the world.

How long had it been since she herself had even touched the keys on her own piano? She should be teaching the twins to sing. Vaguely, Connie remembered a great poet named Congreve had once said, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

Why hadn't she tried a lullaby instead of all this fussing and jangling with the children every night? Now, when the children were toddlers was the time to instill an incipient love of music in her youngster's hearts.

Connie reached her arms out, and put a cool hand on each overheated little forehead, as they lay in their twin beds on either side. Then she started singing softly.

"Go to sleep, my pickaninny. It's time for little childs to rest. Day-time is over and night has just begun. Cuddle up to your Mammie's breast. I can hear the night birds calling. It's time for little childs to rest. The sandman's coming. Your Mammie's humming a Georgia lullaby."

Connie followed it with another lullaby, then let her voice fade completely away. Both little children had dropped off into a deep sleep. She tiptoed softly from their room, and started down the stairway.

Charles stood there at the foot of the stairway. He was smiling up at her. "Say, that was right pretty. It sort of relaxed me, sitting here as you sang to the children."

Connie suddenly realized she, too, wasn't as upset and tense as she had been. She felt more relaxed and calmed down. Her lullaby had had a wonderful effect on the entire family.

Connie smiled lovingly at Charles, and said, "Oh. . . ." When she came to the last step where he was waiting for her, her lips were still rounded from the "oh," and he kissed her, lightly, but not too lightly.

The Power of Protein

Flora H. Bardwell and Ethelwyn B. Wilcox

Department of Food and Nutrition
Utah State University

ONE of the best friends a "body" has is protein — in fact, it makes up a large percentage of the total body.

All that makes you — your skin, hair, eyes, nails, your muscles, are proteins.

Most of all that makes you "go" — the blood, lymph, heart and lungs, tendons and muscles, ligaments, brains and nerves are also proteins. You are largely what protein has made you. You will probably become the result of the protein you enjoy in your food each day.

Protein, next to water, is the most plentiful substance in the body. The proteins that make up this large per cent of the body are not there as fixed, unchanging substance, like building blocks deposited for a lifetime of use. They are in a constant state of exchange within the body tissues. Some protein molecules are always breaking down, and others are being built as replacements. This is why every day our intake of food must supply the necessary protein, even when we no longer need it for growth.

Protein, in addition to building body tissues and muscle, regulates body processes and can also supply energy to the body when needed. If other sources of energy are available, protein will be used to carry out its own special functions of building and repairing tissues and

of regulating body functions. If other emergency sources are not available, the body will use protein for energy, thus depriving the muscles and other tissues of needed protein. Hence, a day's supply of food must necessarily include not only adequate protein, but also a balance of the other energy foods, the fats and carbohydrates.

A third function of protein is its use for growth; however maintenance of body functions comes first in needs. If not enough protein is supplied by the diet for both growth and maintenance, growth is retarded. Hence, this provides another reason for maintaining sufficient protein every day.

Proteins are made up of more simple substances called amino acids. There are eighteen amino acids which are used in different combinations in our common foods. These amino acids are linked together in the protein molecule much as the cars of a train are coupled together to make a freight or passenger train. In the body all food proteins are broken down into amino acids which are then rebuilt into specific body proteins using different combinations than occurred in the food.

All of these amino acids are essential to life and health, but only eight must be completely formed in the food and ready for use. The others can be made in the body from

raw materials supplied by the food. These eight are called essential amino acids because it is necessary to have them supplied ready-made.

ANIMAL proteins, such as meat, fish, poultry, eggs, milk, and cheese, and a few special legumes, contain all of the essential amino acids. These animal proteins contain all the essential amino acids in sufficient amount and in correct proportion for use by the body in maintenance, repair, and even growth. Other food proteins found in cereals, vegetables, and nuts are low in one or more of these essential amino acids or do not have them in the right proportion. However, when these foods are eaten in a meal with some animal protein food, the amino acids become balanced and meet the body's needs.

One other factor must be considered, the body needs all of the essential amino acids at the same time to use them for building body tissues. That is, one cannot store amino acids for use at a later time while waiting for a missing essential amino acid. In terms of meals, this means a good balanced meal if some animal protein is included with the cereal or vegetable protein. Hence,

a good breakfast would contain cereal and a glass of milk or toast and egg, along with the rest of a good breakfast.

IT is possible also that an oversupply of one amino acid may reduce the utilization of other amino acids so that a deficiency will occur. This condition might occur if all protein was coming from cereals or certain vegetables. Another possibility could occur when one tries to raise the level of protein eaten by adding the additional protein in the form of amino acid pills. A much safer form that ensures a good balanced protein diet is to increase the use of dried skim milk. This form is also much cheaper.

Essentially what this understanding of protein and amino acids means is that *balance* is of great importance in each day's food supply. We need not be concerned about the proportions of different amino acids when the supply of protein is generous and comes from a mixture or balance of ordinary foods. Almost any diet that includes a variety of everyday food (animals and vegetable products) supplies generous amounts of all the essential amino acids.

HIGHLIGHT OF COURTESY

THE highlight of courtesy is regard for the feelings of others. All may not know the rules of etiquette, but everyone understands the language of love.

— Nancy M. Armstrong

"We Can't Be Perfect"

Christie Lund Coles

OFTEN we hear someone justify his faults by saying, "Well, we can't be perfect. If we were perfect, we wouldn't be here. Nobody is perfect."

And often we justify ourselves in the same way. It is so easy to make excuses, to find reasons for our imperfections and shortcomings.

Yet, what did Jesus say? He said, "Be ye . . . perfect, even as your Father . . . in heaven is perfect."

Did he mean half-perfect, part good? Did he mean to be good on Sunday and disobedient the rest of the week? Did he mean to pay our tithes and offerings, but live as we please otherwise? Did he mean to indulge in our particular vices, saying, "So-and-so does worse than this"?

I don't believe so. I suppose no one can be completely perfect within the limitations of the flesh, and under the pressures on all sides of us. But we can try. And, if we try hard enough, we will achieve just that much perfection.

Right this moment we can start on the road to perfection. We can put the admonition, "Be ye perfect," in our hearts and work at it day after day, weeding out insidious little faults — the tendency to gossip, to make a slighting remark — and put virtues in their place.

Even if the unfortunate things we say are true, we are saying the things we think, and it is time to start thinking of happier things for our own sake, as well as for that of our friends.

We can nip a bad habit in the bud by thinking, I will not be dominated by this small thing. I will be free of it. We can start building up the positive side of the ledger, doing one small kindness a day, making a phone call, sending a card, a letter to someone shut in, or lonely, or ill. We can listen to someone else's troubles instead of talking of our own.

We can give thanks for all our blessings, purifying ourselves by the act of voicing gratitude.

We can pray unceasingly, and follow the inner promptings which whisper to all, if they will but listen to them.

We can love more. We can forgive more. We can even forgive ourselves after true, sincere repentance, with all that entails. Many people have difficulty because they cannot forgive themselves, cannot reconcile their feelings of guilt with the ideals they set for themselves. The Lord has said, ". . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isaiah 1:18).

I think we can all come much nearer to being perfect. And when we do — and surely without one mite of self-righteousness — people will like and admire us more, and respect us. Further, we will like and admire ourselves, as well as respect ourselves.

It is a challenge to each one. I hope we can accept it.



Harold M. Lambert

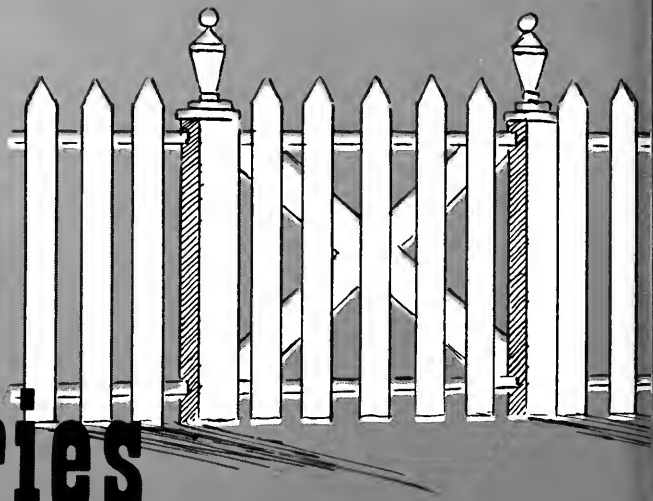
Hills of Scotland, Near Stranraer
Kennedy Castle Grounds of Lord Stair

Praise Is a Prayer

Margery S. Stewart

The stars hold conversations in the night,
Singing of delight
For being, finding it awesome to exist,
Much less to move in silver-winged flight.
The gulls are glad for their brief
Soarings, the fragile leaf
For seasons, fields hold in greening palm
The tender sheaf.
Small things praise by acts, the ant,
In the green comfort of the plant
Moves in minute obedience.
There is a gratitude in the sea's deep chant.
Lost in vast hungers and confusions, I
Forget the songs that I might praise thee by.

Old fences and Old memories



Annie Atkin Tanner

FENCES stand out in my memory of childhood days more than any other inanimate thing. They seem to be a part of the days I like to remember, and I hate to see them go, ugly as some of them were. One by one, the old fences have gone, and it is like old memories being burned alive—a very unhappy experience.

After long years of absence from my home town, I returned one day in spring, to find many things had changed. The place seemed half undressed with so many friendly fences gone. The houses that used to look serenely down at me over tall fences, now seemed to be boldly staring. I walked down the once familiar sidewalk which led me to my old home. It appeared strangely stark and lonesome and a little bit apologetic without the weathered, brown-gray, picket fence which, in other days, seemed to warn any intruder not to enter.

As a barefoot child I ran along the narrow plank to which each

picket was nailed. Each moment I rather expected to be pierced by one of the defiant lances, and my mother often told me that some day my dress might catch on one of the pickets and I would be hanged. The fact that I wasn't, has always convinced me that sometimes our guardian angels work overtime.

The neighbor on the north of our home had a much more enticing fence than ours. It had a long narrow board running along the top of it. This fence was a temptation to all the neighborhood children. It practically invited us to "come aboard" and run. Sometimes we fell off, but this was just a challenge to us to try our skill again. We were often scolded and threatened by the exasperated owner of the fence, but children are not easily discouraged.

The cedar-post fence was a strange species. The posts stood straight and tall and close together; they were strong and stolid and seemed to dare anyone to laugh at them.

Sister Smith lived alone in her

home a block south of our house, which was set in the back of her lot. Around the house stood a post fence, a mighty fortress, which seemed to reach to the sky, when I was very young.

It was my duty, once or twice a week, to take down to our neighbor a brown pitcher of cold buttermilk or a blue bowl of vegetable soup. Not once did I ever go to the gate but always squeezed perilously through the narrow space between the posts, often spilling a little of the buttermilk or soup, and sometimes scratching my back on the rough posts.

The fence on the way to my Aunt Aggie's was built of beautiful, red sandstones from the lovely hills nearby.

My cousins and I loved to play on that fence. There was adventure there on the top. The rocks trembled under us and often one tumbled down, as we jumped from one rock to another. One day I was resting on the top of the wall and I looked down below. There, between two rocks, was a huge, gray lizard peeking up at me with his lidless eyes. I jumped from the wall in terror, just as the lizard slithered down and ran across my bare feet. From that day on the charm of the red-rock wall was ended.

THE river slowly meandered through our valley, about two miles away from my grandfather's home. In pioneer days he carried willows on his back to weave the fence between him and his neighbors, which kept them good friends for forty years.

By the time I can remember his fence, it was completely hidden by black currant bushes. Under their thick shade, my sisters and I built playhouses and made pink and red and yellow hollyhock dolls, with green currants pinned on for heads. Here on the hot July days, we lived in a world of imagination and dreamed of castles and kings.

As we grew older, the old fence in the front of our home formed a background for our romances. In the square gate posts two tiny brown house wrens built their nests each spring, and softly complained at night when the rusty hinges on the gate squeaked as we said goodnight. The same whining noise also seemed to let our mother know just what time we came home. Romance had such a perfect setting around that old, gray fence. On May nights pink Dorothy Perkins roses flaunted their loveliness, and the clear, yellow moonlight made the blossoming pear tree a thing of shimmering beauty.

On the highest branch of this tree, a mockingbird whistled and sang love songs to us, accompanied by the bass croaking of frogs hidden deep in orchard grass.

As we said our last goodnight, the orange moonlight filtered through the mulberry leaves, and the rose-scented path to the door left a make-believe world to be remembered with tenderness.

The old fences are gone. The fierce-looking picket fences with their green gates, the wide, board fences, the sturdy post fences, and red-stone walls, have disappeared into the past, with our memories as their only hope of revival.

Make it with **HAMBURGER** and Save!



Janet W. Breeze

ROLL it! Pat it! Break it! Stretch it! Whether company is coming or it's just another family meal, nowhere can you find a meat or meat product more versatile and economical than hamburger.

Every homemaker has her own pet list of hamburger variations. Maybe some of these will help to supplement yours:

Quick Stroganoff

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| ¼ c. butter or substitute | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| ½ c. minced onion | ¼ tsp. paprika |
| 1 lb. ground beef | 1 can cream of mushroom soup,
undiluted |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1 c. commercial sour cream |
| 2 tbsp. flour | snipped parsley |
| 1 ½ tsp. salt | |

Sauté onion in butter or substitute until golden. Stir in hamburger, garlic, flour, salt, pepper, paprika, and sauté 5 minutes.

Add soup and simmer uncovered for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in sour cream. Sprinkle with parsley and serve over hot, buttered noodles. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Fortified Burgers

To one pound ground beef, add ½ c. shredded cheddar cheese; ½ small onion, chopped; 1 medium-sized tomato, chopped; one egg, slightly beaten; and 3 tablespoons wheat germ. Form into patties and sprinkle both sides with seasoned meat tenderizer to seal in juices.

Asparagus Sandwich

Sandwich cooked asparagus spears or tips between two cooked hamburger patties. Cover top patty with cream of mushroom soup gravy. Goes well with baked potatoes!

Fruited Meat Loaf

To your own basic one-pound meat loaf combination, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained fruit cocktail, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple, with juice, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins. Bake at 350° for one hour. About 15 minutes before done, arrange bacon strips on top of loaf, then continue baking.

Hamburger-Cottage Cheese Pie

Sauté lightly one large onion, chopped, and 1 pound ground beef. Season to taste and stir in 2 tbsp. flour.

Line a 9" pie tin with uncooked biscuit dough crust and fill with hamburger-onion mixture.

Fold one cup small curd cottage cheese into 2 slightly beaten eggs; spread over hamburger and sprinkle with paprika.

Bake for 30 minutes at 375° . Serve in wedges along with a colorful tossed salad.

Saucy Meat Balls

1 lb. ground beef	1 can (1 lb.) pineapple chunks and syrup
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ginger	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg	2 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tsp. water	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. vinegar
$\frac{1}{4}$ c. flour	2 green peppers, cut in strips
3 tbsp. salad oil	buttered hot noodles

Season ground beef with salt and ginger; form lightly into 16 small balls; dip in egg, slightly beaten, with 1 tsp. water, then in flour; sauté in salad oil in large frying pan, turning to brown all sides. Remove from heat; take out meat balls while making sauce in same pan.

Drain syrup from pineapple and add water to it to make 1 cup; stir into drippings in pan. Stir in brown sugar mixed with cornstarch and vinegar. Heat, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and boil 3 minutes.

Arrange browned meat balls, pepper strips, and pineapple chunks in separate piles in pan; stir each gently to coat with sauce; cover. Simmer 10 minutes, or until heated through. Spoon over hot, buttered noodles. Serves 4.

Indoor Barbecued Burger Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. salad oil	2 tsp. salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. catsup	4 tbsp. brown sugar
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. vinegar
1 tsp. dry mustard	1 tsp. paprika

Combine all ingredients for sauce in large skillet. When mixture reaches boiling point, add 8 to 12 patties. Cover, reduce heat, and simmer 20 minutes. Serve on toasted buns.

Hamburger-Spanish Rice

1 c. raw rice	1 lb. ground beef
3 tbsp. olive oil	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. canned tomatoes
2 large onions, chopped fine	1 tsp. salt
2 green peppers, chopped	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
3 stalks celery, diced	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. (1 c.) grated cheese

Wash rice well; then drain, and boil till tender in salted water. Drain well. Meanwhile heat olive oil in frying pan over low heat. Add onions, peppers, celery, and fry gently for 10 minutes. Add ground beef and sauté until lightly browned, stirring constantly to prevent burning of vegetables. Add tomatoes, cover, and cook 15 minutes longer. Combine with rice, and add salt, pepper, and all but $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cheese. Mix well, and put in well-buttered casserole. Cover with remaining cheese and bake at 350° 25 minutes, or until cheese is melted and lightly brown. Serves 6 to 8.

Main Dish Meat Roll

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ground beef | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground pork sausage | dash of pepper |
| 4 tbsp. onion (sautéed in 1 tbsp. shortening) | $\frac{1}{2}$ c. bread crumbs |
| | 1 egg, beaten |

Heat oven to 350° F. Combine ingredients; mix thoroughly. Put on waxed paper; pat out in a sheet 14 inches long by 10 inches wide.

Potato and Pea Stuffing

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| 2 c. mashed potatoes | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 can green pea soup, undiluted | dash of pepper |
| | 1 egg, beaten |

Combine ingredients; mix well. Place on the meat and roll the meat mixture around stuffing. Remove wax paper. Bake in moderate oven for 1-1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours at 350° . Serves 8.

Budget Beef Pie

Sauté $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced onion and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound hamburger until lightly brown. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt and 1 can condensed tomato soup. Pour into baking dish and cover with rolled biscuit dough. Bake in hot oven (450°) about 20 minutes. Turn upside down on plate. Can be stretched to 6 servings.

Busy-Day Casserole

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ c. chopped onions | 2 tbsp. prepared mustard |
| 2 tbsp. butter or substitute | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt |
| 1 lb. ground beef | dash of pepper |
| 1 can condensed vegetable soup | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water |
| 1 c. water | 2 c. instant rice |
| 2 tbsp. catsup | $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt |

Sauté onions in butter until golden. Add meat and sauté until browned. Add soup, 1 c. water, catsup, mustard, salt, and pepper. Mix well. Bring to a boil, then simmer 15 minutes.

Meanwhile combine rice, water, and salt in saucepan. Cook according to package directions.

Add rice to meat in sauce. Mix and turn into 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs or grated cheese if desired. Put under broiler for 2 or 3 minutes. Serves 6.

Surprise Patties

Shape raw meat loaf into 8 patties. Place sliced cheese on 4 patties. Cover with second patty. Place strip of bacon around edge and hold with toothpick. Broil slowly 10 minutes on each side about 4 inches from heat.



Lucy S. Guyas, Maker of Many Quilts

LUCY Standley Guyas, Salmon, Idaho, has pieced and quilted more than a hundred quilts in the last sixteen years. More than forty of these beautiful quilts were made in the effective six-pointed Lone Star pattern (similar to the quilt which is folded across Sister Guyas' lap). Many other patterns, including the bowknot and double bow knot, and wedding ring patterns have been used in this long-time quilting project. The materials have included cotton fabrics of many kinds, prints, plain-colored, stripes and checks, and also many types of rayon and satin materials, as well as taffetas and brocades. The colors have been beautifully contrasted, or blended, according to the artistic requirements of the pattern. Many lovely quilts have been given to friends and neighbors and in this way a large number of homes have been beautified and made comfortable.

Mrs. Guyas is mother to three children and grandmother to nine. She has lived in Salmon for thirty-five years and is active in the Church, and in Relief Society.

Speak that kindly word and do that kindly deed that lingers in your heart. Who knows what ray of sunshine it may bring—and tomorrow may be too late.

—Pauline Bell

Keep My Own

Kit Linford



CHAPTER 3

Synopsis: Irene Spencer, who met her husband Dick in South Africa, comes to a small town near Salt Lake City, and sees for the first time the shabby old house which is to be her home. Dick plans to have his Grandfather and his young handicapped brother David live with them. Irene meets Dick's Aunt Ella who has cared for David since his mother died, and Aunt Ella, also, is accepted as a member of the new household.

ELLA was a one-woman army in a war against dirt. She attacked the grime that had accumulated in the big house with a vigor that left Irene breathless. As she worked, she talked. Irene had learned not to try to ease in a reply unless necessary. Ella talked more to herself and her enemy, the dirt, than to anyone else.

"Got to vacuum first, that's for sure." The whir of the machine formed a buzzing backdrop to her words. "Send these drapes to the cleaners, so you can see what color they are. Can't stand to even take them down until they've been vacuumed, though. Like to choke us all to death, all that dust. What are we going to do with this rug? It'll take a miracle to get that soot out of it. I'd forgotten there was so much woodwork. It needs a good coat of polish, after we get it cleaned."

Davy moved like a small ghost through the rooms. He followed Ella as she worked, and she encour-

aged the child to remain nearby.

Irene felt haunted by the child. She would feel his presence, his empty eyes on her as she worked. If she turned to see him, he would be gone. Or she would glance up, to find him half-hidden by a drape or a chair, peeping out at her. If she tried to approach him or speak to him, he would shrink from her and disappear.

Bringing order out of chaos was no easy thing to do. As the remodeling progressed, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, and painters created and recreated a havoc of noise and clutter.

Each day Irene and Ella struggled valiantly through what seemed like never-ending mountains of dust, dirt, sawdust, paint, plaster, and other assorted materials. They found companionship in their mutual struggle against them. Irene was grateful for the numbness that hard work enforced on her mind.

She still felt like an interloping outsider. When she tried to visualize the future, she rejected such thoughts fearfully. Years seemed to stretch before her, with a house to care for in which she was an alien stranger, and a child to rear that she couldn't even talk to. She couldn't accustom herself to carrying on one-sided conversations with Davy, as Dick did. Besides, Davy wouldn't let her. He was lost and confused

in the riot of the house, cared for, but largely ignored.

Even the solarium was not exempt from the clutter. It was hollowly empty when Dick moved his desk and files into it. Three walls of glass surrounded him, and in the U center of those windows, he set up his drawing board. Later he intended to partition the huge room into offices. At the moment, it became a convenient storage spot for paint cans, hammers, plumbing fixtures, draperies that had come back from the cleaners but would not be hung until the cleaning was finished, and other odds and ends that Ella, Irene, and the workmen saw fit to store away in it. Dick was good-natured about this usurpation of his domain, but Irene knew he would welcome any changes for the better.

She fell into bed each night so exhausted that, as she told Dick, frequently she was asleep before her head touched the pillow.

He frowned. "You'd better take it easy. You're trying to get too much done too fast. It'll wait."

"That's what I'm afraid of. It's waited too long already."

"You don't want to overdo, Irene."

"I'm perfectly all right," she said fondly. "The work's good for me. It keeps my mind occupied."

THE sea-grayness of his eyes darkened. "I know what you mean. I know how hard all this has been on you. The house, and Granddad and Ella, and especially Davy. I can't just forget them and go off and live my own life, Irene, even if that might be the easy way. They're

mine. Blood's thicker than brine, they say. . . ."

Tears rushed to her eyes. She saw his face through a blur. She had thought he didn't understand! "Oh, Dick, I know we can't do anything else! When I think of it rationally, I don't want to, either. I'm a woman grown. I'll be a mother soon. If I can't accept a few responsibilities, I'd be a poor excuse for a wife. I love you, and I love them, too. Because I do, I know I can work all this out. Just give me a little more time. I feel so strange, sometimes, coming here from a foreign country. . . ." She forced herself to smile through the haze of her tears.

Buried again in the never-ending cleaning, she let her forced smile die a natural death. She had believed her words when she spoke them to Dick. Afterward, alone in the library with cliffs of books surrounding her, she looked inward upon herself and knew how immature and afraid she was.

She pulled books out and stacked them about the room while she cleaned the shelves. Someday she hoped to have time to read some of them. She turned a rich red leather bound volume over in her hands to examine the title, then paused. She had the unmistakable eerie feeling of Davy's seeking eyes burning into her back.

She didn't turn, knowing that he would be gone if she did. She spoke softly, so she wouldn't startle him. "Come in, Davy. Isn't this a beautiful room? Books are good friends, and there are so many of them in here."

Then she dared look toward him.

Her words had caught him off balance. He stood irresolutely in the doorway. His hair was wind-blown, and an appealing curl drooped over one eyebrow.

He started to back away. She had an almost irrepressible urge to smooth back the stray curl, to touch the thin little cheek. "Please don't go, Davy."

She fought to keep the desperation she felt from seeping through into her voice. Then she noticed that while his wide eyes were orbs of distrust, they were not blank. Elation bubbled inside her. It was the first time he had ever looked at her, knowing that she saw him, and met her with anything but that expressionless stare that so disconcerted her.

"I have something for you, Davy. A book. We're going to have a baby, you know. I thought you might like to read about babies before our baby comes." She had left the book on Dick's desk in the solarium and now regretted not having it with her.

"Will you wait here while I go get it?"

HE backed further away, toward a beckoning shadow.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put it here on this table. When you wish to read it, it'll be here for you. All right?"

He slipped away and was gone like a pint-sized phantom, merged into the silent shadows from which he had come.

Irene sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Oh, Davy, she thought, you poor little soul! A child that never laughs,

never talks, never sings! I've accepted this awesome responsibility, but it's just not enough. Whatever am I going to do about it?

"Granddad," she asked that day during lunch, "are you sure Davy's hearing is all right?" Davy had slipped away from the table to pursue his private world. "I know he's not completely deaf, but sometimes he never seems to hear a thing I say."

Granddad shook his head. "His hearing's all right. Sometimes he may not want to hear, but he can. If anything, better than average. We checked all those possibilities, Irene."

"I'm sure you did. I just thought perhaps. . . ."

Granddad's eyes were narrow. "We all went through the same thing. Searching for a physical cause. I know how it is. It would be easier, of course, to combat . . . in a way. You've been thinking in terms of a hearing aid, or perhaps corrective surgery. Hopes we had, too, a long time ago. Now we know that the only place to base any hope is in Davy. In his recovery from a loss that he was unable to fathom or cope with."

Irene toyed with her sandwich idly. "If I could just reach him. He's so distant. More so with me than anyone."

"Subconsciously, he's trying to reject you. He's afraid of you. I spoke to his doctor about it."

"Afraid of me? Whatever for?"

"He doesn't have much conscious memory of his mother, but it was she who deserted him, to his baby mind. He's afraid to love you lest you desert him, too. That's over-

simplifying, of course, but in general, that's the idea."

Such a sickening realization robbed her of her appetite. She pushed her lunch away almost angrily. "He doesn't react to Ella like that."

"Ella's been with him from the beginning. And with all of that, his trust in Ella and Dick and me . . . the fact remains we haven't been able to teach him to speak."

"Then he could talk, if he wanted to?"

"No. It's a psychological block. He can't speak. Not until that block is removed. Some children develop a mental block against learning arithmetic or geography, perhaps because of an unpleasant association. Again, that's over-simplifying, but it's much the same thing."

"Maybe I had a mental block without knowing it," Irene smiled. "My aunt used to say I just didn't have any arithmetic sense."

THE gradual emergence of order could be seen only by those who had been working in the debris and confusion. As each room was thoroughly cleaned, it was closed up tightly against invading soil from other areas of the house.

When Irene first saw the sprawled heating system in the basement, she was appalled. "Dick, it looks like something out of the dark ages!" she cried.

He laughed. "It almost is. Someday we'll tear it all out and put in a modern gas furnace, but for now it will have to serve."

Granddad squinted up into the rafters at one of the octopus-like furnace arms snaking between them.

"It's about on its last legs, though," he said. "One of these days . . . whom! She'll be gone."

"Until that day she'll have to do," Dick reiterated firmly.

It was a foolish notion, she knew, but Irene felt a deep personal animosity toward that furnace. She even had nightmares in which the entire apparatus took on life, reaching and stretching through its many eel-like arms and legs into every room in the house. She was certain that it would refuse to heat the house simply because she was living there. Dick and Granddad exchanged knowing looks about the peculiarities of expectant mothers when she refused to go downstairs near that furnace.

"I hope it goes 'whoom' in a hurry," she said with venom, "and I know my mind will be more at ease."

She covered the dining-room table with a thick mat of newspapers and a plastic tablecloth to protect the finish. Ella brought in two tubs, one filled with hot sudsy water, and the other with clear rinse water. Irene stood on the table herself in order to reach the chandelier and remove the prisms that dangled from thin wires on the frame.

"You ought not to be climbing around," Ella scolded.

"I'm perfectly all right, Ella. This table is so large it's almost like standing in the middle of the floor." She removed the prisms and handed them down one by one.

Ella dunked each one in the suds. She let it soak for a minute before she fished it out and rinsed it. "Just the same, it's better to be safe than

sorry. You're not supposed to reach or stretch, either."

"I'm really not. Look. The chandelier hangs so low I almost have to reach down from up here to get some of them off."

It was true, but Ella continued to grumble.

Granddad entered the dining room, with Davy in tow. "Well, now, what have we here?"

"Cleaning detail, Granddad!" Irene sang out. "Like to help?"

"You bet I would. I've just been waiting for the work to progress to this point. Always had a soft spot for this fixture. Here, Davy, take a cloth. Let's make these little dangles shine like diamonds set in stars."

They both polished industriously. Irene, looking down through the maze of gilt framework, was struck by the care that Davy employed in his task. He took genuine pride in each glittering orb, holding them up to the light to be sure that they were immaculate.

Ella's perpetual voice droned on, and Irene forced herself to listen. ". . . water's getting cold, and the electrician hasn't finished with the water heater. If we need any more I'll have to heat it on the stove. Take all the time in the world to do the littlest jobs! If we worked as slowly as they do, we'd never have this place in decent condition. . . ."

THEY completed the task to Ella's accompaniment. When the last glittering prism was rehung in the last empty hook, Irene climbed down off the table and stood looking up into the tiers of crystal light drops. She recalled her

sour mood the first time she had seen the delicately ornate fixture, and felt a surge of joy that she had had a part in restoring its splendor.

She smiled as she remembered how she and Dick had made faces in fun at each other while he washed these windows on the outside and she polished them on the inside. Now the late-day summer sun streamed through them. Not a trace of dust deflected the sun's sparkle. Orbs and pendants of varying sizes on the chandelier trapped every stray beam, joyfully reflecting it over and over.

Irene felt the glow of pride in accomplishment. She felt that even if she didn't belong to the house, it was beginning to belong to her. Perhaps she would never know the unified feeling of belonging, but she was taking great pleasure in making the house reflect her, and in making a home for the others. It was an intangible feeling. She couldn't have expressed it if she had tried. She was glad, however, that it had come to her. She didn't want to be a stranger in Dick's and their baby's home.

Ella had carried one of the tubs away. When she returned, her dress and apron were wet. Sloppy hems slapped her legs with each step she took.

"Spilled it," she said. "All over . . . in that sawdust that carpenter's making in there. Wet sawdust . . . ugh. Nice mess to have to clean up. May as well empty the other one first, I'm as likely as not to spill it, too, the way things are going."

Irene laughed out loud. For a moment she was afraid Ella might take offense, but her bubbling hap-

piness spilled over in humor. How like Ella to regard the cabinet maker as "making sawdust" instead of constructing much-needed cupboards. Ella sniffed, then grinned, too. She tried to maintain her cross tone, but the grin infected it.

"Seems like every time I sweep it up, they make some more. If it isn't sawdust, it's plaster, or wire, or a can of paint, or something just as bad. As if the dirt isn't bad enough."

Davy had disappeared. Granddad asked in mock concern, "Now where did that scalawag go?"

Ella answered. "Davy? Probably to the library. He's been spending most of his free time in there lately."

Irene glanced up. "The library?"

"He's a great one for reading." Granddad pulled at his chin. "Most of those books are a bit deep for him, though, I'm afraid."

Irene broke away as they finished clearing up. Grandad rolled the newspapers into a cone that would fit in the fireplace while Ella dried the plastic before she put it away.

The library door was ajar. It had been closed most of the time since its cleaning was finished. She hesitated, then with renewed resolve she stepped inside.

DAVY sat in a deeply tufted dark leather chair, a small figure

almost lost in the curved depths. The drapes were drawn, and the child had switched on a lamp that stood on the table next to his chair. A circle of light rose from the lamp, surrounding his head like a halo.

The book Irene had given him was opened on the arm of the chair. His chin rested in his hand as he read it. She loved him so much at that instant that she nearly hurt with it.

Unknowingly, Irene brushed against the door frame. Davy jumped to his feet, a trapped, wild look in his eyes. The spell was broken. The lovely book fell unwanted to the floor, and lay there on the face of its pages.

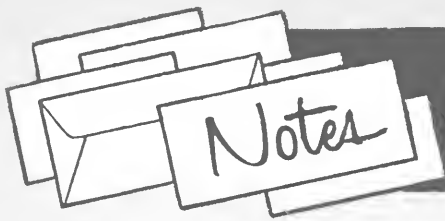
"I'm so glad you found the book," Irene said. "I won't bother you now, I see you were busy reading it. I'd love to read it with you sometime. If you should want me to read it to you, bring it to me, and I will. All right?"

She expected no answer and got none. Apprehension tied knots in the pit of her stomach. In respect to the mood she had shattered, to the privacy she had invaded, she turned and walked slowly away. She left the boy standing by the chair. The halo of light he had worn so naturally only a moment before now shone futilely alone against the dark grain of the leather chair.

(To be continued)

I will strive to make each day a cheerful day. To have within my heart a desire to forgive any who might have wronged me and a prayer for those who have found more thorns than roses along the pathway of life.

—Pauline Bell



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

South Idaho Falls Stake Harvest Fair November 9, 1962

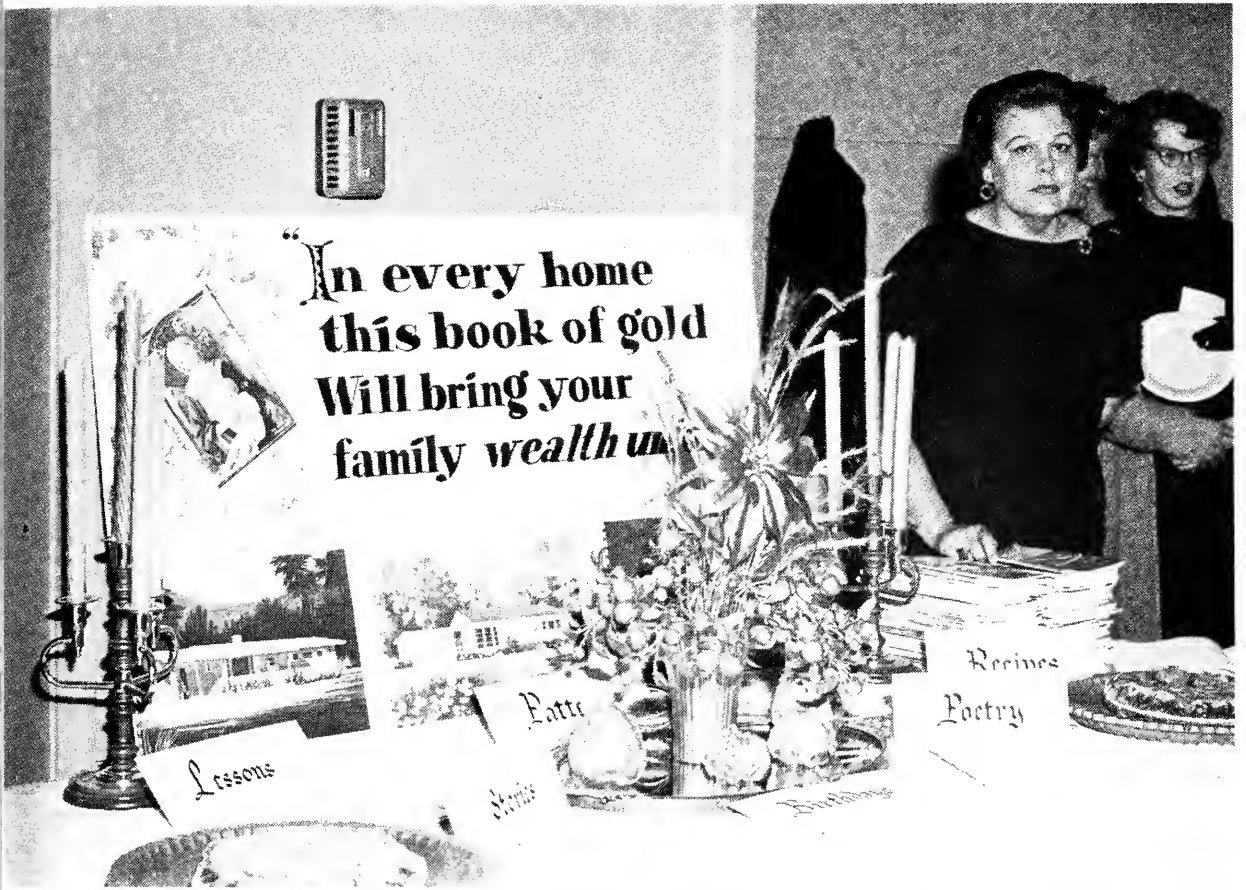
Alice Moss, stake *Magazine* representative, is seen at the right offering free copies of *The Relief Society Magazine* to guests who attended the harvest fair.

Fern C. McClellan, President, South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports that the table shown in the picture was designed to illustrate the many phases of subject material presented in the *Magazine*. "This fellowshipping program was sponsored jointly by the stake and ward Relief Society organizations. Beautiful exhibits of bazaar items were displayed, as well as tables depicting the different aspects of Relief Society: visiting teaching, social science, literature, theology, welfare, and the *Magazine*. An original presentation 'Mother Goes to School' stressed the enrichment received from Relief Society. Music was furnished by the Singing Mothers and guest artists. Refreshments were served. Of the 300 who attended, nearly one-third were not enrolled members of Relief Society. Many were of other faiths. It was a great thrill for us to be able to share Relief Society with these friends and neighbors."

Ammon Stake (Idaho) Inter-Faith Social October 24, 1962

Left to right: Afton Godfrey, work meeting leader; Betty Stoddard, Work Director Counselor; Emma Jane Nelson, President; Virginia Garner, Education Counselor; Susette Budge, organist; Sharlene Blatter, literature class leader; Beverly Mercer, theology class leader; Beth Jacobs, social science class leader; Connie Fell, visiting teacher message leader; Violet Wakley, *Magazine* representative; Valene Heer, chorister; Renae Paxman, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sister Nelson reports: "With the stake house as its setting, four hundred women were present to enjoy our Inter-Faith Social with us. A lovely musical program was given, and a history of Relief Society, its purposes and activities, was presented also. Each ward arranged beautiful displays of its loveliest bazaar items, this handiwork being an outgrowth of the work meeting activities. In addition to these displays, each of the stake board members set up displays depicting the purposes and objectives of the lesson department. Light refreshments were served. We are very pleased with the outcome of our Inter-Faith Social. Women representing fifteen other religions were present, in addition to our own members, and we feel that much was accomplished towards showing others the greatness of Relief Society and making new friends with women of other faiths."



Temple View Stake (Utah) Relief Society Presents Check to Liahona Branch

Front row, sisters standing left to right: Anna G. Allen, Second Counselor, Liahona Branch Relief Society; Loretta Pawiki, First Counselor; Margaret J. Renshaw, President; Edna S. Hewlett, President, Temple View Stake Relief Society.

Back row, brethren, left to right: Elder G. Wallace Fox, First Counselor, Liahona Branch; Elder Ralph Williams, President; Elder Maurice J. Taylor, President, Temple View Stake.

Sister Hewlett reports: "A lovely musical benefit called 'Evening of Many Talents' was given in the Temple View Stake chapel September 24, 1962, for the newly organized Liahona (Indian) Branch Relief Society. In the picture a check for \$237 is being presented to Sister Margaret J. Renshaw, President, Liahona Branch Relief Society, by Edna S. Hewlett, President, Temple View Stake Relief Society."

Shelley Stake (Idaho) Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference, October 1962

Velma G. Risenmay, President, Shelley Stake Relief Society, stands first at the right on the second row; organist Janeen Harris, first on the right in the front row; chorister Evelyn Hook stands first at the left in the front row.

Sister Risenmay reports: "The Shelley Stake Singing Mothers chorus has been honored for several years to present the music for the October Stake Quarterly Conferences. This year the numbers we chose were: 'If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments,' 'Still, Still With Thee,' 'The Work We're Called to Do,' and 'Love One Another,' with Alene Lyon as soloist, and Afton Cook, Evada Bitter, and Dorothy Christensen as violinists, and Ruth Oler at the organ."

Long Beach Stake (California), Sixth Ward Relief Society Makes Pixie Dolls for Their Bazaar

Seated, left to right: Zerilda Campbell; Kathleen Abplanalp; Shirley Roost; Marian Roost; Luella Garton; Elizabeth Peterson; Shirley Goodwin, President; Rhoda Patten; Annabell Bigleman; Roberta Pike, Work Director Counselor; Ida McEwan.

Standing, left to right: Marian Peterson; Stella Nielson; Jennie Mae Taylor, work meeting leader; Lena Goodlad; Veda Vanfleet; Leola Branson; Sandra Nielson; Joy Peterson; Peggy Rich.

Marian Bennett, President, Long Beach Stake Relief Society, reports: "The sisters of the Sixth Ward made pixie dolls for their bazaar. They had an opportunity to sell them, and decided to use this activity as a building fund project. Through the work and faith of the sisters, they have been able to give their bishop \$1,000 towards their new chapel building. And the orders for the pixie dolls continue to come in. This has been a lot of work, and also a great blessing and satisfaction to the sisters who have given of their time and talents. They have become better acquainted with each other and have had a lot of fun together. The project has strengthened their testimonies and brought them closer to each other."



Zion Park Stake (Utah) Relief Society Honors Active Visiting Teachers Past Eighty Years of Age at Visiting Teacher Convention

Left to right: Lettie Whitney, stake visiting teacher message leader; Laura Pulsipher, eighty-one, visiting teacher from Toquerville Ward; Amelia Heaton, eighty-two, Hurricane South Ward; Amelia Sanders, eighty-six, La Verkin Ward; Genevieve H. Gubler, President, Zion Park Stake Relief Society.

Sister Gubler reports: "We honored these three lovely sisters for being active visiting teachers at past eighty years of age, still serving. Sister Heaton and Sister Pulsipher achieved a one hundred per cent attendance record at the visiting teacher meeting the past year. Sister Heaton visited every family in her district every month."

Lethbridge Stake (Canada), Macleod Ward Quilting Project

Seated, left to right: Geraldine Olsen; Grace Agate, work meeting leader; Janana Orr, Work Director Counselor; Luella Gray, President.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vada De Ginnus; Jean Richardson; Myrna Hart; Mary Sheffield; Louise Henrie; Fern Duce; Viola Orr.

Theodora B. Nelson, President, Lethbridge Stake Relief Society, reports that thirty-six beautiful quilts were made by the sisters of the Macleod Ward, in their successful and rewarding project of supplying their homes with bedding.

Northern Mexican Mission, Mission-Wide Relief Society Convention September 1962

Annie R. Call, President, Northern Mexican Mission Relief Society, reports that more than sixty sisters attended the convention, including eight district Relief Society presidents, forty branch presidents, and six from the mission board. "These women represented branches from all over Northern Mexico. Our program began at nine and closed at six, but we served three meals, as all came on buses or trains and had to come and leave according to schedules. This meant that many arrived before six in the morning and left at eleven at night.

"It was a long day, but with the slides of 'A Record Shall Be Kept,' the film 'Unto the Least of These,' forty-five minutes of learning how to direct hymns with batons, two excellent 'mixers' which could be used in the opening socials the next week in Relief Societies, general instructions, teaching helps, work-day suggestions and demonstrations, it proved to be a very successful and profitable day.

"President Annie R. Call presented general instructions; First Counselor Pauline Redd Burt spoke on work ideas and the presentation of suggestions for socials; Second Counselor Dolores G. de Almaguer presented some teaching helps; Secretary-Treasurer Coleen M. Cox gave some helps for filling out weekly and monthly reports and in the roll call; Afton K. Shreeve, in charge of music, gave some excellent ideas and helps for directing hymns; Apolinar de Reyes talked on the importance of caring for burial clothing.





**Irish Mission, Irish District Relief Society Seminar, Redhill, Belfast,
Northern Ireland, September 8, 1962**

Front row, standing in the center, Sandra M. Covey, President, Irish Mission Relief Society, holding the hand of her daughter Cynthia; Mary Brooks, First Counselor, standing next to Sister Covey (in plaid suit); Secretary Myrl Peay stands fourth from the left on the front row; Elder Stephen R. Covey, President of the Irish Mission, stands at the right in the front row.

Sister Covey reports: "On the 28th of September we held an all-day Relief Society Seminar for the primary purpose of presenting an outline and interpretation of this year's agenda, the program regarding visiting teaching, record keeping, *The Relief Society Magazine*, bazaars, teacher training, and Relief Society policies, as well as other aspects of our work. We wanted to give the presidents a vision of what can be done if they understand the program and policies and help them to analyze their specific situations and problems and have new ideas and approaches in dealing with them. The presentation was in the form of skits, films, discussions, lectures, and buzz groups. Since learning is always directly correlated to involvement and participation, we tried to structure the situation so that through this medium of participation all were able actively to take part, express their opinions, analyze and discuss common problems in their districts.

"The attitude of the group was marvelous — very spontaneous, and all were eager to participate, teachable, and happy to be able to express their opinions and discuss their problems. We had each branch bring some of their most original and nicest articles from their work meetings and displayed them so the other branches would be able to exchange ideas and patterns.

"We know that growth is coming and will come very rapidly, and if we have a strong program to build on, it will be much easier to establish new and strong Relief Societies. We pray that the Lord will bless us in our efforts. We are thrilled with the wonderful Relief Society program. Already there has been a rapid growth in our mission."



**MUSIC
for
SINGING
MOTHERS**

- ABIDE WITH ME; 'TIS
EVENTIDE—Madsen20
- GOSPEL GIVES UNBOUNDED
STRENGTH—Spafford, and
AS ANGELS IN HEAVEN
Schreiner30
- JESU, JOY OF MAN'S
DESIRING—Bach25
- LET NOT YOUR SONG END—
Cain25
- LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT
FOR JOY—Stephens20
- LORD IS MY SHEPHERD—
Smart20
- LORD'S PRAYER—Gates20
- LORD'S PRAYER—Malotte25
- MY SOUL IS ATHIRST FOR
GOD—Madsen25
- STILL, STILL WITH THEE—
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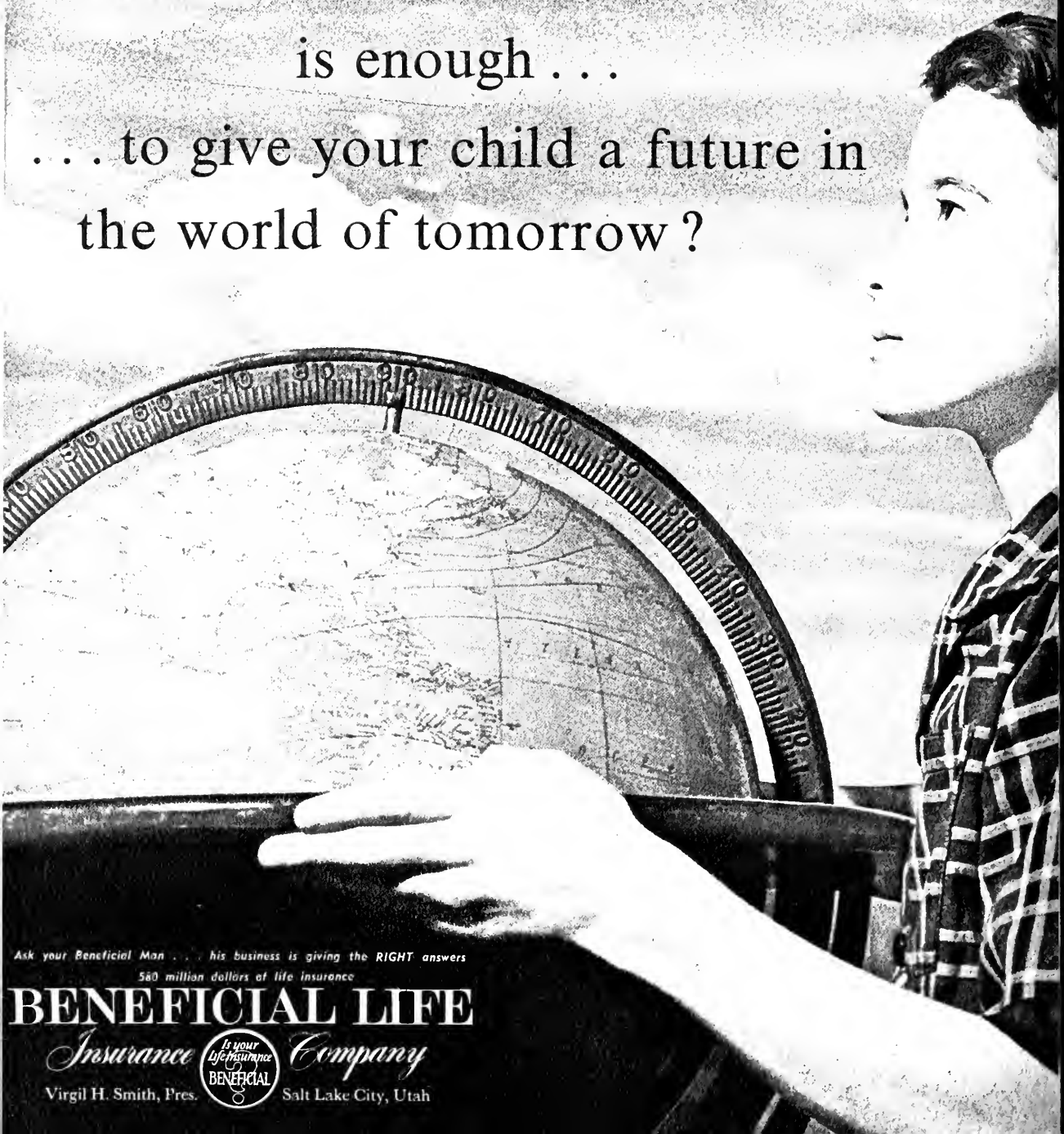
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

VOL. 50 NO. 4 APRIL 1963 SPECIAL SHORT STORY ISSUE



A Covenant on Stem and Stone

Vesta P. Crawford

Through hills where earth had pressed
A covenant on stem and stone,
I followed a path to the valley house,
Torn between the springtime's lilac air
And memory of autumn's older wisdom.

Too brief the lily on its fragile stalk,
And captive to the wind, the columbine;
Brief as one morning, the primrose bud,
And all the starry phlox sudden as rain.
What petal could last? What flower remain?

* * * * *

Then, as from a scroll, I heard her voice,
Saw her rocking slowly in her chair,
The porch a canopy above her,
And the Book open in her hands. . . .
As from a testament, her voice,
Older than Sharon or Bethany —
"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . ."
Shaken, her voice, as cypress boughs
Bending the shadow of Lebanon. . . .
"If it were not so, I would have told you. . . ."

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Cover | Little Church at Ramsau, Germany
Color Transparency by Josef Muench
Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press |
| Frontispiece | The Blossomed Earth
Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts |
| Art Layout | Dick Scopes |

From Near and Far

I received the January issue of the *Magazine* yesterday and was able to read some of the articles last evening. Now, as my children are settled down for their naps, I have had a chance to read more. I was particularly interested in the conference talks given by President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen — these articles are so very timely — so much needed.

—Marlene J. Ketley
Bristol, Illinois

I hope that all the male members of the Church scan through every issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I like the stories which are nearly always very touching and provide excellent lessons for improving our family life. I just finished reading the January issue, and my wife and I are so grateful for the two very timely articles on modesty and virtue. One of the finest things I came across in a long time, is the lesson "It Is Not Meet That I Should Command in All Things" (by Christine H. Robinson). I think the fourth paragraph (page 63) is a real gem and a classic in our literature. The art layout and the entire *Magazine* reveal a fine sense of taste and proportion by the artist (Dick Scopes).

—Max B. Zimmer
Bountiful, Utah

What cover could have more eloquence about human experience than the hand-cart family group pressing on amid snowy surroundings (January 1963). I was happy to see that Miranda Snow Walton placed first in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. I have admired the forthright strength of character revealed in her fine poems. Roxana Hase expressed a lovely thought in her "Sego Lilies," and Dorothy Roberts, as usual, has added a subtle little gem.

—Iris W. Schow
Brigham City, Utah

I have enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine* from my childhood days, and every issue gets better. The last few years the *Magazine* has served as a link to my dear Salt Lake City, since we are engaged in building chapels for the Church. I find that the lessons are received with the same enthusiasm in Mississippi as they have been in other States. I am prompted to write my sincere appreciation for the January issue. How blessed would be the Church if each sister who heard the message of President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen would incorporate these ideals in their homes. My most sincere thanks to the judges who chose the poem "Some Late Evening" (First Prize Poem in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest), by Miranda Snow Walton. I have never read anything portrayed so simply and deftly upon death. And how happy her loved ones waiting there must have been to greet her beautiful soul.

—R. May M. Foote
Liberty, Mississippi

May I express my thankfulness to the Relief Society around the world and to our wonderful *Magazine*. It means so much to me now that I am so far from home. I read each *Magazine* as soon as it arrives. The lessons bring me close to my home and to the wonderful teachers I had, and help me to be a better wife and mother. The *Magazine* is my constant companion.

—Jeanine S. Pace
Tainan, Taiwan
Formosa

I have received the January *Magazine*. It is lovely. We do not get anything like it here. I always look forward to the joys of the *Magazine*.

—Miss M. Davis
Kingsbury,
Middlesex, England

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 50

APRIL 1963

NO. 4

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Vesta P. Crawford Associate Editor Belle S. Spafford General Manager

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The Lord, Easter, and Me

Elder S. Dilworth Young
Of The First Council of Seventy

IT was a hot day in June when Joseph Smith rode into Carthage, Illinois, accompanied by Willard Richards, John Taylor, Ammon Tenney, and several other friends.

The feeling of foreboding which was the mood of the little group was not shared by those they left behind in Nauvoo. Hadn't Joseph circumvented his enemies before? Those who had been lulled by the blandish-mental hypocrisy of his supposed friends were unconcerned. Then the blow fell. A foaming horse and dusty rider burst in with the news. Joseph was dead, Hyrum, too, John Taylor grievously wounded. Desolation of feeling enveloped the saints. Amid mighty outbursts of suffering from grief, the wailing cry of the family of Joseph reached toward the heavens. There seemed to be no relief. It couldn't be, but it was!

This modern-day tragedy is close enough to us for us to be able to sense the devastation of the sorrow of that day. When calmer minds took charge, the saints, bowed as they were with despair, and the fear of further hurt, rose to the new hope of the teachings left them by the Prophet.

This was the first time in eighteen hundred years that a Prophet had been slain. Their comfort was that prophets would continue to come.

Comforting their souls during the time of sorrow was the prophetic knowledge of the gospel. The Lord Jesus had come; he had revealed his mind and will; he would still guide them; Joseph had passed through the veil, but it was a thin veil; he was near. He would carry on his great work in the spirit world. Surely it would not be long before such a spirit as his would be able to receive his resurrection. The resurrection — that was the hope which kept hope alive.

This modern scene, enacted in minor key many times in the lives of all of us, is made bearable by an act of the Lord Jesus Christ nearly two thousand years ago. So much is it the key to our hopes and the calming of our dread of death, that each spring all of the Christian world celebrates this harbinger of our future lives. That which is common knowledge and common hope today was not always the sustaining prop of the people.

The doctrine of the resurrection was taught from the beginning. But always there have been men of no hope but strong voice, who have philosophically talked themselves out of the possibility of such a thing. And they have converted others to their point of view. They, seeing not, believed not. Such a remarkable and unexplainable event

as a coming forth from the tomb had never happened. For 2000 years since Moses, and for a long time before that, hope had been raised, fed, beaten down, died. Prophets had proclaimed it, themselves died, and so far as anyone knew, still occupied their silent bit of earth.

THEN one day messengers found a man named Jesus. "Our brother is sick unto death. Come quickly!" But he delayed two days. He had taught them and they had not quite comprehended. Finally, he arrived outside the little town of Bethany where Martha met him. "Lord," was her greeting, "if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Somehow she felt he could do something if he would, "But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

"Thy brother shall rise again."

She replied, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

What Jesus said next, Martha did not quite understand, but she knew, nevertheless, that the Lord was speaking eternal truth.

"I am the resurrection, and the life. . . ."

And she, with that, acknowledged him to be the Redeemer.

The rest of what he implied was lost to her and her sister in the overpowering joy of the restoration of Lazarus to mortal life. If the Lord meant to impress these simple believing people that his was the power of resurrection, they didn't seem to understand the message. For,

witness what took place a short time later.

THE sorrowing women watched the brethren release the expired Savior from the cross. It was finished. He was dead. The promise of life and resurrection seemed purposeless. What they had dreamed and hoped was empty and futile. They watched as he was laid in the temporary tomb. No one would break the law of the Sabbath. The body would have to wait until the first day for embalming and encasement in the permanent linen shroud. They saw the heavy stone rolled into place and sealed. They saw the guard posted. They went despairing away. What they did on the Sabbath has never been said, but for the morning of Sunday the plan was to bring ointments and unguents and spices to prepare the body.

Mary Magdalene came early. The stone was rolled away. The tomb was empty. Panic-stricken that, in spite of precautions taken, ghouls had stolen the body, she hurried to the place where the apostles had taken refuge. The message she delivered was the cause of the most famous foot race ever recorded by man. John, younger, won it, but hesitated at the door of the tomb. Peter rushed up, and impetuously rushed in. Their reactions differed. John, who wrote the account, said that he believed, and by that statement perhaps implied that Peter doubted. But both must have agreed that some marvelous event had occurred.

But to Mary Magdalene was reserved the honor of first seeing the risen Lord. *And because of it the*

importance of women to the work of the Lord is forever made secure. Not Peter, not John, but Mary took the glad word to the apostles. The resurrection was not mysterious, not philosophically doubtful. It was a simple fact. The Son of God had laid down his life, and had by his power, the same power that brought Lazarus back to mortal life, reunited his spirit with a changed and glorified body. He was resurrected — united forever, and glorified.

What does this mean to you and to me?

Man today imagines that he will conquer the stars. The whirling, tenuous nebulae in the distant reaches of space seem to be within his grasp. With organized earthly material, chemically excited, and physically controlled, he envisions probing the mysteries of the universe. To what purpose does the effort take him? He knows not, then he dies — and his faith dies with him.

That morning, when the risen Lord said, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father," saw brought into being a law as much higher than the laws of physics and chemistry, as the distant galaxy is higher than this puny earth. The Lord God controls the earth, but on his own terms.

THE truth of that Sunday morning meeting nearly two millennia ago was reaffirmed one day in the spring of 1820. But it also revealed a greater truth. Not only was Christ a resurrected, glorified Savior, but he has a glorified resurrected Father. Here, for the first time in the recorded history of the

world, was made manifest the truth of the statement in Genesis, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . ."

As he did in the time of his first coming, the Lord has for the last time swept aside the cobwebs of man's erroneous thinking for eighteen hundred years, and stated once more in simple terms his relationship to man, and what he desires man's relationship to him to be.

Repentance from sin now has meaning; for he said he will forgive the repentant one, and give him place in his kingdom.

It makes firm in our souls that the resurrection is literally for all; that someday, you and I, and everybody, will take up our bodies and become eternally complete — body and spirit united.

It makes it possible for us to understand what it means to dwell in his presence, to share his glory, to inherit "All that my Father has." Each has his place in this great order, fathers, mothers, children.

In a deeper sense each Sunday is Easter. To us a reminder and a renewal is provided weekly. The sacrament, by which we repledge ourselves to take upon us his name, and to always remember him and keep his commandments, brings fresh to our souls the nearness of the coming of his millennium, that at long last he will bring his work to fulfillment in righteousness.

Finally, in its earthly application, we have an obligation to our children to teach them the truth about Easter. Surely the lesson of the death and resurrection of the Lord is full of enough meaning, without confusing it with rabbits and colored

eggs. Would it not be better to revive for their sakes on this day of solemn memorial the Savior's injunction of pure teaching, "Suffer the little children to come unto me...?"

We glimpse eternity. The Lord Jesus died on the cross and was resurrected nearly two thousand years ago. He came and revealed him-

self to Joseph Smith. In the Lord's time, two thousand years is but a day. Before that time he worked with the people through his prophets for more than two thousand years.

Let us hope that he will be equally patient with us as the time for fulfillment draws nigh.

Child, Take My Hand

Viola Ashton Candland

Come, child, take my hand;
Take my hand that I may lead you
On the gospel's narrow path.
Your eyes are limited,
Dear child, you cannot see
That this path guides us
To eternal life with Deity.

Lean on this staff, child,
The way is long and often you will tire;
Hold it firmly in your hand,
Child, the staff is prayer.

Wear this cloak of faith, child,
This cloak is soft and warm;
It is fashioned from God's purest love
To shield you from temptation's storm.

Let me fill your basket, child,
With grains of truth gleaned from each hill and knoll,
For scripture is the bread, my child,
That nourishes the soul.

God will bless you with a lantern, child,
To light your way,
Lest in the darkness of the night
Your feet should stray;

Guard this lantern well, child,
Its light must not grow dim,
For many pitfalls wait beside
The path that leads to him.

Come, child, take my hand;
We will walk together, you and I,
Until you are fully grown,
Until you are strong enough, my child,
To walk the path alone.

Oa Jacobs Cannon Appointed to the General Board

Blanche Thomas Miner



Oa Jacobs Cannon

THE General Board of the Relief Society selected a person of high caliber in their appointment of Oa Cannon to their membership on February 6, 1963. Oa Jacobs Cannon was born in West Weber Utah, a daughter of the late Henry Chariton Jacobs and Emma Jacobs Williams, who now resides in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. She was educated at Weber Academy in Ogden, Utah, and at Brigham Young University, where she met and married Charles P. Lloyd. His untimely death left her with three small children: Norma, now Mrs. Ross E. Dean of Salt Lake City; Charlene, Mrs. Jack Mulkey of Corona Del Mar, California; and Charles P. Lloyd of Long Beach, California. Charles completed a mission and taught several years in New Zealand. He is now in the bishopric in a Long Beach ward and complet-

ing his education toward a doctorate.

For eight years Oa taught in the Commerce Department at Brigham Young University, until her marriage in 1936 to Paul Bennion Cannon of Salt Lake City. Two daughters were born to them—Lynne, a University of Utah graduate, now serving on a mission in Ontario, Canada; and Kathryn, a junior at the University of Utah.

For this important and responsible position on the General Board of Relief Society Oa Cannon possesses excellent qualifications. She has a thorough knowledge of the gospel obtained through participation in many Church organizations, particularly the M.I.A. and the Relief Society. She has served as first counselor in the presidency of the Holladay Ward Relief Society, and as President of the Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, and as literature class leader in Holladay Ward, and in Monument Park Ninth Ward. For the past three years she has been a most enthusiastic and energetic genealogical worker.

Sister Cannon has a capacity for work and the judgment to work effectively. Her education has been a continuing one, with frequent enrollment in University of Utah classes. While her executive and leadership ability will be appreciated and admired, she will be loved for her cheerful personality, her genuine interest in people, and her sympathetic understanding of their problems.

Lila Bean Walch Appointed to the General Board

Blanche B. Stoddard

Member, General Board of Relief Society

RUSKIN has said, "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with roses, but they fall *behind* her footsteps, not before." How true this is of Sister Lila Bean Walch who was appointed to the Relief Society General Board February 6, 1963. She has left an influence for good wherever she has served, both in religious and civic affairs.

Sister Walch was born in LaGrande, Oregon, the ninth child of Victor E. and Mary Hannah Bean, who were prominent in establishing and developing Union Stake in Eastern Oregon. Sister Walch was a member of the school board of LaGrande, chairman of Region Fifteen; and first vice-president of the Oregon State School Board Association. In 1958 she was named the outstanding woman of the year by the LaGrande Soroptimists.

She married Charles Lloyd Walch in the Salt Lake Temple in 1928. They are the parents of four sons: Frank, principal of the school in Springfield, Oregon; Victor, on the technical staff of Internal Revenue in Washington, D.C.; David, assistant librarian at the Church College of Hawaii; and Willard, a missionary in the Brazilian South Mission. Brother Walch, formerly a bishop and stake president in Union Stake, is now patriarch in Bountiful South Stake.

Sister Walch has held positions in both ward and stake in every auxiliary of the Church. Active for years in Relief Society, she has been



Lila Bean Walch

visiting teacher, theology class leader, social science class leader, and *Magazine* representative. She is also a former member of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

Brother and Sister Walch are gracious hosts, and their home has always been a gathering place for youth. They have entertained many of the General Authorities in their home in Oregon.

Sister Walch has a rare gift of public speaking, and for a number of years has had the opportunity to address firesides and other youth gatherings. She is a devoted wife and mother, a dedicated Latter-day Saint, and will bring to the Relief Society General Board a great strength. She has a radiant charm which is instantly felt as one meets her, and she has a genuine interest in the sisters of the Church.



Strange Bond *Thelma Grube*

ELLEN was two and spring not yet born when we began to notice the very old man. Each day at precisely the same time he rode precisely by on an English bike. He looked neither to right nor left, up nor down. He looked, as only the very old can look, directly forward into the past. No matter how chill the east wind, nor how hot the west, the old gentleman always wore the same outfit — dark trousers held at one cuff by a bicycle clip, a brown tweed jacket, and a white silk muffler. He wore no hat.

We became so used to the sight of him that each morning at ten

A.M. we would stand at the window and watch him pedal rhythmically past the house. Ellen would yell, "Hi, Man," through the closed windows, then turn and ask, "Where man gone?" Exactly twenty minutes later he would come past for the second time, and the ritual was repeated. By the middle of April, the daily progression of events was a rigid one: "Eat breakfast; kiss Grumpa; Grumpa go work; here come milkman; here come mailman; here come man — Hi, Man!" Then she would practice riding her new tricycle around the large rooms.

When the day arrived for Ellen's

skill and endurance test on the uneven sidewalk, we all stood by on the lawn, like horse owners at a racetrack, or children at a circus, watching Ellen pedal the trike backward and forward, up and down. A few times she turned the wheel too sharply, the trike tilted, and Ellen spilled onto the pavement. At first she cried with fright, but we stood our ground until she had set herself to rights, and from then on whenever the trike turned over, she pouted with annoyance, or laughed at her independence.

That first day we didn't see the old gentleman until he was nearly upon us. Barely had we stiffened at the thought of a possible collision, when Ellen stopped, pulled her trike off to the side and laughed, "Hi, Man!"

Without a sign he had heard, the precise gentleman wheeled precisely by, looking neither left nor right, nor up nor down, and the child, who had never been rebuffed before, watched while he was in sight.

Eventually, Ellen was left to practice by herself, and frequent glances out the window were all we needed to be assured of her safety. The following day, one such glance occurred at just ten A.M. Ellen was absorbed in guiding her trike over a split in the sidewalk, and the old man pedaled past her before she realized he was near. Startled, she yelled, "Hi, Man," then, pushing hard upon the pedals, she started after him, calling, "Wait, Man! Wait minit!"

By the time I reached the sidewalk and looked in their direction, he was out of sight, and Ellen was still pedaling furiously after him. As

I called, she steered into a tree stump and fell.

The small scrape she received from the tree stump needed attention with peroxide and love, so we missed the old gentleman's return trip, but that morning was the beginning. And except for rainy days, when neither the very young nor the very old ventured out, the pattern never varied, but once, all summer — at least not to our firsthand knowledge.

EACH morning, just before ten A.M., Ellen waited at the curb until she saw him coming down the street; then, with every muscle tense and every curl laughing, she scrambled onto her trike and set out to race with him. He passed her shortly (had he slowed down?) and the two of them disappeared for about twenty minutes, the girl bubbling with delight in the race, the old man staring straight ahead with no outward sign of pleasure. At the end of twenty-odd minutes, they would reappear in front of the house. Without turning his head or uttering a word, he stopped and waited. She looked up at him wistfully, still burning with unconsumed energy, but she understood, dismounted the trike, and came into the house. (What is it that passes between the very young and the very old?)

It chanced that one day, our curiosity in supreme control, we quickly sneaked through the backyard hedge and went to call on a neighbor whose house faced the other street. Embarrassed though we were (never having been intimate with the family), we stationed

ourselves at the front window — hardly a moment too soon. For there they came, the skinny old man upon his skinny black bike, and the chubby little girl on her chubby blue trike.

“There they go!” our neighbor commented. “I can’t think where Mr. Christopher picks up that child every morning.”

“Who?” we asked.

“Why, Mr. Christopher. He boards with Mrs. Prouty over on Eaton Lane. He. . . . Say, that isn’t your little girl, is it?”

We admitted that the girl was ours, and that we had been consumed by curiosity about the two of them and what happened once they were out of sight.

At that time our neighbor knew no more than we did. For her the tableau was always the same. Later on in the summer, however, she telephoned to say that Ellen, in trying to avoid a squirrel, had tipped over on the trike, catching her foot between the pedal extension and the front wheel.

“I never!” our neighbor blurted. “That old man never even looked around. He knew just what happened! He stopped quick as you please and walked back — all straight and proper, mind you — and gentle as you please, he got her foot loose. He took out the whitest handkerchief you ever saw — span clean it was — and wiped her tears. Then he made her walk up and down a minute so as to see if her foot was all right. Took her hand, mind you — him that never even speaks to Mrs. Prouty except when she feeds him liver, and then he only grumbles. Well, pretty soon,

he walks her back to the tricycle and just points at it. She picked it up and got on it, grinning at him sweet as you please. Then she waited until he got set on his bike again and off they went. Did you ever hear of such a thing?”

A few days later, what with molars breaking through and viruses seeking out body weaknesses, Ellen ran a high fever for twenty-four hours. It started late at night, and by morning she was too burned out to move off the couch. At nearly ten A.M. she opened her fever-dulled eyes and breathed, “Where man gone?”

I opened the window wide and watched down the street until I saw him coming. (Had he slowed down, not seeing her ahead on the walk? Yes, he had even stopped, pretending to adjust his pants clip.)

I walked out to the end of our cement path and stood waiting for him to pass. As he drew alongside, eyes straight ahead, I said simply, “She’s sick.”

(I’m sure he nodded a bit.) From the front window a tiny, weak voice said, “Hi, Man!” (Had a smile flitted across his eyes?) Then the stick figure on wheels rode precisely on down the street.

For the rest of the summer, then through the autumn, and part of the lovely Indian summer, the happy little pattern remained the same; the late morning air rang with the child’s delight; the wheels crunched on the new gravel thrown up onto the sidewalk; the sunlight bounced from white head to blonde, from pale cheek to rosy. No one ever heard the old man speak to her.

Sometimes he allowed her to ride a bit before him, but the danger was too great. Ellen kept turning her body to see if he was still there, and, at such times, her control of the trike was hazardous. So, with stiff-necked dignity, he would pedal ahead, and she would laugh out, "Wait, Man! Wait minit," and the race was on again.

The idyll ended sometime in late October. One morning the old gentleman didn't appear. Ellen asked, with the persistence of the very young, "Where man gone?" and no one could explain to her the meaning of the black wreath on

Mrs. Prouty's door. We could not say he had died silently, as he had lived, or that his hand was tightly clasped around a bicycle pants clip. Nor could we say that it was the first time Mrs. Prouty had ever seen a smile on his face.

Until the first big snowfall, when the trike was brought in for the winter, Ellen stayed close to the house, watching carefully lest she miss him. Each day, her disappointment and puzzled look brought us the ache of genuine sorrow, and often, in our hearts, we heard an echo of her now-silent cry, "Wait, Man! Wait minit!"



Always With Delight

Vesta Nickerson Fairbairn

These things my hands have loved to touch: smooth jade
 That holds the shadowed green of mountain pool;
 Worn leather of a long-loved book, brocade,
 Small ocean-polished pebbles, wet and cool;
 All old, old woods grown rich with use and age
 Whose soft patina shows the patterned grain;
 A gold-illuminated parchment page,
 Rare cloisonné, and fine, thin porcelain.
 But with the most delight, my fingers trace
 The living warmth and movement of your face.

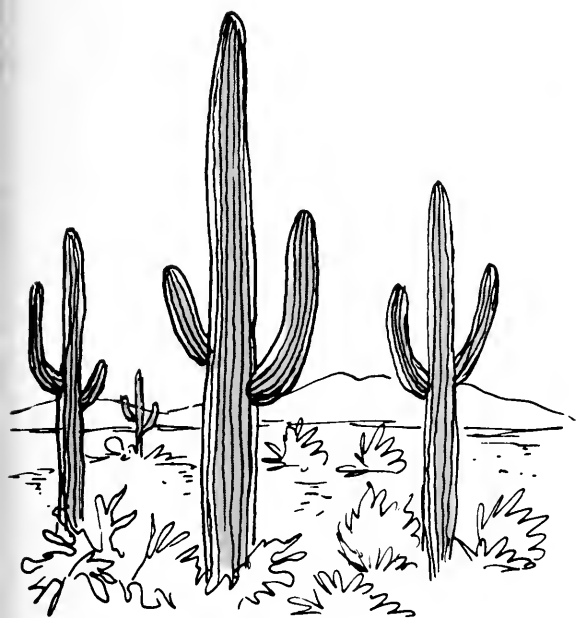
Learning for Living—Today

Louise M. Shumway



Kee-Vee-Wah-Cha

The Story of Kee-Vee-Wah-Cha (Lucy King)



FOUR years ago on the Fort McDowell Apache Reservation, I spent a lovely May afternoon on the Verde River bank in the mesquite shade listening as Sister Lucy King told the story of her long and eventful life. Dora Ahawheata's skillful interpretation bridged our communication gap. For three hours the breezy words born in wide and open spaces found their way into English to paint a picture of days and ways now gone. A few days later we returned to Sister King and my English rendition was translated into her native tongue. Back and forth she rocked, chuckling delightedly. Occasionally, she could contain her thoughts no longer and commented pointedly.

"She is pleased," Dora Ahawheata interpreted. "She says that you have put the thoughts of her heart upon paper. She asks if she may have copies for all her children, that they may have a record of the way of things in her lifetime."

Here then is the life of Kee-Vee-Wah-Cha, now called Lucy King, the oldest member of the Fort McDowell Branch of the Maricopa Stake of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

THE heart of Arizona was the homeland of my people. It must be in legend time that God created the Yavapai for this land between Clarkdale and Prescott. Here my people dwelt in peace and plenty. There was no white man on the face of Arizona, none.

Here in Yavapai-land my grandparents dwelt, here the brave Ray-vah wed Hah-dee, and to them were born my brothers, William Eddie and Owl Tail, and my sisters, Kee-vee-ja and Bahk-see who later was called Mary Stacy.

Then to Prescott and Camp Verde came white soldiers in covered wagons and on horse. They encircled my people. Men, women, and children were encompassed round about. By force were they abducted from the land of the Yavapai. By the strangers were they taken to live among the San Carlos Apaches on land given them by the white man's chief. And as time passed they were no longer known as Yavapai, but were called by a white man's error Mojave-Apache.

The white men sought to capture Geronimo, an Apache chief. My father, Ray-vah, joined the other Yavapai braves who served as scouts for the white men. The scouts were well paid. The government fed us well. Here at San Carlos was I born and called Kee-vee-wah-cha, because

the sound of it and the look of me pleased my mother.

Then Ray-vah, my father, began to look very old. Gray-white was his hair. In my fifth year he sickened and died.

IN those days the white man determined to teach his ways to our young people. There was no school closer than Grand Junction, Colorado. That place was far from our campfires. Only the brave were glad to go.

When I was six years old, old enough to be taken from my family for white man's training, my mother began to fear the loss of her baby, for I was the last child she bore. She was certain I would sicken and die if I were taken from her care.

Each day she prepared food and water for me to carry into the hills where my sisters and I cowered silently all day, listening for the sound of the white policeman who looked for all school-age children who did not report for education. As twilight came we would scurry home to supper and safety for the night, only to spend another day as fear-frozen quail hiding from the enemy.

Each Saturday, when my mother went for her family food ration, the Government agent studied the family card and asked if she had any children of school age. My mother had no children who should learn white man's ways. And so it was that I have never learned to read or write or speak the white man's tongue. Nor did any of my mother's children go to school. We "escaped" the white men who policed the reservation.

Sometime that year my mother, Hah-dee, took a second husband into our tepee. He was called Jah-pu which means Shorty. He was a kind man.

Those were good days. All winter long the fire burned in our tepee. As we wove baskets my mother told the legends of our people. When summer brings its creeping, crawling life it is not good to tell the ancient legends. The telling is a winter thing, to be enjoyed when canvas is pulled close to shield the brush tepee from wind and rain.

In *metates* we ground the corn fine and started each day with mush, drinking a brew of crushed dried redberries sweetened with *mescale*. We lunched on stew or Indian squash cooked with meat or fried in meat drippings. Supper was a cold meal, finishing the day's food.

WHEN summer days ripened the prickly pear, we teen-age girls slung special high baskets upon our backs, woven during the legend-listening time. Each carried a specially shaped stick for harvesting the fruit of the prickly pear cactus. We filled our baskets and took them to a brush-bed prepared in a shady place. Here we took other pieces of brush and rolled back and forth the fruit we had emptied on the brush-bed. When the stickers were all rolled off, we put the fruit back into the baskets and took them home to be eaten as apples are eaten.

None of us ate as we gathered fruit or berries. Nor did the young men eat of the meat they killed to bring back to camp. Each ate of another's kill. All was shared by

the entire people. To eat of one's own gathering or hunting was to become selfish and lazy. This we were taught early. We believed our efforts must be for the good of all.

When I was nearly eighteen my parents chose a young man, Hugo Bah-nah-hah. Arrangements were made for our marriage as was our custom. That first year my mother visited me often in my tepee. She spoke much of her loneliness. Then my first girl-child was born and I called her Mabel.

Not long afterward an Apache, Justin Head, killed five men. One of them was my stepfather Jah-pu. Now Hah-dee could stand her loneliness no longer. She urged me, and I took my daughter with me, returning to my mother's tepee. Mabel was a year old.

When the child was three years old I met Ralph King and love came to me. We were married and came to make our home at Fort McDowell. A year later my daughter Lola was born. A few years later Nina was born. The girls grew into beautiful young women. Mabel died the first year of her marriage. Lola has given me four grandchildren. Nina and her husband Frank Smith have given me five.

HERE beside the Verde River which flows from the mountain springs not far from Jerome have I lived most of my life. By this Indian river flowing from the heart of Yavapai-land I have waited for knowledge.

Though the white men irrigate their land with Indian water, this is all right. We do not know the ways of farming and our tribal coun-

cil preserves our privacy when others would lease the fertile land. But because white men have harnessed Indian water something good has come to us.

John and Myra Dodson came to my home with Dora Ahawheata to make their words clear to me. Over a year's Tuesday nights they came to talk with me of the ancient ones, the Lamanites, and of the commandments of our Father God. Always I have feared water, but at last I knew that there was no other way to please God, and I was baptized in water warm as my own skin, in the Spanish Ward font. That was seven years ago.

I never knew anything until Brother and Sister Dodson and Dora Ahawheata invited me to go with them to Church. I told them I didn't know how to go. After they kept coming to my house there was an illustration that thrilled me. They spoke of a straight road going toward the light. They showed me the way to walk in the light. They taught me that God wants us to walk in the light, and we please him when we try to live his way.

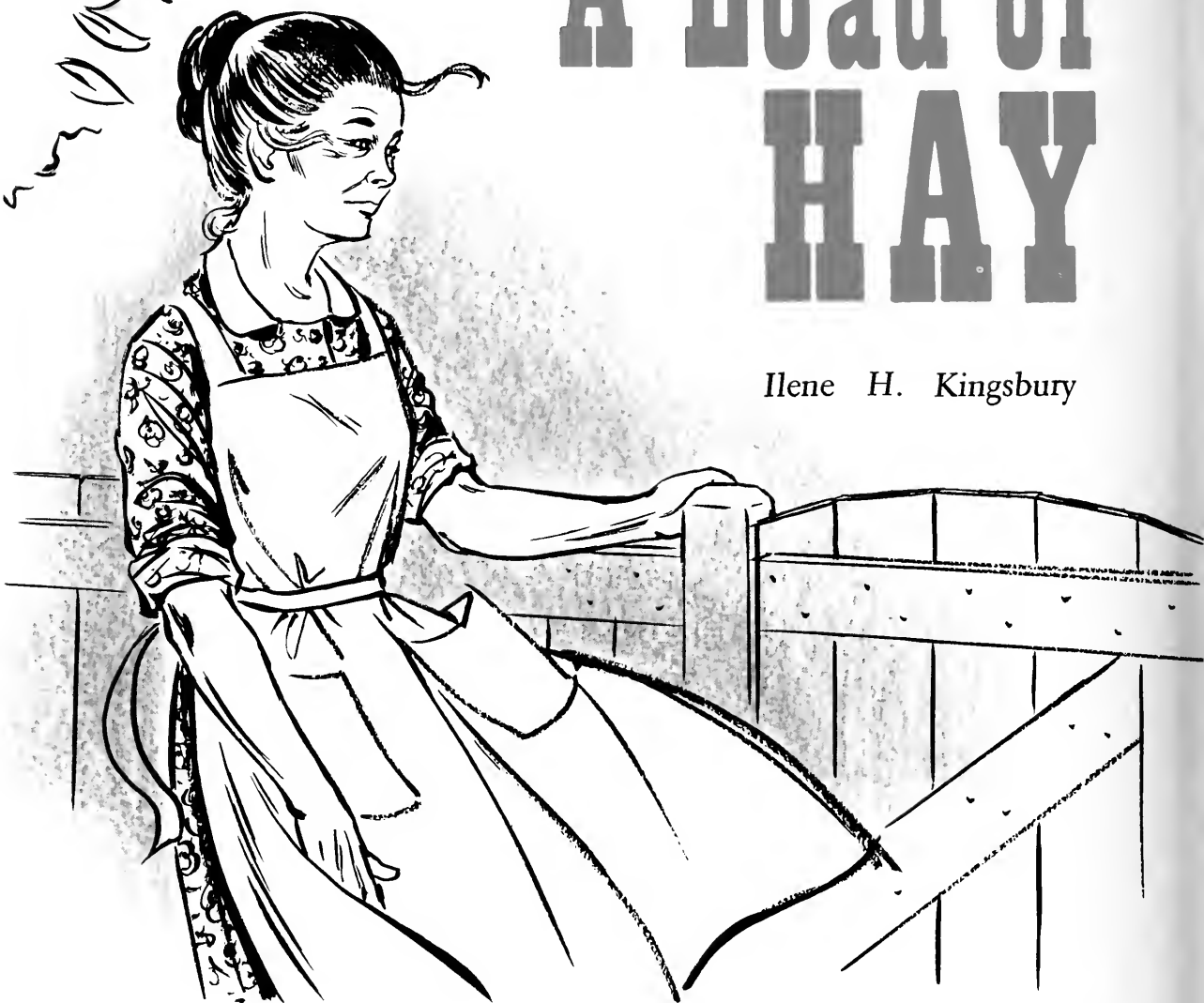
Sisters who live far away come and bring food to me. Brothers came a long way to build a house for me when my tepee burned. The white brothers and sisters have made my life good.

I know this is the true way. I will always be strong and stand fast on my own feet, in the "Way of Light."

One of the few English phrases Sister King uses is "I love you" which she learned from her dear friend, Roberta Flake Clayton, who was her first Relief Society president.

A Load of HAY

Ilene H. Kingsbury



ONE could tell it was the season of the hay. Clumps of lucerne balanced along the center of the road where they had toppled from successive loads. A gentle wind wafted them about, pretending they were old sagebrush.

A woman stood by her cedar post gate. As she had been there for quite some time, looking at the road, motionless, one was led to question such leisure. Certainly there must be something for her to do within her house. She would have been the first to admit that work awaited her

— six children brought that. However, for this morning all else must wait while she stood sentinel erect at her gate ready to make a decision of deep import, then give a command, and wait to see whether it would be obeyed.

Every few minutes she glanced down the road in the direction of the outer fields which surrounded the town. She expected something of great importance to arrive from that direction. She was awaiting a load of hay and three boys on top of it.

The same breeze that blew the lucerne about the ground fluttered the woman's apron. Its folds alternately were drawn to the gate post then swung about her long skirt and pressed against her knees to make her look momentarily as if she wore men's apparel. Such unladylike style was completely unthinkable, so she constantly tugged and smoothed the skirt and apron, which in length came quite correctly to the ankles. She was disquieted because the restless wind, as it sawed at her apron, might well interfere with an important, pre-arranged signal which must be executed very shortly. She did not want a smoothing of her apron, which meant to turn the wagon in at the home gate, to interfere with an actual waving of the apron, which permitted the boys to by-pass their property and drive on to the bishop's tithing barn. Formerly she had tried shouting her order from her post at the gate to the top of the hayrack, but the wind, the distance, and the noise of horses and wheels had prevented the boys hearing her correctly. This necessitated coming to a complete stop, which was outruled by the boys as quite unnecessary, especially as their object was purely speed. The apron signal had been the solution to the problem. Only at the last instant would she know which motion to make, and she didn't want a stiff breeze or three immature boys to misinterpret her decision.

To divert her mind from an otherwise perplexing problem, she glanced here and there — a sort of stationary tour of inspection. One object she observed. It was a torn

piece of yellow-orange cloth nailed to her gatepost. Immediately her mind reverted to an incident of recent occurrence and immense value. The cloth and the incident were, in part, to determine her signal, as we shall see. We have called this part of her saga *Four Brass Buttons*.

END^S of the stout, woven selvage of the yellow cloth fluttered in the wind and still proclaimed a terrifying message. There was no time now to go into the house to get a claw hammer and pry off the stick to which it had been attached. So she let the shredded threads remain as they had for these several weeks. This colored cloth had been a flag. Not a flag of liberty, but one of restraint and quarantine. Its color, a blend of saffron, mustard, and sunflower had cried to the valley that within the household was a death-dealing disease of some sort — typhoid, diphtheria, whooping cough, or measles. This time it had announced the fever of diphtheria.

The woman was disturbed by the fact that the sexton of the town put up the quarantine flags. The sense of doom he created had been known to send patients into a state of depression. The woman wondered why the grave digger had to have two duties to perform, each so sad and final. Maybe, if she talked to the bishop, he would do something about the unhappy situation.

Usually, the epidemic felled all members of a family. As the contagion spread, so did terror and uncertainty. Helplessness and sorrow were burdens in almost every family. If outside help was needed, it was only forthcoming from some daring

soul who had had the disease and had thereby gained immunity. Such a person was willing to step through the yellow flag barrier and work like a horse, as they said, to nurse the sick, wash on the board, ease the suffering, sit up with the dying, lay away the dead, and comfort the living.

It was just such an individual who had ignored the banner on the stick and entered the woman's home at dawn sometime around the second day of the flag. The vigil with the sick was marked off in days of the flag. The time stretched on and on until the last victim was pronounced cured. But the arduous labor continued on through a fumigation period in which a sort of cleansing of the spirit, as well of material objects, took place. Shallow dishes filled with sulphur were set in each room to burn and fume and permeate every surface and crack.

THE flag reminded the woman of the person who had come to serve and save, as they aptly called the task. The bony, angular, manish sort of woman who strode to their door each morning was not a resident of the town in the first place. She lived in the next settlement four miles to the southwest and had walked every step of the way. News traveled fast even in those days. When this woman, who was Aunt Clarissa to everyone but only a blood relation to a few, heard there was a family without any help, she appointed herself to take care of them.

And why did she walk? you might ask. For the simple fact that she did not own a cart to ride in, or a

horse to draw it. Her ever-ready form of transportation was that old-fashioned one of walking called "Shank's Ponies." When asked whether it seemed very far, those four miles each way, she replied, "I walked two thousand miles to get to the Rocky Mountains. Now I am here, what is the distance between two towns?"

She shrugged off a routine which meant stemming the fever of seven brows. She kept a perpetually steaming pot of graham gruel on the back of the stove. She emptied slop buckets a dozen times a day. She peeled, sliced, and pounded, and cooked every bite of food that was consumed by the sick and convalescing. She carried in from a woodpile at the rear of the house every stove length that was burned to cook that precious nourishment.

On the thirty-first day of the flag there appeared a finality about each task performed by Aunt Clarissa. The children knew that tomorrow morning she would not enter the door, fold her quilted cape, place it in the deep window sill, and then command the very air they breathed.

This day was a little sorrowful. Each patient had felt her steadying hand and accepted a strength from her which had persuaded them all to gain their legs again. The two girls cried while thanking her. The littlest boy tried copying his big brothers by bragging that now they would care for their mother and the girls and each other; however, he did a rather pathetic job of it. Upon realizing his failure, he tugged at his mother's apron and soon became so submerged and entangled in its folds that everyone laughed at him.

This hilarity appeared in such contrast to the rest of the leave-taking that one wondered if proper gratitude had been expressed. As verbal wages were all the thanks this good woman was to receive, the mood should have been one of great dignity, some believed.

HOWEVER, at the last moment, as Aunt Clarissa had her hand on the doorknob in a repeated attempt to leave, another delay presented itself. The mother felt as if some tangible recompense was demanded. Perhaps in future days she could "pay in kind," that is, in service, or hot bread, or fresh eggs — but for now nothing like that was possible. At that moment an idea resembling a sort of promissory note came to her mind. She quickly stepped from the room and entered a triangular closet which was built under a stairway. With a sharp pull she managed to dislodge a small trunk from between rolls of winter bedding. She eased it to the floor, lifted the lid, and withdrew a greenish black broadcloth coat. This was a double-breasted style with great metal buttons showing through vast slashes of buttonholes. She thought, how they gleam in this half light under the stairs! She hastily jerked off one of the buttons, then another, then two more. Four in all. With a finality most pronounced, she folded the coat, placed it back where it belonged, shut the lid, pushed the trunk where it had reposed, then went back quickly to say the last farewell.

The two women embraced; they kissed each other on the cheek. They murmured a quiet sentence or two.

The children wondered what the words were, but could only guess. As the two women grasped hands, Clarissa felt that several small objects had been transferred to her fingers. She looked down, adjusted her hand to the light of the doorway. She smiled as she saw a very precious gift cupped therein. The mother said simply, "This is all the thanks I have, Clarissa. Perhaps you can use these buttons from an old Welsh soldier's coat."

In a moment Clarissa started toward the gate. Her offering of service had been accepted. For her vigilance she had received four brass buttons.

A clatter, a rumble of wheels aroused the mother from her contemplation of the symbol of quarantine and from the remembrance of beneficence so great it brought her to tears. Far down toward the fields she could first hear, then identify the hayrack, the horses steadily pulling it; and, as it neared, her three sons atop the load of hay.

At that moment they spied her. All three let out a great cheer. The one who drove the horses snapped the reins on their backs and shouted so as to move the red hills, "Run Pockets, run Boots! On to the fire!" In two lengths the spirited animals and the exultant boys entered a race which they called "jockeying for tenth position."

All drivers, on other courses, hoped to settle for first place, but this race was different from any other in all the world. If the load was not judged perfect by their mother, then it was not a chase at all, but a routine delivery. But if

she waved her apron, as permission to drive right on through town to the tithing barn, then it became a flight, a dash!

The woman watched them now, bearing down on her with quite frightening speed. She was not sure whether it was seemly to race to the tithing barn. Her feeling was that it should be, rather, a procession, a decorous movement accompanied by a fife or a flute, or even a trumpet. But this careening, precarious ride in a spirit of sport and competition, as if going to a charivari! This almost shocked her. She caught her thoughts. Youth and age may gain the same end by diverse means. Do not grumble or nag, she told herself.

Three of her four boys were on top of that load. He who "held the leather" was Hebe, the middle in age. At eighteen, he was grandly built, handsome, taller than the rest — more stately English than squat Welsh. How she feared for that one. He was so irrepressible and vibrant that he seemed to be seeking more elbow room than is allotted to one human being. In his exuberance to be an independent individual he often said, too loudly, "Give a horse his head!" This unreined, unchecked son would not always stay in the harness at home, she knew that. He strained at life. She only prayed that when he went out in the great, wonderful world that he would come back the man she prayed him to be, and the one he imagined he could be. He needed to stay home a little longer.

George, a patriarchal nineteen, sat on the near side, front corner of the load. He maintained a steady seat by locking his leg around the rack

stake. In that position he controlled the situation. That is, he was not in the driver's seat, but just far enough away not to be a hindrance to Hebe, but near enough for emergency.

That boy, George, was old as the hills when he was a baby, his mother remembered. His oldness had nothing to do with his few years on earth. It was as if a traditional maturity was placed upon him the day he was born. He maintained that he grew up in the pre-existence and didn't have to bother with it in this life. Perhaps he was right, his mother thought. One knew the place he was walking in was the good place.

But if he had been an oldster he had given joy. With never a lesson in his life, how that boy could play the organ! In stocking feet, to rest them, he said, he pumped the treadles and brought out such melodies that his mother often sat down and cried, just to hear him.

Seventeen-year-old Dave sat on the back of the wagon. Let the others tend to the business of getting the hay to the barn, he thought; right now I shall think to myself. He looked high to the crimson hills, then far out in the valley where the Little Salt Lake appeared as a silver ribbon in its widening shore of crystalline salt. This country was his mother's homestead, he knew that, but could it be that in a few years he would follow Hebe out in the world, instead of working with George in this little spot?

His mother could have voiced his every thought, although at this moment she could see only the back of his head. Torn, that was Dave.

The company he kept just better be good, she resolved. And it was good! His mother saw to that! She was not going to have him turning a new leaf in repentance and contrite spirit. He was not to fluctuate or deviate. She would help him to plant his feet in the good path; there he would walk; there he would beckon others, there they would follow. Even out in the world he would be not of it.

THIS woman had a conviction about an offering. For instance, it was the quality of the tithing that mattered — the quantity had been prescribed long ago. Israel had heard about it for nearly four thousand years. By now it was no affair of this homesteader how much she should give; it was what kind of that much that concerned her. It reminded one of a medical formula. The amount was determined, but the essence, the ultimate substance had not been seriously or finally compounded. Her offering, then, had to represent the first fruits. In her case the product was a load of hay. Therefore, she reasoned, a close watch must be held over the season's harvest, that only the best of each ten loads would move from the fields past her town lot right on to

the tithing barn. There was also this matter of Clarissa and the four-mile walk each way every day end on end to be acknowledged before the Lord.

This farm woman had a peculiar choice of words. She called this quantity her tenth; for who can always correctly spell tithe? Besides, she explained, tithe can mean just a little bit; but everyone can count on their fingers! It just became easier to figure and spell and say one tenth. So much for quibbling over a little word.

Her practiced eye judged the oncoming load. It bulged at the stake poles. The color was good. The aroma of drying purple blossoms was a perfume of promise. This was the tenth. It could be described with pride in the bishop's barn book.

At the instant Pockets and Boots came alongside the gate, the boys were prepared for two things: make a dash for it, or pull to a more sedate pace. They sized up the situation instantly, accurately. With a whoop and a holler they began to eat the road. Hooves dug in the dust, wheels whirled, boys opened their mouths and just plain yelled!

The mother left the gate and went into her house.

Count Blessings—Not Troubles

Ursula King Bell

Count your blessings — not your troubles;
Talk about the good things of life to others,
Not your problems, for all have enough to endure.
Endeavor to keep your mind and hands busy
With useful work and pleasant thoughts.



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NUMBER 4

The Language of Flowers in a Woman's Life

IT has been said that a child is richly blessed in being privileged to look upon the beautiful creations of earth while she is yet young, when memorable impressions are made upon the yielding mind. Even a babe may be seen to focus her eyes upon a bright blossom and reach for it. A little one, just learning to walk, perhaps may follow along the window sill and touch the flowers blooming there with fingers as fragile and tenderly tinted as the petals. And who has not observed a little girl reaping the lawn for a bouquet of dandelions? The child grows quickly into the time of tools — the rake and the hoe and the watering can and the planting of flower seeds in hope and faith.

The meaning of flowers grows and deepens with the years as a girl child becomes a woman. The memories of her young years merge into plans and desires for a future time of homemaking. The flowers that marked the high school and the college graduations, that first rose corsage from a special person, have given the young woman a realization that flowers are symbolic — they rise from the earth and bloom and mark the seasons with beauty. They give their splendor to special

days and times — and as the flowers of one occasion disappear, the new days come and new flowers adorn the earth, new gardens surround new houses, and blossoms add color and comfort to the place called home.

In some families there is a tender story of love and strength and the lineage of floral beauty that comes from older homes to newer ones, with the flowers far removed from the place of their nativity. A ranch in the wilderness of a western desert still flaunts its lilac blossoms in the spring, from a sturdy root brought from Nauvoo, and now, after a century, one seeing the lilac bushes would never know that they loved the desert less than their own green and rainy land. In one small town nearly all the windows — in all seasons — flaunt the splendor of pink geranium blossoms — hundreds of blossoms from one geranium plant that rode in a place of honor in a westward wagon. One woman gave a geranium slip to another, and so the blossoms were multiplied, and sometimes the town was called "geranium village," for the women loved color and beauty, and the humble adobe homes and log cabins were adorned in splendor.

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And who would wonder why the pioneer women planted their outdoor flower gardens in precise rows — here a row of zinnias and then perhaps a row of nasturtiums, and, next to that gold and bronze display, the purple-blue of a row of Canterbury bells? Who would wonder at the sight of such a sedate garden, knowing that desert rains are infrequent, and water from the faraway mountains must be persuaded down a little ditch to water the precious rows of radiant color? And no one having once become acquainted with hardy yellow roses, which were the only roses around many pioneer homes — no one having rejoiced in yellow roses could say that they were not a comfort and a blessing and a gladness on the landscape.

There are families in which the generations of pansies have given influence and an aura of gentle beauty to the women who are of the lineage of an English widow who gathered her children and her flower seeds and made a long journey in time, in miles, and in spirit. Even today, the descendants of that house established in a new land, still tenderly care for pansies whose

floral ancestors grew in profusion in the garden of a far country.

Fortunate and blessed are those women who remember flowers given to them by their friends, their children, and their husbands. The ranch woman whose husband brought her a bouquet of bluebells from an oak brush thicket on a distant hill; the woman whose husband remembers special times with a little gift of flowers — perhaps only a single rose — its petals to be found years later pressed in a book of remembrance; the farmer in a country of foothills plowing all around a small circle of sego lilies, calling it his wife's garden. Though the husband and the wife have been many years away from their homestead and will not return, still the sego lilies bloom in springtime, and the place is known as a woman's garden.

Once, not long ago, an elderly woman who was ill anxiously asked her granddaughter, "Tell me about the violets. Are they in bloom — is the color deep purple, as always. . . ?"

To her, and to many women, flowers are symbolic of the constant beauty of earth and the enduring love of family.

—V.P.C.



Notes to the Field

Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of The Relief Society Magazine

THE previews for the 1963-64 lessons will appear in the June 1963 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and the lessons for October will be in the July 1963 issue. In order to obtain the June issue of the *Magazine* it will be necessary for renewals and new subscriptions to reach the General Offices by the first of May 1963. It is suggested that *Magazine* representatives check their lists immediately so that all Relief Society members will receive all of the issues containing the lessons. It is suggested that ward presidents make this announcement in the April meetings.

Health Education Information and Aids Available

Films, film strips, brochures, questionnaires, discussions, and other detailed information regarding health education may be obtained by Relief Societies for use at the work meeting or on a fifth meeting day, as desired, from many State organizations or from the following National headquarters:

The American Cancer Society
521 West - 57th Street, New York City 19, New York

The American Heart Association
44 East - 23d Street, New York City 10, New York

Muscular Dystrophy Association of America
1790 Broadway, New York City 19, New York

National Tuberculosis Association
1790 Broadway, New York City 19, New York

National Foundation (Birth Defects, Arthritis, Nervous
Disorders, Poliomyelitis)
800 Second Avenue, New York City 17, New York



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, and Florence S. Jacobsen, General President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, have been named to the Honorary Anniversary Committee for the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the National Council of Women. The appointments were recently announced by Mrs. Yarnall Jacobs of New York City, President of the National Council.

JUDGE MARY CONWAY KOHLER, a distinguished juvenile court authority, is chairman of the Presidential Executive Committee on Employment of Youth. She is also chairman of the American Bar Association's committee on juvenile justice and proceedings. She is an expert on the problems involved in the attitudes of students who drop out of high school before graduation. Judge Kohler is the mother of three children.

MRS. RUDD BROWN, wife of the eminent scientist Harrison Brown, and daughter of Ruth Bryan Owen who was America's first woman Minister in the diplomatic service, and granddaughter of William Jennings Bryan, is a scientist

and lecturer of note. After a distinguished career in teaching and scientific research at the University of Chicago, she traveled widely with her husband and has become an authority on social and political conditions in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

DR. SARAH RIEDMAN is author of *Masters of the Scalpel* (Rand McNally publishers), which presents a history of the growth of surgery in an exciting and adventurous fashion. In a series of biographical sketches, Dr. Riedman describes the work of Hippocrates, Galen, Paracelsus, Versalius, Paré, John Hunter, Joseph Lister, William Mayo, and others, giving a resumé of the schooling, experience, ambitions, and successes of each doctor.

HELEN GEE WOODS, a Latter-day Saint, is the founder of the Gem State Authors' Guild and the Idaho Poets' and Writers' Guild, the latter of which is affiliated with the National Federation of State Poetry Societies. Mrs. Woods is the present president of the Idaho organization and was elected national treasurer at a recent convention. A widely published poet, she is editor of *The Guild* magazine, a quarterly.

Cancer Can Be Controlled

1963 — “The Year of the Volunteers”

Ralph Edwards

National Crusade Chairman, American Cancer Society

THE encouraging news in the fight against cancer is that physicians now have the knowledge to cure one out of two cancer patients. The big *if* is — if people see their doctors in time for early diagnosis and treatment. Reaching people with information about cancer therefore becomes a life-saving opportunity, a most urgent one. Remember that one out of two cancer victims could be cured, but only one out of three is now being cured. That is not good enough. We must move ahead to a higher achievement.

See your doctor immediately if you have any one of Cancer's Seven Danger Signals that lasts more than two weeks: (1) unusual bleeding or discharge; (2) a lump or thickness in the breast or elsewhere; (3) a sore that does not heal; (4) change in bowel or bladder habits; (5) hoarseness or cough; (6) indigestion or difficulty in swallowing; (7) change in a wart or mole. See your doctor every year for a thorough health checkup no matter how well you may feel. . . .

The risk of dying in the prime of life is almost twice as great for men who are heavy cigarette smokers as for nonsmokers. Cigarette smoking is the principal controllable causal factor in lung cancer, a disease that has increased 953 per cent in the last thirty years. . . .

In tribute to 2,000,000 volunteers who have aided cancer progress, the American Cancer Society has designated 1963 as “The Year of the Volunteer.” In April 1963, the crusaders for life and health bring a vital message — “To cure more give more to the American Cancer Society.”

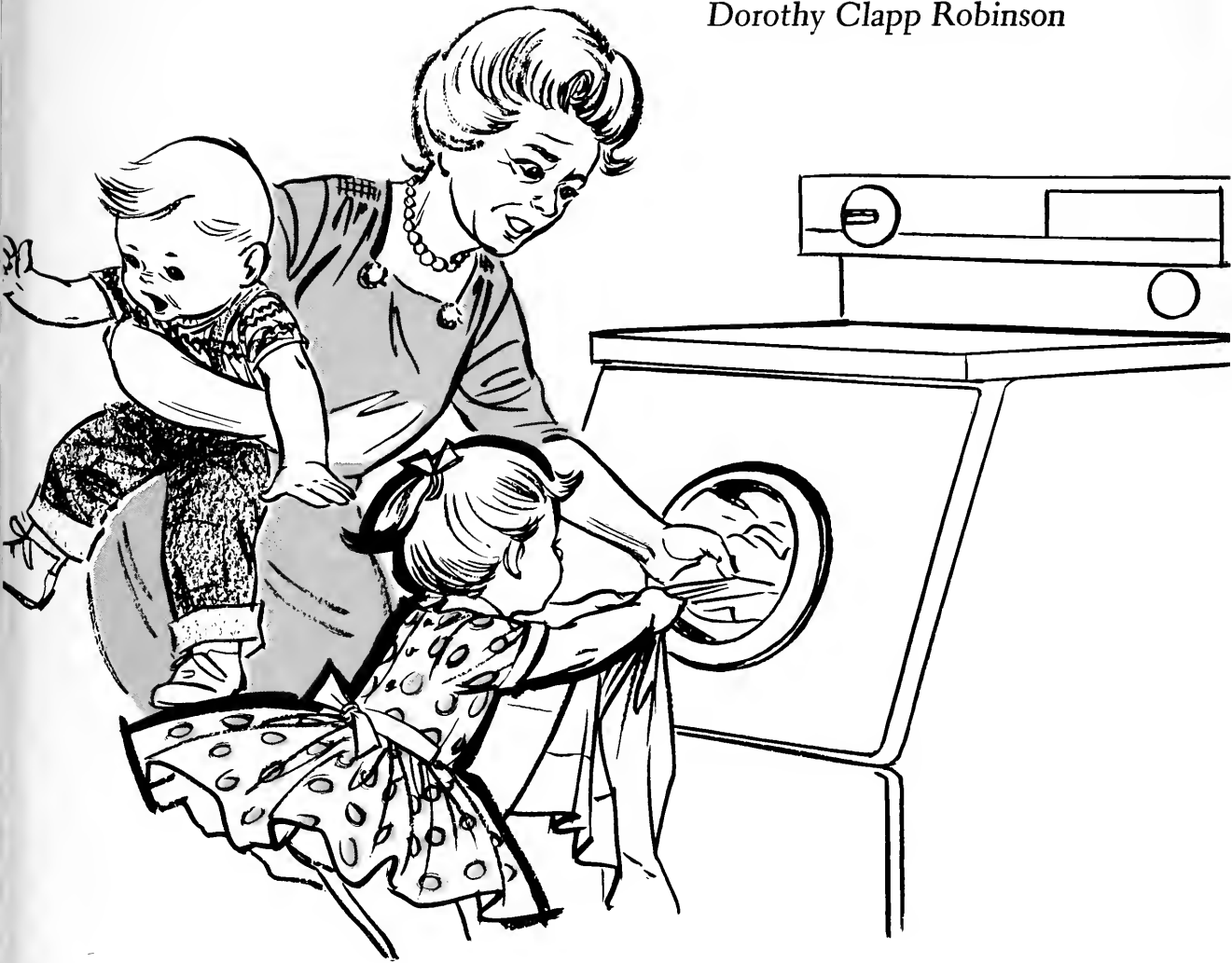
Lullaby for Tomorrow

Dorothy J. Roberts

Hushaby baby, eider the bed,
Softer the new pillow under your head,
Kinder all hands to the innocent flesh,
Wider the heavens be to the thin mesh
Hung to your dreaming, oh red bud to blow;
Gentler the seasons be, lighter the snow.

Strictly for Silence

Dorothy Clapp Robinson



TISH, short for Letitia, Haworth, was hurt, deeply hurt. She was never going to open her mouth again. Her new neighbor down the street had deliberately invited her to mind her own business; and all she had said was that he must not yell at his sweet wife. She was trying to help him put up a clothesline, and he had yelled at her like a—a—well, Tish had heard the coarse words and — who could help. . . ? And then, to add insult to injury, Irene, Tish's daughter, had agreed with the man.

"After all, Mother, it wasn't any

of your business. The wife was the one to protest."

And she might have added, "You try to dictate too much."

Oh, yes, that is what they all thought. Well, she was through defending people. From here on she was minding Tish Haworth's business — strictly for silence, as her granddaughter would say, and that wife was such a sweet person.

Now her washer wouldn't work. She had had company over the week end and most of her bed linen was in the hamper.

Tish called the repair man. He

would certainly be there just as soon as he could, tomorrow or next day at the latest.

She bit her lip. If any repair man thought she was going to let soiled clothes sit around that long, he had another think coming. She could take the clothes to Irene's, but she wasn't going to.

She could go to a washateria. She chose one from the telephone book, the one farthest from her home. She did not know anyone in that section of town, and, among strangers, she would not be tempted to talk.

It was early when Tish arrived at the washateria, and there was but one person ahead of her. There was no attendant visible. It was a large room with two rows of washers, back to back, running down the center of the room. Against the inner wall were a half dozen driers. Two sides of the room had windows looking out on a parking space. By one window was a mangle with a chair before it. There was one other chair and a bench. These, besides a coin changing box and a pop vending machine, made up the furnishings of the room.

The lone occupant of the room, a gray-haired woman, was putting a hand-pieced quilt in a big washer. She barely nodded when Tish said "Good morning."

As Tish sorted her own clothes, she watched that quilt. The dear old grandmother who had pieced it would turn over in her grave could she see her handiwork being stuffed into a washer. But Tish was not going to tell her the quilt might be ruined.

Another woman came in. She looked so fresh and friendly, Tish

turned away her gaze. If she spoke to that woman she would be lost.

Three married girls came in, all in cotton house dresses, and they were too interested in each other to be courteous. Two more women. Still Tish kept silent.

WHEN Tish's washers were nearing the end of the cycle, a soldier in greasy fatigues came in and picked a tub directly across from her. He dumped an overflowing basket of clothes into the tub. That was more than Tish could stand.

"You shouldn't," she cried, hurrying around to his side.

"Shouldn't what?" he asked.

"Put those greasy overalls in with your white clothes. Just look at this lovely blouse."

"It won't hurt them," one of the girls said. She looked boldly at the soldier. He gave her a brief glance, then turned to Tish.

"Would you mind showing me how to do it?"

Would she mind! Tish began sorting his clothes, making two loads of them.

"Wife usually does this," the soldier apologized, "but she is in the hospital."

Tish was all sympathy. "Has she been very ill?"

"Nope," the boy grinned. "A boy, and you should see the size of his fists already." He dumped half a box of detergent into one washer. Tish grabbed the box and shut off the water.

"My goodness. That was more than enough for three loads." She used her hands to scoop out some of the detergent and put it in the

second tub. The girls laughed among themselves.

"Say," the soldier asked, when the tubs were spinning, "would you mind watching these dohinkies for me? I'll take a quick run down to the hospital. I'll be back before they quit whirling."

"Do you want them dried?" Tish asked.

"Oh, sure." He fished some coins from a pocket and put them in her hand.

The girls laughed again, but Tish ignored them. The woman with the quilt was putting it in a drier. Poor quilt!

Presently an old car stopped before the window. A young man jerked a basket of clothes from the back of the car. He came in and slammed it down before the last washer in the row, then went out for two more. His wife followed him in, pushing a cart in which was a young boy and a small girl clinging to it. She was pregnant. Without a word the husband went out and tires squealed as his car started.

"My, my," one of the girls said in a stage whisper, "wouldn't you love living with him?"

The wife seemed to pay no attention. She stooped for a basket, then dropped it.

Tish was waiting beside the soldier's loads. "That is too heavy for you," she called. "Let me lift it."

"Thanks," the girl answered, "I was trying to avoid stooping." A tear ran down her cheek. She brushed it away quickly. "Oh, he forgot his lunch." She pointed to a sack resting on one of the baskets.

"Maybe he will remember and come back."

"Not when he is in this mood. He will go without and be crosser than ever when he gets home." She whispered the words.

TISH swallowed a quick remembrance. Hugh had had his moments during the early years of their married life. She had learned not to force an issue, and he had learned to give a little — only a little, to be honest about it, but they had had a wonderfully happy life. She started to tell the young wife, but stopped. She was not mixing in any family affair again.

"I'm Tish Haworth," she said, "what is your name?"

"Lola." That was all.

Tish looked carefully at Lola. She had been and still could be a very lovely girl. Everything about her and the children was clean and neat. She wore a blue checked smock and a very blue skirt. Tish's resolve weakened.

"I take it," she spoke casually, as she helped load the washers, "your husband was upset about something."

Lola's mouth hardened. "He never thinks of anyone but himself."

"So?" Tish glanced about. The soldier's washers had quit spinning, but there was no empty drier. The three married girls had left, and others had taken their places. One woman was putting a load in with one hand and reading a movie magazine held in the other hand. She neither spoke nor was spoken to.

The young boy was screaming. "Push him back and forth, Darlene." Lola spoke softly to her

little daughter. "I'll take him in a few minutes." She turned to Tish. "This is the way the days go. Carl takes the car to work, and I can't get outside the door without both babies tugging at me. Darlene isn't old enough to walk as far as the park. I'd like to hear something besides baby prattle for a change."

"Will you have to wait for Carl to pick you up?"

"No. I'll walk home. It isn't far, and he will pick up the clothes on his way home from work. Some day they are going to be stolen before he gets here."

"I won't, I won't," Tish repeated under her breath. She took the soldier's clothes and set the basket down before a drier. The gray-haired woman had dried her quilt and was, of all things, pressing it on the mangle. Tish put the basket of clothes in the drier and then returned to Lola. She looked again at the woman with the quilt.

"Why don't you take my car and take Carl's lunch to him?"

LOLA just stared, but a man across the row of washers turned to his wife, "Ginny, did you hear that? Offers her car to a stranger."

"She must be a wonderful person, Ben," the wife answered softly.

Tish heard and a warm glow washed over her body. She took her key ring from her purse and offered it to Lola. The girl shrank back. "Go on. It is the blue one," and Tish pointed to it through the window.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of taking your car. You don't know me. Besides. . . ." She glanced at the

washers and then at the children. Her face came alive.

"No." Tish stopped her words. "The babies will stay here with me."

"I'll have your car, and you will have my babies." Lola tried to sound facetious. "Why should you be so good to me?" She wanted to protest, but wanted more to use the car.

The cool indifference of the woman with the quilt might have had something to do with it, so might the trio of giggling girls, or any number of other things, but all Tish said was, "I know how men are when they are hungry."

Lola hugged her and in a tone that had risen several octaves said, "I haven't been in a real car for so long I have forgotten when." Then, as swishingly as her shape allowed, she was gone.

"Lady," Ben spoke up, "if you had made me that offer I would willingly have left you all these dirty clothes for collateral."

Ginny looked across at the children. "If she doesn't come back you will have the best of the bargain."

Tish noted the wistful look on Ginny's face. Ben reached and patted her awkwardly.

"You will never see your car again," another voice cried.

Already Tish was feeling a little squeamish. Another of her wild impulses, Irene would say. But she had no time to worry. With three different washings and two children, she had her hands and mind full. For the next hour she filled driers, folded clothes, and tried to pacify children.

THE children had cried when their mother left, but in a few minutes settled down to the joy of being entertained. Tish pushed the cart about as she moved from one machine to another. She tried to answer Darlene's questions and gave her all the small articles, sox, handkerchiefs, washcloths, to fold. Then, without warning, Mark was out of his cart and insisting on helping.

Then, "I'm hungry," he announced.

"I'm awful hungry," Darlene added, "Mama always lets us eat." She started for the door, and Tish had to rush to catch her. Darlene tried to pull away and started to scream. Mark followed his sister's lead.

A girl laughed. Another one said, "You sure took on a job for yourself."

"Do you know where they live?" Ginny asked.

Tish shook her head. "I haven't the faintest idea."

She asked Darlene, and in one minute had received four different sets of directions.

"Would you like me to go get some milk and crackers for them?" This from Ben.

"Is it far?"

"It is quite a way," Ginny answered, "but he hasn't anything else to do."

Tish tried to give Ben some coins but he pointedly ignored them.

Darlene started running back and forth. Mark tried to keep up with her. They collided and Mark fell and hit his head a resounding whack on the floor. Tish took him in her arms and tried to comfort him, but he would have none of it. "Mama,

Mama," he wailed, and tried to push himself from Tish's arms.

"Oh, dear." Tish began to wonder why the soldier didn't come back — and the store must be a long way from here. She tried pulling clothes from a drier with one hand while holding Mark with the other. Darlene reached in and dragged a sheet onto the floor.

"Here you are." It was Ben with a quart of milk and a box of crackers. "I brought a cup, too. It is only plastic, but Ginny can sterilize it."

TISH felt tears in her own eyes. She went to the bench and wedged her weight between two occupants.

Darlene took one drink of milk and then pushed the cup away. "I want some of this. It's pretty." She pointed to a soft drink dispenser.

"Want pitty," Mark echoed.

"I want a cracker." Darlene reached for the box.

Tish put the milk bottle in the window while she opened the cracker box. She gave them each one.

"More," Darlene demanded.

Tish gave them each three and then, putting Mark on the floor, she went back to unloading the drier.

"Watch out!" someone shouted.

Tish whirled in time to see Darlene grab the milk bottle. She couldn't hold it and the milk splashed over her face and dress. A watcher snatched the bottle before it was completely emptied. Tish took a towel from her own laundry and began to mop up the spilled milk. There was enough left in the

bottle for each to have another good drink.

Then Darlene began crumbling her crackers on the floor. Mark dropped his and began stomping on it.

Tish had about had it. No wonder Lola had been so happy to get away. She took Mark and put him in his push cart. "Now you stay there," she commanded. Immediately he began to cry.

"He don't want to be in that thing," Darlene declared, "do you, Markie?" She tried to lift him out, but his foot caught and the cart tipped over, landing both children on the floor.

"Hey. What's all this noise about?" It was the soldier returned. "Now you cut it out." The masculine voice carried authority. Both voices stopped abruptly.

"I know what you want, Bud." From a pocket the soldier brought a sucker for each of them. Any other time Tish would have strongly objected, but she was so relieved she said nothing.

"I saw my boy," the soldier explained, "and I couldn't help buying the suckers." He laughed awkwardly. "Of course, I didn't intend to give them to him right away." He thanked Tish profusely and picked up his basket of folded clothes. "Lady, you are really a great guy."

TISH found a broom and swept up the cracker crumbs. Her lame ankle ached, her head was dizzy, and her stomach empty. What could be keeping Lola?

The clothes were all done and folded. Eventually, Tish succumbed

to buying a bottle of pink pop which was strictly against her ideas for feeding children. She took Mark in her arms and, finding room on the bench, rocked him back and forth until he went to sleep.

"I want to go home," Darlene whined. She took hold of Tish's hand and tried to pull her toward the door. "I want to go home."

"Let's wait a minute for Mama, shall we?" Tish coaxed as she laid Mark on the bench. She took a heavy towel from her own basket and folded it under his head. "Come on," she said to Darlene, "we'll walk outside the window and I'll tell you another story."

"I don't want another story. I want Mama." She pulled and tugged.

Tish thought of calling Irene. She could not hold out much longer — but she would never learn, and she didn't want Irene to know about this. She looked at the pay telephone on the wall. She would wait another fifteen minutes.

She gave Darlene another cracker, then, sitting on the chair by the mangle, took the girl on her lap. Darlene soon went to sleep, too, her head hanging heavy on Tish's arm.

Tish began to consider calling the police to find her car, but she would never hear the end of that. There was one relief — the people who had seen her give the car keys to Lola had gone home long since. One thing Tish promised herself, from here on out she would really mind her own business. She was always too ready to trust people.

Mark woke up and he awakened Darlene. Immediately they began

calling for Mama. It was past noon — something had to be done.

Tish started for the telephone, but stopped short when her car eased to a stop in front of the big window.

Lola swung herself out and came swiftly into the room. The children ran for her, crying and laughing at the same time. Lola stooped and cuddled them.

"I'm hungry." Darlene clung to her mother. Lola was wearing a different skirt now, and she looked very chic and very happy.

"Oh, Mrs. Haworth, I am so sorry I was so long. I didn't realize how fast the time was going. You'll never know what you have done for me."

"I hope you never know what you have done to me," Tish said under her breath, then added, "the radiance of your face is all the thanks I want. Now we must get these children home. I'll drive you home."

WHEN they were in the car Lola spoke again, "Mrs. Haworth, as you have likely guessed, Wylie, my husband, and I haven't been exactly pleasant to each other lately. I have been feeling so abused and housebound, and he has been so worried about meeting expenses. Well, driving that car lifted my spirits. I went home and dressed

up, then I took his lunch down to him. He was so upset about my having your car, but when I told him how it came about, it did something to him. He told me how sweet I looked and said for me to wait."

"You are sweet. Now tell me where to go."

Lola gave directions, then continued, "Anyway, neither of us had had breakfast, so we found a little place where we could eat and talk. We haven't shared our thoughts in this way for — oh, ages. We unburdened ourselves and fell in love all over again. Conditions won't seem so crushing now, and it is all because of you. We decided as long as there are people like you, all is well with the world and we can't get pouty."

As Tish entered her own home the telephone was ringing. It was Irene.

"Mother, where in the world have you been? I have called and called."

"Oh, I went on a short excursion, to a washateria."

"Washateria. Of all things. I think you should let me know when you leave. What if something should happen to you?"

"Something did happen, and you know what? I've found I am sort of crazy, but there are two or three things about me I like."

* * * * *

BECAUSE it takes time to gain awareness of the manifold blessings of life, and to realize that the poverty and riches of life are within us, age augments life's values far beyond compensation for lost youth.

— Nancy M. Armstrong



If At First...

Ruth G. Rothe

ONE fine summer day Mamma packed some bushel baskets in the back of Thelma Perkins' pickup truck and sailed off with her to get some tomatoes. We had plenty of nice tomatoes in our garden for eating, but they were going to get canning tomatoes. (Mamma says that any farm wife that doesn't have at least one hundred quarts of nice juicy tomatoes on her basement shelves for winter is a piker for sure.)

They were laughing and visiting as they left our farm. Mamma had her blonde hair tied in a bright scarf that matched her blue-checked skirt and, beside Thelma, she looked like a teenager. Mamma isn't real skinny, but she is short and slender, and I think that's why Dad calls her doll sometimes. Thelma's on the heavy side, full of fun and easygoing about everything and everyone likes her.

When they returned they weren't

laughing and visiting any more. Thelma had turned too short at a corner and the results hadn't been very good. They had both been shaken up, frightened, and excited, and Mamma had the beginning of a black eye! Most of all, she was just plain upset, and as she explained to the family later, "Thelma Perkins is the poorest driver in this county, the absolutely poorest excuse ever."

We made tomato juice with the tomatoes that were left.

When Mamma announced at the breakfast table next morning that she was going to start driving the car, I chuckled. The twins, Mary and Martha, gazed at Mamma's black eye and looked frightened as if they might start to cry. Jerry and Christine, the youngest of our family, just ate their cereal as if Mamma made this same announcement every morning.

Tom looked at Mamma as if she

really was going to have one of those nervous breakdowns she was always threatening to have, and said, "Why do you want to do that?"

Dad looked a little bit uneasy and also a bit undecided about what to do or say before he said, "There's no reason to learn to drive. Either Tom or I can take you where you want to go."

"You've been real good about taking me places, I'll admit, and living where we do, some of my friends can pick me up on their way to town, but the more I think of it, lots of them aren't the best of drivers, either, and I've decided I want to be independent."

Dad spoke up to say that, with all the accidents there were and the careless drivers like Thelma, maybe it was best not to have too many of the family driving.

"Warren, the more I think of it, I might have been killed yesterday. When I remember those lovely tomatoes bruised and broken all over the road, I think I have no alternative, I've just got to make the step."

Tom smiled and said, "Gee, Mom, you act like it's just real easy or something. After all you've never even driven the tractor or anything."

"Now don't try to stop me before I even start. Remember what Emerson said, 'Anything you persist in doing. . . .'"

Tom interrupted with a soft little laugh, but I could see, by the way Mamma looked, that she was determined to try it, and I guess the rest of the family saw it, too, because they soon quit trying to discourage her and talked about something else.

Mamma hurried us a little so that

she could get her work finished as soon as possible. She said that Aunt Betty was coming at ten to give her a driving lesson, so with something as definite as that, no one made much comment.

WHEN Aunt Betty arrived Dad and Tom were out in the field working, so she just parked her car in the shade, backed our car out of the garage and, with Mamma at her side, began explaining about the different levers, knobs, buttons, and such. Then they headed down the road, with Aunt Betty still at the wheel and Mamma watching carefully everything she did.

They went up and down the road time after time, and Jerry and Christine waved and called, but Mamma didn't seem to take any notice of them.

When I saw them coming again and spotted Mamma in the driver's seat, I cautioned the kids that they weren't to make one sound and make her nervous. She didn't go very fast, but she kept right on the road and seemed to be doing fine and I felt proud of her. Here, with only one lesson, she was already driving a car!

After awhile Mamma drove into the yard and, with Aunt Betty's help, she stopped the car. The first lesson was over. Mamma looked shaky and upset when she got out of the car and seemed to be doubting if it had been such a good idea to try. Aunt Betty was offering encouragement, "Don't worry about it — you did fine for your first time."

It wasn't until they were in the house starting dinner that Martha

noticed the dent in the right hand fender. Not a big, squashy, rumped dent, but a big noticeable dent, and I began feeling sorry Mamma had tried such a thing.

I made sure that I was outside when Dad and Tom came in to dinner. Not that I was going to tattle on Mamma, but I knew they'd notice it without any help. They weren't blind.

Tom saw it first, whistled a sort of low wolf-call whistle and said, "Boy, things just aren't going to be the same around here again."

Dad bent down, examined it and, shaking his head, said, "Maybe Jim Porter can hammer it out and do a touch-up job on it. I'd hate to buy a whole new fender this soon."

Tom looked at it again and then toward the house.

"It might be best to wait until she's through learning and try to get everything taken care of at once. It would be a shame to fix the fender maybe six, seven times — might be cheaper to just wait and buy a new one at that."

I don't know what they had planned to say to Mamma, but she handled it real fine when she met them at the door. "I see you've noticed my handiwork. Well, there's just one thing I want everybody around this house to understand. If I recall what's happened in the past, I have quite a few dents and scratches and bumps coming before I catch up with you two, so let's not fret about it and let the dinner get cold."

When I thought about what she had said I decided she was right. The old car had been battle-scarred when Dad traded it in last month. But I saw, too, that Mamma hardly

touched her favorite casserole, and I knew that she felt real bad about putting the first dent in the new car.

The rest of the day Mamma debated about what to do. Perhaps she should forget it, perhaps she was as stupid as Thelma about driving a car. I thought she was going to talk herself into forgetting the idea for sure, but when Aunt Betty tried to show how nice it would be to jump in the car and go to meetings, sales, and such by herself, she said she'd think it over again.

NEXT day Mamma announced that Pearl Healy down the road had suggested she practice in one of the fields.

Dad considered a minute, then said she could go in the grain stubble back of the house. Mamma went to answer the phone.

Tom speculated, "Dad and I will be up in the north field — you kids can stay by the house — the animals are all penned in — she's got five acres in that piece, so how could anything possibly happen?"

The rest of us didn't think it was so funny, but Tom just liked to kid about things.

Dad drove the car out to the field and went to haul hay.

Part of the time we leaned on the fence and watched Mamma. She would go down the length of the field, make her signals, turn one way or the other, just as if she was on a busy highway. Then she decided to practice backing. She started out fine. Then she was going in circles. Big circles, little circles, middle-sized circles. Just circles, circles, circles, and I could tell by the look on her face that she didn't know just what

to do. I began wondering if she would keep at it until she ran out of gas, but finally she stopped and just laid her head back on the seat and rested for awhile.

Next day she practiced some more, and then I had to get the tractor and pull her out of the ditch.

That's right! There was only one ditch in the whole field, right along the top and, like Tom said, five whole acres to drive in, but somehow Mamma had managed to do the impossible, and she couldn't get out.

We got the tractor and the car both back where they belonged before Dad and Tom got home for dinner, and I warned the kids not to say a word. Mamma probably would have told Dad about it herself, but Tom Sikes came along to talk over some business with him and stayed for dinner.

Mamma was really discouraged by now and, as we did the dishes, I asked her to tell me the rest of the words that Emerson had said. She looked sort of dreamy-eyed for a minute, then she said, with a little smile on her face, "That which we persist in doing becomes easier to do, not that the nature of the thing has changed, but that our power to do has increased." She looked sad then as she shook her head, "But I'm afraid that it doesn't apply to driving automobiles." She stopped washing the dishes and just let her hands rest on the sides of the yellow plastic dishpan, then she began to smile, "You know, Lilly, Emerson also said something else that might be well for me to think of now, 'Do the thing and thou shalt have the

power. If you cannot do it, do it and then you can.'"

A few days later Aunt Betty came again and sat beside Mamma as she went up the road and down the road. When they returned there were no scratches, bumps, or dents. I hadn't had to get the tractor out. Mamma was smiling, Aunt Betty was smiling, and I was sure that everything had gone fine. I was beginning to feel encouraged. But I was too early!

Next day Mamma needed a pattern for the costumes the twins were to wear in the Harvest Festival and decided there was no need to get Dad in from work to take her to get it. She would drive down to Mildred Yates' and get it herself.

She was gone only an hour or so, but when she came in the house she was crying. She went right to her room and shut the door. I wondered if she had killed somebody or wrecked the car, but on investigation the car looked fine. I was debating about whether to go get Dad or what to do when she came out. Her eyes were still red, and she was still upset, but she told me what was wrong. Mamma had received a ticket!

When she showed it to Dad, he looked at it, put his arm around her shoulder, and asked, "What did you do, Hon?"

"I didn't do anything. They were having a road blockade, and I didn't dare turn around and leave when the policeman held up his hand, so I just stopped, and he asked to see my driver's license. I tried to explain that I'm just learning and he said maybe the judge would take that into consideration."

I thought she would start to cry again, but her lip just quivered and she blew her nose. . . . Golly, Mamma was really getting the experiences since she decided to try this new venture. Here in about a week, besides everything else, she had gone in a ditch, dented the fender, and become a criminal. What would she do next?

UNTIL she thought of the driving idea, Mamma had always read stories to us in the late afternoon, but not any more. The only reading she did now was in the little driving book. She would study what it said and go over and over each page, trying to pound in to her head what it meant so that she could pass the exam.

The day that she went to pass the written test and get a learner's license, we were all worried that maybe Mamma wouldn't remember what was in the book, but she passed fine, and I reminded her that Emerson had been right.

Two weeks later she and Dad left for the city. Today Mamma would take her driving test.

When they came back Dad was driving. No amount of talking would convince Mamma that she would ever pass or for that matter ever drive again. She announced that the whole idea had been bad from the start, and that if anybody called her a quitter that was fine, because she would agree with them. She said the roads around our place weren't so bad but in the city, with all that traffic, it had scared her silly, and that the cross-looking officer made her knees shake just to think of him.

She didn't touch the wheel again, and when even Aunt Betty failed to persuade her to try, we knew she meant it. She explained that when she saw so many, many cars coming toward her she felt like just hiding her head and that she was still too scared to pass even slow old tractors ahead of her.

We tried to forget that she had ever started to drive and perhaps it would have ended there, but we had an emergency!

Tom had gone on an outing for the day, and Dad got his hand caught in the bailer as he was repairing it. It was just one of those things that happen for no good reason, but all the same it happened. Dad couldn't think of driving, but he could tell Mamma what to do. She must drive him to the doctor in the city, and there was no time to waste. I thought Mamma might faint, she's squeamish about blood, but between us we got a bandage on his hand. As we started to town, I sat in the front seat between them in case I was needed.

When Mamma looked like she was getting worried, Dad just encouraged her on. She passed other cars coming toward us without hiding her head. She even passed a truck that poked along ahead of us. Mamma did herself proud.

Dad said, "You did just fine, doll. But if you don't go get a license tomorrow, I'll make you ride with Thelma Perkins every place you go."

Mamma was smiling happily as she said, "No need to threaten, Warren, I think you're right, just as right as — well, just as right as Emerson."

I Never Knew My Grandparents Were Poor

Mabel Luke Anderson

THERE is an old Scottish song that runs something like this, "My thoughts return to my own folks, though they be but humble, poor, and plain folks."

I have treasured memories of my grandparents. Looking back now, and having experienced others ways of living as a comparison, I am sure they were poor folks. But I didn't know it then.

Converts to the Church from Sweden, where they lived on a lovely estate in the beautiful lakeland, they came to Utah with very little money. Two days after arriving here their baby died, and it took the last money grandfather had to bury her. Offers of help came but, in pride and independence, my grandfather said, "It is only work I need, or want, nothing I have not earned." He got that work and was able to provide for his family.

That is indicative of the sort of people they were. "Something for nothing" was a phrase he never learned. In Sweden he had been a shoemaker on the estate of the Baron, where he made all of the shoes — the fine riding boots of the Baron, the dainty dancing pumps of the Baroness, and the solid, substantial shoes of the peasant farmers. After arriving in Utah, he took up land and became a small farmer, and thus they lived frugally, indus-

triously, happily. As he grew older, he gave the farming work into the hands of his son and again took up his old occupation, only now, just as a cobbler. There was no "retirement" for him. And that is how I mostly remember Grandpa. He wore a heavy apron and sat with a last between his knees as he hammered on heels or half soles. Bits of leather were in a box on his bench. These we were allowed to play with, but the lasts and awls were forbidden instruments.

My grandparents were folks of quiet dignity, with old world graciousness and manners, loving and kind. Gentle old hands laid kindly on our heads made us feel good, but we took no liberties with them. We loved them and we respected them. When we did wrong we were set right firmly and instantly, a spat or two, if we needed it. Never would we have thought of talking back to them.

Grandma was neat and clean. Her hair was combed straight back and either a net or a lace cap covered it. At night she wore a beruffled nightcap. Her skirts swept the ground, and it seemed always (except at meeting) she wore a voluminous apron, even a white one with lace insertion when she went visiting. In her pocket or in a jar in the cupboard, were peppermint lozenges, or

lemondrops which we usually won with a few wiles.

Their tiny home, snuggled close to the kindly soil, was cosy. The furnishings reflected the skills and crafts of humble folk. On the mantel shelf were glass and china ornaments, mementos, a vase of everlasting flowers, and the coal-oil lamp which would be transferred to the table when darkness came. A woven rag carpet over straw padding covered the front room floor. White crocheted doilies were on the cupboard shelves, on the chairbacks, and on the family pictures hanging on the wall. Crisp white curtains were at the windows, windows filled with carefully tended begonias and geraniums, and a hanging plant spangled with little white stars, appropriately called Star of Bethlehem. A water bucket stood on a bench, with a dipper hanging above. Not many years before she died she had a sink put in with running water, and she thought there was nothing that could surpass that luxury. Her coal stove shone, she was so proud of it. And always there was a steaming teakettle on it.

WE loved to stay at Grandma's, where we slept in a folding bed, sinking down into feather mattresses. I think, small as we were, we were aware of the simple artistry of the patchwork quilt that covered us. This was sanctuary.

I still have one or two things of Grandma's, not priceless heirlooms, but comely souvenirs of simpler ways and days than our own.

I don't suppose that in actual cash they had many dollars a year in their hands. A sugarbowl back

in the cupboard saved the money for taxes. There was never anything bought on credit. They were of the firm opinion that if you owed anything you never owned anything. They had a warm shelter from the elements, sufficient clothing to cover them, and of good substantial food there was plenty. The smell of Swedish baking of buns, breads, and caraway cakes was mouth watering. There were always honey cookies in the stone jar. In the deep, cool cellar pans of milk were in the screened cupboard, home-cured bacon and hams hung from nails in the ceiling. There were shelves of home-canned fruit and bins of apples, potatoes, and onions.

We liked to eat at the grandparents' house; always there was a snow-white cloth and milk out of a pitcher covered with blue flowers. When we wanted a "piece," Grandma would hold the huge loaf of homemade bread in the crook of her arm and spread the butter on the end, then cut an inch-thick slice. There were plenty of jams and preserves on the pantry shelf, but the rich, newly churned butter spread so thick your teeth left marks, was food fit for a queen. But there was a temptation to add a layer of groundcherry preserves or wild-plum jelly. Sure, memory colors it, flavors it, but was there ever anything more delicious?

There were trees around Grandpa's house and deep grass, not often cut, to play in. A sturdy swing hung from a strong limb of one tree, and a homemade hammock strung between two others provided places to play. In June and July there was the sweet nostalgic smell of the

summer apples to be had for the picking or climbing.

When friends or family gathered at Grandma's, children went along. All were assured a welcome and no one was ever allowed to go without a taste of whatever was in the cupboard. No matter how busy our grandparents were, their eyes were alight with welcome. If it was a quilting party, we children loved to play under the quilt until we were sent outside, for they believed that children should be seen and not heard — too much. There were happiness and good cheer at those gatherings. I am sure there was no talk of salaries, of strikes, of wage boosts, of diets and installments and automobile problems. Surely they had their troubles; certainly, if we had to live as they did, we would think so, but life seemed to be free from financial urgency. I am sure that the last thing that worried them was keeping up with their neighbors.

But it wasn't all play and fun when we went to visit the grandparents. They believed that, beginning young, one must be taught there was work in this world to do, and no one had any right to get out of it. We fed the pigs and

chickens, herded the cow; into a little basket we gathered eggs, carried in chips for the fire; standing on a stool by the table, wiped dishes, and sitting on the same stool at Granny's knee, we learned to darn. We learned that there must be rhythm, as we churned and watched expectantly for the butter to "come."

Because they were Swedish, June 23, midsummer, meant much to them and, together with other Swedes in town, they celebrated. And we were included. There were singing and games and stories of the "old country." With life lived at a similar level, they found fresh savor in smaller things. Were they really poor, those folks?

Remembering those days gives me an illusion of sharing in a way of life that has gone forever, but nothing can take away this childhood dowry of essential goodness.

I know now that my grandparents were poor, but only in superficial things thought to be important now, for they were rich in faith, love, humility, kindness, frugality, honesty, industry, Christian virtues. Because of them I am rich — rich in the heritage they left me.

GLARE AND MOONLIGHT

LOOKING out from a brightly lighted room, the moonlight seems dim and unimportant. Walking outside, with eyes accustomed to it, moonlight is a glow of great enchantment.

Just so, I must not let the glare of prejudice blind me to the beauty of character of others I meet.

— Celia L. Luce

"MAMA"

Anna Duncan

THIN streams of warm milk sang happily as they hit the bottom of the shiny pail. Mama sat on a battered, old feed bucket she had turned over for a milking stool. She rested her cheek against the cow's warm flank and stripped the milk methodically into the pail. It splashed and splattered against the inside of the bucket. I straddled the corral fence and watched the frothy white liquid rise higher and higher in the bucket. Mama's hands closed and opened with rhythmic regularity. The fingers were brown and strong. I listened to the zing-zang, zing-zang of the milk against the metal. It made me drowsy, and I half closed my eyes until everything before me became one brown, blurred form.

The rough pole fence felt scratchy against the inside of my bare knees. A soft breeze swept past my face, bringing with it the odor of hay and warm milk, and the thought of Papa away in the high hills herding sheep. I opened my eyes again and watched Mama finish milking. She moved from one cow to another until the bucket was full. She stood up and lifted the bucket of foaming liquid high above her head, slipping the wire handle over a rafter so that the cows wouldn't kick it over. I jumped down beside her, and we walked together to the haystack. "Let me, let me," I begged, taking hold of the smooth-handled pitchfork and spearing it into the hay. I pushed and

pulled, grunting with exertion, but the hay wouldn't come loose. Mama laughingly took the pitchfork from my hands and began to fill the mangers with dry hay. The cows all moved expectantly toward the manger, picking up the prickly stems into their wide, moist mouths and chewing lazily. I found my own mouth moving sideways and round and round as I watched the animals eat.

"Must feel mighty stickery," I said, watching. Mama's ample figure swayed in rhythm to the work. Little wisps of chestnut-colored hair escaped from the soft bun at the nape of her neck and curled pleasantly around her flushed face.

I filled my arms with hay and carried it to the manger. I could feel the dry stems sticking into my bare arms and through the front of my dress. The hay was scratchy and made my nose itch. I dumped the armload of hay into the trough and walked back for more. "Whew," I breathed after a few trips.

Mama stood resting for a moment, leaning against the pitchfork. "Looks like it might rain," she observed, looking into the sky.

The clouds moved slowly across the pale blue heavens. I could imagine what it would be like to be up there lying in the fluffy, white mass. One of the bigger clouds looked like a great big, bulgy elephant with a curvy trunk. It slowly moved into the shape of a clown

and the trunk turned into a pointed hat.

"Come along, Sister," Mama said to me.

We stopped to pick up the bucket of milk. I took hold of one side of the handle and helped her carry the milk to the house. The evening breeze caught Mama's cotton skirts, swirling them around her brown, bare legs. The metal handle cut into my hand and I turned loose and rubbed the crease that the handle had left in my palm. Mama held out her firm brown hand to me, and I moved around and took hold of it. It was nice and warm. I held it tightly as we swung happily along to the farmhouse.

Inside the kitchen, Mama poured the clean, white milk into several shallow pans and carried them carefully to the pantry, where she placed them on rough board shelves to cool. The rest of the milk went into the big, silver separator bowl. I took hold of the crank and began to turn it around and around. Mama closed her hand around mine and gave a few quick turns until the machine began to hum in a high-pitched whir.

Mama's eyes were close to the mirror that hung over the washstand. I could see them reflected as I helped her turn the separator handle. Around and around it whirred cheerfully. She let loose the handle and let me keep it going. I liked to watch the lines crinkle around Mama's soft gray eyes when she laughed.

We both turned to watch the bluish skimmed milk pour from the one spout and then a thin stream of yellow cream came from the other

spout. I looked back into Mama's face and, sure enough, the lines were crinkling.

When Mama came back into the kitchen, she busied herself at the old, black coal stove. She lifted the lid of the firebox and poked the burning coals with a long, steel poker, then she picked up the coal bucket and sprinkled the small chunks into the glowing fire.

As Mama opened the oven door of the stove, I could smell the newly baked bread — "Umm-m," I murmured. She tapped the loaves lightly with the tips of her fingers. Seeing that they were done, she gathered the pan up with the corner of her denim apron and carried the loaf pan to the cupboard where she dumped the plump, brown loaves onto a clean dish towel. I watched her take two blue glass bowls from the cupboard and fill them with chunks of steaming bread; she moved to the pantry and brought back a pan of last night's milk and skimmed the thick yellow cream over the broken bread chunks; she sprinkled the bread and cream with lots of sugar, and we sat down at the kitchen table to eat.

"Say the blessing," Mama reminded me as she bowed her head over her folded hands. "God, bless Daddy while he is away — bring him back safely. We thank thee for this food, and for this lovely day. Amen."

After supper was over and the dishes were washed, Mama pulled up the old black rocking chair close to the flickering fire glow and scooped me up into her warm comfortable lap; she held me close. Back and forth we rocked, back and forth.

She put her cheek down against my hair and sang a funny little ditty: "Waltz me around again, Willie, around, around, and around. . . ."

Mama's bed was big and soft and cool in the back bedroom. She gathered me into her arms, wrapping my feet in her huge flannel nightgown and curling her body close to mine under the fluffy patchwork quilts. I touched her hair as it lay spread out on the pillow; it felt crisp and wiry; there were springy waves that looked as if they might have been braided in, but were naturally there. I reached over and touched her smooth face, and she took hold of my hand and kissed each finger

separately. We lay silently for awhile, then she reached up and turned off the light that hung from the bedstead. I could see the moonlight shimmering against the window and a few stars, way off, twinkling in the dark sky. A dog howled forlornly somewhere in the night; Mama's arms tightened reassuringly around me. I love you, Mama, I thought sleepily. A whiff of rain-filled air came through the open window I heard the drops begin to fall upon the roof of the farmhouse — pit-a-pat-splat, splat-pit-a-pat. . . . "Goodnight, darling," Mama whispered in my ear. Sleep closed in, peacefully.

Country Auction

Ida Elaine James

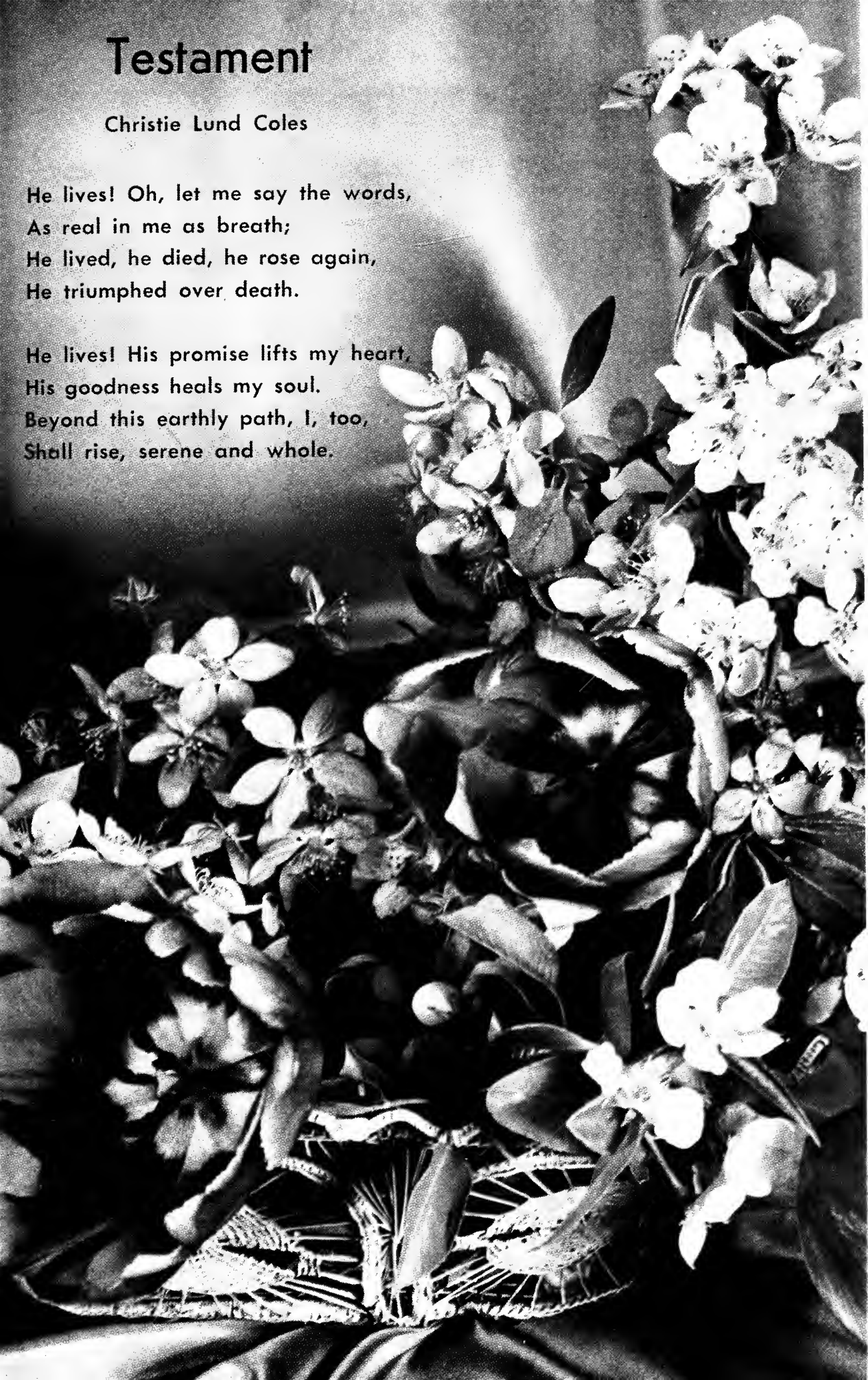
A grandmother's treasures of a long-gone year
 Are gathered together for the public, here:
 Her bureau, marked with homely scars and dents,
 (It held unfailingly for me pink peppermints).
 A shabby rocker covered with time-worn chintz
 Used long ago for twilight lullabying,
 Soothing children's hurts and weary crying;
 Rugs that she once diligently braided
 By lamplight, with their colors long since faded.
 Upon this whatnot, treasures stand at rest:
 A conch shell with a sea-song in its breast,
 Wax flowers under glass, each old knickknack
 With its own story-treasured bric-a-brac.
 Almost a fragrance rises to convince
 The nose of jelly from sturdy kettles, mince
 And pumpkin pies; here heavy flatirons tell
 Of patient hands and fluted miracle.
 Now they wait amid the busy clamor
 The final sounding of the auction hammer —
 Safe in my heart are locked, where they will stay,
 The memories of their golden long-gone day.

Testament

Christie Lund Coles

He lives! Oh, let me say the words,
As real in me as breath;
He lived, he died, he rose again,
He triumphed over death.

He lives! His promise lifts my heart,
His goodness heals my soul.
Beyond this earthly path, I, too,
Shall rise, serene and whole.



Do We Give Too Much?



Joan H. Haskins

WHEN I was five years old, an imitation diamond ring, costing ten cents, was my most valued possession. My parents bought this ring for me during a vacation trip. I was continuously holding my finger to a window so that when the light from the sun fell on the stone, a multitude of colors emitted from it. I was delighted with my ring and never grew tired of admiring its beauty.

But, one morning in the hurried confusion of packing to leave our hotel room, my precious ring was left lying on the edge of the bathtub. I had placed it there so its brilliance would not be dulled as I bathed. It was not until we had traveled too far from the hotel to return, that my bare finger reminded me of my forgetfulness.

This childish episode was called to my mind one day recently, as I looked through my children's pockets prior to washing their clothes. Each pocket contained two or three rings intermingled with a variety of other gimmicks. Earlier that morning I had found a Popeye ring behind the couch, and an Indian one in the pin dish.

These were not expensive rings—most of them had been cheap prizes, but as I gazed at the bits of

tin, I recalled my sparkling diamond and the great joy it had brought to me. I wondered if we weren't doing a wrong to our children by giving them too much.

The wrong lay not only in too many cheap rings, but in all their other material possessions. Cathi, our four-year old daughter, had more dolls than she could stuff into her buggy. The boys could scarcely walk through their room without stepping over quantities of trucks, baseball equipment, and every contrivance Santa's toy shop had ever manufactured.

Our children, with their many toys, had been deprived of one of life's greatest pleasures—the pleasure of anticipation. We had satisfied their every whim. Not one of them had saved for weeks to obtain enough money to buy a toy of his choice. We had, foolishly, rushed out and bought it for him. I determined to change this.

Ralph Waldo Emerson voiced this idea when he stated that one of the most important factors in shaping his life had been want. Wendell Phillips said: "Wants awaken intellect. . . . The keener the want, the lustier the growth."

I recalled the corn-cob dolls and the hand-carved whistles that were

the playthings in my past. Wanting a toy then had led children to improve their skill and inventiveness as they made these items.

Not long ago while skating at a public pond, this same inventiveness was being demonstrated by a small, vivacious boy. He lacked skates, so was shuffling across the ice in an oversized pair of rubber boots. As I talked to him, he enthusiastically told me that he would receive his skates next Christmas. He was anticipating the possession of his skates with the secret inner glow that comes from wholesome desire, but, while waiting for his prize, he was enjoying himself in his big boots as much as any of the other children with their fanciest ice skates. Apparently, his parents had taught him the important lessons of frugality and self-control.

At past Christmases I used to feel like a greedy giant, as I viewed the bewildered remains of a bevy of nonsensical gifts given our children, who, overcome with the number and complexity of playthings, usually ended the day by turning to an old familiar toy, rather than coping with the impossible task of deciding which new one to try.

Before last years' Christmas, we held a family discussion. Each one decided to do without one large gift so that he could help a less fortunate family. The children were enthusiastic about this idea. Selecting a small tree and buying toys and clothing for the underprivileged family were the most rewarding parts of our holiday season. We hope to continue this practice so that we may again experience the special tranquility that comes with the giving of ourselves.

Since we started to cut down on monetary pursuits, we have been cheerfully surprised to learn that our most successful family outings have been those which have required little financial support. One day we rode to a canyon and hiked through the woods. As we crunched through the brittle foliage, exclaiming delightedly at each new color evident on the trees, we felt God's generosity expressed in nature. Each tried to be his most delightful self so that this would be a special day.

We realized the value that comes from the gift of love and knew that this gift could not be overdone. It is only the shallow stuffing of material gifts that frustrates and stifles our children. Ask yourself, am I giving too many material gifts?

SELF-PORTRAIT

WE each paint the canvas of our own life. How we paint, will affect, for good or ill, the lives of those who view the picture. Are we painting with bold, true, clean-cut brush strokes? Or does our picture lack conviction. Are our colors warm, vibrant, harmonious? Or are they cold, inert, confused? Have we placed the major, lasting values in relief and made the minor, trivial ones mere shadows? Or is our picture out of balance?

No life-portrait is perfect. Let's retouch the canvas now, before it dries, to bring it nearer our desired goal of perfection.

— Nancy M. Armstrong

A Praying Mother

Winnifred Jardine

AS our young son, just Priesthood age, was readying for bed one Fast Sunday evening, he commented casually, "Do you know, Mom, we've said twenty-three prayers today." On enumerating them in the way of a teen-age boy, it wasn't hard to reach twenty-three at all. And I thought to myself, add onto those all the prayers of a mother, and the number would soon be lost.

It is not only the secret prayers that a mother utters on her knees when she first slips out of bed in the morning, nor the one before a serious talk with her daughter, or after disciplining a son, nor when she prays for children during illnesses or exams, nor even her prayers for a husband's business problems. But it is also the many prayers she says *with* her children.

Sister Lina Sonntag, who reared twelve fine sons and daughters (among them stake presidents, bishops, high councilmen), told me many years ago that she knelt down with every one of her children at night individually for his evening prayers, even when each was old enough to be coming in from dates. It didn't matter that she knelt down ten times during an evening. What really mattered was that each child knelt down once.

During these hurried times, holding family prayers both night and morning isn't easy. It is a temptation to let them go occasionally or to hold them with only part of the family present.

Gathering all family members about, be it early or late, under the loving authority of the father, is best, of course. But when this isn't possible, then the mother should be the connecting link of prayers held by the family. She can pray with the one who must leave before six A.M. for seminary. She can pray again with husband and school children. And if there is a little one who is ill and needs extra sleep, she can kneel again in prayer with him, so he, too, has participated. Again, it doesn't matter that she has said morning prayers three times. What does matter is that every child feels that he was present for family prayer.

When a youngster has a difficult assignment or a special problem, it is the mother who encourages him to kneel with her to ask his Heavenly Father's help. When he has erred in his actions, it is the mother who kneels with her arm around him while he prays for forgiveness. And when he has received a blessing in abundance, it is the mother who reminds him in his joy that he should also kneel in thanksgiving.

A mother needs to talk to the Lord often with her children. She must remember the prayer needs of each individual child and see that they are met, no matter how many times she gets to her own knees to do it. What better way can she keep the commandment of the Lord, "And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord" (Doctrine & Covenants 68:28).



Edna B. Paulson, Artist and Musician

EDNA Brimhall Paulson, Sacramento, California, loves to paint landscapes and still life. She is especially interested in painting indoor floral arrangements and outdoor fields of flowers. Her landscapes reflect an intimate feeling for the scenery of Arizona and New Mexico, where she lived before moving to California. Mrs. Paulson has become proficient in the use of both water colors and oils, employing the medium most suitable for each subject.

Music has long been a sort of second hobby for Mrs. Paulson. She has served as ward organist, and organist for the auxiliary organizations in the wards where she has lived, often acting, also, as accompanist for choirs and solo and duet singing. She has found an artistic and creative relationship in the arts of music and painting, for she has particularly noted rhythm and color and tone in these arts.

Mrs. Paulson has long served Relief Society as a visiting teacher, and has been active in work meeting activities. She is now a widow and two of her four sons are deceased. She has seven grandchildren.



Unusual
**VEGETABLE
 RECIPES**
 for
 Special Occasions

Mary J. Wilson
 Former Member, General Board of Relief Society

Asparagus Casserole

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 one-pound cans green asparagus | 2 cans cream of mushroom soup |
| 1 ½ four-ounce cans whole, button,
or sliced mushrooms | pinch each of salt and sugar |
| 5 hard-boiled eggs | 2 tbsp. butter, melted lightly |
| 1 lemon | 1 can small green peas |

Grease a shallow casserole or pan. Lay asparagus crosswise. Cover with sliced hard-boiled eggs, then a layer of peas. Sprinkle melted butter, then a layer of mushrooms, a little lemon juice, 1 can of cream of mushroom soup. Repeat the above layers, and top with toasted bread crumbs rolled fine, melted butter, and paprika. Cook in moderate oven (350°) about 15 minutes.

String Beans

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 2 pkgs. frozen French-cut beans
cooked and seasoned | 1 can mushroom soup |
| | 1 can fried onions |

Put in casserole, top with plenty of nippy cheese. Bake in 350° oven for 15 or 20 minutes.

Zucchini

Slice 7 or 8 zucchini $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and parboil in enough salted water to cover. In frying pan sauté 1 bell pepper sliced, and one medium-sized onion sliced. Add to drained zucchini. Add parsley to taste, finely chopped, and one can of water chestnuts, sliced thin. Season with Italian seasoning (a combination of seasonings), or salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together, put in casserole, and cover with grated cheese. Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 350° .

Onions and Raisins

2 lbs. small white onions	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. vinegar
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. seedless raisins	$\frac{3}{8}$ c. tomato sauce
1 c. water	3 tbsp. oil or butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar	salt and pepper

Cook raisins and onions until tender in syrup made by first bringing sugar, water, and vinegar to a boil. Add tomato sauce, butter, salt, and pepper.

Tomato Fritters

1 qt. tomatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. cornstarch
3 slices onion	one egg, or more, slightly beaten
6 whole cloves	cracker crumbs
3 tbsp. butter	beaten egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	fat for frying
2 tbsp. sugar	

Cook tomatoes, onion, and cloves 15 minutes, strain, and add butter, salt, and sugar. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch with cold juice. Cook 5 minutes and add egg slightly beaten. Cook two more minutes. Cool until firm. Cut in squares (not too large), roll in cracker crumbs, egg, and more cracker crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Keep in warm place until ready to serve.

Fancy Spinach

Sauté 1 tbsp. chopped onion in 2 tbsp. butter. Season well with paprika. Add 1 tbsp. flour and blend, then add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk (half evaporated) and cook. It makes a medium thick cream sauce. Add dash of tabasco. Add 1 package of cooked frozen spinach and salt to taste and pour into greased casserole. Add sliced cheese and buttered bread crumbs, sprinkle with paprika, brown in oven.

Carrots Supreme

2 c. finely cubed carrots (pre-cooked for ten or fifteen minutes in enough water to cover)	1 - $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. fat for frying (butter or bacon grease)
1 tbsp. chopped onion	1 tbsp. flour
2 tbsp. chopped green pepper	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. liquid from carrots
salt to taste	4 tbsp. cream
	3 tbsp. buttered bread crumbs

Cook onion and green pepper in fat until soft (not brown). Add flour and juice from carrots, salt, and cream, and cook until mixture thickens (makes nice thick white sauce). Combine carrots with sauce. Cover with crumbs. Bake 20 minutes or until brown at 350° .

Corned Beef Stuffed Cabbage

6 large leaves of cabbage	¼ c. butter, melted
boiling water to cover cabbage	½ c. finely chopped celery
1 ¼ tsp. salt	¼ c. finely chopped green pepper
2 c. ground corned beef	½ c. diced fresh tomato
1 ½ c. soft bread crumbs	½ c. finely shredded carrots
8 tbsps. (½ c.) finely chopped onions	1 c. plus 2 tsps. water
¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper	1 tsp. cornstarch

1. Preheat oven to 350° with rack in center.
2. Place the cabbage leaves in a saucepan with boiling water to cover, containing one teaspoon of salt. Cover and cook on top of stove three minutes, or until leaves have wilted. Drain, reserving two tablespoons of the stock.
3. Mix the corned beef, bread crumbs, four tablespoons of the onion, one-quarter teaspoon of the salt, black pepper, butter, and stock.
4. Lay cabbage leaves flat and top each with one-half cup of the corned beef mixture. Fold leaves over stuffing and fasten ends with toothpicks. Put in a shallow baking dish.
5. Cook together the celery, green pepper, carrot, tomato, one cup of the water, and remaining onion. Add the remaining salt, bring to a boil, and cook two minutes. Pour over cabbage rolls. Cover and bake 30 to 40 minutes, basting occasionally. Remove cabbage rolls to a serving dish.
6. Blend the cornstarch with the remaining water. Add to the sauce and cook, stirring one minute, or until thick. Pour over cabbage rolls. Six servings. (Copyright by New York Times. Reprinted by permission.)

Green Rice

2 c. uncooked rice	4 eggs, beaten
2 c. Cheddar cheese	½ c. melted butter
2 c. milk	1 small onion, chopped
2 c. chopped parsley	salt to taste

1. Boil rice in salted water until tender. Drain.
 2. Grate cheese and chop parsley and onion.
 3. Add all other ingredients to rice.
- Bake ¾ to 1 hr. in 350° oven. Put into mold ring. In center put creamed ham and mushrooms.

Mashed Potato Surprise

¾ c. butter	pepper
1 c. finely chopped onion	2 tsp. parsley, minced
1 lb. fresh sliced mushrooms	mashed potatoes
salt	butter for topping as needed

- Melt butter and add chopped onion. Cook until soft, then add mushrooms and cook five minutes. Season with salt and pepper and parsley.
- Cover bottom and sides of a 2-qt. casserole with a coating of butter, then a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Fill hollow in the center with the onion and mushroom mixture and cover with more mashed potatoes. Dot with butter. Bake in a 500° oven until browned, about fifteen minutes.

Vegetable Casserole

- | | |
|------------|-----------------------|
| 4 tomatoes | 2 large sticks celery |
| 2 onions | salt |
| 2 potatoes | pepper |
| 3 carrots | butter for topping |

Slice vegetables fine. Place in layers with salt and pepper in casserole. Put four pats of butter on top. Cook at 375° 1½ hours. Canned tomatoes may be substituted. Serves 6-8.

Clam and Eggplant Casserole

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 eggplant | 1 egg, beaten |
| ¼ lb. butter or margarine | 1 can minced clams |
| 1½ c. cracker crumbs | seasonings to taste |

Pare, dice, and boil eggplant until soft. Drain, add butter, cracker crumbs, egg, and clams, including liquid. Season to taste, pour into buttered casserole, and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes. Serves 6-8.

Mushrooms Florentine

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 lb. fresh mushrooms | ¼ c. melted butter |
| 2 pkgs. frozen spinach | 1 c. American Cheddar cheese |
| 1 tsp. salt | garlic salt |
| ¼ c. chopped onions | |

Wash and dry mushrooms. Slice off stems and slice mushrooms. Sauté caps and stems until brown. Line a shallow 1½ inch deep casserole with defrosted, uncooked spinach which has been seasoned with salt, chopped onion, and melted butter. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated cheese. Arrange mushrooms over spinach. Season with a little garlic salt. Cover with remaining cheese. Bake for 20 minutes at 350° or until cheese is melted and browned. Serves 10.

Spinach Pea Souffle

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 pkg. frozen peas | 4 egg yolks beaten |
| 1 pkg. frozen spinach | 4 egg whites beaten stiff |
| 1 pt. thick white sauce | |

Cook peas and spinach until tender and make into purée with blender or sieve. Add white sauce and egg yolk and mix. Fold in egg whites. Cook in double boiler for 1 hour, or in mold in oven (in pan of water) at 350°. Serves 10-12.

Onion Souffle

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 c. sliced or diced onion | 1 c. milk |
| 3 tbsp. butter | 3 egg yolks, well beaten |
| 3 tbsp. (or more) flour | 3 egg whites, beaten stiff |
| salt and pepper to taste | |

Cook onion in butter until yellow. Blend in flour, add seasonings and milk and cook until thickened. Add egg yolks and cook slowly for 1 minute. Cool for ten minutes or more. Fold in egg whites and bake in unbuttered dish at 350° for about 30 minutes or until firm. Serves 6-8.

Band for Asparagus

To the white of 1 hard-boiled egg finely chopped, add yolk forced through sieve, 1 tbsp. each of pickle and pimento finely chopped, 1 tbsp. parsley, finely chopped. Pour French dressing over the mixture. Put this as a band across spears of cooked asparagus before serving.

White Sauce (Medium)

2 tbsp. butter
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. paprika

2 tbsp. flour
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 c. milk

Melt butter in top of double boiler over boiling water. Blend in flour, salt, pepper, and paprika. Add milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened and smooth.



Morning in a Garden

Sylvia Probst Young

Day opens in my garden to a rose,
Pink beauty glowing with the dew's caress,
To queenly, blue delphinium and phlox.
Her golden fingers touch with gentleness
Young pansy faces, gladiola cup,
The leaves of silver birch. . . . My eyes look up —
The sky, wide arched above — serenity.
Now in my garden in this waking hour
My heart is lifted to a quiet peace,
With singing bird, with every blooming flower;
Softly I walk in morning's solitude,
My garden speaks an answer — God is good.

What Did I Do Today?

Helen Sue Isely

The day is finished
And the chirping twilight
Fluffs out its golden feathers.

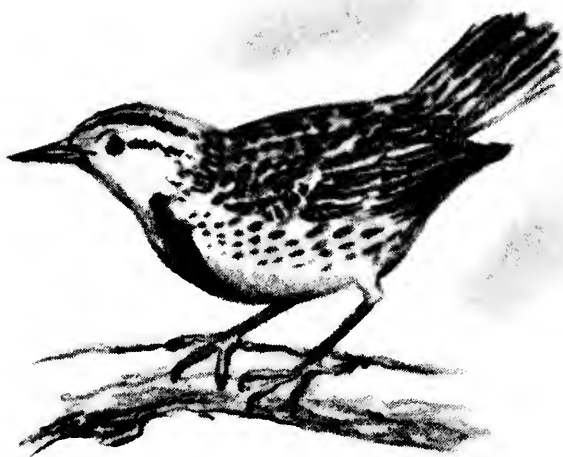
What did I do?
How did I spend my hours today?

I listened to a meadow lark
Tuning its bell voice,
Calling for spring.

I watched a nuthatch
Go up and up a tree
And round and round a limb
And out upon a twig
And over to another tree.

I dream-shipped awhile
With a large pigeon,
Flapping big mauve and white wings
Faster and faster,
Farther and farther into the distance,
Until he seemed no bigger
Than a speck of star dust.

I forgot many things today . . .
January ice . . .
The heavy frost in March . . .
But I touched a thousand dreams,
And one flaming truth took wings in my
heart —
Spring is here!





Let's Glamorize Chicken

Myrtle E. Henderson

SINCE chicken is a favorite of mine, and of many other people, I am happy to pass along some of the recipes that I have collected.

Barbecue Chicken

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| one large chicken, cut in pieces | ¼ c. lemon juice |
| jiffy barbecue sauce | 3 tbsp. sugar |
| ¼ c. chopped onion | 3 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce |
| ½ c. cooking oil | 2 tbsp. prepared mustard |
| ¼ c. tomato catsup | 2 tsp. salt |
| ¼ c. water | ½ tsp. pepper |

Cook onion until soft in a little water. Mix the remaining ingredients and heat. Pour into the onions and simmer 15 minutes.

Arrange the pieces of chicken in a baking dish and pour the sauce over them. Bake 1½ - 2 hours at 350 degrees. Place the cover on the dish after the sauce has started to bubble. (This sauce is good also on hamburgers or hot frankfurters.)

Serves 6.

Chicken and Asparagus

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 2 tbsp. shortening or cooking oil | 1 egg, beaten |
| 1 tbsp. flour | 2 c. diced cooked chicken |
| ¾ tsp. salt | 2 c. cooked asparagus tips, cut into 2-inch lengths |
| pepper to taste | 2 tbsp. chopped pimento |
| paprika to taste | |
| 2 c. cream or evaporated milk | |

Melt the shortening. Mix the flour and seasonings together and pour into the melted fat; stir until smooth. Add the cream and stir constantly until slightly thickened. Pour over the beaten egg and blend; add the chicken, asparagus tips, and pimento, and heat thoroughly. Serve on hot toast. Serves 4.

This may be placed in a greased casserole with ½ c. cracker crumbs sprinkled over the top and baked in the oven.

1 c. of cooked broccoli could be used instead of asparagus.

Chicken Dressing Casserole

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| ¼ c. chopped celery | 6 c. dried bread broken into small pieces |
| ½ c. chopped onion | 1 tsp. salt |
| 2 tbsp. chopped parsley | dash of pepper |
| ½ c. butter | ½ - 1 tsp. poultry seasoning |
| 3 - 4 c. cooked diced chicken | |

Sauté for about 5 minutes the celery, onion, and parsley in the butter; add the chicken, broken bread, and seasoning. Toss together thoroughly, and pour into a greased casserole. Cover with chicken custard.

Serves 8.

Chicken Custard

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 c. chicken fat (part shortening, if desired) | 4 slightly beaten eggs |
| 1 c. sifted flour | 1 c. milk |
| 4 c. chicken broth | 1 tsp. salt |

Melt chicken fat in large saucepan, and blend in the 1 c. sifted flour. Gradually add the chicken broth and milk; stirring constantly. Add salt. Cook until very thick. Blend in the slightly beaten eggs and cook over low heat 3 - 4 minutes. Remove from heat and pour over the chicken and vegetable mixture. Bake 20 - 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

Chicken Croquettes

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 ¾ c. ground, cooked chicken | 1 c. thick white sauce |
| 1 tsp. celery salt | 1 c. fine bread crumbs |
| 1 tsp. lemon juice | 1 egg, beaten |
| 1 tsp. chopped parsley | ½ tsp. onion juice |
| salt and pepper to taste | |

Add the chicken, seasonings, lemon juice, and parsley to the white sauce. Cool and shape into croquettes. Dip into crumbs then into egg mixed with onion juice and again into the crumbs. Fry in deep fat from 2 to 5 minutes.

Molded Chicken Salad

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored, unsweetened gelatin | 1 tsp. lemon juice |
| ¼ c. cold chicken stock | ¾ c. mayonnaise or salad dressing |
| ½ c. hot chicken stock | 1 c. diced cooked chicken |
| ¼ tsp. salt | 3 tbsp. minced green pepper |
| | ¾ c. diced celery |

Soften gelatine in cold chicken stock in top of double boiler. Add hot stock and salt and stir over boiling water until gelatin is dissolved. Cool and stir in the lemon juice and mayonnaise. Combine with the chicken, green pepper, and celery. Pour into large or individual molds. Makes 6 servings.

Heaven Scent

Carolyn Kay Despain

Flowers bloom
Beneath a sea of air
And each sundrop
Caresses with a flare
The fabric of a petal.

Drowning in a sun-drenched earth,
Each breath will drink
With loving mirth
To weave its scented mettle.

SPRAY IT WITH



Janet W. Breeze

DON'T toss out that old mirror just because the frame reveals its age. Instead, give it a whole new decorative lease on life.

All you need is a can of spray enamel (gold, pink, baby blue, or white), artificial flowers, thin wire, and a staple gun or thumbtacks.

Remove mirror from frame if possible. If not, tape newspaper to glass to prevent it from being painted. If paint **should** get on mirror, it can be scraped off later with a razor blade.

Give the flowers about a 4" stem, and wire them together in an attractive arrangement which measures approximately 5" x 2". Mix in leaves, and do this until you have enough groupings to cover your frame.

Staple or thumbtack flowers to frame until covered well, centering a fuller grouping at top.

If frame is metal, or if you wish to decorate a mirror which has no frame, adhere flowers with a strong jewelry cement.

Fill in any bare spots with an added leaf or flower. Now spray



lightly with enamel, following instructions on manufacturer's label. For a truly porcelain or gilded look, apply paint in several **thin** coats, letting each coat dry thoroughly.

Return mirror to frame and hang as a bedroom eye-catcher or a bathroom dazzler.

The same principle of sprayed flowers can be applied to many other household castoffs, such as dressing-table lamp stands, picture frames, and bath salt bottles.

For a "new" lamp, first select a new shade, or fabric to cover the old one. Then, in a harmonizing color, spray the entire lampstand to which flowers have been glued at the base.

For decorating clear glass bottles, remove lid and spray (preferably gold). Spray also the flowers selected for decorating the bottle. The flowers should have stems and leaves removed before spraying.

When thoroughly dry, glue flowers and leaves to bottle in an attractive arrangement.

How to make a BURLAP

Drusilla Ferree

Materials:

1 yard any color BURLAP (36" wide)
1 linen-looking, plastic window shade (3' x 6')
thread
felt scraps
glue

The diagram shows five linings, one lining each for five bags. The diagram of material for the bags shows two bags cut from the 36-inch burlap. Three linings will be left over. If these are used later, the approximate cost of each bag would be 70 cents.

Burlap and lining materials for each bag are cut in one piece and require no seam at the bottom.

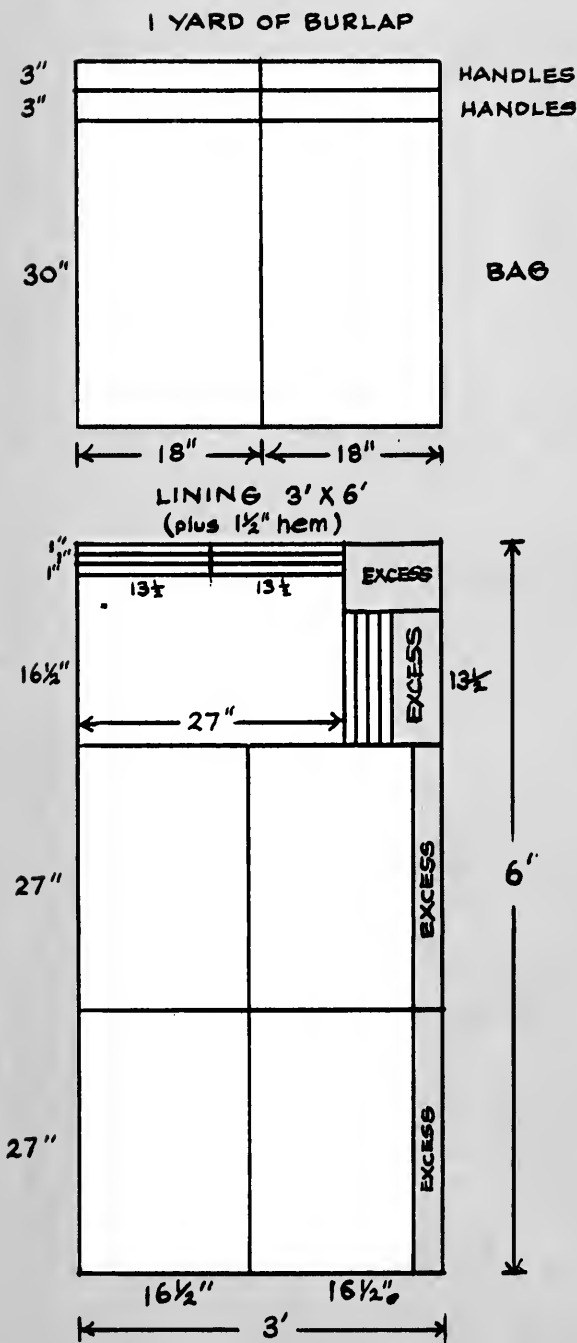
There will be four extra 1" x 27" strips of lining for handles left over.

Procedure:

Cut burlap down center. You will have 2 pieces 18" x 36". Now from each piece cut 2 handles for each bag 3" x 18". (You should have 2 bags 18" x 30", and 4 handles 3" x 18".)

Lining:

From window shade cut 5 linings and 10 handles (take out stitched hem as you will need the entire shade).



BAG



Linings for bag $16\frac{1}{2}'' \times 27''$

Linings for Handles $1'' \times 27''$

Cut lining handles ($1'' \times 27''$) in half (now 2 pieces $1'' \times 13\frac{1}{2}''$).

Cover handle lining with $3'' \times 18''$ burlap pieces and trim off excess burlap. The burlap will completely cover lining so no lining will show. Machine stitch both sides of handles.

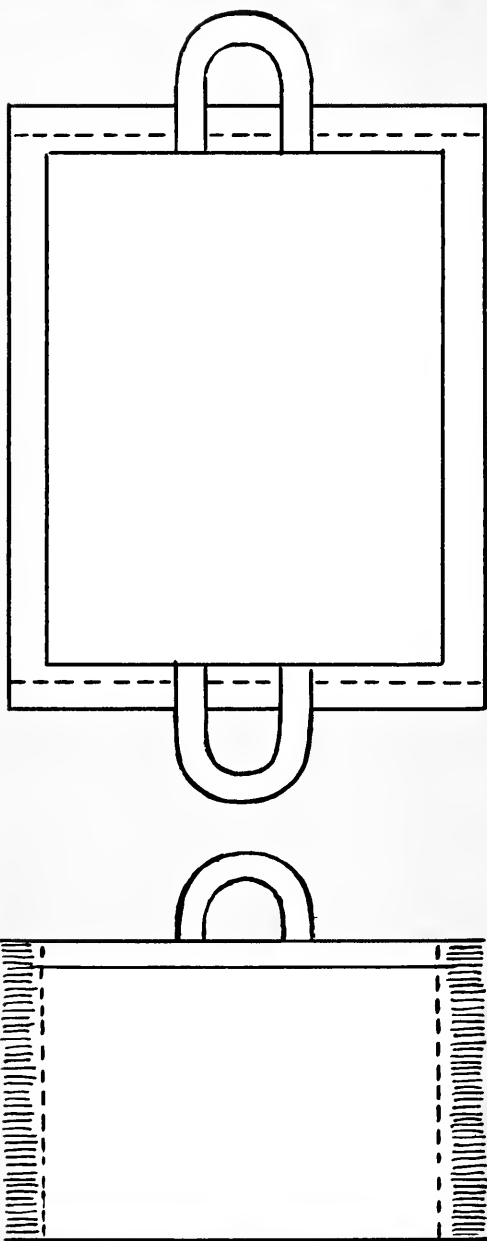
With right sides of material together (lining centered in middle of burlap) and handles between lining and burlap with inside edge of handles $1\frac{1}{2}''$ from center of bag, sew lining, burlap, and handles at the ends.

Turn bag and sew approximately $\frac{3}{8}''$ from top edge of burlap. You will note that lining is shorter and narrower than the burlap, and so you will have approximately $\frac{3}{8}''$ burlap top edge, inside the bag.

Fold bag and stitch on right side of material approximately $1\frac{1}{2}''$ from outside edge.

Now fringe outside edges approximately $\frac{3}{4}''$ wide.

Decorate by gluing felt-designed flowers, animals, birds, geometric designs, etc., or make yarn designs, or decorate in any manner you desire.



Keep My Own

Kit Linford

CHAPTER 4

Synopsis: Irene Spencer, who met her husband Dick in South Africa, feels lonely and discouraged as she tries to adjust to her new surroundings in a small town near Salt Lake City. Dick has taken her to the shabby old family home, and her new household consists of Dick's Grandfather, his Aunt Ella, and his small handicapped brother David. However, as Irene and Ella scrub and clean and polish the house, a feeling of belonging there comes to Irene, and she feels a loving tenderness toward David and a responsibility for the boy.

SUMMER aged rapidly as work on the house progressed. Hot gusts of wind slapped at Irene as she hurried to and from necessary errands. Infrequent thunder showers gave little respite. They arrived too seldom and were obliterated too soon by the acid sun.

Granddad met her late one sweltering afternoon as she hurried into the inviting coolness of the house. The thick walls rejected much of the heat, keeping the interior refreshingly cool.

"Hot weather getting you down?" he asked kindly.

"You forget where I come from." She shook her head. "South Africa is much hotter than this. I'm used to heat." She shifted her groceries from one arm to the other.

"Here, let me take those for you," Granddad said. She relinquished them as they made their way to the

kitchen, and he went on, "Well, if we can endure it for another month or so, the weather will start to break. Some folks like spring best of any time of year. I like it, too, after months of winter, but autumn is my favorite. Wait until you see our mountains in the fall of the year. They're almost too beautiful to be true. All red and gold and brown and yellow . . . and a little green that's too tenacious to change until snow falls. Ella goes into the hills and brings back huge bouquets of fall leaves to decorate the house for Thanksgiving. The heat loosens its grip, and the nights are cool. We have a little rain, but not a lot. Yes, if I had to choose a time of year, it would be the autumn."

Irene sighed. She didn't fully appreciate the picture he had painted with words, for she had never experienced that of which he spoke. "In a way I like the heat. It reminds me of home."

Granddad was aware of her homesickness. When she received a letter from South Africa, she would be quiet and withdrawn into her own thoughts for hours. He wanted to tell her that Spencerside was her home. The house they labored over so lovingly was her home as well as theirs. In his wisdom, Granddad knew it would do no good to tell her these things. Such knowledge

had to come from within Irene herself. She had to feel at home before she would be.

The cool air of the house was intermingled with the strong odor of paint. Imposed over that was the aroma of bread baking.

"How delightful!" Irene exclaimed.

"You mean the bread? Ella bakes the best bread in Spencerside. She wanted to try out that new oven. I knew we'd have something home-baked. I thought it would be cake or pie, or maybe Davy's favorite peanut butter cookies. I'm glad she decided on bread."

Ella was peeping into the oven through the window in the door at the richly browned loaves inside.

"Ella, that bread smells wonderful," Irene said.

"You mean you can smell something besides paint? That's nice to know." Ella picked up two hot pads and opened the oven. She turned the loaves out on the white tile counter, then straightened them proudly on a rack to cool.

"It's cool in here," Irene said as Granddad began putting the groceries away. "It's like an oven downtown."

ELLA shrugged. She was more interested in the beauty that surrounded her in the new kitchen than in reports on the weather outside. The new cupboards were fruitwood, stained and polished to a richly glowing hue. The wall where the two skinny windows used to be had been removed, and sliding glass doors opened onto the new terrace just outside.

"Has Dick come back from Salt Lake?" Irene asked.

"No. There were some calls for him. I wrote down the messages."

"Where's Davy?" Granddad asked.

"He was here just a minute ago. He thought I was baking cookies, and when he saw I wasn't, he left. He may be upstairs in his room." Ella began measuring flour and sugar and shortening. "Can't disappoint the child. I'll just get some cookies baking while that oven's hot." The oven, then, had been approved.

Irene's thoughts were still with Dick. "He was really working to get the contract he went to see about today. I do hope he gets it."

Ella glanced over at Irene through a dust of flour on her eyelashes. "Did you go to the doctor today?"

"Yes." Irene was weary. She known what question was coming next, and dreaded the prospect.

"Did you talk to him about having the baby here at home?"

"I told him you had suggested it. I told him it was a family tradition. 'All babies in the Spencer family are born in that house,' I said."

"Well?"

"He wouldn't hear of it."

Ella stiffened. "Did you tell him I would be here to look after things? Dick and Davy were born in the big front bedroom upstairs, just as their father was. It's only fitting that Dick's son be born there, too."

Granddad cut the end from a loaf of fresh bread. As he buttered it generously, he asked, "Don't you think the doctor knows best, Ella?"

"Tush! Women have been having babies since time began. There's

never been the fuss made about it that there is now." Ella would not be gainsaid. "I'll phone the doctor myself. We'll straighten this out right now." She reached toward the phone.

"No." Irene shook her head. "I'm sorry you're not pleased about it, but I prefer to have the baby in the hospital anyway. Even if the doctor didn't care. They'll take good care of us there."

"Not as good as I would!" Ella beat her cookie dough vigorously. "It's the way things have always been done in the Spencer family. I don't know why we should change now. What was good enough for Dick's mother ought to be good enough for his wife."

Irene's brittle patience had worn thin. "This is our decision, Ella, mine and Dick's. I feel better about going to the hospital, and the doctor advises it, so Dick will want me to do that. We've talked it over. Dick, the doctor, and I have made the decision."

Granddad tried to ease the tension. "You seem convinced the baby will be a boy, Ella. What if Irene has a girl?"

"I'd like a girl," she said shortly, "but all the Spencer babies have been boys since your own father was born." Ella spoke as if that settled the matter.

"Maybe it's time for a change. Variety is the spice of life, they say. Old as I am, if I'm going to have any of that spice, I'd better be getting started. I'd be pleased with a boy. But if the good Lord decides it's time to grace the line with a bit of femininity, I'll be pleased about that, too. It might be in-

teresting to think of the future in terms of petticoats and curls."

IRENE smiled wearily. "I'll have you both know it won't make one iota of difference to Dick and me. I'm going to have so many children that out of such an abundance I'll be fairly sure to get a supply of all the kinds there are."

The telephone jangled before she finished speaking. It was a welcome break. Ella's lips were pursed tightly in a thin line. She was beating her cookie dough with a vengeance.

Irene picked up the receiver. "Hello."

"Irene? Good news, honey. I got the contract. One of the biggest to be let in this series. Puts me right in line for others, too. Get on your best bonnet and bustle, sweetheart, we're going out to celebrate."

"Oh, Dick, that's just wonderful."

"It's a big break for us."

"A break you got because you've been working night and day to make it. I'm so proud of you, Dick."

"I'll be home in an hour or so." There was a note of modest pleasure in his voice because she was proud. "Can you be ready?"

"I'll try. I've been in town all day." Not wishing to spoil the triumph for him, she added, "I'll go lie down for a few minutes, then I'll be rested and ready."

"Fine. See you soon, then."

As she replaced the instrument, she turned to Granddad and Ella. "Dick got the contract. Isn't that marvelous?"

Granddad's face lit with a measure of her own sentiments. "It certainly is," he said. "I knew it

wouldn't be much longer before he started moving ahead. He's a getter, that grandson of mine."

Irene brushed his forehead with a kiss, relishing the companionship of mutual pride. She looked toward Ella's starched back, then left the room, knowing the older woman was still seething. Ella wasn't speaking. She was silent only when she was angry.

The room next to Dick and Irene's had been converted to a nursery. Irene had adopted a habit of going through it each time she went to her own room. Being there gave her a great deal of pleasure. Today, as she stepped to the door, she saw Davy.

He stood enraptured in the center of the gay yellow and white room. His large eyes noted every detail, from the nursery prints on the walls to the old-fashioned rocker that Ella had donated. Irene had made a thick cushion of pale yellow and white quilting for the back and seat of the rocker and the same material was repeated in the padding on a work table as well as in the covering on the chaise lounge under one of the windows. Most of all, Davy was fascinated by the bassinet. It stood in resplendent anticipation, a delicate puff of white eyelet ruffles and tiny yellow embroidered flowers. Davy's thin little hand touched a bit of fluff, and stroked a downy yellow comforter. Irene had mooned over the bassinet herself frequently, so she could understand Davy's obvious delight.

"It's for the baby, Davy," she said.

His eyes were expressionless as

they turned to her, but he didn't try to run away. She stood in indecision, wondering what she could do or say to strengthen this sudden acceptance of her presence. Davy solved the problem himself. He walked to the rocking chair and touched the polished arm of it, setting it in motion. They stood and watched the steady movement together.

He looked up at her again. She was vaguely disappointed to see the vacant expression still on his face, but she managed to smile. He grinned in return, giving his elfin face a strange cross-expression between a smile and a void.

He left the room as silently as he had probably come. Irene didn't have her usual sick feeling that he was trying to escape her. Through the wall of his silence, a root of understanding was forcing its way.

She lay down on the massive four-poster bed that had been Dick's mother's before it was hers, but before she slipped into the refreshing oblivion of sleep, she murmured softly, half-aloud, "He understood. Davy understood."

DICK was dressing for dinner when she wakened. It was nearly dark outside.

"Oh, Dick, you should have awakened me. It's so late."

"Not too late. Granddad said you were pretty tired when you got home this afternoon." He walked to the bed and stood looking down at her. "How do you feel now?"

She stretched like a contented cat. "Rested. Lazy." She reached out with both hands. He took them, helping her to a sitting position.

Then, remembering, she said, "Davy was in the nursery when I got home this afternoon. We had such a pleasant few moments together. I felt as if we really communicated for the first time."

Hope leaped to Dick's eyes. He found her slippers and brought them to her. "I wanted to talk to you about that. I wondered if you still thought he was too much of a burden for you . . . now, or after the baby comes. . . ."

She waited, not quite knowing what he expected her to say.

"I had halfway decided that the first good contract I got, we could spend part of the money to send Davy away to a school for mutes, if you want to. There's an outstanding one in Texas that specializes in his type of case . . . if you really want to send him away."

She paused in the act of slipping her feet into the slippers. She looked up at her husband, knowing the heartache such a decision would have cost him.

"Oh, Dick, I can't deny how often I've wished for that. Sometimes I was sure it would be better for everyone concerned, including Davy and the baby. Now . . . now I know it was just selfishness on my part. A selfish wish to shirk a responsibility that's rightfully mine. Selfishness. If anyone had ever told me I would be selfish concerning the welfare of a child!

"I want Davy to have every possible chance," she said evenly. "A few weeks ago I would have agreed without a second thought. Now, I want to do what's right and best. He wouldn't be happy so far from

all of us. Nor would we be happy with him gone. I couldn't deprive him of the only love and security he knows. Not unless it's necessary . . . as you said, darling, the last resort. If the doctors advise us to do that . . . not unless. Dick, I never fully realized until just now. I've been very selfish, haven't I?"

He was uncomfortable. "I understand how you felt."

"I know you tried. Well, this is Davy's home," she said with conviction. "He belongs in this house with his family. If we have to have outside help, we should be thinking in terms of bringing a speech therapist to him, not of sending him away. We haven't given Davy or ourselves much chance. We've been so involved with other things . . . remodeling, the business, the baby. . . . Later, if we're sure we've failed, we'll talk to the doctor about a teacher or a school."

He grinned one-sidedly at her. "You've been talking to Granddad."

"Yes. He's so wise and good, Dick."

He took her into his arms and held her close. "If we're going out we'd better be getting ready," he said at last.

As she was getting dressed, he said, "I understand you had a few words with Ella today."

Her hairbrush stopped in the silk of her honey-hued hair. "I'm sorry," she said. "We did. I was so tired, I guess I was curt." Her eyes met his in the mirror as he stood in back of her knotting his tie. She turned to help him, and went on, "I didn't use much diplomacy, I'm afraid."

"Maybe it's all for the best. Ella means well. She wouldn't do anything to interfere, if she thought she was interfering . . . or to hurt us for the world. She's been the only woman for so long, and she's used to running things pretty much her way. It's a sharp slap for a queen bee to suddenly find herself sharing her throne with another queen."

"I know. And she's our rock, Dick, the base this family revolves

around. We just couldn't get along without her."

He nodded. "Maybe she can come to understand that in things pertaining to our private lives, we have to make our own choices frequently without her help. She only wants what she thinks is right. We're having to adjust even now. We should be able to understand that the adjustments have been just as difficult for Ella, too."

(To be continued)

On His Way

Rose Thomas Graham

Proud as a peacock he walks down the street,
his head held high.

He deigns to smile if he chances to meet
a passerby.

But he never turns to the left nor right;
do you suppose

He thinks he belongs to the mighty-might?
He tilts his nose

And purses his lips with a haughty air;
He's on his way.

It makes no difference if people stare.
It's his birthday.

But isn't my precious three-year-old cute
Out for a walk in his blue-buttoned suit?

WITH GRATITUDE

THANK God, our Heavenly Father, for permitting me to live long enough in this earthly proving ground so that I have developed a more reasonable state of mind, a more studious inclination; a more firm grasp upon the reality of God's existence, and a more sure knowledge that I may, by my own integrity and faithfulness, achieve a place in his eternal home.

Thank God for later years.

— Clara Horne Park



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Fresno Stake (California) Relief Society Display at Stake Center Open House, November 12-17, 1962

Viorene E. Wardle, President, Fresno Stake Relief Society, reports: "An open house was held during the week of November 12th through 17th in our new Fresno Stake Center. Tours were conducted through the center, which also houses the Fresno Third and the Fresno Fifth Wards. The picture shows a display which was set up in the Relief Society room to help the many visitors more fully to understand the Relief Society program. Scores of visitors, nonmembers, as well as members, went through the room, viewing the display, along with hearing a Relief Society sister explain the Relief Society program. We received many interesting comments and reports on this event, and we feel that we have made many more friends for Relief Society."

East Phoenix (Arizona), Phoenix Eighteenth Ward Relief Society Illustrates "The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan"

Left to right: Joanne Buehner, Work Director Counselor; Effie K. Driggs, social science class leader; Irene Rogers, Education Counselor; Mildred Romney, President.

Joan A. Corbitt, former president East Phoenix Stake Relief Society, now President, Scottsdale Stake Relief Society, reports: "Effie K. Driggs, social science class leader of Phoenix Eighteenth Ward Relief Society and former president, Northwestern States Mission Relief Society, used a styrofoam model to emphasize the various points of character of the ideal Relief Society sister. Several cubes were joined into a single unit, representing the Relief Society member living all of the lessons taught during the 1961-62 season. All of these principles were bound together by a strong band of 'devotion' to the Church and to the mission of motherhood. It was emphasized during the presentation that the Relief Society sister is 'on the pedestal' and that any part of this solid unit which is taken away or ignored creates a void in the development and character of that member. At the end of the presentation each sister was given a folder with an illustration of the figure 'on the pedestal' as a reminder. Also in the brochure were the objectives and highlights of the lesson material throughout the year, emphasizing 'I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say.'"

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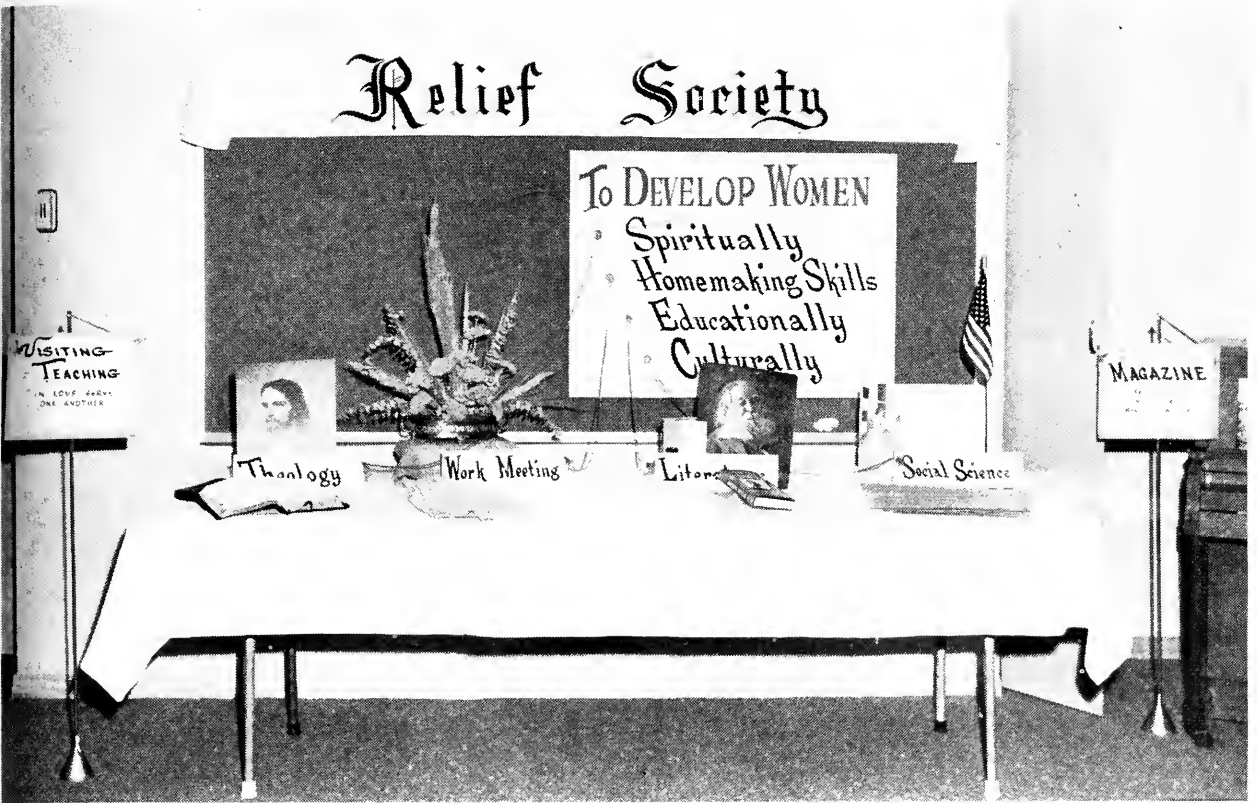
MAGAZINE

Theology

Work Meeting

Literature

Social Science



East Central States Mission, District Relief Society Officers At Mission-Wide Convention

Front row, seated, left to right, district presidents: Doris Armstrong, Kentucky Central; Matilda Brunson, Tennessee Central; Wilma Honaker, Tennessee East. Martha Lassetter, Secretary, East Central States Mission Relief Society; Delilah H. Brown, former president, East Central States Mission Relief Society. District presidents: Kanes Bexfield, West Virginia South; Nyla Morgan, Kentucky West; Althea Dodd, West Virginia North; Mary Baker, Kentucky East.

The other sisters in the picture are counselors, secretaries, and board members from the seven districts, which have sixty-two organized Relief Society groups, and 1,265 members.

Sister Brown reports that these women traveled a total of many hundreds of miles "to share and learn new ways for success in Relief Society. Each one contributed to the program's success. The theme of the convention was 'L. D. S. — let's do something through friendship and fellowship with happy enthusiasm.'"

Big Horn Stake (Wyoming) Visiting Teacher Convention June 5, 1962

Pauline Stevens, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society, reports: "On June 5th, the Big Horn Stake Relief Society held a visiting teacher convention, honoring the wards which had made a record of 100 per cent in visiting teaching, and 100 per cent in Magazine subscriptions for the year 1961. A plaque with the names of the visiting teachers was presented to the wards by Louise Hawley, Education Counselor. A beautiful hand-painted plate, with the names of the Magazine representatives written in gold was presented to the Magazine representative in each ward which achieved 100 per cent or more in subscriptions. The stake Magazine representative, Bettena Graham, made these awards.

"An actual experience of Lula Dillon of the Lovell Ward was put into the form of a skit and presented at the convention. This proved to be outstanding. About 300 visiting teachers enjoyed the afternoon. They received inspiration and information regarding their work. Refreshments were served from a beautifully decorated table."

Juab Stake (Utah) Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music For Stake Quarterly Conference, December 2, 1962

Stake Relief Society President Blanche Brough stands at the right in the first row; organist Rheta Sperry, and chorister Norma Sherwood stand at the left on the front row.

Sister Brough reports: "This was a very satisfying experience for the women participating and provided inspirational music for the conference."



East Mesa Stake (Arizona), Spanish-American Branch Relief Society Officers

Front row, seated, left to right: Rafaela Lopez, First Counselor; Juana Flores, President; Maria Hernandez, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Evelyn Paga, social science class leader; Maria de la Luz Todd, work meeting leader; Teresa Pratt, literature class leader; Josephine Mortensen, Magazine representative; Graciela Estrada, theology class leader.

Officers not in the picture are: Nora Romero, Secretary; Alice Kartchner, organist.

Reta M. Reed, President, East Mesa Stake Relief Society, reports: "These women are doing excellent Relief Society work, and their accomplishments are many. The members are all very active and enthusiastic. During 1961 the total average attendance exceeded their total enrollment. All meetings are conducted and the lessons given in Spanish. For their closing social, Sister Eva Pagan translated into Spanish, and the members presented the dramatization 'The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan.' This was very inspirational and well received by the large number in attendance. We are very proud of this group."

Tongan Mission, Niue District Singing Mothers Present Music October 1962

Front row, seated, left to right: Nuasa Togiaono; Kahumigi Togahai; Tuhemata Tafolua; Fuatino Piuti; Liuvaione Paegotau; Loematama Paegotau; Vineta Togahai.

Second row, seated, left to right: Janette B. Wyatt, President, Niue District Relief Society; Alama Togahai; Matalanefe Mokanehau; Tufaina Tanevesi; Vetetama Lukupa; Mokesilinisani Sani; Vetehemana Togiama; Sifahega Faneva, Secretary, Alofi Branch Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mafoufou Hopotoa; Elder James L. Wyatt, President, Niue District; Misiameini Koloni; Foini Faneva, President, Alofi Branch Relief Society; Sifaata Haioti, Secretary, Niue District Relief Society; Mokakolikoli Piuti; Arahemata Paegotau; Miliama Vasu, First Counselor, Alofi Branch Relief Society.

LaVera W. Coombs, President, Tongan Mission Relief Society, reports: "None of these sisters has been in the church very long, and I think this is the first time they have had the opportunity of furnishing the singing for the district conference."

French Mission, Nantes Branch Bazaar, September 29, 1962

Left to right: Anne Kayser, President, Le Mans District Relief Society; Marcelle Baussay, Secretary, Nantes Branch Relief Society; Julé Germaine, President, Nantes Branch Relief Society; Lucienne Band, Second Counselor, Nantes Branch Relief Society.

Lucilla M. Hinckley, President, French Mission Relief Society, reports: "On the 29th of September, 1962, the Nantes Branch Relief Society held their bazaar. A recreational program was presented, and a sale of cookies, cakes, and candy resulted in raising funds for this branch organization. Of those in attendance, sixty per cent were investigators and friends of the Church."





Danish Mission Relief Society District Presidencies and Branch Presidencies and Secretaries Meet In Copenhagen, September 29, 1962

Florence B. Thorup, President, Danish Mission Relief Society, reports this inspirational and outstanding meeting of the Relief Society officers: "September 29th and 30th were not only bright, sunny autumn days in Copenhagen, but there was a feeling of excitement and great happiness here. Women from the entire land of Denmark met together for the first time, for two wonderful days filled with activities and instruction that will improve every phase of Relief Society work. . . . Class leaders were given the opportunity to see a class demonstration of a well-prepared lesson. The secretaries enjoyed the slides and message of 'A Record Shall Be Kept,' which was translated into their own language. At a special meeting for all district and branch officers, the sisters were given the challenge of having a thousand members of the Relief Society by the end of the Relief Society year. This means that our present enrollment of 500 or 520 will, and can be, doubled. . . .The sisters expressed a desire to do this.

"Emphasis was placed on the visiting teaching program, and many wonderful testimonies were given by some of the visiting teachers on the importance of this great work. Many work meeting ideas were given, and an interesting event of the convention was a display of Danish handwork. There were many kinds of exquisite lace, needle-point, and knitting. There was a beautiful display of hand-painted china, oil paintings, handmade dolls, and other interesting displays. Time was taken from the busy schedule to have a delightful luncheon together. A special song was written for the occasion. . . . A highlight of the convention was the concert given by the seventy-voice Singing Mothers chorus. The hall was filled to capacity, and the songs were rendered in a beautiful and thrilling way. . . . Our closing session was enjoyed by all the sisters, and counsel was given by the Relief Society presidency: Florence B. Thorup, Sara Dresso, and Inger Rasmussen. . . . I think one of the greatest benefits from this wonderful experience was the feeling of sisterhood and companionship and love for one another. . . ."

In Simple Robes

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

In simple robes is beauty dressed
And often seeks the humblest place
In which to hide, while those who quest
In glamorous halls for beauty's face

May leave behind her quiet grace.
In simple robes is beauty dressed,
No oftener in silken case
Than slumbering upon the breast

In sackcloth garments; yet the best
Of living yields to her embrace.
In simple robes is beauty dressed.
In humble hearts her fingers trace

Her lineaments which interlace
Where joy and happiness attest,
Though filling all the realms of space,
In simple robes is beauty dressed.

Walk With Stephen

Beulah Huish Sadleir

He was a little boy
Singing to his believing
World, in the morn
Of his growing years.

Tall assurance rippled
Through him in the way
He held my hand and walked
Unmurmuring. His songs
Were his own making
Until he mimicked the jerky
Call of a stranger bird.

On to the water's edge. . . .
The child's song changed to boats
Moving in the rhythm of slow
Water on a sunny day.

Child of earth, of free design,
Yours is the unhampered song.

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MY COMMAND-
MENTS—Madsen25
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- LORD'S PRAYER—Robertson .. .22
- OMNIPOTENCE—Schubert20
- OPEN OUR EYES
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- STILL, STILL WITH
THEE—Madsen22
- 23rd PSALM—Schubert25
- UNTO THEE I LIFT MINE
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Prairie Wind

Gillean Douglas

I never knew that a wind could be as clean
As this wind. Clean as snow
That whitens open hill and shaded glen,
As rain that washes leaves until they shine,
As sun that burns the fetid marsh away,
Leaving the scent of fern and meadow hay,
Of bride syringa and ascetic pine.
The scream of eagle and the lisp of wren
Are bright upon this wind, and where I go
My eyes are cleansed of darkness I have seen.

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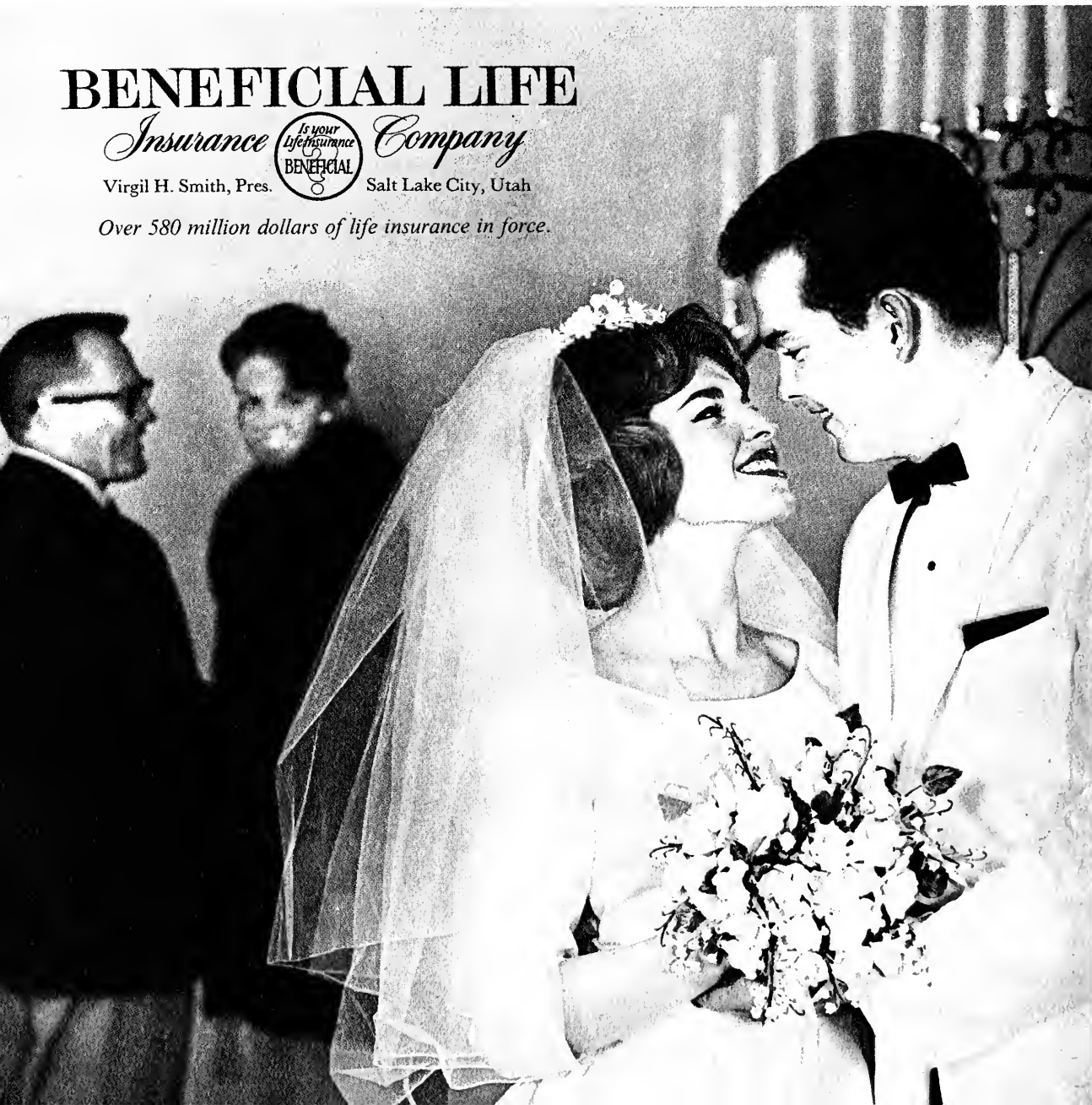
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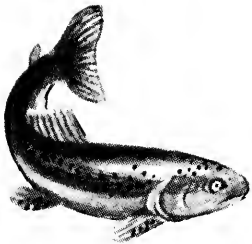
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Remembrance

Grace Barker Wilson

The warm flat rock above the stream
Was just the place to lie and dream,
And watch the flashing rainbow trout
In the deep pool weave in and out.
The banks bore moss grown violets,
And, further back, wild mignonettes
Mixed perfume with the scented air
Of new green willows growing there.
How friendly all that tangled wild —
And I was, once, that dreaming child.



The Cover: Lake Murraine, Banff National Park, Canada
Color Transparency by Josef Muench
Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

Frontispiece: Shadow and Sunlight, Near Bountiful, Utah
Photograph by L. Paul Roberts

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

From Near and Far

I don't think anyone could take *The Relief Society Magazine* out of the mailbox without at least thumbing through it. I always read the From Near and Far page, if I read nothing else immediately. This page makes me feel close to all the sisters in the Church. The first serial I read was "Because of the Word" (by Hazel M. Thomson). I am sure this story strengthened my testimony. The series of articles about the women who knew the Prophet Joseph Smith (by Preston Nibley) was wonderful, too. I have been a member of the Church for two years and have had many blessings since being baptized. I enjoyed the recent serial "Out of the Wilderness," by Shirley Thulin. The visiting teacher messages are full of wisdom. All the sisters I visited said they enjoyed the message about using their time wisely.

—Mrs. Jacqueline Rasmussen
Clinton, Iowa

I surely do enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. I carry one or two of them in my big handbag each time I go out in the car with my husband. While in Seattle last week, I read all of the installments of the serial "Sow the Field With Roses," by Margery S. Stewart (January to June 1962). I studied her style, and it delighted me very much. She has a real polish, which makes me think she has written a great deal.

—Mrs. Alice Sabin
Yakima, Washington

We receive with great pleasure each month that periodical *The Relief Society Magazine*. We feel enthusiastic about this Magazine, with all the interesting and stimulating articles and the beautiful pictures, but, in particular, we rejoice in reading the inspiring and poetic novel "Out of the Wilderness" (by Shirley Thulin, concluded in February 1963).

—Anna Marie Vedder
Hamburg, Germany

I have enjoyed reading *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, and I especially enjoy the poetry. It gave me much pleasure to see that Christie Lund Coles won the second prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest ("The Home," February 1963). I especially enjoy the poetry by Mrs. Coles and have often quoted her poetry in giving lessons in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, and in PTA and other places where I have been asked to give talks.

—Betty Green
San Bernardino, California

I was very much impressed with the story "The Home" (by Christie Lund Coles) in the February issue of the Magazine. All of the stories are good, and the Magazine is wonderful, from start to finish. The articles never get old. They can be read time after time, and there is always something new to cherish. I thank all the people who put their time and work and patience into the making of the Magazine.

—Mrs. Violet Pierce
Gunnison, Utah

In the March 1963 issue of the Magazine I enjoyed so much the article "We Can't Be Perfect" by Christie Lund Coles. As In-Service leader of our ward Primary, I am planning for each teacher to have a copy of this article.

—Mrs. John J. Merrill
Logan, Utah

I would like to thank you for the very lovely Magazine we are so privileged to receive in our homes every month. I enjoy every page, and have particularly looked forward to the serial story "Out of the Wilderness," by Shirley Thulin, and the work meeting lessons on "The Latter-day Saint Home," which are so helpful (by Dr. Virginia F. Cutler).

—Ruth Pepper
Corrimal East
N. S. W., Australia

The Relief Society Magazine

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MAY 1963

NO. 5

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Vesta P. Crawford Associate Editor Belle S. Spafford General Manager

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My Mother

A Homemaker and Character Builder

Elna P. Haymond

Member, General Board of Relief Society

“Build the whole child or you have not built well” - Mother



LUCY Doney Parkinson, the wife of George C. Parkinson, was born in Franklin, Idaho, in 1860. She was the daughter of pioneer parents, John and Ann Temperance Doney. The family then was living in the old fort which was occupied by the colony as a protection against the Indians. Brother and Sister Parkinson were the parents of eight children. Sister Parkinson passed away in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1932.

Many confuse the terms housekeeper and homemaker. These words are often used interchangeably, but they do not carry the same fine meaning. The housekeeper cares for the upkeep of the house, while the broader term — homemaker — includes this and much more. To be a homemaker one must care for the house and all that dwell therein. True homemaking is the art of developing the whole person or persons of a family. It signifies the developing of character, morals, and

spirituality. I think of my mother as a homemaker. As I reminisce on incidents of my early home life in Preston, Idaho, I realize that many tasks of housekeeping have changed with the changing times, but the principles of homemaking have not.

In considering Mother as a homemaker, it is impossible for me to think of her apart from Father. They had an unusual closeness and harmony in both purpose and training, and acted as one in making decisions. In my home, the whole child was trained by wise and loving parents, who valued the industrious, spiritual life above the social life. The children were taught the finer qualities: love, honesty, faith, fairness, work, and charity.

Mother was a woman of rare charm. She was a lady of culture and refinement, a devoted wife and mother. Her many friends spoke of her in different terms. Some called her genteel; some spoke of her as the Lady Elect; as Sister Lucy; while

those close to her, old and young, called her Aunt Lucy. She seemed to possess qualities to suit all these names. The one special name for her which I liked best was Father's name for her — *Queen* — and he truly treated her as such. Each time Father came home from a day's absence, he would say: "Where is my *Queen*?" I think this one lovely expression caused the children to take notice and give added respect to her. Her warm, cheerful countenance, when hearing this name, brought cheer and a feeling of well-being into the home.

To Mother, time was a precious commodity, one not to be wasted. The best time to teach and guide was while one worked at even small tasks. It was not necessary to resort to lecturing in order to teach. Teaching of economy applied to time, as well as to money, belongings, and effort. Our time was well planned for work, education, pleasure, for thinking, and even for day-dreaming and planning. What great plan or project was ever accomplished without much thinking? We also learned that a child did not build up so much resentment to work, if he knew he could count on undisturbed minutes or hours that became his own precious time.

In teaching economy in the use of money, Mother often quoted President Brigham Young: "A woman can throw out of the window with a spoon as fast as a man can throw into the door with a shovel." This lesson was taught as we cared for our clothing, as we cared for furniture, and kept the home in good condition. Even though we lived in the country and raised our

own vegetables, we were never allowed to cook too much or waste the food.

MOTHER soon learned, as the eight children came along, many of the secrets of a cheerful, cooperative family. The children were expected to assume their share of the responsibilities of the home tasks. It was expected that jobs would be done well, done to meet Mother's approval. As soon as a child learned one task well, he was given full credit, and was then assigned to some new task for training. This prevented a child from building up resentment for a task he did not like to do. Tension was lessened, so that willingness to assist and learn followed. I remember the task of cleaning the chimneys of our coal-oil burning lamps. Each morning they were lined up on the drain like well-ordered soldiers. Some child was assigned to clean them. Here, again, perfect work was required. This scheduled, planned work served as a tie to responsibility — responsibility which is so fundamental in the training of a child. Regular work, finished work, good work made for calm living, as opposed to confusion and scolding. "Any child," Mother said, "feels more secure and much happier when he knows what is expected of him and that he must meet certain standards." Fifty years after, it remains a positive teaching tool to me.

In our home the boys were expected to take their turns in helping with the housework. They had their regular jobs, as did the girls. Through these tasks they learned to respect their mother, their sisters,



Parkinson Family Group

Picture taken about 1912 in Preston, Idaho

Seated in front: Aleida D. Parkinson (Mrs. Walter Larson).

First row, seated, left to right: Ann Parkinson (Mrs. Preston Nibley); President George C. Parkinson; Lucy Doney Parkinson; Vera Parkinson (Mrs. Richard W. Young).

Back row, standing, left to right: Colonel J. Leo Parkinson, West Point graduate; Elna D. Parkinson (Mrs. Creed Haymond); Colonel Parley D. Parkinson, West Point graduate; Deanne D. Parkinson (Mrs. Walter Rolapp); George D. Parkinson.

and women in general. They all became kind and thoughtful husbands and fathers as a result. Girls and boys, alike, washed dishes, cleaned floors, and assisted with the care of the smaller children. They truly learned that woman's work was important and not too menial for them to perform.

MOTHER believed and taught the words of the Savior as he spoke of keeping the Sabbath day holy: "And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect . . ." (D&C 59:13). In order to live this commandment, we as children assisted on Saturday with the preparation of the Sunday meal. Each child had a special duty in this preparation, so naturally we learned the meaning of the words of the Savior.

In order to have as little confusion as possible on Sunday morning, each child who was old enough, prepared, folded, and put into drawers or on shelves the clothing to be worn on Sunday. Mother did not do this for us. After being shown how to do it, we were expected to do this for ourselves. A child was never allowed to wash or iron clothing on Sunday. Saturday was the day for this. This practice taught planning, orderliness, and respect for the Sabbath.

This same training included "a place for everything, and everything in its place." Books, toys, and clothing were expected to be in their place. This, of course, meant a place had to be provided. We were never expected to do the impossible or

the impractical, so a place was provided.

Mother's teachings in charity soon became a daily part of our lives. This was taught by action and with love. We, as a group, prepared Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets to take to the less fortunate. I can visualize the six to ten baskets on the table. These were filled, according to the size of the family, by the children, as Mother directed the work. Pies, cakes, chicken, potatoes, eggs, bread, vegetables, and other foods were included. Our own Christmas or Thanksgiving was not planned nor completed until this was done, and the baskets were delivered by the children to the various families. Even the very small children went along.

Many, many days and nights Mother cared for the sick, even to the assisting with the delivery of a baby. During her absence we children were expected to care for the house, so that we felt we had also assisted in caring for the sick.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," was a truism we often heard, so family camping parties, swimming parties, and lawn parties were held, but never on Sunday.

Of course, there were times, among eight children, of discord and disobedience, but these times were not always lost to us. Our wise Mother used these as measuring sticks for evaluating causes and results. Nor was discipline without its humor. I well remember the day that Mother sent my small brother out to get a switch that she might tingle his legs for something he had done. In a few minutes he returned with his small hands full

of wheat straws. Mother was busy at the time he came in, but when she turned she saw that he had used the straws to spell out across the large kitchen floor "I love you," and had put several kiss crosses at the end. When Mother saw it, she hesitated for a few seconds, then put her arm around him and said, "I love you, too, son," and kissed him. She did not turn in anger and punish him or scold him. She talked it over with the child, and the subject was dropped.

Father was stake president for twenty-five years, so our home was always "open house" to all the General Authorities and auxiliary officers who visited the stake. As we assisted with the preparations for the meals, housecleaning, making beds, and other tasks, we learned to serve the guests and respect them, and listen to their counsel. While they were in our home their shoes were placed outside their rooms at night. The boys shined them and placed them there again to be worn the next morning. The girls put fresh linen on the beds, poured fresh water into the washstand pitchers, and cleaned the rooms. This lightened Mother's work and gave us an opportunity to serve.

The principle of tithing was taught not only by example, but through discussion with each member of the family, and with the family as a whole. Plans were discussed whereby it would be possible for full payment of the tithe. Each child figured his own share and paid it himself. Often a child found it necessary to rebudget his expenditures in order to save the ten per

cent, but all the children knew that tithing came first on the list.

Sister Lucy Parkinson spent many, many hours traveling over the large stake in the service of the Lord. Not only did she teach Primary, Sunday School, and Mutual at times during the rearing of her family, but, as counselor in the stake Relief Society to Sister Louisa Benson, she visited the far, outlying wards as an officer. (Sister Benson was the grandmother of our present member of the Council of the Twelve.)

AS Mother prepared the lesson in the quiet of her own room, we learned the value of thorough preparation. As she traveled many, many miles by horse and buggy, or horse and sleigh over poor roads, or no roads at all, with only a soapstone (steatite) to warm her, the lesson of dependability was taught.

Religious training was daily a part of our living. Often it was merely the following of an example set by our parents. I cherish the hours I spent discussing the principles of the gospel with my parents. I remember that it was during an afternoon when we were gathering corn, that Father explained so clearly to me the mission and attributes of the Holy Ghost. If a question of doctrine came up that Father or Mother did not understand, there followed a period of study, often with the child. My parents were never too busy to explain the gospel to us.

There was no place in our training for superstition or fear of the unknown, the dark, forces of nature, lightning, water, or storms. At an early age we became closely ac-



President and Sister Parkinson Picture taken in Preston, Idaho, in 1900

quainted with these things. As a family we took long walks in the evening and into the dark, thus learning the hidden beauties of the night, rather than fear of it. On starlit nights, we placed blankets and chairs on the lawn in order to look at the wonders of the heavens. It was at such times that Mother explained God's great power, his wisdom, and his purpose for the planets — millions of them.

Death, we were taught, was God's plan for graduation from this, the second estate, to the hereafter. Death, we learned, is not a tragedy, nor something to dread. It is comparable to the transition from the first to the second estate, when parents and family anxiously await the arrival of a baby. We learned that someone is present to welcome our loved ones as they leave this life. At the time of death of our loved ones, we were prepared to accept it,

so that, gradually, it became a sweet, fond memory.

THE power of the Priesthood was witnessed many times, as members of the family, friends, and neighbors were healed, according to their faith. A child was never sent from the sickroom when someone was being administered to, rather the children were invited to be present.

I am sure it was Mother's attitude towards the Priesthood and Father's great responsibility as president of the stake for so many years that engendered in our hearts respect for the Authorities.

To Mother and Father the main purpose of life was to make of their children candidates for the celestial kingdom. This could not be taught in the home unless the parents believed and lived the celestial law of temple marriage. Brigham Young

taught that we must grow in knowledge and grace from day to day, and from year to year. This became Mother's motto in stressing the necessity of learning gospel truths. She taught that to live the law we must know it.

The expression "It is high to be a judge" was often heard as judgment was being passed on friend or neighbor. If the criticism continued, a second quotation was used — "Judge not, that ye be not judged" (Mt. 7:1). Probably the frequent use of quotations, followed by an explanation, was what made the scriptures become so real, such a part of our family life.

ONE lesson that we learned well was: Why should we be embarrassed when our Church standards are questioned or made fun of? Mother explained that this is God's Church, not a man-made one. Why should we apologize for it or try to explain it away? Many times this was the only convincing we needed in order to uphold the standards when they were questioned.

The teaching of morality was high on the list, and respect for the possessions of others, for the rights of others. The children respected the clothing, rooms, and even the time of other members of the family. This one teaching helped to eliminate disputes and confusion. Fairness was something to be cherished. As the small children traded marbles, toys, string, kites, and other articles, they were reminded: "A bargain or a deal is not a good one unless it is equally good for both parties concerned." Even as the

children grew into adulthood, this principle was closely guarded.

We were taught to "Honour thy father and thy mother." It was Mother who built the image of Father as head of the home. She was always alert to the niceties of life and their application. In teaching respect for Father, his chair, paper, and slippers were always ready and in place for him when he returned from church or office. It was a common thing to see a child, in respect for him when he came in, get up from Father's chair and remind him it was for him. If he had had a trying day, or if some special disappointment or worry was his, Mother prepared an especially fine dinner, and the children were alerted to be cheerful and leave their problems behind. At these times, Mother showed increased kindness, love, and understanding. Father was never underestimated, downgraded, or made to feel he would not or could not succeed.

Encouragement and understanding were Mother's strong points. Often these were all that were necessary to solve a problem. In return for this encouragement, Father showed unusual love and respect for Mother. He was the one who impressed this upon the minds of the children. After our family prayer at dinnertime, Mother did not leave the table in order to serve the meal. Father saw that the children, both boys and girls, did all the serving. They had been trained for this, and each took his turn. This same training in respect and consideration was carried into all relationships between parents and children.

This teaching of honoring Father



THE PARKINSON FAMILY HOME IN PRESTON, IDAHO

This home was built in 1895, one of the first large homes in Preston. It was here that Brother and Sister Parkinson reared their eight children.

and Mother was carried even further. I can truly say that I never saw my parents quarrel. They had differences, of course, but they never resorted to harsh or loud words. Again, as children went on dates, they were always told, "Remember who your Father is, and remember who your Mother is, and never let them down." This was a reminder to shun certain things and accept others.

Lucy Parkinson taught well, as shown by President Joseph F. Smith, when he visited our home. During one of these visits, he said,

"There is a rare feeling of spirituality, a feeling of calm, and of training, in this home that is not common to all homes." I came to realize that any of the children could say, "What virtues I have, I learned during my childhood in my home; any wrongs I have committed have been of my own making."

In thinking over my childhood, I say to myself of Mother, as the Prophet Joseph Smith said, when he quoted the Savior: "Ye shall do the work which ye see me do." No finer tribute can I pay to my Mother or to my Father.



CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1963

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winner of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1963. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	\$40
Second prize	\$30
Third prize	\$20

Prize poems will be published in the January 1964 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the Relief Society General Board.
2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.
3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible. Where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)
4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.
5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany a poem.
6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:

- a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.
- c. That it has never been published.
- d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
- e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational

institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Message or theme
- b. Form and pattern
- c. Rhythm and meter
- d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
- e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1963.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1963 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1963.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize	\$75
Second prize	\$60
Third prize	\$50

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1964. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at

the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women — exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board — who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted, including one and two-letter words.) A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. *Nom de plumes* are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:

- a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
 - b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
 - c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
 - d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.
6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreements among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Characters and their presentation
- b. Plot development
- c. Message of the story
- d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1963.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Echo

Rosa Lee Lloyd

"Don't cry, little love," my mother said
When I stubbed my toe or bumped my head.
Then she kissed it better as mothers do
When you are a wee little girl of two.
"Take bumps with a bounce," my brother advised
When my teenage heart was shocked or surprised.
Life was a blue sky, frolic, and fun,
But grownup bumps came, one by one.
Now if I listen, a voice will caress,
Whispering comfort and lovingly bless.
Where does it come from? I only know
It sounds like an echo from long ago.

Picture on opposite page - "Tree Homestead," H. Armstrong Roberts



Tree Love

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I love an old box elder,
So broad and full of leaves
No silvered scrap of blueness
The summer sky retrieves.

I love a silver maple
Whose limbs reach out and up
Until one half of heaven
Is caught within its cup.

But most I love a birch tree,
Green waterfall of lace
That shimmers on the hillside
And drowns me in its grace.



PORTRAIT OF LIFE

Helen Hinckley Jones

MADAME Hygrecko and I faced each other across the easel. My hands were folded quietly, my eyes focused on a handle of the French door. Beyond I could see only the gray, gray sky of Paris, and an occasional boat drifting by on the river. If I turned my eyes ever so slightly, I could see Madame Hygrecko, a pallet and half a dozen brushes in one hand, a single brush in the other. I could see the line of concentration between her eyes, her squint when she held the brush in a horizontal line before her to make a measurement of my face. Neither of us said a word. In her kitchen doing the washing up, or in her living room sewing together, we could chat as if we had always lived in the same world. But when she was painting, she needed all of the quiet concentration that I need at my typewriter. She seemed to work rapidly, but with no slap-dash pasting on of color.

When the first sitting was almost over, she explained that she did not draw with a pencil before she began painting a portrait; that she could do the drawing she needed with her brushes as she progressed. She also said that the artist's problem was not to make the portrait look like the subject. That was easy. Even good copyists could do that. To me this was incomprehensible. I've always had to label the drawing I did to please my children. "Our dog, Bruno; our cat, Cutie Pie."

I found myself dozing as I sat, and she took pity on me. "We're through for today," she told me, putting a sheet over the painting.

The sheet clearly said that Madame Hygrecko wasn't ready for me to see her work, but later I looked under the sheet. I'm not one to open a Christmas package on the fifteenth of December, but I did look under the sheet. What I saw was a very good likeness of my

father. He had my hair and he was wearing my blue blouse, but the proportions of the face, the high, square forehead, the rather thin, up-turned lips, the eyes, only slightly unmatched as to size and shape, were all his. Hurriedly I returned the sheet. I remembered that once on a bus in the part of the country where my father had lived as a boy, a stranger asked, "Are you Sam Hinckley's daughter? I thought so. I knew Sam when he was your age."

At the next sitting Madame Hygrecko, not knowing that I had violated her privacy, said, "I never like the subject to look at the first day's work. In the first day I just get the big features, the structure of the face — forehead, cheek bones, chin line. Today I'll begin to flesh it out."

I sat quietly again, sometimes dreaming, sometimes almost dozing, sometimes thinking, sometimes remembering. Madame Hygrecko worked with concentration and speed, only speaking when she stopped to squeeze a new color onto her pallet. Again, she put the sheet over the painting when she had completed her morning's work. Again, I cheated a little and took a look when she was busy elsewhere.

Now the painting didn't look like my father as much as it looked like me. From a distance, looking through squinted eyes, the portrait looked almost like a colored photograph blown up to life size.

THE next day, as Madame settled at the easel, she said, "Now I am ready to begin the hard work. I have been painting your face—your

physical face — but today I shall begin to paint you."

Whenever I could look away from the door handle, I saw on her face a look of extreme concentration. Sometimes, a look of delight seemed to play over the look of concentration, not really taking its place.

At the end of the third sitting she did not cover the canvas. I was free to look at it if I wished, but she did not turn it toward me. After a time I gave in to my curiosity. This time the portrait looked so much like me that looking at it was like peering into a mirror. I would have called the portrait finished, but the next morning I sat again, this time with more conscious cooperation.

"I am working on your eyes now. Please move them as little as possible." Or, "I am working on your lips now. No, don't smile. A smile usually looks foolish on a portrait." After a long time, she said, "Now I'm getting you. The real you. You're coming. I'm getting that something that is you."

At the end of the sitting she turned the canvas toward me. "Have you any suggestions?" she asked.

For a moment I was deeply disappointed. I didn't know that I looked like *that*. I went to the mirror and compared my face with the one in the portrait. I remembered Robert Burns, "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us!" In every line and shadow Madame Hygrecko's brushes were right. I tried to hide my feelings, but she saw me massaging my double chin.

"But I'm not through yet."

The next morning she worked

with an almost constant look of satisfaction. Finally she said, "I'm through now."

I walked away, leaving her cleaning her brushes. When I came back into the room she had slipped the portrait into a simple frame, and it was facing me on the easel. And now the painting stopped me. Here was not only a picture of how I looked on the outside, but of how I felt on the inside. This wasn't like facing myself in a mirror. It was rather as if I had been in the room before I came in, if this explanation makes any sense. My presence was there in the portrait.

The face in the frame wasn't young. It wasn't beautiful. In fact, I had not known before that so much of my hair was gray, or that my chin was so double, or that the lines on my face were so deep. But somehow these things didn't matter. I knew that the artist was right,

and I didn't mind at all. It was as if this were an old friend whose looks had ceased to matter.

After a time an art critic, a collector of paintings, came to see the portrait. He had never met me, but from the canvas he read my character and personality. Truly my life was pictured in my face.

All my life I had heard that each of us makes his own face, but I had never realized what the axiom meant until I watched the portrait grow.

When I was born I came into the world with a face like my father's. I had done nothing to that face. The bones were there, the lips, the eyes, all his, as well as mine. Then I began to do subtle things to my face. The face of my "second day" was mine, as well as his. I lived longer, and the face was all mine. And, finally, the face was not only mine, it was me (grammatical error intentional).

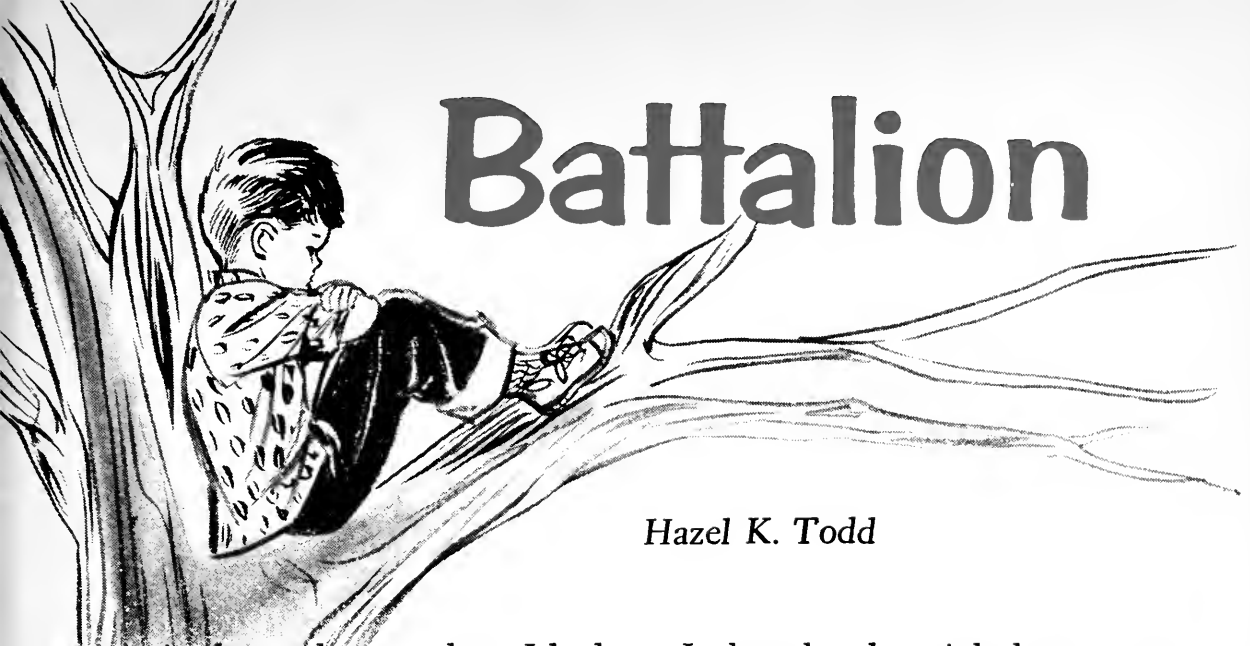
Season of the Heart

Lael W. Hill

Over the winter land
 You speak a word of roses,
 Into the time of gray
 You bring a golden bough.
 Summer is your hand,
 Your voice an open garden:
 How shall I wait cold
 Or desolate now?

Green leaves my mind,
 The bees announce a coming,
 Every bird is concert
 Where winds run softly new.
 Only deaf and blind
 Deny the palpitant season
 Where I walk summer sure
 Because of you.

Battalion



Hazel K. Todd

I sat in the apple tree where I had sat a million times in the eight years since I had been living. But today I wished the lightning would hit the tree and burn us both up. Because I didn't want any stepmother. I wanted just my father and me and Elberta Eddler, like it had been since I could remember.

Elberta came to our place every day and cooked the meals and kept the house clean. Sometimes, if I tracked dirt on the floor or lost the scissors, she talked to herself while she worked. But it didn't matter because she could cook such good things, and she knew such wonderful stories.

Whenever she read me stories about stepmothers I felt sorry for the kids who had them. They were mean old things who made children wear rags or had someone leave them in the woods for the wild beasts.

My friend Joey said I should run away, but I didn't want to live without my Dad.

Everything had been all right until he went away on a long business trip. When he came back the mailman began bringing the pink letters that smelled like sweet peas.

I thought the pink letters were bills, but when I asked my father he just said, "No, Freddie." And when I asked Elberta she said, "Now, Freddie, you just mind your business and remember your father's letters are his own affairs." Then she went away talking to herself.

But something was wrong with my father. He sat and watched through the window without saying anything, and when I asked him to play Battalion with me he said, without even looking: "Tomorrow, Freddie." And then tomorrow he would say the same thing. Then I saw him looking at mother's picture on the mantel. He looked at it lots of times. Only this time he had one of the pink letters, and he was just standing there staring. And there were tears running down his face.

I ran outside because I had never seen my father cry and it frightened me. I climbed up in the apple tree like I always did when I wanted to think. And I didn't even hear my Dad come up until he said, "Hey, up there, may I come up and sit by you?"

I jumped and nearly fell out of the tree. Dad laughed then just

like he did when things were all right. I was so glad. And I was so glad he would come up and sit by me, because he had never sat in the apple tree with me before.

"Sure," I said, and moved over on the limb.

He swung up in the tree easy and sat there looking at me. I felt so good I could burst.

"Freddie," he said, "how would you like to have a mother?"

"Mother?" I couldn't think how I could have my mother when she was dead.

"Yes," he said, looking at me so hard I wondered if he could see the things inside me. "I mean I would marry a lovely lady like your mother was and she would be your mother."

"You mean a — a *stepmother*?"

Dad frowned a little. "I guess you would call her a *stepmother*."

I thought I was going to choke. "No," I said, backing away from him on the limb. "We don't need a *stepmother*. We have Elberta."

Dad put his hand over mine. "You would love her, son."

"No!" I screamed. "No, I don't want any old *stepmother*!"

I jumped out of the tree, without even thinking it was a long way to the ground and I might break something. My tooth ran into my lip, but I jumped up and ran away as far as I could, which was under the bridge of the creek that separated our place from Joey's. I sat there a long time before I remembered Elberta talking to herself when I asked about the pink letters. So I went to find her.

She was cutting up chicken. She looked at me over her glasses.

"Well," she said, "you look like you had just eaten a stinkbug."

"Elberta," I said, "Dad wants to marry a *stepmother*."

Elberta gave a big whack at the chicken leg and cut it off with one swipe. "Well," she said with a funny look on her face. "What about it? I guess he couldn't marry anything that wouldn't be a *stepmother*."

"But, Elberta," I said, "I don't want him to marry anything. I don't want any old *stepmother*!"

Elberta gave another big whack at the chicken and jerked her hand back. "Now, look what you've made me do, coming around bothering me. Now, I've cut my finger."

She wrapped her apron around it and started for the bathroom. Then she turned. "Freddie," she said, "you aren't marrying her. It's your father, and he's always before known what he was doing." And then she went on to the bathroom.

AFTER that Dad didn't say any more to me about it. And I thought he had forgotten. He was like he used to be. We played *Battalion*. Dad put on his grandfather's uniform that he wore in the *Mormon Battalion*, and I put on the coonskin cap that had come all the way across the plains. He took his grandfather's old musket, and I took the sawed-off shotgun, and we stood at attention.

"Colonel," I said, "I don't want to go to war. My wife and children need me to cross the plains to *Zion*."

"Sir," said Dad, "our country has called us. Our leader, Brigham Young, has said we should go. We

must not be selfish. If we follow the instructions of our leader our families will be taken care of."

I saluted and said, "Very well, sir."

So we put our guns over our shoulders and marched all the way to Mexico and up to California and back to Utah. Mexico was the bottom of the orchard. California was the bridge over the creek, and Utah was the apple tree. By the squawberry bush near the creek we fought many a battle. We searched for water holes and shot wild animals. It was wonderful, playing Battalion with my Dad.

Then, one night he came and sat on my bed. He kissed me and there were tears in his eyes like the day he was looking at mother's picture so hard. "Freddie," he said, "are you my pal?"

I was scared.

"Sure," I said, "just like we always have been."

And then he just looked at me for a long time.

"Why, Dad, did you cry when you asked me?"

He took hold of my hand hard. "I'm going away, Freddie, for a week. When I come back I'll have your new mother."

It was like I had fallen into a black hole. But my father's voice was going on from the top of the pit.

"I want you to be nice to her, Freddie. You see I love you both very much."

And then he leaned and kissed me again. And I wiped off the kiss and burst out crying, even if I didn't want to.

I didn't know when he left, be-

cause I covered my face with the blanket and wished I could smother.

But afterwhile I put my head out because it was so miserable with wet tears and heat. The moon was shining through the window and it had a big smiling face. But I guess the moon could smile because it never had any stepmother. Then I went to sleep and dreamed the moon was my stepmother who chased me into a cloud cave so the lions could eat me.

Then morning came, and Elberta came into my room, and her eyes were red and puffed up like when she ate too much chocolate and her allergy bothered her. Only this time she had a wet handkerchief wadded up in her hand. She told me this would be the last week she would be with me except on special occasions, so she wanted us to have a good time.

But we didn't have a good time. Elberta kept scrubbing the house and talking to herself. That was the week Joey told me to run away. He said I should hide my clothes under the bridge and escape up in the hills and be a hermit and eat rattlesnakes. But I didn't want to be a hermit. I just wanted my Dad like he was before he found the old stepmother. So, here I was in the apple tree and there was nothing I could think of to do.

SO, pretty soon the week was gone and my father came home. There they were standing at the door. Dad had his arm around her, and he was smiling like he was happy. I felt like there was nobody wanted me.

She had on a white hat with flow-



ers and pink ribbon. There was brown hair curling around her face, and her eyes were blue and sparkling. I thought of Snow White's wicked queen who was so beautiful, and who tried to kill her. She held out her hand and smiled.

I looked at Elberta so I wouldn't have to look at her.

She talked to Elberta. "I've heard what wonderful things you cook and what good care you have taken of Freddie."

Elberta smiled all over like she was her best friend. "I just know you are going to be a wonderful wife for Mr. Burton," she said. And I had to gulp for breath because

now she had fooled Elberta just like Dad.

Dad said, "Freddie, I want you to say hello to your new mother."

I turned and ran to my own room and shut the door. Then I went to bed.

Afterwhile my father came and stood by me and I pretended I was asleep. I wanted him to put his hand on my shoulder and tell me he would send her away and it would be like it always was. But he didn't. I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning I didn't go to breakfast. I thought my father would come and tell me to, but he didn't. But after he had gone to

work I hid behind the kitchen door and watched her gather up the dishes. She had on a ruffly dress and a pink apron with lace on it. She stopped by my empty plate and looked at it. Then she sat down and looked at it. I guessed she was thinking about pushing me in the creek. I started outside, past the room that used to belong to my father. And now it was hers, too. The door was open, and I could see the white hat on the bed. I hated it.

And then I thought of it. If I could do something to her to make her angry she would go away and leave us alone like we used to be. I slipped in very carefully and got the hat. Then I went after Joey who was digging fish worms for his Dad. We set them down by the house and took the hat out in the back and put it on the clothesline pole. And we shot it full of holes with our beebee guns. We shot the flowers and the ribbon until it looked like Joey's dog had chewed it. Then we hid in the berry bushes until she came around the house.

She had some scissors and started to cut roses. Then she saw the hat. For a minute she just looked at it like something was going to hit her.

"Pretty soon she'll get mad and start to holler at you," Joey said. "Then she'll run away."

But she didn't. She came over and took it off the pole and looked at it again like *what happened?* Then, all at once, like she thought of something, she smiled. Then she walked over to the garbage can and opened the lid. She cut the hat in two with the scissors and threw it in the can and went on cutting roses.

"She didn't even care," I said to Joey.

He just shrugged his shoulders. "We'll have to do something meaner," he said.

So we got her pink apron that was hanging by the sink and pinned it on the clothesline and threw mud all over it. And we hid again. But all she did was look at it a minute and then she picked up a handful of mud and threw it on the apron, too, and went into the house like nothing happened.

Joey thought of something scrumptious then. We got her shoe and we killed grasshoppers and filled it full of them. We set it in front of the kitchen door.

When she came out and saw it, she jumped, and we thought we had finally found something to make her mad. But she straightened up and looked around like she was hunting something. Then she saw the worm can. She picked it up and dumped the worms into her shoe and went around the house singing to herself.

"Aw, shucks," Joey said, "I'm going home and dig some more worms."

I could tell there was nothing I could do to make her go away. I sat in the apple tree and thought about Joey telling me to run away. I wondered how nasty rattlesnakes were.

So I got Dad's suitcase that he took on business trips and went to my room. I put all the clothes in, it would hold. I took the coonskin cap and the sawed-off shotgun. When I put the cap in I started to cry. But I wiped the tears on my

sleeve and went on with my business. Then, in the mirror, I saw her watching me. She was standing in the door with a funny look. "Eavesdropper!" I burst out and dropped over on the bed crying.

I didn't mean to cry. Even if she was a stepmother I didn't want her to see me crying, when I was a big boy eight years old.

She came over to the bed and sat down by me. She put her hand on my arm. "Freddie, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I just thought maybe we could talk. I . . ."

I jerked her hand off. "Leave me alone!" I yelled.

"Freddie," she said, still sitting there. "It's all right to cry. But please let me talk to you when you're finished."

"I don't want to talk to you!" I wailed. "I don't like you. You took my Dad away from me! You — you want to push me in the creek, and you're mean and ugly. . . ." The sobs were shaking me so hard I couldn't say any more. So I covered my head with the pillow and let it come.

She just sat there and let me cry.

Then, when I could finally stop, she took the pillow and laid it on the other side of the bed.

"Freddie," she said, "I want you to know I love you very much. Whatever would make you think I want to push you in the creek?"

"Because that's what stepmothers do. They take children into the woods for the bears to eat. Or they drop them in a well or. . ."

"Why, Freddie," she said, "those are only the stepmothers in story-books. Do you know that I had a stepmother?"

I sat up on the bed. "You?"

She smiled then, and there were crinkles around her eyes. "Yes, and I loved her very much. We were pals."

"Didn't she take your Dad away from you?"

She had her arm around my shoulder, and I didn't know whether to push it off or not.

"No," she said, "you see there was room in his heart for both of us."

"But my Dad don't like me any more. And he won't ever play Battalion with me again!"

"Battalion?" she asked, "What kind of game could that be?"

"It's about the Mormon Battalion. And my father always played it with me."

"Oh, Freddie," she said, smiling. "Let's play Battalion. I'd love to."

"You?" I said, looking at her, because I couldn't believe it.

"Of course. Please show me how."

AND then, before I knew it, I forgot about her being a stepmother. I got the uniform and we put it on her. We tied a rope around her and let it bag over so it wouldn't trip her down. I gave her the musket, and I put on the coonskin cap and took the sawed-off shotgun. And then we stood up and I started to tell her what to say.

Then, all at once, I knew I had been selfish and not believed my father who was my leader.

"Colonel," I said, "I'm sorry we shot your hat full of holes."

"Sir," she said, without even smiling, "think nothing of it. It

was an ugly old hat. I didn't like it."

"And it was mean to throw mud on your pretty apron."

"Ah," she said, "who cares about a little mud? It was dirty, anyway."

"And the grasshoppers. I'll never do that any more."

"Freddie," she said with her gun held high, "it is tough things like grasshoppers and worms that make tough soldiers."

I was so happy, I turned a somersault.

"Just wait until I tell Joey. He'll wish he had a stepmother!"

Then we both laughed and started to Mexico.

When we got by the squawberry bush, and it was time for the Indians to attack, suddenly there was a war whoop, and I jumped nearly

out of my skin. She jumped, too, and we both started to laugh because it was Dad hiding in the bushes. And he had a turkey feather in his hat and some blackberry jam down his nose for war paint.

"Dad!" I cried, and ran to him. "How did you know we were playing Battalion?"

"Oh," he said, and with one arm he hoisted me up on his shoulder, "as I came home I heard you laughing, and I peeked in to see what was happening. This is all the make-up I had time to find. I'll do better next time."

And then he put his other arm around my beautiful stepmother, and we marched to California and on to Utah, just like my father's grandfather had done.

Absentee Grandchild

Dorothy J. Roberts

Your hands were small and petal-frail,
Slim fingers my own longed to press.
You hid your dark houri eyes,
Small elf eluding my caress.

The width of rooms you kept between
Your childhood and my reaching need.
I longed to, some day, glean your trust
From the love I sowed as seed.

How many trips it took before
I felt the velvet of your hand
Stroke my arm — my harvest yield,
To shimmer golden on the land!



EDITORIAL

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Eternal Earnings in Twenty-four Hours

THE day draws to a close, and darkness covers the room where the woman lies. As sleep hovers a distance away, the events of her day are rehearsed. Some nights, most nights, there are feelings of satisfaction and accomplishment. Occasionally, however, a sense of futility presses upon her, or one of discouragement and reproach.

She has come to divide her activities into categories as she reviews the day. Her housekeeping; her gardening; her cooking; these are tangible values, and her heart warms at the thought of the special cleaning she gave her son's closet which had been needing attention for some time. She forgot, again, however, to stake up her delphiniums; the cookies she managed to bake would be welcomed by the children in their lunches and after school the next day.

Then her mind turns to values less tangible — the spirit she had lighted in the home with her family that morning. If she had not stayed in bed so long, she would not have been cross as the children got ready

for school, which had affected them, in turn, so they were not cooperative and had made them leave for school in an unhappy mood. But the baby had been fretful a great deal in the night, she justified herself, and so it had been very hard to get up. Her mind then weighs those events in an effort to arrive at a solution another time. She silently vows to maintain a sweet spirit the next morning — no matter what — and not to raise her voice even in the hurly burly of hurrying the children off to school. She will pray vocally for that strength, she decides, in a family prayer.

Her thoughts then shift to her attitude to her husband. He came home tired, of course, and a little fearful at the day's business experience. Perhaps she could have left the children's wants for a few moments, and have taken more time to welcome him and sympathize with his rather obvious discouragement. The words of the Prophet to Relief Society members run through her head: "Never give a cross or unkind word to your husbands. . . . When

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a man is borne down with trouble . . . [he] needs a solace of affection and kindness. . . ." She resolves to try and not feel sorry for herself, but to extend greater affection and understanding to her husband.

Her thoughts then move outside her home. What had she done that day for love of neighbor? Well, nothing, she decides, except be friendly with her neighbor in the back yard. But tomorrow she has planned to do her visiting teaching with her companion — that will be accomplishing something tangible for a neighbor. With this happy thought sleep takes over.

Such an evaluation of one's daily activities to fit one's particular situation is an incentive for better living. Most of the time of a Latter-day Saint woman is fully occupied. But it is necessary for one's continued growth to be alert to the destination of each activity.

Of first concern is the development in the home of a loving, a heavenly spirit, for the desired destination is a celestial home. No other activity can supplant the importance

of developing harmonious relationships and guiding children to righteous living. This is a matter of primary concern to a wife and mother as long as she lives. But where are her activities outside her home and family leading her? For guidance in these activities she may recall the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Is that her goal, and is she journeying toward it? Are her actions such as to engender love for her by her neighbor? Is she striving to learn to love her neighbor, or is she spending her time mostly for her own improvement, for her own enjoyment, for her own pleasure?

Every Latter-day Saint woman has twenty-four hours a day to spend. The totals in eternal values which are earned may or may not equal twenty-four. Some may earn but a few minutes in a day, others may earn a full measure. A reckoning, however, will come to every woman, and while it is day, as the prophet has written, is the time to labor.

—M. C. S.

NIGHT SKY

Ora Pate Stewart

IT was ten-thirty on Monday night, January 7, 1963, at Garden Grove, California. We were coming home from a welfare errand. My seventeen-year-old son slowed the station wagon to a stop in our driveway and opened the door for me.

“Oh, Mom! Look at the sky.”

The sky, disregarding mountains and construction, began at a ground horizon and arched upward in a perfect dome, round and high — ever so high — and the clouds formed an all-over pattern of square, white pieces fitted together in an artful mosaic like the mottling of rare marble in the ceiling of an ancient building. The clouds were unusually white for that time of night, and were marked off squarishly with little rivers — something like a massive ice-flow, with the outlines of deep blue water separating the chunks, symmetrical as square marshmallows arranged in a blue bowl. The moon seemed to have the unusual power to shine through, and seemed to move rapidly across the dome with a pale, opalescent rainbow circling it. The stars did not shine through the cloud-flow, but appeared, fleetingly, like furtive silver fishes, glistening through the blue serrations for a second or two, then disappearing under the cloud banks.

A transport plane coming in from the south, winking its alternate red and green wing lights, still too far away to project any more than a faint hum, seemed somewhat out of place: a night moth captured under a great bowl — a single firefly, turning its flicker on and off. Then it settled at a distant airport, perhaps Long Beach. I was glad it had found its port, and I felt an apprehension for any wayfayers of the sky who might not have found their way into this solid canopy.

It was better without the flicker and without the hum. It was a picture unanimated but for the quiet motions of eternity — a part of the greater mural, and yet a part that could never return again exactly as it was. I have never seen anything just like it in my lifetime. It was a picture with a strange power — the power of beauty, the power of peace, the power of quiet contemplation. I thought of the signs and wonders promised for the last days. I thought of the symmetry and order of the universe. I thought of God.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DURING the present session of the United States Congress, of one hundred Senators, two are women: Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Republican, of Maine, and Senator Maurine B. Neuberger, Democrat, of Oregon. Of 436 members of the House of Representatives, eleven are women: Charlotte T. Reid, Republican, Illinois; Martha W. Griffiths, Democrat, Michigan; Leonor Kretzer Sullivan, Democrat, Missouri; Florence P. Dwyer, Republican, New Jersey; Edna F. Kelly, Democrat, New York; Katherine St. George, Republican, New York; Frances E. Bolton, Republican, Ohio; Edith Green, Democrat, Oregon; Julia B. Hansen, Democrat, Washington; Catherine May, Republican, Washington; Elizabeth Kee, Democrat, West Virginia.

REBECA ROBISON, a Latter-day Saint musician, has been selected to play the viola in the Massachusetts All-State Symphony Orchestra. A student at Minnechaug High School, Miss Robison was chosen by a lengthy process of auditions from the outstanding school musicians of the State.

TATZUMBIE DUPEA, a Paiute Indian woman, who has had parts in several Western movies, is now 113 years old. She expresses her philosophy of life as "Think right, do right, and don't worry."

IN the small principality of Monaco, where American-born Princess Grace, wife of ruler Prince Rainier, is First Lady, women voted in the February twenty-fifth parliamentary elections for the first time.

MISS HELEN HARRIS, a retired schoolteacher eighty-seven years old, was recently named by renowned cartoonist Herbert L. Block (Herblock) as his "Golden Key" to success (the teacher who had helped him most during his lifetime). The two were honored in February at the Atlantic City, New Jersey, meeting of the American Association of School Administrators. The award stems from seven educational organizations. In her journalism classes, Miss Harris stressed good citizenship and the obligation of writers to learn actual truth and tell it.

Memories and Mothers

Early Years Are a Mother's Glory

Leona Fetzer Wintch

WELLS of joy spring up everlastingly when we rear splendid children. But to have these satisfactions and garner sweet memories, we must truly love our children by going with them and guiding them during their morning of life so they may know the way.

Only two years ago our house bustled with the activity of four children. One by one they have begun to leave for distant places. It will not be long until we two, who began our home together, will look forlornly across the table at each other. With tenderness and affection, our eyes will search for the small-child drawings and the homemade *I Love You* valentines, discolored by time, but still tacked on the wall. It would be heaven to hear their voices or see their beautiful, young faces again. The tears will crowd our eyes, but they will not fall, because the feelings of joy and sadness are mixed.

There will be a desolate loneliness because our loved ones are absent, yet we know we would grieve if they always remained on our hearth. Christ would never have been our Savior if he had not left the Father. Our children, too, must go away from us to develop their capacities and realize self-fulfillment.

They are gone before we know they are leaving, and the miraculous, growing years are a dream all too soon. Let us cherish every happy moment during this springtime of life. The years of, "Oh, Mommy, come quick! The moon is on 'full blast!" are measured, and are quick in passing. They will not even be a memory, if precious moments are left to others who rear our little ones. Tender tears, innocent adoration, and unique expressions cannot be recaptured. There will never be a happier time; these early years are a mother's glory.



Too Busy? *Annella Barnes*

HE'S just a little boy. Far too little to create much mischief. And yet — frequently the afternoon's patching has had to be put aside as I hurried to undo the mischief his busy little hands and feet had found — placing the books back on the shelf, wiping up a cup of water, coming back to my patching to find it well scattered. What's wrong with his toys, anyway? I wonder as I retrieve the overalls, scissors, thread, and thimble.

Now back to the sewing. No — he's too quiet. I hurry to find him once again. Ah, there he is, playing contentedly with — oh, no! Not my new dress pattern! Striving to control my exasperation, I reach down to gather up my precious pattern, now torn beyond recognition.

Two large brown eyes look up at me in smiling delight. How beautiful they are!

Laying aside the really not-too-important pattern, I pick him up, and as we sit and rock together, memories carry me back to just a year ago when, in a hospital room, I had stood beside a large white bed holding a baby's tiny form, lying as though any feeble movement would be too much effort for so fragile a person. Then the nurse had carefully lifted him from the bed and carried him down the hall to the operating room. I sat down to wait, wondering, would this small boy ever live to smile? Would he ever hold anything in his tiny fists? Would I see his first steps?

Yet, today, I have resented his trying out each of these talents and scolded him for it. He is young and thirsty for knowledge — knowledge not gained from a few toys long ago understood. Such an alert little boy cannot be expected to be content with the same blocks, the same little wagon, day after day.

Forgive me, little one, for being too busy to help you learn. And thank you, dear Lord, for one small boy with large smiling brown eyes and busy hands and feet, ever eager to learn. Surely thou hast an important work for this little one. Help me guide him in his quest for truths, and may I always remember this privilege which is mine.

So Long for Dreaming

Verda F. Welch

AS I ascended the steep stairs, I was glad there were so many of us visiting the old home that the girls had assigned me my childhood bedroom which I had shared with them once. And as I turned on the light and looked around I was even more grateful that so few things in the room had changed during the years. It is good to go back in time now and then.

The ceiling knelt gently to meet the east and west walls. There were windows in the north and south, opened wide in the summer to let in the twinkle of the stars, the songs of birds in the tall treetops, and the dances of the soft breezes.

As I lay in bed in the quiet darkness, the years rolled away, and I was a carefree child again, secure and happy.

Memories of Mama clung like sweet fragrance to almost everything in the room. On the floor was the linoleum I had watched her help Papa lay so painstakingly. There was nothing slipshod about Mama. She built to last. As she worked, she sang. I loved her folk songs as I loved her hymns. Sometimes she sang because she was happy, other times to camouflage her blues. When it was too late I remembered I had never told Mama I loved her singing. There were many things I forgot to tell her.

In the corner was a little girl's washstand with drawers which Mama had made and carefully paint-

ed. There was a beautifully mirrored little dresser which she had created from an old organ. Mama could have made them more easily with better tools, but no more perfect.

Against one wall was an old trunk, which had been hauled by wagon when Papa and Mama had come from Dixie to help colonize the Big Horn. But to me it was a treasure chest. No family crest or even pieces of eight, would have been cared for better than each carefully wrapped item Mama had placed within. She had many things on her mind, so she didn't always know exactly which bundle to unroll to find what she was looking for. I watched by her side, and hoped the needed item would be at the bottom so I would get to see as many things as possible.

"I know it's here somewhere," she would say, and it always was.

Important papers were kept there. I remember especially their marriage certificate, and the deed to our home. The latter had been threatened several times when the purchase of farms was considered, and mortgage was whispered. But Mama kept the deed. It represented security. There was a beautiful oak-leaf breastpin hammered from a silver dollar by a silversmith uncle, which Mama wore on special occasions. There was little money for jewelry in those days, but she would compensate for that dearth

in later years. There were boxes and albums of pictures. I never tired looking at the babies with their long white dresses; aunts and grandmas with wasp waists and bustles; and uncles and grandpas with austere faces and mustaches. Did their little girls like to kiss them goodnight each night? I wondered. There were a few compact bundles of choice editions of *Young Woman's Journals*, and *Relief Society Magazines*. Years later there would be gifts from sons on foreign shores added, never to be used.

BUT the main item I loved with a near obsession, was a doll.

"Let me hold it. I won't drop it," I would always say, and Mama would give it to me. I even took it to a Christmas program once, and sang "Away in a Manger," with other little girls, holding more expensive dolls, but none more treasured.

Mama had made and stuffed the body, and sewed on stockings, carefully made the lace-trimmed petticoat and print dress. Its sweet porcelain face, I thought, reflected the face of its little mother, who had never missed the soft brown hair, which, of necessity, had been shorn from her fevered head. I had watched Mama weave the hair carefully into a switch and glue it on the doll's head. The doll represented the love and perfection of my little sister, whom I scarcely remember.

I stirred as a noise floated through my dreams. It must be Papa calling from the foot of the stairs. The fragrant odor of home-cured bacon curls came wafting up from the kitchen. The noise persisted, and brought me back to reality. My visit was over, and so was the night, which had been so short for sleeping, and so long for remembering.



The Inside of the Cup



Nellie I. Cox

DRUSILLA DUTTON tilted the white porcelain cup to allow the last few drops of precious milk to trickle into wee Bethy's mouth.

"Now, Baby must eat her mush and molasses," she said firmly, setting the cup aside and reaching for the cracked blue bowl. But Bethy pushed it away, determinedly shaking her head.

"Mik," she demanded. "Mow mik."

Drusilla sighed in exasperation. Milk was all Bethy wanted, and Buttercup gave so little. Reluctantly, she poured out a little more from the small amount left in the pan, reflecting that Benny would have to do without this morning, as she and Jonathon had done. At least they had the consolation of knowing the cow would do better after they penned her up and started feeding her corn fodder.

When she heard Dobbin and Nig stomping outside, she put Bethy

down on the hard-packed floor and went to the door. Jonathon was waiting, his hard, muscular body braced on the running gear, the sharp-bitted ax beside him. He stretched a hand for the packet of corn bread she handed him, reached to kiss her, and shook the reins to start the team moving.

". . . back tonight. Let Benny go. . . ." The rest of his words were drowned in the medley of sound produced by the moving outfit.

"What did you say?" she called after him, startled.

"Let Benny go with Pablo and the sheep after he gets the milking done," he shouted back above the jingle of harness chains and plop of hoofs. Then the wagon moved out of the yard leaving Drusilla staring after it in open-mouthed indignation.

Let Benny go with Pablo, indeed! Jonathon knew she objected to Benny's going off in the hills with that

unwashed old hired man. Didn't he know she had enough worries just trying to keep Bethy satisfied with the insufficient amount of milk, trying to wash with the paltry amount of water allotted her, trying to. . .

"I won't do it," she declared to no one in particular, unless perchance, Buttercup heard, placidly chewing her cud somewhere in the nearby shadows. "I won't do it," she said again. "Benny shan't go with that dirty, ignorant old sheepherder. If he comes near, I'll give him a send off he won't forget."

When Jonathon had first learned of this valley and wanted to homestead here, Drusilla's first concern had been whether or not there were neighbors. Yes, Jonathon had assured her, there were other settlers nearby. When the "others" turned out to be an old shepherd and his flock of odorous woolies, she had been appalled. What made it worse was that Jonathon had accepted Pablo matter-of-factly, and Benny and Bethy were as fascinated by him as he was by them. That his clothes were filthy, his whiskers matted and unkempt, and his person long unwashed seemed to matter to no one but her. She had tried to discourage his all too obvious attentions, refusing to accept his favors, and demanding that Jonathon pay him for the occasional piece of unsavory looking mutton he brought them. She could still hear the dressing down Jonathon gave her.

"You can't buy love," he had told her sternly, "which is what Pablo is giving us. And love is all he wants in return. Can't you see we're folks to him?"

"But he's so dirty," she had wailed, "and look what he's doing to Benny. I even have a hard time getting him to bathe or change his clothes any more, since he wants to copy Pablo in everything."

"Well," Jonathon had suggested mildly, "the best solution might be for you to make Pablo a new shirt and lend him the bathtub."

DRUSILLA had glanced at him in quick suspicion. "You needn't make fun," she said finally. "I am concerned about my son's welfare, even if you aren't. I don't like the influence Pablo has on him."

"Honey," Jonathon had replied earnestly. "I'm not joking. I am concerned about Benny's welfare, too, and I think Pablo is good for him. He's friendly and honest, and I respect him. I happen to know he has had a mighty lonely existence the past few years. Why won't you try to help him, Drue?" But she had fought the idea then as she was fighting it now.

Drusilla knew she should be beginning the day's tasks. There was the washing to do, the shirts she was making for Jonathon and Benny to finish, a little apron to iron for Bethy, and above all, the empty jars to be prepared for the jam she intended to make. But she continued to linger in the narrow doorway, grateful for the cloaking shadows which softened the ugliness of alkali flats and rocky outcroppings — of hills with their scant pasturage — of the lonely, desolate homestead.

In the late September dawn, corn shocks showed, tepee-like, in the fenced enclosure, dim evidence of the year's harvest, and she was grate-

ful for the security it represented. It was meager, but supplemented by milk from the cow and the luscious elzerita berries Jonathon had promised to bring her for the winter's sweetening, it should suffice.

From across the nearby arroyo, Old Pablo's sheepcote emitted a multivocal of sheep impatient to begin the day's grazing, and, simultaneously, the acrid smell of pulverized sheep droppings stung the nostrils. Grimacing distastefully, Drusilla stepped over the raised door sill and entered the hut, shutting the heavy slab door behind her.

In the flickering light of the coal-oil lamp the transformation she had wrought in this crude little *jacal* brought the customary wave of satisfaction. Deserted, prior to their coming a year ago, by its former inhabitant, it had been a very unappealing dwelling. She and Jonathon had whitewashed the walls inside and out, sanded the floor, hung shelves for dishes, driven wooden pegs for hanging clothes, and sunk posts into the floor to support the woven rawhide thongs on which now rested two corn-shuck mattresses. On one of these, ten-year-old Benny still lay in well-scrubbed oblivion.

DRUSILLA gathered up the soiled clothes and laid out fresh ones for Benny. She was a tall woman, neat and well-groomed even at this early hour, with a mania for cleanliness. Her high button shoes were fastened to the very top, her demure calico gown securely buttoned, and her long hair carefully restrained at the nape of her neck. The uncompromising sternness of

her thin features was relieved only by the mouth, which carried a generous sensitivity.

Drusilla had not known Benny was awake, but there he was, sitting up in bed, his brown eyes beneath the sun-bleached blond thatch fixed intently on hers. She turned away to avoid seeing the disappointment she knew she was going to inflict.

"Good morning, son," she said over her shoulder, "did you sleep well?"

"Yes, Mama. Say, Mama, may I . . . ?"

"Good," she interrupted quickly. "Now hurry and dress, because I want you to drag some sticks for the wash fire before you milk Buttercup. And the barrel is low, so I'll need you to go carry some water from the arroyo."

"But Mama . . ." There was agonizing heartbreak in his cry. "Pa said I could help Pablo drive the sheep to another water hole over on the slope. I've never gone with him, and Pa said I could. Pablo needs me, Mama. Let me milk now."

Drusilla almost weakened. Benny had so few pleasures in this harsh, new land. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to let him go just this once. Then a vivid image of Benny growing up to be like Pablo, if she allowed the friendship to continue, and, worse still, the thought of the old man in the rank, disreputable garments he wore, coming in contact with tiny Bethy in the dainty little dresses she labored so hard to keep clean, built up her resolve anew. No. She couldn't give in now. Today, while Jonathon was not here to act as buffer between what he called her un-

feelingness and the old man's friendly overtures, was the time to put Pablo in his place.

Drusilla swung around to face the boy, who stood with feet planted wide apart and stubbornly protruding lip. "Your — Pa — is — not — here," she mouthed with what she hoped was unmistakable finality, "and whether you think Pablo needs you or not is immaterial. We don't owe that old shepherd anything."

BUT Benny refused to be silenced. "Pa says the outside dirt doesn't matter so much, if the inside is clean," he informed her doggedly. "And we do, too, owe Pablo something!" Realizing he had found the chink in her armor, his voice began to climb. "He made Dobbin well the time he ate those poison weeds. And I'll bet if Buttercup ate some of them he could. . . ."

"Benny, won't it be nice if your Pa brings a big sack of elzerita berries?" Drusilla tried frantically to turn his mind to a less disturbing subject. But a thrill of fear went through her; that was why Jonathon had gone to the mountains. They needed posts to build Buttercup a pen before the dwindling forage tempted her to eat the deadly plant.

"No!" Benny scornfully refused to be sidetracked. "You never let me give any of it to Pablo, and he likes sweet stuff. You're mean, that's what you are!" And, jerking open the door, he ran angrily up the hillside in search of wash wood.

Somewhat shaken, Drusilla almost wished she had not made an issue of Benny's desire to go with Pablo. She hated discord, and, ordinarily managed to keep her household running

smoothly. But honesty compelled her to admit it was because Jonathon generally let her have her way, and Benny was mostly quite tractable.

She sewed several buttons on the blue chambray shirts, and then ironed Bethy's ruffled apron, later brushing the baby's silky hair into golden ringlets. A sudden thankfulness came over her; she was so grateful for this beautiful little daughter! No wonder old Pablo couldn't keep his hands off her. A shamed sympathy for the lonely life he led in the decrepit little shack beyond the arroyo swept over her. She really should be kinder, because, as Jonathon said, he did seem anxious to learn their ways, and she could help him. Of course she would never agree to make him a member of the family, as Jonathon and the children would like, or even to let Benny follow him into the hills, but she would be kind. If he came to get Benny, she would. . . .

"Bennee!" Old Pablo's hoarse croak sounded outside the *jacal*, "You help Pablo with sheeps?"

Drusilla threw open the door.

"Good morning, Pablo, Benny isn't here. He has gone to get. . . ."

BUT old Pablo wasn't listening. He had spied little Bethy peeping from behind Drusilla's skirts and was holding out his arms. Like a flash, the tot slipped through the doorway and held up her own to be taken, crying, "Pab'oo, Pab'oo," in delighted welcome. A radiant joy suffused the grimy, wrinkled old face. He swung her up to press the grizzled whiskers against the delicate little face, fondling her plump

chubbiness, caressing the golden curls, and murmuring endearments. The little apron became dirt-smirched, the tiny arms and face acquired greasy finger marks.

Horrified, Drusilla swooped to snatch her darling away from such sacrilege. The kindness she had intended was forgotten in the wild fury that swept over her.

"Take your hands off my baby. Go away. Don't come around here any more . . . ever. Oh. . ."

Old Pablo stared at her, stunned, for a long moment, then comprehension dawned in the dim old eyes.

"I make Bethée dirty, Pablo very sorry," he said with quiet dignity, turning away. "Bethée is like Pablo's baby who died in this house long time ago. Pablo go now — not come back." Tears furrowing the brown, grizzled cheeks, he staggered away.

She had won. Breathing rapidly, Drusilla leaned against the doorway of the little house which had been Pablo's, which, she knew now, he had vacated in order that she might have a place in which to live. Jonathon knew; he had made a trip here. Why, oh, why hadn't he told her? Why had he let her continue in her cruel selfishness?

Unmindful of the crying Bethy, she started after him. She would bring him back, tell him what a fool she had been, make up to him for the loss of the little daughter he had loved long ago, help him. On she ran, disregarding the brush that snagged at her clothing and scratched her skin.

BENNY came stumbling down the hillside, yelling and waving

his arms. He reached old Pablo, said something to him, then raced toward her.

"Buttercup — poisoned. Pablo wants kettle — water. Hurry," he gasped.

They worked feverishly, Drusilla down on her knees in the dust beside the silent old man, forcing the antidote he had brewed from leaves of some nameless plant down the cow's throat, praying as she had never prayed before. But she knew, from old Pablo's discouraged shrug, that it was too late.

"Find another cow quick," he said, finally, giving them all a compassionate look before shuffling off to round up his long-neglected sheep.

Guilt lying heavy in her breast, Drusilla walked back to the *jacal*, conscious of Benny's condemning look. Had she allowed him to go after the cow earlier, as he had wished, Bethy might not now be faced with possible starvation. There were no other milk cows in the area. How insignificant seemed all her fears concerning Pablo's undesirable influence on her children now that Bethy might not live to grow up, and Benny hated her!

Since there was no Buttercup for Benny to milk next day, he wandered aimlessly about, glancing occasionally at the pan of jam left over after Drusilla had filled the Mason jars from the luscious fruit Jonathon had brought from the mountains. Wordlessly, she filled Bethy's white cup — unneeded now — and gave it to Benny. Like a flash he was out the door and on his way to Pablo — Pablo who loved sweets, who loved her who had abused him.

Drusilla reached for her bonnet. "I'll be back soon," she told the stern-faced Jonathon, who was coaxing fussy little Bethy to eat some mush with jam on it.

At the arroyo, Drusilla saw with amazement that only the water hole Jonathon and Pablo had fenced to keep the animals from befouling it still held water. This, then, was why Pablo, who had as much right to the water as they did, more, really, since he had been here first, had taken his sheep elsewhere to water. Would her obligations to him never cease?

Pablo, his face one great, happy, purple smear, was coming from the sheepcote beyond his incredibly tiny *jacal*, carefully bearing something white in his black wrinkled hands —

Bethy's cup. Benny was beside him, jabbering excitedly. Seeing her, he sprang forward.

"It's milk, Mama, milk from Pablo's ewe that had her lamb killed by coyotes yesterday when he was gone so long!" Then, remembering, he added quickly, "The cup's clean, Mama, really clean inside, and Pablo says there'll be milk for Bethy as long as she needs it."

Drusilla's moist eyes met those of the gentle, loving, forgiving old man for a long moment, during which no words were spoken and none were needed. Yes, the inside was clean, really clean! And gratefully accepting the precious cup of milk from the gnarled, dirty old hands, she hurried home to her hungry baby.

After Long Trial

Christie Lund Coles

This is entering a wide, green valley,
After the slashing wind of a desert place,
Finding the waters cool, the meadows wide,
The breeze gentle on the lifted face.

This is like finding home, unchanged and sure,
After feverish, lonely wandering,
Finding no small thing has altered here,
Though we have changed, known thirst and hungering.

This is reaching rest and warmth and shelter,
After winter's frost, ice-slivered snow;
This is survival, discovering those we love
After they were lost. Though none can know

The path uncharted, lonely we have gone,
Till each goes unaccompanied (through the scathe
That comes to all men, soon or late)
Save by his courage and his secret faith.

As the Heart Grows



Leola Seely Anderson

"I love you!"

No sweeter words were ever spoken, no purer thought was ever born. No greater joy was ever measured than the simple, exquisite infinity of "I love you!"

Within the walls of my heart are many mansions. Each is precious, lovely, rare. Each holds an image indestructible; each is eternal there.

Once my heart was one vaulted chamber, dedicated only to a lonely portrait — myself. But it was soon invaded by another. My Mother's bright blue eyes, her sunny hair, the light of her smile — these became my world. And I divided my heart once more to let my Father in — and later there were those other dear ones, my brothers and sister.

Life was full, my love serene. A gallery of cherished ones filled my every need, until the day a friend slipped in, and his image was engraved in its own hall of fame. My heart was no larger, but oh, the difference in my vision! I loved outside my family.

Others were admitted tentatively from time to time. Some came to stay; some grew dim, faded away, and were replaced by faces new and fresh. Before any could be permanently fixed, a new room had to be prepared.

Once I thought my work completed — family and friends were there. And yet there came another for whom my heart pulsed with new meaning. This was an image to be superimposed upon my own; this one took my place. For my husband I ceased to think of self. I awoke to other vistas.

Love seeks not itself; neither does it demand anything. It asks only the privilege to serve, to give, to suffer, if need be, but always to be near the sweet flame which kindled its fire. This portrait I cherished in my heart's loveliest hall, with gratitude and faith in its being eternally mine.

And as the years passed by, my mansions increased in number. Each of

my children possesses one, each immortal. Though he should break my heart and make my tears a flood, he could not erase my love. Though he walk in the farthest reaches of heaven or earth, he could not depart my heart's door. He is loved.

Again I thought myself filled — family, friends, my mate, my children — surely one could ask no more?

But Jesus stood at my door and knocked, and for him its portals swung wide. He entered, and his presence filled every corner with wider vision. Miraculously, my capacity to love increased a hundredfold!

Not alone my own, those near and dear to me, but a whole troop of others crowded in. The tired, the needy, the afflicted, the discouraged — I found my compassion had gained new dimension. These were my brothers and sisters — God's other children who needed me, even as I needed them.

True, there are now some rooms of sorrow in my heart, where portraits bring only pain; still their niches can never be uncarved, unfilled, nor forgotten. They have taught me that ingratitude, indifference, thoughtlessness — even evil, anger, revenge — can be forgiven if the love of God lends its strength to mine.

And though my heart's mansions become numberless as the stars of heaven, yet is each one as large as at first; though each treasure possesses a room, my powers of tenderness are enlarged infinitely. As I love, my capacity to love expands; as I cherish, I become more nearly like him, and my reason for being is more nearly realized.

I love you.

In my heart are many mansions reflecting the joy I know. Perhaps, someday, when I have learned life's lessons well, my chambers may encompass the world, and then shall I glimpse the majesty of the love of God.



the House

inside and out

Washing Windows

Zara Sabin

It takes two to wash a window
And do it really well —
One outside and one within
So that each can tell
The other where there needs to be
A special rub — spots they don't see.
It is quicker, too, and much more fun
When two can work instead of one,
Then at the end there is always this:
A smile that is almost like a kiss.

You Cannot Win

Gladys Hesser Burnham

My garden breaks my back to weed.
The chickens grab up every seed
That falls. I chase them from the shade
Of lilacs and the holes they made
To dust themselves. How can I win?
Without them grasshoppers move in.

Love in a Lunch Sack

Janet W. Breeze

THERE comes a time in every away-from-home-at-mealtimer's life when the waxed-wrapped items enclosed in a brown paper bag get to look dull and monotonous. When this happens, a little change of pace in sandwich fillings, plus a few surprises, will do wonders toward renewing enthusiasm for that midday pickup.

VARY THE BASICS

The wise lunch-box chef knows that even a minor change, such as a variety in something as basic as bread, can do wonders for whetting a noontime appetite. The next time you go shopping, browse for a few moments among the many sizes and shapes of bread and rolls, along with the various kinds of rye, pumpernickel, raisin, onion, cracked wheat, and French loaves.

Do bear in mind the slice thickness of the breads you choose. Thin slices are fine for dry spreads, but those moist spreads call for the support of thick slices of bread.

SPREAD THEM OR STACK THEM

Now for the middle. Try some of these combinations on the family, or, better still, make up fillings of your own to use on variety breads.

Swiss cheese on pumpernickel with mayonnaise.

Raisin or date-nut bread with cream cheese.

Ham, cheese, tomato, pickle, and lettuce, with mayonnaise on a hamburger bun.

Sliced American cheese spread with strawberry jam on enriched white bread.

Bacon, tomato, and lettuce, with mayonnaise on toast.

Thin slices of spiced, canned ham spread with cinnamon-touched applesauce.

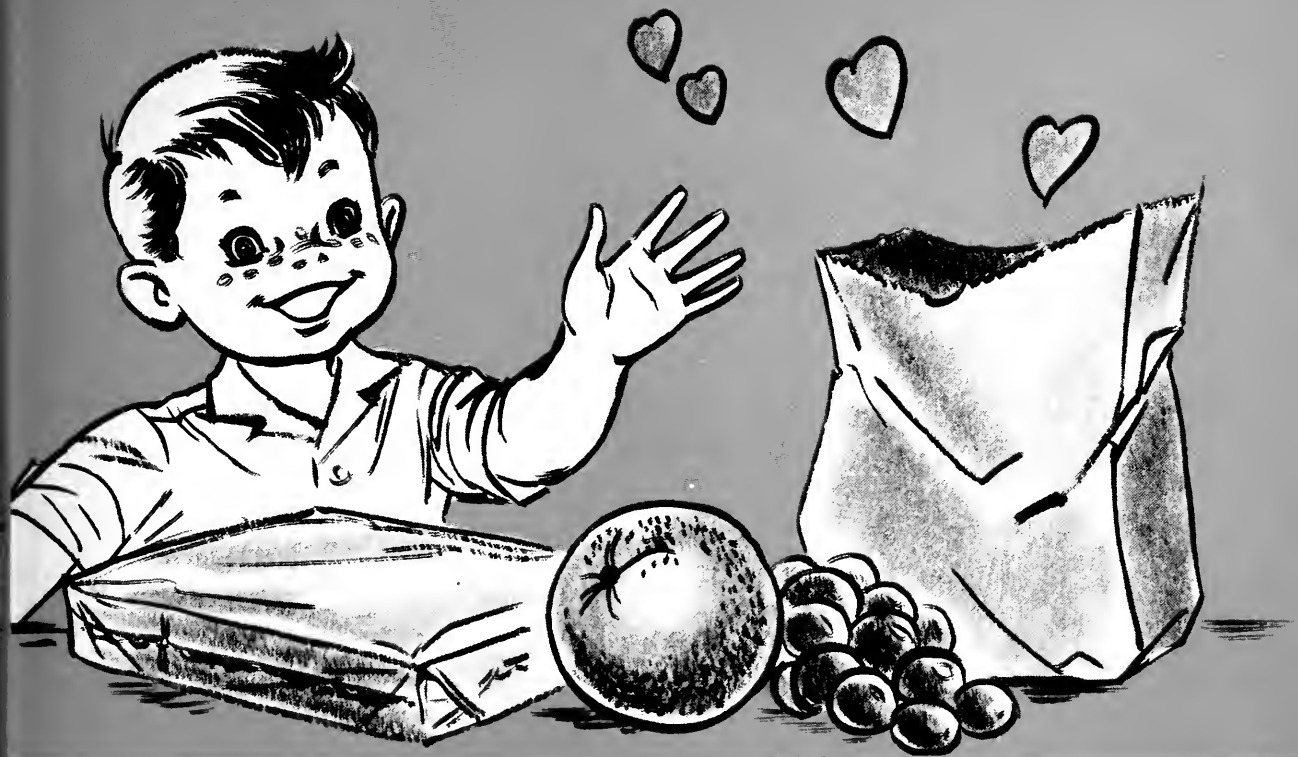
Chopped beef, minced onion, and catsup.

Liver sausage, drained pickle relish, and mayonnaise mixed together as a spread.

Softened cream cheese with chopped green pepper and grated carrot.

Crumbled, crisp bacon gives a new flavor to an egg salad filling.

Blend thoroughly equal parts of peanut butter, orange juice, and moist, shredded coconut for a mysterious filling that's sure to be a conversation piece.



TANGY TASTE-SETTERS

Even your standard fare of cold cuts, sliced cheese, and leftover meat loaf can be given a spark with these little touches:

Chili sauce, mustard, or catsup to perk up the mayonnaise.

Horseradish, marjoram, curry, or caraway seeds as a substitute for prepared mustard.

TRY SOME APPETIZERS

Use your regular meat skewers for making and serving interesting miniature kabobs to make a different lunch away from home. Alternate any of the following on the skewer, but keep in mind the flavor of the sandwich they are to accompany:

Stuffed olives, cheese cubes, pineapple chunks, one-inch pieces of frankfurters or cooked sausage, small pickled onions, pickle slices, canned luncheon meat cubes, radishes, raw cauliflower, carrots, celery, green pepper, dried apricots, strawberries, or other fruits and vegetables easy to skewer and carry. These kabobs can be made ahead the night before and wrapped in aluminum foil for quicker morning preparations.

EVERYONE LIKES SURPRISES!

Breaking the lunchtime monotony can be done in ways other than just supplying a variation in foods:

Give the children holiday napkins, special treats for birthdays and good report cards, a funny joke, or money for milk or orange juice.

Slip the grownup members of the family such items as cartoons, greeting cards, or magazine articles you would like them to read.

Most of all, use your imagination. Have fun creating something your lunch-toters will really look forward to — and lunch sacks as tempting as Christmas presents EVERY week day of the year.

MAGIC IN YOUR VINEGAR BOTTLE

Margaret F. Maxwell



What a useful servant we have in our vinegar bottle! Too many times we think of vinegar only as an agent in pickling or preserving, or in making salad dressing. But keep your vinegar bottle handy. It can be helpful in practically every room in the house.

Sewing room: To remove the shine from a man's wool or gabardine trousers, or your own skirt, place article on a flat surface. Dip a cloth in vinegar; wring out thoroughly. Rub the shiny spot with the cloth, and the spot will disappear. It is not necessary to press the item, and the odor of vinegar should disappear as it dries. Try this, also, when letting down a hem in a wool skirt, where a stubborn crease remains that simply won't come out with ironing.

Living room: To preserve the beauty of cut flowers, add two tablespoons vinegar and three teaspoons sugar to each quart of water used for the flowers.

Kitchen: Vinegar is useful both in cooking and in cleaning in the kitchen. Put a teaspoon of vinegar in boiling water, and you may boil a cracked egg. Try a little vinegar in the cooking water for poached eggs, too, to keep them from spreading.

For light, fluffy rice, add a teaspoon of vinegar to the cooking water.

For those of us who dislike the odor of onion on our hands (and who doesn't?), rub vinegar on the hands and the odor will disappear.

If too much salt has been added to soup or other food, try adding a teaspoon of vinegar and a teaspoon of sugar and reheating.

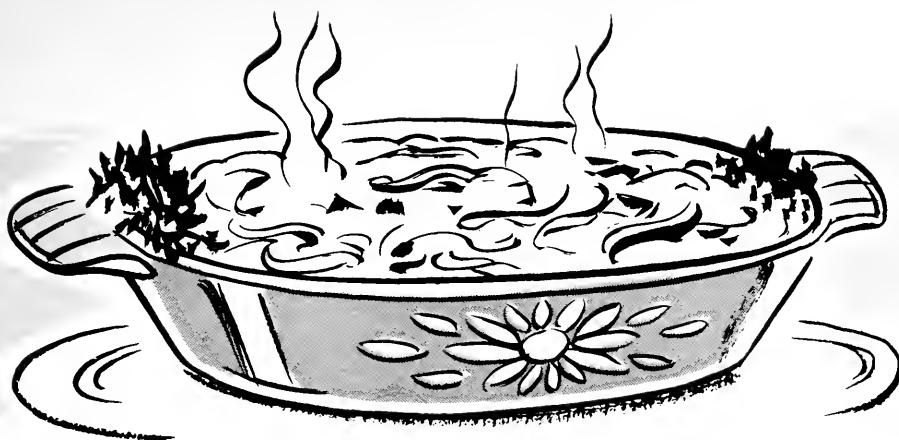
A mixture of straight vinegar and salt makes an excellent cleaner for fine crystal, as well as for bottles which have become stained or discolored. Allow crystal to stand several hours in the vinegar or overnight, and then rinse in clear water.

Stainless steel pans, chrome-plated appliances, such as toasters, refrigerator and freezer handles, etc., shine like new when wiped with a cloth dampened with vinegar.

Household cleaning: Add one quarter cup of vinegar to a half bucket of clear, warm water to wash windows and make them sparkle. For varnished or shellacked floors, doors, and woodwork, try this same formula, but be sure your cleaning cloth is wrung out as dry as possible.

When it comes to major household facelifting, keep your vinegar bottle handy to remove paint spots from glass and to soften hardened paint brushes. And if you have ever tried to remove old wallpaper from walls, you will appreciate this tip: First, sand wallpaper to allow liquid to penetrate. Next, spray paper with a mixture of one-fourth cup vinegar to each quart of hot water used. Allow to soak about five minutes, and then scrape off.

Furniture refinishing and repair: Apply straight vinegar with a paintbrush to rungs of old chairs to loosen and remove old, dried glue.



Ham-Noodle Scallop Casserole

Anne Marie Astle

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 large onion | 3 tbsp. butter or other shortening |
| ½ green bell pepper | 1 can cream of celery soup |
| 2 slices ham | 1 can cream mushroom soup |
| ½ c. wheat flakes or corn flakes | 1 ½ c. water |
| dash of parsley flakes | 12 oz. package egg noodles |

Dice onion, green pepper, and ham. Cook slowly in butter or other shortening in skillet with tight lid until onion and pepper are tender and ham is lightly browned. Mix in the celery and mushroom soups with the water. Heat thoroughly.

Precook noodles; drain, and mix with the above mixture. Pour into buttered casserole; top with slightly crushed wheat flakes or corn flakes and sprinkle with parsley flakes. Dot with butter and bake in 450° oven for 25 minutes.

Snickerdoodles

(Sugar Cookies)

Myrtle E. Henderson

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|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 c. shortening | 2 ¾ c. sifted flour |
| 1 ½ c. sugar | 2 tsp. cream of tartar |
| 2 eggs | 1 tsp. soda |
| Mix together thoroughly. | ¼ tsp. salt |

Sift dry ingredients together and stir into the other mixture.

Roll into balls, the size of a walnut, and roll the balls in a mixture of 2 tbsp. sugar and 2 tsp. cinnamon. Place 2 inches apart on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake until lightly browned at 400° 8 to 10 minutes.





Pancakes With an international Accent

Margaret F. Maxwell

PANCAKES have long been a delectable addition to tables all over the world. In their simplest form, a mixture of meal and water baked on a hot stone, they may well have been man's oldest cooked food.

There are a few tricks to turning out perfect pancakes every time. Heat your griddle until a few drops of cold water dance on the surface. If two or more tablespoons of fat are used for each cup of liquid, the griddle need not be greased. Add two tablespoons melted or liquid shortening and one egg to package pancake mix, too. Drop batter by the spoonful onto the hot griddle and bake until the top is bubbly all over. Turn only once.

There are actually only a few basic recipes for pancakes. A few easy variations in a simple basic recipe are all that is needed to give your pancakes an international accent.

Basic Pancake Recipe

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 ¼ c. flour | ½ tsp. salt |
| 2 tbsp. sugar | 1 egg, beaten |
| 2 tsp. baking powder | 1 c. milk |
| | 2 tbsp. melted fat or salad oil |

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine beaten egg, milk, and salad oil. Pour liquid all at once into dry ingredients. Beat only until dry ingredients are moistened. Bake on a hot griddle, and serve with hot maple syrup and butter.

Variations

Alpine pancakes: Add 3 heaping tsp. sweetened powdered cocoa mix. Serve piping hot with a scoop of vanilla ice cream on top.

Hawaiian pancakes: Add ½ c. drained crushed pineapple to batter. Serve with coconut and sliced pineapple.



German apple pancakes: Add ½ c. applesauce to batter. Serve with butter, cinnamon, powdered sugar, and a teaspoon of heavy sour cream.

African banana pancakes: Add ½ c. mashed ripe banana to batter. Serve with powdered sugar, sliced bananas, and whipped cream.

Delicate, thin, crisp, and light, Swedish and French pancakes are made of the same basic ingredients as other pancakes, but in different proportions.

French Crepe Suzettes

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 c. sifted pastry flour | 3 eggs |
| 2 tbsp. sugar | 1 c. milk |
| ½ tsp. salt | 2 tbsp. salad oil |

Sift dry ingredients. Gradually add unbeaten eggs, milk, and salad oil, beating until batter is perfectly smooth. Strain. Pour batter, a tablespoon at a time, on hot griddle, tilting griddle as batter is poured so as to make a very thin cake. A perfectly round crepe may be made if a small 5" frying pan is used. Fill with strawberry preserves; roll. Serve with melted butter and powdered sugar.

Svenska Plottar (Swedish Dessert Pancakes)

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| ¾ c. sifted flour | 3 eggs |
| 1 tbsp. sugar | 1 ¼ c. milk |
| ½ tsp. salt | 2 tbsp. salad oil |

Sift dry ingredients. Combine beaten eggs, milk, and salad oil. Add to dry ingredients, stirring until smooth. Pour batter a tablespoon at a time on hot griddle, or special Swedish griddle, tilting griddle to make a very thin cake. Serve with melted butter sprinkled with sugar, and hot lingonberry or blueberry sauce.

SHIRT TALES

Shirley Thulin

THE tale of a shirt can be a happy one, if the shirrtail is used to good advantage after it is discarded by your husband or son. There is a lot of good, sturdy material left in a shirt, even though the collar and cuffs have been worn, turned, and worn through again. There are a number of useful items that can be fashioned from the fabric that remains in the back, front, and upper arms of a shirt, and for only pennies, you can have a "new" blouse for sister, a petticoat for a tot, or a maternity overblouse for yourself. Use white dress shirts, and just add new lace or other trim.

First thing to do is to cut the shirt apart along each seam. Then carefully unpick the pockets from the shirt front. Take the buttons off, and save them to use. Cut the cuffs off, and cut up each sleeve along the seams. Now press the pieces flat and discard the scraps. You will have the shirt back, the two front pieces, and both sleeves to work with.

Woman's Blouse

For the blouse, you will need some lace for trim, and a blouse pattern. Choose a simple pattern that buttons down the front. You can cut the back of the blouse from the back of the shirt, the two front pieces from the corresponding shirt pieces, and there will be enough material in the sleeves for puff sleeves. You can cut a collar from the fabric in the lower sleeve. You may be able to use the original shirt front, if the fabric is still good, thereby eliminating the necessity of making new buttonholes. To do this, place the pattern pieces to include the shirt front (Figure 1).

To put the blouse together, follow the directions on the pattern. Then, to finish it off, stitch several perky rows of lace down the front, and trim the sleeves with lace to match.

Child's Petticoat

A petticoat for the tiny tot of the family can be made for only a few cents worth of lace and a snap or button. Cut a paper pattern, using a petticoat that already fits

Figure 1

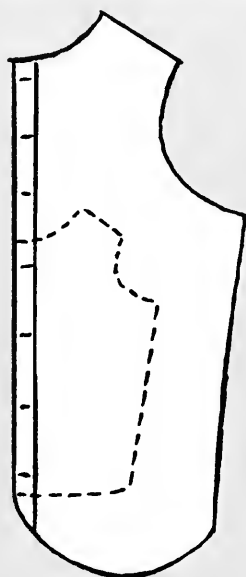
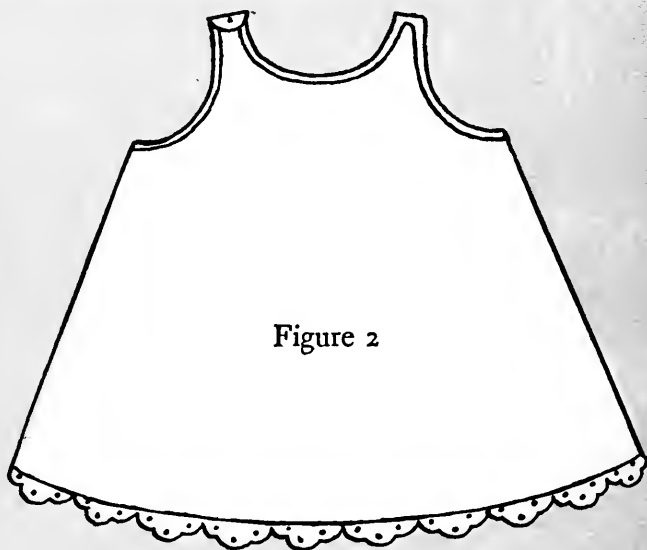


Figure 2



the child. If it is a worn petticoat, then unpick the seams and press it flat. Trace around each piece on paper, being sure to allow at least half an inch for seams and one inch for the hem. If the petticoat is not worn, but still usable, then just lay it on the paper and trace around it also, being sure to leave plenty of material for seam and hem allowance (Figure 2).

There will be a seam down the back of the finished petticoat. Cut the front of the garment from the back of the shirt, and the two back pieces from the two fronts of the shirt. Cut some bias strips from the shirt sleeves, and bind the neck and armhole edges with the bias strips, leaving one shoulder open to be snapped or buttoned for easy slipping on and off. Stitch some lace to the bottom of the petticoat, all around, as you turn up the hem.

Maternity Overblouse

While waiting for your baby, you will want several maternity overblouses to wear around the house, and these can be made easily and quickly from a discarded shirt.

For the overblouse, don't unpick the shirt. All that is necessary to do is to cut off the collar and the cuffs if they show wear. Then cut the round part off of the shirttail, making it straight across the bottom. Use these pieces to make a new collar, and also new cuffs, if you can't use the original ones.

Stitch colorful braid down the front of the shirt, and around the collar and across the edges of the cuffs. You may want to put braid around the bottom edge and up the two side splits (Figure 3). Trim the overblouse as fancy or as plain as you desire. Wear the overblouse with the sleeves pushed up in a casual manner, or you could cut the sleeves off and make them straight and short, or puffed. Add a colorful bow to the front at the neck, and you have an addition to your maternity wardrobe for only a few cents.

These items all wash and iron well and will outwear many all-new items. You can also use colored shirts for the blouses.



Figure 3

Keep My Own

Kit Linford

CHAPTER 5

Synopsis: Irene Spencer, who met her husband Dick in South Africa, feels lonely and discouraged when she first attempts to make a home out of the large old house that had belonged to three generations of the family. The household consists of Dick's Grandfather, his Aunt Ella, and his young handicapped brother David. Irene learns to love the old house and to think of it as home. She accepts her responsibilities and feels that she is making progress in helping David to overcome his speech handicap.

IRENE'S head throbbed after hours spent bending over the sewing machine. She straightened, pushing in at the ache in the small of her back with the palms of her hands. She surveyed with satisfaction the neat stack of white squares she had just finished hemming. Ella had come across a real bargain in outing flannel, and had purchased dozens of yards of it. Irene had spent the better part of two days cutting and hemming the soft white lengths. She had had to cancel her order at the local store for a supply of a different type of gauze diapers, but she knew that Ella was right when she said that these, hemmed at home from the flannel, would be serviceable and cost much less.

Anyway, Irene thought, there's a feeling of accomplishment in sewing baby things yourself.

A sudden spasm made her stiffen sharply. It was gone so quickly

that she chided herself inwardly and relaxed again. The baby wasn't due for two weeks. Already she was so impatient that every untoward twinge set her on edge.

Rising from the machine, she still pushed against her back with her hands. She thought of the inviting expanse of her bed. As she turned to go lie down, she saw Davy standing in the doorway. She had no idea how long he had been there. For some unaccountable reason, the child had steadfastly avoided her since their moment of communion in the nursery.

She smiled a welcome. "Come in, Davy."

He was carrying his book about babies. She recalled her promise to read it to him and wondered if that was what he wanted. She hesitated to approach him lest she frighten him away again. She looked into his presently expressive eyes. They searched her face for understanding. Her heart wrenched. She read the question there as plainly as if he had spoken.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

A moment before she had been too tired to think of anything but rest. Now she was intrigued by the glimmering hope that she might somehow span the chasm that separated her from Davy.

He nodded almost eagerly.

Irene reached toward him, but recognized the movement as a mistake at once. He backed away a step.

"May I take the book, then?" she asked quickly. "Where shall we sit to read? It's nice and light here in the window seat."

He gave her the book and watched as she sat down at the far end of the window seat. "Would you like to sit beside me?"

He shook his head. Irene started to read. The appealing story was aptly written to charm a child. Told from the viewpoint of the brother and sister of the new baby, it outlined each phase of the exciting first day home with the infant. Each part of the baby's routine was illustrated in apt words and charming pictures. At the very last, the baby had been tucked in bed for the night, and the two older children peeped around the nursery room door, blowing kisses to the sleeping wee one. It was indeed a beautiful book.

AS she read, Irene knew that Davy was inching his way closer and closer to her. At last he was beside her on the window seat. It was obvious that he knew every word of the story by heart. As she closed the pale blue cover on the final page, he sighed deeply and contentedly. He took the book, turned it back to the beginning again, and handed it to Irene to read it over again. She had read it through twice. She was just beginning the third reading when she was gripped by a spasm that she

knew was no idle twinge. She caught her breath, and bent low over the book until it passed. She had broken off in the middle of a sentence. When she looked up again, Davy was staring at her, wide-eyed with alarm.

She tried to reassure him. "Don't look like that, Davy. I'm all right, really I am. It was just a little cramp. Come closer, dear. Let's finish the story."

Now he rested in the circle of her arm, his head laid on her shoulder. She tried not to hurry. She didn't want to frighten him. It was an unconscious thing, but she was reading rapidly. When at last she closed the book again on the last page, she was breathless.

"Davy, the new baby will be here before very long now. Perhaps tonight. May I leave you now to go telephone Dick, and tell Granddad and Ella?"

His eyes were wide as he moved over so she could rise. She kissed his cheek impulsively, noting that the void expression had been totally absent during the entire time he had spent with her. Not a trace of that terrible blankness remained.

In the confusion that followed, Davy found himself relegated to the background. He didn't understand everything that was going on, but remembered that Irene had said the baby was to be here soon. He assumed, childlike, that all this rushing about was in preparation for that wonderful, long-awaited event. He was content to be forgotten, if he thought of it at all.

When Dick arrived home, he was excited and anxious. Even he had forgotten Davy. The usual small

surprise from his pocket was not forthcoming on this unusual day. Later, Dick would remember and regret this small oversight. Actually, Davy accepted it quite easily as another portion of this mystifying day.

AS they were helping Irene to the car, Ella turned to Dick and said ominously, "Babies have been born in cars on the way to hospitals, Dick. Are you sure you don't want me to come along? I could. . . ."

"There's no need, Aunt Ella, I'm sure," Dick replied. "The doctor said it could be hours."

Irene rolled down the window of the car. "Where's Davy?"

"Davy?" Dick looked about. "I haven't seen him since I got home."

"I've got to see him, to say good-bye," Irene cried. "He's been so left out. . . ."

They heard a tapping on one of the upstairs windows then. Looking up, they saw Davy. He was in the nursery. He lifted his hand in a little wave, and his face boasted a grin that was the closest thing to a normal child's laughter that Irene had ever seen him touch. Her heart contracted. She blew kisses to him through the window as they drove away. His laugh remained glued to his lips until he had faded from her sight.

GRANDDAD and Ella sat on the terrace waiting until it was Davy's bedtime. He didn't want to go to bed, but Ella gave him his bath and marched him to his room. When she returned to the terrace the chill of an autumn night had settled. Granddad rose. "We'd better wait inside. It's cold here."

In the kitchen, they lapsed into a companionable quiet. Outside, a couple of remaining summer crickets sang in desperation, recognizing the advent of winter. The smell of burning fall leaves permeated the air that wafted in the windows. The house rested.

Ella halfway dozed. Granddad kept awake by reading. It was close to four o'clock in the morning when the insistent twang of the telephone jerked them into awareness. Granddad answered the demand of the ring.

"Hello. . . . Yes, Dick. . . . Yes. . . . What was the trouble? . . . I see. . . . Oh, yes . . . well, well. It certainly is. . . . Everything's all right now? Irene resting? Good, good. . . . He's in bed. I won't guarantee he's asleep. . . . Yes, I will I'll tell her. She's right here . . . of course, of course. . . . Drive carefully on the way home. Goodbye."

Ella had stood close to him, straining to hear. Her handkerchief was a twisted ball in her hands.

"It is a girl," Granddad told her, "over six pounds."

"What went wrong? Didn't you say there was some trouble?"

"There was a complication. . . ."

Ella's hands were shaking. "Complication?"

"The baby had a little lung trouble. Dick said the left lung sort of stuck . . . refused to inflate. They gave her oxygen at once, inflated it artificially. She's fine now. Dick said the doctor says it's not uncommon. Just a situation that needed the equipment and know-how of a hospital and its staff . . . or the baby could have died."

Ella's face was working. She was exhausted by the long night of waiting. It was all she could do to restrain her tears.

"Here, here, now," Granddad said kindly, "don't cry. Dick says everything's fine now. The baby's fine, Irene's fine. They're going to name her Kathy Ella, for Dick's mother, and for you."

It was too much. Ella burst into tears. With her apron pressed against her face, she ran upstairs.

Granddad remained downstairs, waiting for Dick.

THE yellow-gray film of dawn was lifting reluctantly when Dick's car pulled into the drive. Granddad rose from where he still sat in the kitchen, and made his way out the side door to greet his grandson.

He was astounded to see Davy, still clad in his pajamas, running exuberantly out of the house ahead of him. The child almost tore open the car door and looked inside. Then he looked at Dick. His lower lip trembled. Dick had betrayed him. He had taken Irene away, and he had come home without the baby and without Irene as well.

Dick reached toward the child, but Davy pulled away and started to run toward the house.

"Wait, Davy, wait," Dick called after him.

Granddad caught him. "Davy, that's no way to act. Were you looking for Irene and the baby? She's going to stay in the hospital for a few days to rest. The baby will stay there with her. She won't be gone very long. Come now, Dick wants to tell you about the baby."

The appeal was too great. Davy turned in Granddad's arms and looked at his brother. Dick grinned in that one-sided way he had, and took a bag of peanuts from his pocket. "Come on, fella," he said gently. "Irene especially wanted me to tell you about the baby."

Davy went into his arms.

At the kitchen table, Davy secreted the nuts in his pajama pocket for further enjoyment. Granddad had made hot chocolate, and Davy liked that better than peanuts, so the nuts could wait. He sat on Dick's lap with a large mug of steaming rich, brown liquid in his hands. He had three marshmallows on top of it, and each time he drank some of it, a white marshmallow mustache on his upper lip increased in size.

Dick said, "We've got a little girl, Davy. She's no bigger than a minute. Remember that trout that Granddad caught on the Fourth of July? About the same size as that."

Davy's eyes were round with wonder. Dick went on, "She has lots of hair. Blond hair . . . ash blond like yours, Davy . . ." Davy squirmed with pleasure. . . . "And she's probably going to have eyes as dark as that cocoa."

DAVY peered into the cocoa container. He knew what Dick meant. Eyes like Irene's. Warm and soft and loving. Davy nestled closer to Dick, remembering Irene's eyes.

"We're going to name her Kathy. Kathy Ella Spencer. Do you like that?"

Davy thought about it. Then that elfin grin washed over his face. He nodded.

Granddad asked, as Davy concentrated on the drink in his mug, "Any more trouble breathing?"

"Not a bit. They'll keep her under observation for a day or so, but after that initial scare, everything went smoothly."

"Is Irene pleased? She never said whether she really wanted a boy or a girl."

Dick's face mellowed at the mention of his wife. "She's thrilled. She really didn't care which we got.

When she heard it was a girl, she said to tell you that now you've got your spice, Granddad . . . whatever that means. Then she said she hoped Davy would be happy, too."

They looked at Davy. His empty mug rested in both hands in his lap. He had fallen asleep on Dick's shoulder, evidence that he, too, hadn't slept much the night before. The sticky mustache covered his upper lip. Below that white strip, his mouth turned upwards. The corners were, it seemed, permanently settled in an angelic smile.

(To be concluded)



Last Bell

Margery S. Stewart

Laughter erupts from
 The schoolhouse in
 Bursts of boys, in winds
 Of children snatching
 Last leaves of afternoon.
 Feet make a joyous demolition
 Of silence.
 Children run
 Under my hands,
 Separate tempests.
 We are discarded suddenly,
 Globe, pointer, blackboard,
 And I, the teacher,
 To gather dust until morning.



Mary Lee Myers and Henrietta W. Larsen— “Sewing Sisters”

MARY Lee Wilson Myers and Henrietta McCloy Larsen, of the Highland Ward in Alpine Stake, are friends who enjoy their home sewing and handwork together, and are devoted members of Relief Society. “Stitches taken together have a double meaning,” they say, and their friendship has deepened over the years. Their favorite hobbies are crocheting and quilting. They have designed original patterns for quilt blocks, as well as making many quilts in patchwork, wedding ring, star designs, and other patterns.

Mrs. Myers was the first Primary president in Highland Ward, and has worked in Relief Society for many years, having been a visiting teacher “almost always.” She is a practical nurse and an excellent seamstress. She has made many lovely wedding gowns. Mother of five children, she now has seventeen grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

Mrs. Larsen has worked in Relief Society since 1915, serving in many capacities of leadership. She gave to the Highland Ward the volumes of *The Relief Society Magazine* back to 1914. She loves genealogical work and has made pedigree charts for 200 ancestors, and has completed thirteen scrapbooks. She also assisted in compiling the ward genealogy book. Since coming to Highland Ward she has made more than 200 quilts. Three of her five children are living, and she has five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Magazine Honor Roll for 1962

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE greatest increase in subscriptions in the history of *The Relief Society Magazine* marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of its beginning. There was an increase in subscriptions of 18,334 in 1962 over 1961's total of 183,236. This should be a matter of satisfaction and gratitude to stake and mission, ward and branch presidents, and *Magazine* representatives. It reflects the opportunity which was afforded to 201,570 sisters in 1962 who subscribed to the *Magazine* to study the Relief Society lessons in the *Magazine* and partake of the instructions, warnings, and encouragement of the General Authorities and leaders in Relief Society. *The Relief Society Magazine* is one means — and an important one — of drawing the sisterhood of the Church ever closer in understanding and purpose.

The General Board extends its appreciation to every devoted, loyal Relief Society officer who has helped to achieve this outstanding record, and to readers of the *Magazine* everywhere who support this publication of Relief Society. The General Board is grateful for the letters of appreciation which are constantly received from subscribers. It is also thankful to gifted Latter-day Saint women writers who submit their excellent articles, fiction, non-fiction, and poetry to the *Magazine*.

Missions throughout the world express appreciation for the gift subscriptions to the *Magazine* which come from individuals, stakes, wards, and branches, and are divided equitably among the missions for the use of missionaries, and investigators, and a few sisters in non-English-speaking missions who can read some English.

There were 325 stakes on the Honor Roll in 1962, an increase of twenty-two over 1961, and there were 2,593 wards and branches in stakes on the Honor Roll, an increase of 249 over 1961.

For sixteen consecutive years the South Los Angeles Stake has had the highest percentage of subscriptions. In 1962 they had 232 per cent. They also had the highest number of subscriptions — 1751. The next three highest rating stakes, all in Southern California, were also in high positions last year — Huntington Park, Glendale, and Inglewood. Of the top ten stakes, eight were also in the top ten a year ago. There were this year five from California, two from Nevada, two from Arizona, and one from Idaho.

In 1962 there were twenty-two missions on the Honor Roll, the North Central States Mission leading, with 117 per cent; second is Western States Mission, and third the California Mission. Of the top ten, seven are in the United States, and the other three are the Southwest British, Irish,

and Alaskan-Canadian Missions. The mission with the highest number of subscriptions was the East Central States Mission, with 975. The next nine with the highest number of subscriptions were also in the United States.

The addition of color within the pages of the *Magazine* in 1962, and eight added pages have done much to make the *Magazine* more appealing and provide new features. This has been accomplished without increasing the price of the *Magazine*, which remains at \$2.

The appointment of a *Magazine* representative is a calling ranking in importance with the other offices in Relief Society. Representatives are faithful, devoted sisters, with a knowledge of the contents of the *Magazine*, and an appreciation for the worth of its contents. The *Magazine* representative in one ward who achieved the highest percentage in her stake is a housebound sister. Age is not a determining factor — some representatives have served for many years, with continued, outstanding success. The General Board acknowledges the great service performed by *Magazine* representatives throughout the Church, and commends Relief Society presidents for their foresight in choosing such outstanding women for this important calling in Relief Society.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 232%
Magazine Representative — Amelia Dellenbach

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 331%
Magazine Representative — Imogene Slater

Mission

North Central States Mission — 117%
Mission Magazine Representative — Mary B. Ostvig

Mission District

Alaska District, Alaskan-Canadian Mission — 158%
Magazine Representative — Leola G. Durrant

Mission Branch

Sidney Branch — 333%
West Nebraska District, Western States Mission
Magazine Representative — Gladys A. Dean

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	232	Amelia Dellenbach
Huntington Park	190	Rachel Liston
Glendale	144	Mildred Robison
Inglewood	144	Janet C. Medina
Las Vegas	136	Helen S. Toolson
Phoenix North	129	Edith M. Alexander
Phoenix	127	Alva L. Knight
Rexburg	126	Beth Moore
San Diego	126	Joan Knudson
Burley	126	Virginia F. Nichols

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

North Central States	117	Mary B. Ostvig
Western States	114	Ada S. Christiansen
California	105	Midene McKay Anderson
Florida	102	Edith Kraft Lyman
Southwest British	102	Elaine B. Curtis
Central States	102	JoAnn Yates
Texas	100	Ruby Knapp
Irish	100	Mary E. Brookes
Alaskan-Canadian	96	Marie M. Weilenmann
Eastern States	96	Zelma R. West

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	1751	East Mesa	1051
Huntington Park	1341	Twin Falls	1013
Glendale	1240	Washington	994
Ensign	1109 1/2	Nampa	986
Alpine	1051	Sugar House	983

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
East Central States	975	Florida	649
Northern States	819	North Central States	643
West Central States	768	Gulf States	620
New England	724	Central Atlantic States	580
Northwestern States	672	Eastern Atlantic States	573

Stakes in Which All Wards Received 100% or Over

Burley	Virginia F. Nichols	Huntington Park	Rachel Liston
Canoga Park	Ann Whelan	Inglewood	Janet C. Medina
Denver	Katherina Belmain	Kansas City	Venna T. Witbeck
East Idaho Falls	Sarah Owens	Lake View	Orla S. Bunot
Granger	Althora P. Sizemore	Las Vegas	Helen S. Toolson
Granite	Jane Henry	Las Vegas North	Carrie G. Beatty
Holladay	Delight T. Frampton	Long Beach	Erma G. Halls

Malad	Maude Y. Jensen	Shelley	June L. Walton
Monument Park	Ruth B. Parkinson	So. Cottonwood	Anna V. Lindman
North Jordan	Vonda L. Sharp	So. Idaho Falls	Alice Moss
North Tooele	Mildred Sagers	So. Los Angeles	Amelia Dellenbach
Parleys	Genevieve M. Lewis	So. Salt Lake	Hannah Dietrich
Phoenix North	Edith M. Alexander	Temple View	Mabel E. Snow
Pomona	Nora Perdue	Utah	Effie J. Pinegar
Rexburg	Beth Moore	Wells	Gertrude Fullmer
St. Joseph	Nira P. Lee	West Covina	Lucille C. Hales
San Bernardino	Naomi B. Mansfield	Whittier	Melba J. Huff
San Diego	Joan Knudson	Wilford	Lila F. Madsen
San Joaquin	Emma Dennis	Woodruff	Naomi B. Harris

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

North Central States	117	Irish	100	East Central States	88
Western States	114	Alaskan-Canadian	96	Northwestern States	86
California	105	Eastern States	96	Central Atlantic States	85
Florida	102	West Central States	95	Eastern Atlantic States	85
Southwest British	102	Western Canadian	93	Northern States	82
Central States	102	Canadian	92	New England	81
Texas	100	Central British	89	Gulf States	78
				Southern States	78

Stakes by Percentages—1962

South Los Angeles	232	Nyssa	112	East Long Beach	107
Huntington Park	190	San Joaquin	112	Nampa	107
Glendale	144	Mt. Graham	112	Napa	107
Inglewood	144	Walnut Creek	112	Redwood	107
Las Vegas	136	Long Beach	111	Monument Park	107
Phoenix North	129	Whittier	111	Chicago	107
Phoenix	127	Liberty	110	Idaho Falls	107
Rexburg	126	San Bernardino	110	Kansas City	107
San Diego	126	Highland	109	Reseda	107
Burley	126	Oquirrh	109	Santa Monica	107
San Diego East	122	Canoga Park	109	Ashley	106
Mojave	121	North Rexburg	109	Alaska	106
Cumorah	121	Palomar	109	Utah	106
South Idaho Falls	120	Woodruff	109	Box Elder	106
Shelley	118	Redondo	108	Moapa	106
Santa Barbara	117	San Luis Obispo	108	North Box Elder	105
Lake View	115	South Bear River	108	Cassia	105
St. Joseph	115	Ensign	108	Panguitch	105
Holladay	115	Temple View	108	Torrance	105
East Idaho Falls	114	West Boise	108	Florida	105
Denver	114	Yuma	108	Parleys	104
Las Vegas North	113	Pomona	108	Twin Falls	104
Reno	113	San Fernando	108	West Sharon	104
San Diego South	113	Toronto	108	Grant	104

Maricopa	104	Sevier	100	Yellowstone	95
Pasadena	104	Palmyra	100	St. George	95
Millcreek	104	Tucson	100	Albuquerque	95
Granite	104	Union	100	Gridley	94
Juab	104	Juarez	100	East Cache	94
Bear River	104	West Pocatello	100	Riverton	94
Granite Park	104	Zion Park	100	Gooding	94
Great Falls	104	East Los Angeles	100	American River	94
Weiser	104	Los Angeles	100	Mesa	94
Mt. Jordan	103	Philadelphia	100	Lethbridge	94
Denver West	103	Boise	100	El Paso	93
East Mesa	103	Farr West	99	Fresno	93
Grand Junction	103	North Idaho Falls	99	St. Johns	93
Garden Grove	103	Park	99	North Sacramento	93
Pocatello	103	Ammon	99	Grand Coulee	93
Virginia	103	Monterey Park	99	Seattle	93
Wells	103	Portneuf	98	Alberta	93
Mt. Logan	103	Young	98	Sacramento	93
Granger	103	Columbus	98	Richland	93
South Salt Lake	103	Spanish Fork	98	Cedar	92
New Jersey	103	Weber Heights	98	North Davis	92
Orange County	103	Wind River	98	Rose Park	92
Wilford	103	Bannock	98	Southern Arizona	92
Malad	103	Snowflake	98	Cottonwood	92
Sugar House	103	South Blackfoot	98	Santa Rosa	92
Ogden	102	Star Valley	98	Provo	92
North Jordan	102	East Pocatello	98	Teton	92
South Cottonwood	102	Olympus	97	Missoula	92
Taylor	102	Reno North	97	South Summit	92
Blackfoot	102	St. Louis	97	Ben Lomond	92
Minidoka	102	Burbank	97	Brisbane	92
North Tooele	102	San Antonio	97	Cleveland	91
San Jose	102	Taylorville	97	St. George East	91
Calgary	102	Emigration	97	Beaver	91
Edmonton	102	Portland	96	North Seattle	91
Idaho	102	Oakland-Berkeley	96	Deseret	91
Mt. Rubidoux	102	Casper	96	Covina	90
Pikes Peak	102	Rigby	96	American Falls	90
Franklin	101	Tulsa	96	Puget Sound	90
Columbia River	101	Monument Park West	96	Cincinnati	90
North Pocatello	101	Valley View	96	Detroit	90
West Utah	101	Boston	96	East Provo	90
East Rigby	101	Uintah	96	Lake Mead	90
New York	101	Cheyenne	95	Riverside	90
East Phoenix	101	Roy	95	Salt Lake	90
Big Horn	101	Uvada	95	Sydney	90

Logan	89	Craig	84	Yakima	78
Oneida	89	Grantsville	84	Auckland	78
Cache	89	North Weber	84	Winter Quarters	78
University West	89	East Millcreek	84	Honolulu	77
Cedar West	89	Mt. Ogden	84	Parowan	77
Raft River	89	Canyon Rim	83	San Luis	77
Willamette	89	New Orleans	83	South Sevier	77
Wichita	89	Hayward	83	Atlanta	77
Tooele	88	Garfield	83	South Sanpete	77
Vancouver	88	Lansing	83	Layton	77
Lyman	88	Murray	83	South Ogden	77
Benson	88	Weber	83	Greensboro	77
Montpelier	88	Duchesne	83	Kearns North	76
Blaine	88	Salmon River	83	Midvale	76
Murray South	88	Clearfield	83	Tampa	76
Humboldt	88	West Jordan	82	Palo Alto	76
Santa Ana	88	Bountiful	82	South Carolina	76
Butte	88	Butler	82	North Sanpete	75
Winder	88	South Davis	82	San Juan	75
Oklahoma	88	North Sevier	82	London	74
Wasatch	88	Emery	82	Spokane	72
Bountiful South	87	Morgan	81	Salem	72
Hillside	87	Millard	81	Orem	71
San Leandro	87	Sandy	81	Miami	71
Kolob	87	Summit	81	Fort Wayne	70
Santaquin-Tintic	87	Riverdale	81	Kearns	70
Wayne	87	Coeur d'Alene	81	Carbon	69
Nebo	87	Bear Lake	80	North Carolina	68
Kanab	87	Beaumont	80	Orem West	67
Kaysville	87	San Mateo	80	Orlando	66
Cannon	87	North Carbon	80	Gunnison	65
East Sharon	87	East Jordan	80	Hamilton	64
Timpanogos	87	Lewiston	79	Ben Lomond South	64
Alpine	86	Houston	79	Indianapolis	61
Dallas	86	Pioneer	79	Manchester	57
Granger North	86	Bountiful North	79	Oahu	55
Sharon	86	Flagstaff	79	Leeds	52
Minnesota	86	Nevada	79	Pearl Harbor	44
Springville	86	Smithfield	79	Limited Participation	
Shreveport	86	Klamath	79	B.Y.U. 1st	
Roosevelt	86	Lehi	79	B.Y.U. 2d	
Tacoma	85	Redding	79	B.Y.U. 3d	
Bakersfield	85	San Francisco	79	University	
Melbourne	85	East Ogden	79	Utah State U.	
Moroni	85	Leicester	79		
Taber	85	Lorin Farr	79		

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL-1962

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alaska	189	201	106	Uarda Conner	Burley	739	931	126	Virginia F. Nichols
Alberta	747	692	93	Viola B. Wynder	Butler	444	365	82	Gladys R. Loveless
Albuquerque	538	509	95	Nita W. Bushman	Butte	551	483	88	Harriet Millicam
Alpine	1216	1051	86	Marvel Sunderland	Cache	680	607	89	Norma J. Thompson
American Falls	361	326	90	Erminnie Johnson	Calgary	508	517	102	Thelma Thompson
American River	680	637	94	Norma Pezely	Cannon	547	473%	87	Elda L. Hailes
Ammon	500	493	99	Violet Wakley	Canoga Park	325	354	109	Ann Whelan
Ashley	500	532	106	Barsalena R. Hatch	Canyon Rim	877	731%	83	Ruth Rushforth
Atlanta	461	355	77	Lucille Bennett	Casper	200	192	96	Sophronia Bertagnole
Auckland	367	286	78	Marguerite Jean Ottley	Cassia	399	419	105	Valoy Casperson
Bakersfield	564	480	85	June Davies	Cedar	395	356	92	Eva B. Webster
Bannock	365	357	98	Clara C. Christensen	Cedar West	447	398	89	Irene C. Palmer
Bear Lake	506	407	80	May Bowman	Cheyenne	370	353	95	Vera B. Gutscher
Bear River	535	553	104	Lottie R. Potter	Chicago	718	768	107	Verl J. Fitzsimmons
Beaumont	244	196	80	Billye L. Eoff	Cincinnati	262	236	90	Mary Tolle
Beaver	560	510	91	Aletha Gillins	Clearfield	675	557	83	Ella N. Christensen
Ben Lomond	570	522	92	Florence B. Campbell	Cleveland	330	301	91	Ruth A. Laney
Benson	628	554	88	Jenis A. Traveller	Coeur D'Alene	273	220	81	Effie E. Verhei
Big Horn	915	921	101	Phyllis Borders	Columbia River	798	806	101	Agnes G. Hill
Blackfoot	715	728	102	Helen B. Evans	Columbus	260	255	98	Luise Myers
Blaine	296	261	88	Vera E. Clifford	Cottonwood	439	404	92	Isabell T. Nelson
Boise	678	675	100	Effie Baxter	Covina	584	528	90	Gladys I. Barker
Bonneville	876	957	109	Grace B. Larsen	Craig	238	201	84	Nellie J. Crosby
Boston	301	287%	96	Della Stevens Chaplin	Cumoram	273	330	121	Margaret G. Stoner
Bountiful	630	518	82	Jessie J. Terry	Dallas	465	402	86	Ella Mae Beck
Bountiful North	616	487	79	Columbia L. Argyle	Denver	489	556	114	Katherina Belmain
Bountiful South	555	485%	87	Lucille F. Mason	Denver West	589	608	103	Phyllis Mohler
Box Elder	874	924	106	Hazel A. Nelson	Deseret	743	673	91	Leatha Bennett
Brisbane	212	194	92	Elsie E. Orth	Detroit	402	361	90	Grace McCallum
Burbank	728	706	97	Joy Earl	Duchesne	402	333	83	Ardath R. Johansen

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
East Cache	897	844½	94	Elizabeth E. Steed	Granite Park	648	672	104	Lythia Street
East Idaho Falls	526	599	114	Sarah Owens	Grant	826	861	104	Ruth Dudley
East Jordan	430	343	80	LoVenna S. Cook	Grantville	546	460	84	Abbie K. Paskett
East Long Beach	646	694	107	Ethel M. Lemons	Great Falls	379	393	104	Glenna MacDonald
East Los Angeles	702	701	100	Shirley M. Hoffman	Greensboro	346	265	77	Ruby L. Braddock
East Mesa	1019	1051	103	Elva M. Brown	Gridley	721	680	94	Vera Allred
East Millcreek	724	608	84	Mary J. Olsen	Hayward	420	350	83	Rose Winkel
East Ogden	775	609	79	Katherine W. Eckenbrecht	Highland	580	634½	109	Lucille M. Larsen
					Hillside	1035	905	87	Mae M. Hickman
East Phoenix	823	829	101	Geneva Cluff	Holladay	695	797½	115	Delight T. Frampton
East Pocatello	576	562	98	Norma Adams	Honolulu	645	499	77	Michiye Kanashir
East Provo	639	574	90	Arda S. Hendricks	Houston	304	241	79	Ida B. Sneider
East Rigby	631	637	101	Myrtle Burtenshaw	Humboldt	232	204	88	Della Monson
East Sharon	677	586	87	Hildegard P. Nicholes	Huntington Park	707	1341	190	Rachel Liston
Edmonton	304	309	102	Grace V. McCurdy	Hyrum	720	641½	89	Rhoda M. Thorpe
El Paso	502	469	93	Fanny G. Maxwell	Idaho	535	460	86	Elizabeth L. Hogan
Emery	710	580	82	Edith Collard	Idaho Falls	578	617	107	Verna Hoopes
Emigration	559	539½	97	Sarah K. McKay	Inglewood	611	877	144	Janet C. Medina
Ensign	1027	1109½	108	Pearl L. Whitney	Juab	540	561	104	Reba P. Mangelson
Farr West	646	639	99	Bertha H. Palmer	Juarez	102	102	100	Fannie B. Hatch
Flagstaff	526	416	79	Mary L. Kremer	Kanab	525	456	87	Vauna L. Covington
Florida	593	621	105	Vera Williams	Kansas City	462	493	107	Venna T. Witbeck
Franklin	814	826	101	Edna P. Lemmon	Kaysville	557	484	87	Adelia H. Rushforth
Fresno	747	697	93	Muriel E. Welton	Kearns North	519	395	76	LaVeigh T. Atwood
Garden Grove	330	340	103	Naida M. McInelly	Klamath	581	457	79	Marion Sander
Garfield	298	248	83	Dorma P. Barton	Kolob	631	549	87	Hilda W. Cherrington
Glendale	860	1240	144	Mildred Robison	Lake Mead	481	432	90	Magda Potter
Gooding	642	602	94	Viola Gold	Lake View	413	475	115	Orba S. Bunot
Grand Coulee	603	561	93	Amy Kent	Lansing	328	273	83	Faye Detro
Grand Junction	447	461	103	Lanor Rowe	Las Vegas	589	803	136	Helen S. Toolson
Granger	359	369	103	Althora P. Sizemore	Las Vegas North	549	623	113	Carrie G. Beatty
Granger North	525	451½	86	Ella H. Larson	Layton	909	699	77	Bernice S. Earl
Granite	635	659½	104	Jane Henry	Lehi	706	555½	79	Rosa Ashton

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Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Leicester	270	212	79	Glenda M. Orr	Mt. Logan	776	798½	103	Lola H. Gibbons
Lethbridge	606	567	94	Beulah Manser	Mt. Ogden	660	552	84	Iona Hazen
Lewiston	292	232	79	ReNae B. Larsen	Mt. Rubidoux	542	550	102	Alice W. Malstrom
Liberty	742	812½	110	Luella L. Birrell	Murray	627	521½	83	Mabell A. Smith
Logan	590	528	89	Eva L. Bertson	Murray South	880	774½	88	Lois Madsen
Long Beach	637	709	111	Erma G. Halls	Nampa	918	986	107	Ida Cafferty
Lorin Farr	754	592	79	Marva N. Ralph	Napa	443	476	107	LaVaun L. Allen
Los Angeles	667	665	100	Verda M. Cohen	Nebo	623	542	87	Leona S. Crouch
Lost River	324	327	101	Edna M. Hansen	Nevada	424	335	79	May Probert
Lyman	513	453	88	Vera Hutchison	New Jersey	335	344	103	Dorothy Keatley
Malad	588	603	103	Maude Y. Jensen	New Orleans	309	258	83	Gloria Phillips
Maricopa	834	869	104	Muriel Freeman	New York	411	414½	101	Thyra Stoddard
Melbourne	358	305	85	Teresa E. Harrison	North Box Elder	891	936½	105	Hilda R. Forrest
Mesa	1030	965	94	Myrna E. Skousen	North Carbon	604	483	80	Parthenia H. Rhead
Midvale	770	585½	76	Hazel Anderson	North Davis	724	669½	92	Helen W. Barber
Millard	663	536	81	Leah D. Wood	North Idaho Falls	804	794	99	Lucy Bingham
Millcreek	468	486½	104	Martha J. H. Matern	North Jordan	671	686	102	Vonda L. Sharp
Minidoka	739	753	102	Cleo B. Thompson	North Pocatello	680	687	101	Rosalie N. Taylor
Minnesota	413	355	86	Winifred M. Durant	North Rexburg	682	742	109	Myrtle B. Park
Missoula	501	459	92	Beulah S. Olson	North Sacramento	476	444	93	Ruth M. Moses
Moapa	298	315	106	Era C. Jones	North Sanpete	690	520½	75	Ruth E. Erickson
Mojave	494	598	121	Alice Brendies	North Seattle	694	650	91	Lillian Bulman
Monterey Bay	391	385½	99	Lilly B. Lovejoy	North Sevier	428	350	82	Clarissa J. Sorensen
Montpelier	794	701	88	Lola McCammon	North Tooele	487	496	102	Mildred Sagers
Monument Park	481	515	107	Ruth B. Parkinson	North Weber	636	533	84	Nellie Opheikens
Monument Park West	652	624½	96	Betty March	Norwalk	544	546	100	Manilla J. Corse
Morgan	362	295	81	Romona T. Dickson	Nyssa	463	520½	112	Orpha Robinson
Moroni	385	326	85	Betty A. Cook	Oakland-Berkeley	807	777	96	LaVon B. Johnson
Mt. Graham	670	749	112	Flora John	Ogden	683	700	102	Chloe F. Summerill
Mt. Jordan	449	464	103	Norma G. Erickson	Oklahoma	344	301	88	Mildred Luther

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Olympus	710	692	97	Glenna B. Brown	Riverside	687	616%	90	Bess Davis
Oneida	671	600	89	Verneta Larson	Riverton	480	452	94	Blanche B. Densley
Oquirrh	633	692	109	Cleo K. Hales	Roosevelt	575	493	86	Ona W. Taylor
Orange County	599	615	103	Ruth M. Clark	Rose Park	826	764	92	Helen M. Shelton
Palmyra	689	691	100	Belma J. Jex	Roy	538	511	95	Helen R. Russell
Palo Alto	655	497	76	Alta M. Hart	Sacramento	682	632	93	Adelle M. Gorsch
Palomar	304	330	109	Amaretta H. Graves	St. George	479	454	95	Sylva Graf
Panguitch	500	525	105	Beth R. Tebbs	St. George East	519	473%	91	Agnes S. Pickett
Park	783	772	99	Pearl E. Rohde	St. Johns	525	490	93	Jane Miller
Parleys	481	502½	104	Genevieve M. Lewis	St. Joseph	546	626	115	Nira P. Lee
Parowan	389	300	77	Mary L. Stubbs	St. Louis	309	300	97	Dorothy A. Dubree
Pasadena	801	833½	104	Zelma McCune	Salmon River	187	155	83	Keturah Moultrie
Philadelphia	330	329	100	Pauline G. Bishop	Salt Lake	796	714	90	Frances L. Kooyman
Phoenix	600	762	127	Alva L. Knight	San Antonio	279	270	97	Lorene Ricker
Phoenix North	736	949	129	Edith M. Alexander	San Bernardino	738	814	110	Naomi B. Mansfield
Pikes Peak	326	331½	102	Dorothy L. Newton	San Diego	752	951	126	Joan Knudson
Pioneer	620	491	79	Rura J. Woodall	San Diego East	310	378	122	Reha Gale
Pocatello	496	511	103	Alice J. Brandt	San Diego South	390	439%	113	Beba Berg
Pomona	414	447	108	Nora Perdue	San Fernando	681	734	108	Elva Kershaw
Portland	965	931	96	Arelie Reznick	San Francisco	478	376	79	Elizabeth Buckley
Portneuf	506	498	98	Idonna M. Brower	San Joaquin	745	838	112	Emma Dennis
Provo	542	498	92	Deseret Bullock	San Jose	607	618	102	Barbara R. Simmons
Puget Sound	515	465%	90	Selena Fern Burbidge	San Juan	732	552	75	Eloise B. Mahon
Raft River	182	162	89	Ann Nye	San Leandro	414	361	87	Mary C. McDonald
Redding	328	258	79	Maxine Hansen	San Luis	535	413	77	Hazel G. Haynie
Redondo	530	575	108	Eileen G. Berg	San Luis Obispo	353	383	108	Voneta M. Peterson
Redwood	232	249	107	Minnie W. Herrin	San Mateo	627	502	80	R. Elaine Pendleton
Reno	463	524	113	Doris Young	Sandy	829	670%	81	Louise R. Neff
Reno North	375	364	97	Laura Elaine Jones	Santa Ana	375	329	88	Ethel Blood
Reseda	503	537	107	Winona Mordue	Santa Barbara	416	485	117	Colleen M. Dial
Rexburg	700	885	126	Beth Moore	Santa Monica	794	845	107	Helen Wilkinson
Richland	672	622	93	Erma E. Berg	Santa Rosa	593	546	92	Verna F. Baldwin
Rigby	830	797	96	Ora Stallings	Santaquin-Tintic	383	333%	87	Ella H. Sandstrom
Riverdale	759	613	81	Rhoda W. Priest	Seattle	810	753	93	Laura G. Bronner

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1962

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Sevier	865	868½	100	Maneta Hansen	Teton	533	489½	92	Bertha C. Gillette
Sharon	472	406	86	Addie G. Edwards	Timpanogos	854	739	87	Velma Gillman
Shelley	794	935½	118	June L. Walton	Tooele	512	453	88	Alice Walton
Shreveport	416	357	86	Bertie F. Sentilles	Toronto	463	498	108	Ruth Florence Rennie
Smithfield	741	586	79	Sadie B. Elder	Torrance	489	513	105	Ivy Higdon
Snowflake	732	716	98	Lucilia S. Peterson	Tucson	593	594	100	Belva Jones
South Bear River	677	733	108	Vilate Archibald	Tulsa	268	257	96	Beverly Johnson
South Blackfoot	733	717	98	Agnes D. Cox	Twin Falls	971	1013	104	Carrie Webb
South Carolina	670	506	76	Fannie Thornton	Uintah	461	440½	96	Mabel B. Goodrich
South Cottonwood	415	423	102	Anna V. Lindman	Union	584	585	100	Mar Jean Westerfield
South Davis	983	807½	82	Verla N. Ridges	University West	691	616½	89	Maud W. Johnson
South Idaho Falls	455	545½	120	Alice Moss	Utah	572	608½	106	Effie J. Pinegar
South Los Angeles	756	1751	232	Amelia Dellenbach	Uvada	310	294	95	Martha H. Bleak
South Ogden	549	422	77	Hazel Goodwin	Valley View	642	615	96	Dorie N. Walton
South Salt Lake	472	485	103	Hannah Dietrich	Vancouver	302	267	88	Edna M. Mitchell
South Sanpete	800	616	77	Iris D. Anderson	Virginia	499	514	103	Cassandra L. Waddoups
South Sevier	455	351	77	Vera Smith	Walnut Creek	737	823	112	Marie D. Barber
South Summit	431	395	92	Josephine S. Wagstaff	Wasatch	809	708	88	Ruby Price Hicken
Southern Arizona	384	354	92	Maud B. Post	Washington	991	994	100	Rubye D. Mikesell
Spanish Fork	680	666½	98	Alene T. Meldrum	Wayne	340	296	87	Ruth Taylor
Springville	681	585½	86	Donetta Anthon	Weber	739	614	83	Gonda DeBoer
Star Valley	687	671	98	Maurine T. Harrison	Weber Heights	603	591	98	Alma M. Peterson
Sugar House	959	983	103	Nellie J. Ehlers	Weiser	596	617	104	Vena M. Anderson
Summit	370	299	81	Clara Copley	Wells	908	935	103	Gertrude Fullmer
Sydney	325	291½	90	Mrs. M. Shrimpton	West Boise	735	794	108	Edith Coleman
Taber	394	333	85	Emma B. Harris	West Covina	633	655	103	Lucille C. Hales
Tacoma	406	346	85	Nettie Blake	West Jordan	638	526	82	Virginia B. Anderson
Tampa	303	230	76	Aretta L. Booth	West Pocatello	518	518	100	Alta Holmes
Taylor	729	743	102	Ruth Hovey	West Sharon	433	452	104	Ethel S. Taylor
Taylorville	496	479½	97	Marjorie E. Coats	West Utah	728	736	101	Carol B. Adamson
Temple View	758	819	108	Mabel E. Snow	Whittier	531	591	111	Melba J. Huff

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Wichita	222	197	89	Marcella Meador	Woodruff	599	650	109	Naomi B. Harris
Wilford	644	661	103	Lila F. Madsen	Yakima	254	199	78	Leah K. Koelling
Willamette	432	384	89	Mary Ann Lamoreaux	Yellowstone	828	785	95	Leola Beddes
Wind River	146	143	98	Carol Fisher	Young	642	632	98	Iva Sterling
Winder	520	456	88	Charlottie B. Poulton	Yuma	297	321	108	Effie Nowland
Winter Quarters	321	249	78	Marvel Speering	Zion Park	406	406	100	Pearl Stratton

MISSIONS ON HONOR ROLL-1962

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alaskan-Canadian	422	405	96	Marie M. Weilenmann	Gulf States	790	620	78	Marie C. Richards
California	237	250	105	Midene McKay Anderson	Irish	109	109	100	Sandra M. Covey
Canadian	500	459	92	Jane Morrow	New England	893	724	81	Alberta S. Baker
Central Atlantic States	682	580	85	Rella Burch White	North Central States	549	643	117	Mary B. Ostvig
Central British	323	289	89	Grace G. Cullimore	Northern States	995	819	82	Mary Maycock
Central States	398	405	102	Mary L. R. Player	Northwestern States	779	672	86	Geneal L. Wood
East Central States	1176	975	88	Martha D. Lassetter	Southern States	725	564	78	Elva G. Ravsten
Eastern Atlantic States	675	573	85	Helen Hatch	Southwest British	235	240	102	Elaine B. Curtis
Eastern States	347	332	96	Zelma R. West	Texas	402	403	100	Ruby Knapp
Florida	634	649	102	Edith Kraft Lyman	West Central States	810	768	95	Hazel K. Woolley
					Western Canadian	222	206	93	Carolyn Smith
					Western States	409	468	114	Ada S. Christiansen



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Raft River Stake (Utah) Retiring Relief Society Officers Honored at Luncheon, December 29, 1962

Retiring board members, seated, left to right: Viola Wight, Secretary-Treasurer; Thera Harper, President; Myrtle Miller, First Counselor.

Standing, left to right: Alice Neddo, Magazine representative; Lona Hepworth, visiting teacher message leader; Lois Elison, literature class leader; Lois Smith, social science class leader; Gladys Hill, work meeting leader.

Absent when the picture was taken were: Helen Kelsey, Second Counselor; Faun King, chorister; Bonnie Lloyd, organist; and Rita Holtman, theology class leader.

Clara Beyler, newly appointed President, Raft River Stake Relief Society, reports: "A luncheon was held December 29, 1962, honoring the retiring presidency and board members of the Raft River Stake Relief Society. In appreciation for her years of faithful service each sister was presented with a corsage. Besides the honored guests, those in attendance were the new stake officers and board members, President Edwin H. Paskett, of Raft River Stake, and the officers and teachers of all the ward Relief Societies in the stake."

Woodruff Stake (Utah and Wyoming) Officers at Visiting Teacher Convention, February 15, 1963

Left to right: Elna Croft, chorister; Amy Mulford, organist; Gweneth Johnson, literature class leader; Clara Schomss, theology class leader; Florence Smith, Work Director Counselor; Charlotte M. Burleigh, President; Jeanette Hopkinson, visiting teacher message leader; Minnie Lowham, social science class leader; Clara Griggs, Secretary; Alpha Richins, work meeting leader; Naomi Harris, Magazine representative.

Sister Zelda Jansson, counselor, was not present.

Sister Burleigh reports: "The Woodruff Stake Relief Society held a very successful visiting teacher convention, February 15, 1963. Former Relief Society stake presidents, sisters eighty years of age and over, and visiting teachers having thirty-five or more years of service were presented with a corsage. Souvenir bookmarks were presented to all the sisters present. The table was decorated with small cherry trees and silver hatchets. The flower centerpiece was red, white, and blue. The narration "Toward Ideal Womanhood" was presented and enjoyed by all. The Woodruff Ward Singing Mothers presented special music for the occasion, and Elder Lawrence B. Johnson, President, Woodruff Stake, addressed the group."





**Central American Mission, Singing Mothers of Guatemala
Present Music for First Women's Conference
February 23, 1963**

Standing at the right in the front row: First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp of the General Presidency of Relief Society; standing at the left in the front row: Nina B. Brewer, President, Central American Mission Relief Society; chorister Berta Lopez stands at the right of Sister Brewer.

Back row, fourth from the left: Hortensia Torres, Supervisor of Relief Society for the Mission.

Sister Brewer reports: "Sponsored by the Relief Society of the Central American Mission, the first conference for the women of the Church and their friends was held in Guatemala February 23, 1963. This conference brought together more than 200 women, along with the district and branch Priesthood officials. Special guest at the conference was Counselor Marianne C. Sharp of the General Board of Relief Society.

"During the morning meeting Sister Sharp emphasized the importance of Relief Society in the lives of Latter-day Saints, and the greatness of the visiting teacher program in the Church. This meeting was held for the benefit of officers and teachers of Relief Society and the Priesthood officials who work with them.

"An afternoon meeting was open to all women of the Church and their friends, in addition to those who attended the morning session. The program included numbers by the Singing Mothers of Guatemala, a brief history of Relief Society in Central America, a dramatization of 'Builders of the Kingdom,' by Luacine Clark Fox, presentation of a Relief Society necklace to Sister Hortensia Torres for her long and faithful work in Relief Society, and words of encouragement and instruction from Sister Sharp.

"After the second meeting, an exhibition of native arts and crafts was opened to the people. The sisters had redecorated their Relief Society room in honor of the occasion. Exhibited were paintings by several of the women, typical dresses and other articles of clothing, lovely flower creations, a hooked rug, mosaic pieces, and many other articles of beauty. Outstanding was a banner in Relief Society colors, showing the Relief Society seal done in fine embroidery work by one of the sisters.

"The Central American Mission was organized in November 1952, under the direction of the First Presidency, by Elder Spencer W. Kimball, who was accompanied by Elder Bruce R. McConkie of the First Council of Seventy. During its ten years of existence, the membership of the mission has grown to include over 10,000 members. Approximately 180 missionaries are in the field at the present time.

"Particularly outstanding in this mission are the faith, testimony, and devotion of the sisters to the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Phoenix Stake (Arizona) Homemaker's Christmas Fair
December 1, 1962

Left to right: Zona Waldie; Fern Shumway; Florence Broberg.

Ruth O. Stapley, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society, reports: "Grandma's attic was one of the main features of the fair, displaying many useful and attractive articles made from old clothing. Wards and branches in the stake cooperated with gaily decorated booths of handmade articles and baked goods. The entire hall was beautifully decorated in the Christmas theme. Demonstrations of textile painting, cake decorating, flower arranging, gift wrapping, quilting, modeling of homemade clothing, and doll making were held at intervals during the afternoon.

"The education and Magazine department booths were centers of attraction, receiving favorable comments from the many nonmembers who attended. Our theme 'Add years to your life; add life to your years through Relief Society activity,' on a poster in Relief Society colors, was placed above the booths. Hot doughnuts and cider were served during the afternoon to the very large crowd that attended.

"It was an excellent missionary project, bringing many nonmembers to see Relief Society in action. Invitations were sent to all the women's clubs and church groups in Phoenix, as well as to active and inactive members of the Church. The newspapers gave us a big write-up, along with a picture. The fair was under the direction of Work Director Counselor Marie Heywood and work meeting leader Florence Broberg."



Utah State University Stake Singing Sisters Present Music For Stake Quarterly Conference, February 3, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Dr. Ezra Cragun, High Council representative; Mary Young, member, General Board of Relief Society; Nadine Smith, chorister; Mary Christensen, organist; Gwen J. Miner, President, Utah State University Stake Relief Society; Elder Reed C. Bullen, President, Utah State University Stake.

Sister Miner reports: "We have fourteen wards in the Utah State University Stake, eight wards made up of unmarried students, and six of married students. All of the wards were represented in this chorus."

Sister Miner's Counselors are Coralle Knight and Yvonne Fillmore. The Secretary is Fern Nelson.

Juarez Stake (Mexico) Visiting Teacher Convention January 24, 1963

Fannie B. Hatch, President, Juarez Stake Relief Society, reports: "This group was thrilled with the presentation of 'A Light Shining,' presented first in Spanish, and then repeated in English. The evening was spiritual in nature, as the dramatization stressed in a new way love for and devotion to visiting teaching. To encourage quality performance, the stake board awarded in the convention choice books to those achieving records of 100 per cent in sacrament service attendance, visiting teacher meeting attendance, and visiting teaching. It was a joy to see the sisters receive the books. One native sister was thrilled with the Bible, the book of her choice, a treasure she had longed for. The happy moments of the evening will linger long and warm our hearts as we work, knowing that Relief Society blesses our homes in Juarez Stake through visiting teaching."

Chicago Stake (Illinois) Ward and Branch Relief Society Presidents January 13, 1963

Front row, left to right: Doris Groot, First Counselor, University Ward; Marjorie Oblad, President, South Shore Ward; Naomi Graves, President, North Shore Second Ward; Reta Otis, First Counselor, Chain O'Lakes Ward; Edna Larson, President, Racine Branch; Gladys Sullivan, President, Aurora Branch.

Standing, left to right: Helena Belnap, President, DeKalb Branch; Betty Maule, First Counselor, Elgin Branch; Caroline Tegtmeier, President, Milwaukee Ward; Marva Lu Egbert, President, Chicago Heights Ward; Irma Mortensen, President, West Suburban Ward; Mildred Hilbig, President, Milwaukee Second Ward; Beryle A. Nisbet, President, West Suburban Ward; Geneva Young, President, Logan Square Ward; Hertha Rathke, President, West Allis Ward; Jaroldeen Edwards, President, North Shore Ward.

Jasmine R. Edmonds, President, Chicago Stake Relief Society, reports that this was the last picture taken of the sixteen ward Relief Society officers before the division of Chicago Stake into three stakes on February 3, 1963. Sister Edmonds reports that "These lovely sisters have done much to aid in the growth of the Church in this area."





Olympus Stake (Utah) Relief Society Board Honors Ward Presidencies at Luncheon, September 1962

Front row, seated, left to right: First Counselor Verna Lue C. Gledhill; President Evelyn B. Henriksen; Second Counselor Iola J. Peterson; Secretary-Treasurer Thora W. King.

Back row, standing, left to right: Glenna B. Brown, Magazine representative; Jean J. Goff, visiting teacher message leader; Zetta C. Tholen, theology class leader; Marilyn C. Williams, literature class leader; Helen G. Rees, social science class leader; Donna W. Tanner, chorister; Faye D. Beazer, work meeting leader; Jennie T. Hintze, organist.

Sister Henriksen reports: "Each year preceding our lesson season, the stake Relief Society board entertains all ward presidencies in order to promote a feeling of friendship, love, and cooperation among the wards. This year we had as our theme 'The Wheel,' and as our motto 'Help Our Wheel Roll in the Right Direction.' Our luncheon tables carried out the theme by being placed so as to form a wheel, a round table as the hub, and long tables as the spokes of the wheel. We also had a wheel made of gold and blue with the General Board of Relief Society as the hub, and the stake Relief Society as the rim. As each ward presidency was introduced, we placed their spoke in our wheel, until all nine wards were represented. The members of the stake board were introduced as wheels in our Relief Society locomotive, with the presidency serving as the steering wheel.

"Drucilla Bott, who had recently returned from Australia, was our guest speaker. Truly we felt the sisterhood of Relief Society on this day, as is always the case when the women of our stake meet together in this capacity. We are grateful for our callings in this organization, and appreciate the guidance given through the General Board, and through the inspiration of the Lord."

Life

Catherine B. Bowles

Rippling, laughing brooklet
 Across the meadow sings
 Painting vale and valley
 With beauties that it brings.
 Kisses wilted flowers,
 Touches the bank with green;
 On the sloping edges
 The buttercups are seen.

The stream of life flows ever on
 Over places smooth or steep,
 Soothing the heavy laden,
 Helping the wandering sheep;
 Bringing peace where sorrow
 Has dimmed the darkened day.
 The sun still shines brightly
 Dark clouds must pass away.

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 MY COMMAND-
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 FATHERS—Armbruster25
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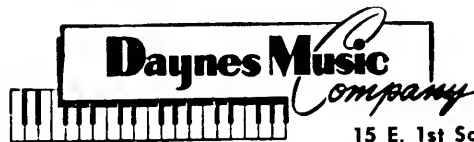
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After First Grief

Maude Rubin

How sudden is the hour of ice,
Of frosted fern. . . .
Can the heart renew hope's sweet device,
Can the mind re-learn?

We walked together through a land
Of butterflies . . . shimmer of June.
Now, wintered and cold, my heart is
bound
In a tight cocoon.

Oh, out of this chrysalis of night
Let bright wings lift
To ride another summer's light,
Time's golden gift!

The Moon Is Full

Evalyn Sandberg

How sweetly sleeps the world tonight
All wrapped in luminosity
And patterned shade.

How sweetly from the thickets
Soprano-chirping crickets
Are raising repetitious serenade.

In soft, legato cadences
A song of surcease lifts
And fills the ear.

And peace, made nearly visible —
A presence almost palpable —
Reposes here.

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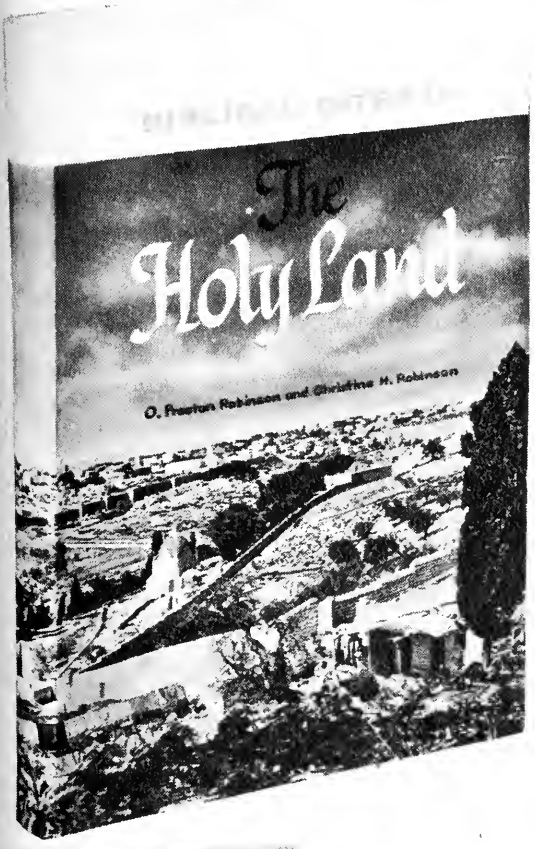
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Ursula King Bell

Build your foundation upon the rock of truth,
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Of strength to guide you through the storms of life.

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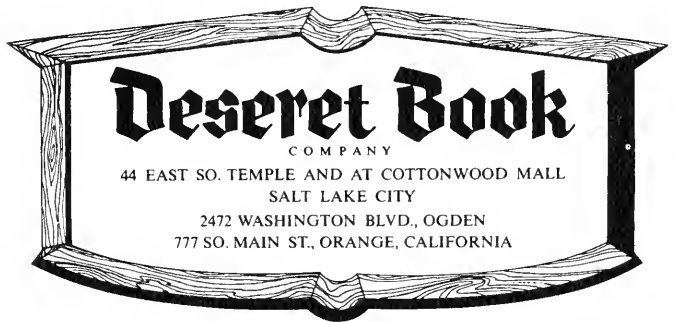
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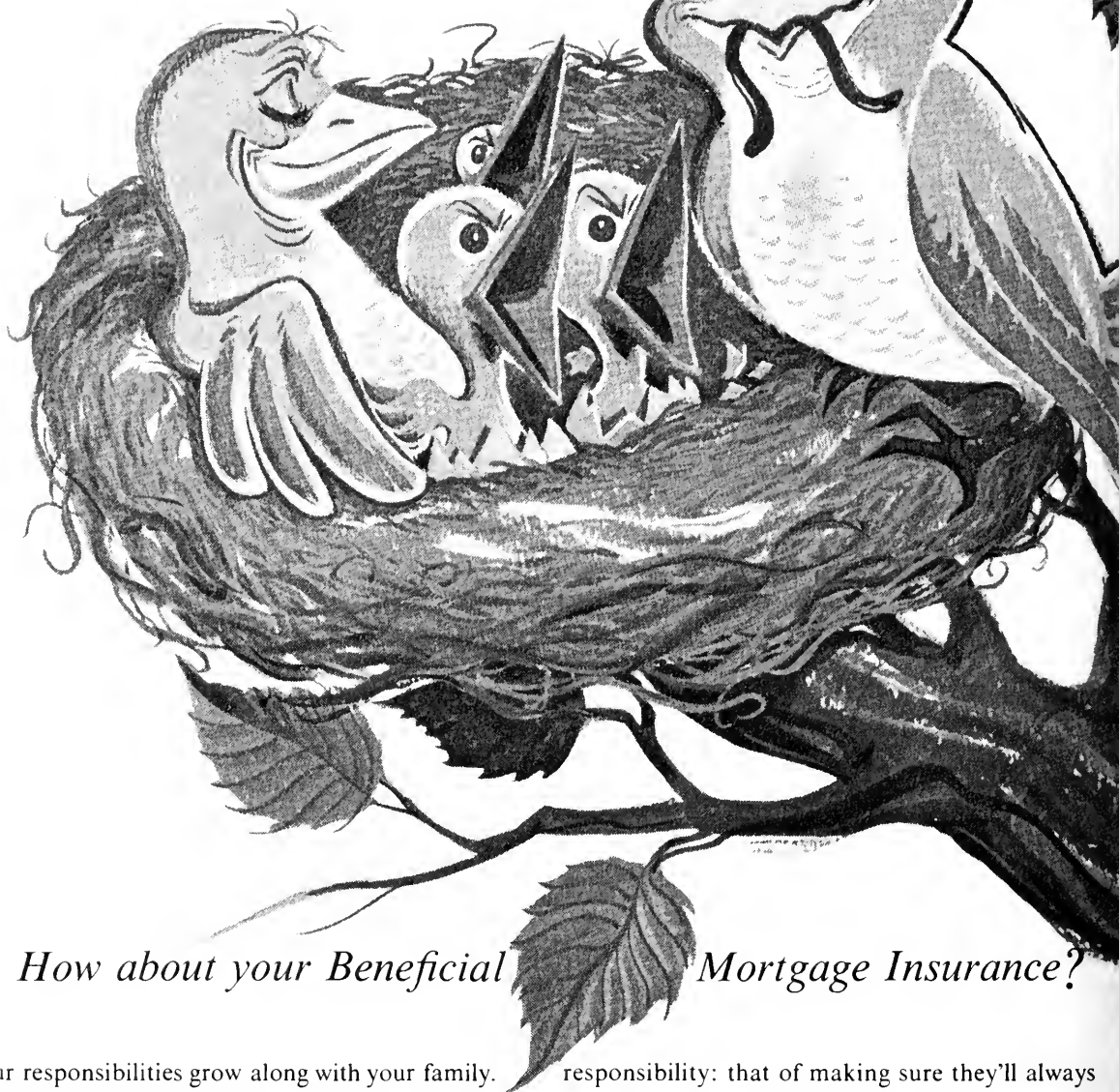
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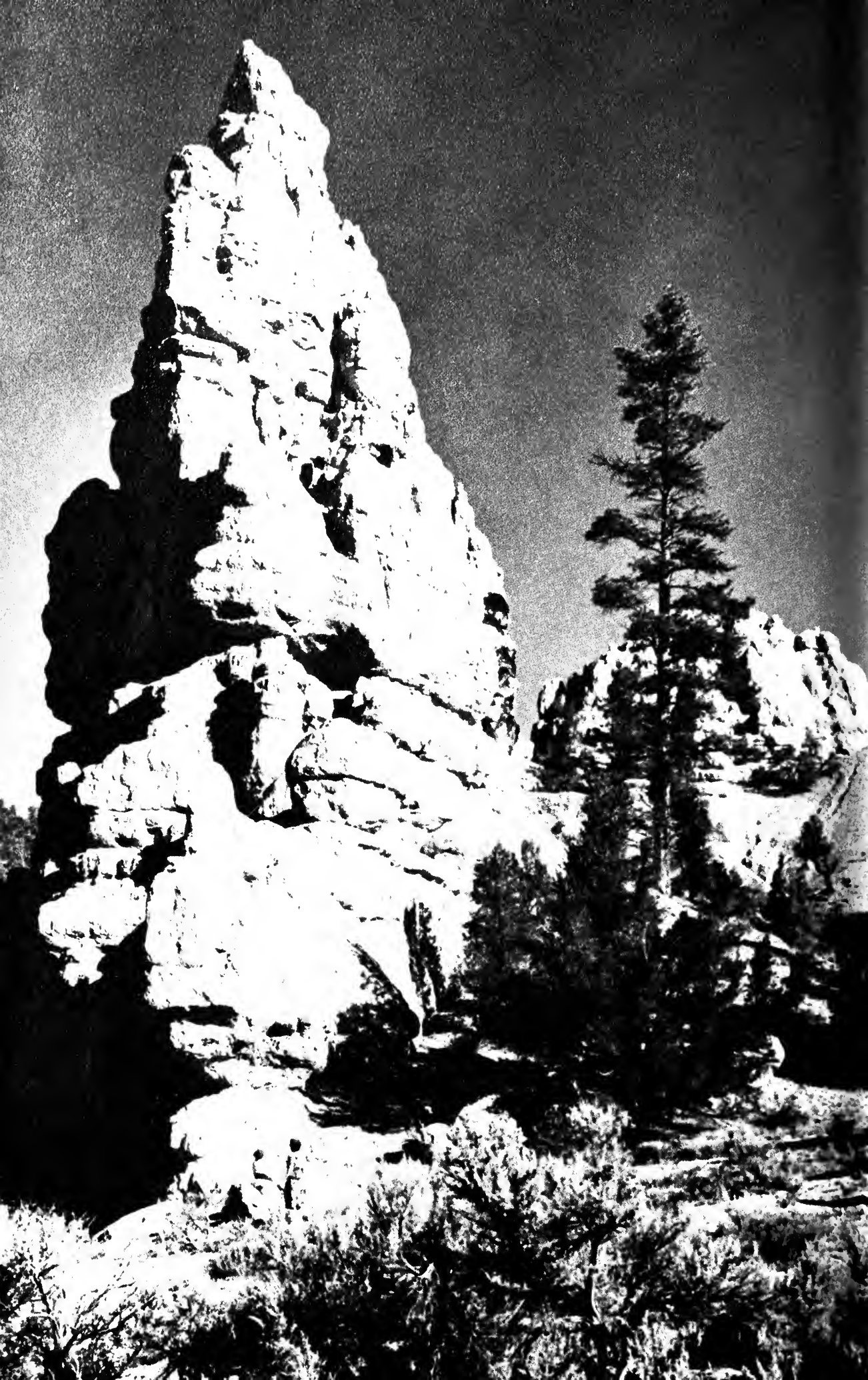


The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Lesson Previews

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 8 JUNE 1963



Rhymed or Pattern Free

Alberta H. Christensen

An epic poem, is the wild terrain
Of mountain, forest, bouldered river-bed;
Of sandstone minarets, cathedral high.
Harp for the wind, each weathered pinnacle
That boldly sentinels the summer sky.
An ancient epic, is the untamed land.

The seeded field is sonnet-disciplined.
Its rhythmic mood, the motion of small wings
Above the undulating grass; precise and long
The rhyming lanes where autumn promise flows
In quiet and predicted imagery.
The living furrow sings a pattern song.

A thousand thousand memories return
To walk the garden when the moon hangs low,
And blossom-breath is sweet upon the bough.
Now minstrel-summer flutes the night with gold
Of color-music, rhymed or pattern-free.
Here in the rhythm of the cadenced word
Pulse is memory-quickenened, and the new dream born.
Here is a lyric for the heart to hold.

The Cover: Sailing at Salem Pond, Utah
Color Transparency by Bill Ratcliffe
Lithographed in Full Color by Desert News Press

Frontispiece: Monolith in Red Canyon, Utah
Photograph by Willard Luce

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

From Near and Far

When I opened my mailbox today, a treasure lay within — my Relief Society Magazine. I have never been without access to this precious Magazine since I was old enough to read it. First, I enjoyed it in my mother's home, and for almost forty-five years have had it in my own home. It has given me as much inspiration as any factor in my life. I have loved all the issues which have featured President McKay and Sister McKay. To see their dear faces and learn more about their lives have made me very happy, and given me a desire to follow their example. This is also true of the lovely women who are chosen from time to time to be members of the General Board of Relief Society.

—Annie E. Esplin
Orderville, Utah

May we express our appreciation for the beautiful Relief Society Magazine. The March issue is more than outstanding — it is wonderful! The wards in our stake have all commented on this issue for its lovely illustrated pages, and the many informative articles. The article by Christie Lund Coles "We Can't Be Perfect" we feel is so timely that we plan to use it for our summer message for June

—Della H. Teeter
President
Denver West Stake
Relief Society

I would like to renew my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. It really isn't much if you consider what you get for it, and in such a handy small size. When you are sick, it is not too heavy to hold, and if you have to wait in the doctor's office or bus depot, the Magazine is easy to take along in your purse and read it there. I am still the only woman Church member here in Yorkton, so there is no Relief Society. So that is why I appreciate the Magazine doubly.

—Hendrika Blomwaert
Yorkton, Saskatchewan
Canada

I appreciate the Magazine so much. In the January issue I enjoyed the addresses by President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen. These articles are so timely, with the styles of dress as they are today. I think every teenager and parent would profit by reading these articles. Every bit of the Magazine is beautiful — the poetry, stories, articles, features, lessons, the color work, pictures, and the gorgeous covers. I have read aloud to my husband and children the serial "Out of the Wilderness," by Shirley Thulin, and when little Jill was lost, my children could hardly wait for the next issue to arrive.

—Mrs. Darwin Thompson
Salmon, Idaho

My March issue just came and it is a beauty! I just love the color illustrations. The sewing articles are especially interesting to me. My daughters, four and seven, want to have a cooking party, too.

—Lois Sundberg
Downey, California

I would like to thank Sister E. Thomas Lloyd of Salt Lake City for her kindness in sending me a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I think it is an inspiration to our women. I have been a member of the Church for over forty years. It was not, however, until 1960-61 that the Relief Society was started in the potteries. The Church here had been closed for about thirty years. In July 1960 four elders came to the potteries district. They were Elders Seely, Barnes, Tucker, and Lloyd, the latter being a son of our dear Sister Irene Lloyd. The branch which these boys founded in my home has grown to almost eight hundred members.

—Doris Wiggins
Stoke-on-Trent
England

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 50

JUNE 1963

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Vesta P. Crawford Associate Editor Belle S. Spafford General Manager

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Words of Love and Counsel

from Emma Ray Riggs McKay

THE following excerpts from the writings of Sister McKay which have enriched the pages of *The Relief Society Magazine* in past years are presented here for the women of the Church. They offer glimpses of Relief Society activities of Sister McKay, and her teachings as an exemplary homemaker to the tens of thousands of women who love and esteem Sister McKay and wish her good health and happiness on her eighty-sixth birthday, June 23, 1963. [Editorial note].

CONFERENCE ON PREVENTION OF CAUSES OF WAR

(From a letter written to Mrs. Susa Young Gates, dated May 16, 1924, in Liverpool, England.)

My dear Sister Gates:

Your letter asking me to be a delegate to the International Convention of Women, at Wembley, came as a great surprise. I was delighted, though, and when a few days later a letter arrived from Lady Aberdeen inviting me very cordially



to attend the convention, I wrote my acceptance.

I want to thank you for this wonderful opportunity; it far excelled my expectations. The talks were all worth while and most of them especially fine and well delivered. . . .

The exhibition at Wembley is an excellent one, especially the exhibitions of Canada, Australia, and West Africa. We had not much time for sightseeing between meetings and rushed away immediately after the closing of the convention; but

we had a hurried view of most of it and enjoyed everything immensely.

In Durham House we are housecleaning, papering, etc., with all their accompanying joys. A dry day has been looked for longingly that we might have our carpets beaten but not until today has the sun shone warmly. And even today the clouds had to loosen up a bit.

Again with many thanks for your kind thoughtfulness, I am,

Very lovingly,

Emma Ray McKay

(*The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1924, page 409)

ADDRESS AT RELIEF SOCIETY
CONFERENCE, APRIL 3, 1925

TO say that I enjoyed my missionary work in Europe is expressing it mildly. I love the British country, even with all of its rain, and I love the British people, their genuineness, their honesty, and their quiet refinement. I was surprised at the richness of Germany and at the quality of her people. To see young girls there two hundred fifty of them in a Bible class with their Bibles all marked with red and blue ink, as the missionaries' Bibles are, and to hear them answer every question, was a delight. The scenery of Switzerland and Norway was a delight, even as our own mountain country is, and every country was so full of interest that my sojourn was a continuous joy. Nearly all the time we were associated with Latter-day Saints, so we felt right at home in whatever country we were visiting. We arrived in Europe at an opportune time when the conferences were on, and by the reports of the presidents I was able to learn early of the excellent work being done, notwithstanding the many difficulties they have to face continually. . . .

It was the desire of the president of the mission that the auxiliary organizations be up to the standard of the auxiliaries here, so we went into the details of Relief Society work. We instructed the officers regarding their duties and the di-

vision of responsibility of their work. We advised regular audits of Relief Society books, and Relief Society reports at quarterly conferences. Prayer meetings before regular Relief Society meetings were established and this brought the officers to the meetings in better time and brought also a better spirit in the meetings. The main thing established was the study of the regular lessons in the *Magazine*. . . .

The poet says so long as we love we serve, and so long as we serve others, we are indispensable. Relief Society women in Europe love to serve, and are indispensable in the highest sense of the word. Heaven blesses them for working as they do, notwithstanding the many difficulties they have to put up with. May we emulate their example.

(*The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1925, pp. 318-320)

FAMILY PRAYER

TRUE prayer springs from the sincerity of the soul. To be successful in rearing a family to be true Latter-day Saints in every sense of the term, parents must be sincere. They must do as they pretend, perform what they promise, and really be what they appear to be.

They profess to pay tithes; then the children should know that they pay an honest tithing. They are supposed to keep the Word of Wisdom; therefore, boys and girls should never see liquor, tea or cof-

fee in the home. They are asked to have family prayers, and family prayers there *should* be. . . .

Prayer in the home leads children to God. It teaches them, as the Bible says, that He is a "rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." They learn that He is good, that He loves us, and that He is willing to help us if we have sufficient faith in Him to keep His commandments.

Listening to father as an example, the child learns to improve his prayers, to keep them from being prayers of pure selfishness, to pray not so much for earthly things as for light, strength, and courage to carry on, and, if he lacks wisdom in something that seems very vital to him, to ask advice from Him who "giveth to all men liberally. . . ."

(*The Relief Society Magazine*, April 1942, pp. 254-255)

CONTROLLING CHILDREN

MY experience has taught me that a mother's control over a child is lost or gained during the first few years of its life. Many a young mother with a smattering of psychology, who thinks correction will ruin her children's will power, lets them follow their own desires whether wise or unwise.

Proper guidance in youth will prevent undesirable tendencies and encourage confidence in later life. Wise direction is not arbitrary, but kind and firm. Children should follow their own desires so long as

these desires do not prompt them to be destructive, do not impose upon others, or do not injure the children's characters.

(*The Relief Society Magazine*, July 1943, page 365)

A MESSAGE TO RELIEF SOCIETY

BECAUSE of many accomplishments achieved by Relief Societies while Church edifices are being built, I wish to commend all you wonderful women who spend many days, weeks, and months in helpful service, painting, preparing new buildings for use, cooking and serving banquets, and taking on added responsibilities in the home while husbands are working on projects. May our Heavenly Father bless you with especially good health to endure this sublime service.

(*The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1956, page 501)

CLEANLINESS

"CLEANLINESS is next to Godliness" is a quotation familiar to everyone. Godliness is defined as "The careful observance of the laws of God." We desire to keep the laws of God and, if cleanliness is next to the observance of these laws, we certainly should have a desire to be clean, whether it be in body, mind, or heart. . . .

While cleanliness of our homes and habits, considered hygienically, is of great importance, its effect up-



Emma Ray Riggs at Sixteen Years of Age

on the character of the members of the household is very important, for, generally, as the home is, so is the child. . . .

Now, as to the cleanliness of the soul. In Psalms we read, "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart . . . shall stand in his holy place" (Psalms 24:4, 3), and in the New Testament, Paul says, ". . . let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. . . ."

Begin very early with your little girl to build a strong character that she may be able to resist uncleanli-

ness whether physical, mental, or moral. Then, if gentleness, kindness, love, cleanliness, and morality exist in the home, she can look upon the wickedness of the world in disdain and disgust at the low thoughts on the screen and in publications and they will influence her character not one whit.

Teach her that according to The Book of Mormon ". . . neither can filthiness or anything which is unclean be received into the kingdom of God . . ." (Alma 7:21).

(*The Relief Society Magazine*, November 1957, pp. 716-718)

* * * * *

Picture on opposite page: *Sunlight and Summer*, Eastern Slope of Mount Timpanogos, Utah. Photograph by Willard Luce.



Strange Loneliness

Christie Lund Coles

I have grown lonely for the loneliness
Of crystal sky, and distant stretch of hill
On hill; the notes of cowbells growing still
On country evening; for the quietness
Of velvet-cushioned night, while gentleness
Is in the touch of rising winds that fill
The fingered branches of the poplars, till
They brush the lifted hand with their caress.

I have been lonely in such crowded places,
Been so alone, and known such acrid pain,
I yearn for yearning which I knew when young
Which was part of stillness and still spaces,
Waiting the silver touch of valley rain.
The loneliness that is a pure, sky hunger.

He Knew the Prophet Joseph Smith

PART I — PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

BRIGHAM Young was born at Whitingham, Vermont, June 1, 1801. He was the ninth of eleven children born to John and Abigale Howe Young. The family was poor and Brigham did not have an opportunity to attend school; the total time that he attended school was only "eleven days."

When Brigham Young reached the age of fourteen, his mother died, and from that time on he made his way alone. He went to work and gradually learned the carpenter's trade. At the age of twenty-three he was married to Miriam Works of Port Byron, New York. In 1829 they were living in Mendon, New York, the parents of two daughters.

A copy of *The Book of Mormon*, printed in Palmyra, New York, in 1830, was soon afterwards put into his hands. He believed what he read and was baptized and became a member of the Church.

Due to his diligence as a member of the Church, his rise was rapid. In 1835, he was chosen as a member of the first Quorum of Twelve Apostles; in 1841 he was made the President of the Twelve, and in 1848, after the death of Joseph Smith, he became the President of the Church.

During the twenty-nine years that he led the Church, due to his great ability and judgment, he left it securely founded, as upon a rock.

The man who restored the gospel

and the organization of the Church, the Prophet Joseph Smith, he regarded as the greatest man who had lived since Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Following are a few of the comments which President Brigham Young made, during his lifetime, about the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"What I have received from the Lord, I have received by Joseph Smith; he was the instrument made use of" (*Journal of Discourses* 6:280).

"I feel like shouting Hallelujah all the time, when I think that I ever knew Joseph Smith, the Prophet, whom the Lord raised up and ordained, and to whom he gave keys and power to build up the Kingdom of God on earth and sustain it. These keys are committed unto this people, and we have power to continue the work until everything is prepared for the coming of the Son of Man" (*Ibid.*, 3:51).

"Joseph Smith has laid the foundation of the Kingdom of God in the last days; others will rear the superstructure" (*Ibid.*, 9:364).

WH^O can say aught against Joseph Smith? I was as well acquainted with him as any man. I do not believe that his father and mother knew him any better than I did. I do not think that a man lives on the earth that knew him any better than I did, and I am bold to say that, Jesus Christ excepted, no

Preston Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

better man ever lived or does live upon this earth. I am his witness" (*Ibid.*, 9:332).

"Many of the Prophets have sealed their testimony with their blood, that their testament might go forth with force and not return void. As in ancient days, so in modern days. When Joseph Smith sealed his testimony with his blood, his testament from that moment was in force to all the world; and woe to those who fight against it" (*Ibid.*, 19:5).

"The question was asked a great many times of Joseph Smith, by gentlemen who came to see him and his people, 'How is it that you control your people so easy. It appears that they do nothing but what you say; how is it that you can govern them so easily?' Said he, 'I do not govern them at all; the Lord has revealed certain principles from the Heavens by which we are to live in these latter days. The time is drawing near when the Lord is going to gather out his people from the wicked and he is going to cut short his work in righteousness, and the principles which he has revealed, I have taught to the people and they are trying to live according to them, and they control themselves'" (*Ibid.*, 13:176).

"My name is had for good and evil upon the whole earth, as promised me. Thirty years ago Brother Joseph, in a lecture to the Twelve,



President Brigham Young

From a portrait by C. R. Savage, said to have been one of the last portraits of President Young.

said to me, 'Your name shall be known for good and evil throughout the world,' and it is so. The good love me, weak and humble as I am, and the wicked hate me; but there is no individual on the earth but what I would lead to salvation, if he would let me. I would take him by the hand like a child and lead him like a father in the way that would bring him to salvation" (*Ibid.*, 10:297).

"From the day that Joseph obtained the plates, and previous to that time, the Lord dictated to him. He directed him day by day and hour by hour" (*Ibid.*, 8:66).

"Joseph continued to receive revelation, ordinance upon ordinance, truth upon truth, until he obtained all that was necessary for the salvation of the human family" (*Ibid.*, 16:42).

Tuesday Is Relief Society

Ruth Nicholson Pepper
Corrimal East,
N.S.W., Australia



“LIE still, little worm,” Marjorie laughed down at her tiny son, as she wrestled with kicking chubby legs and squirming fat body, pinning on his napkin. “Don’t you know we’re going to be late?” Swiftly, with practiced hands, Marjorie finished dressing her baby, her eye anxiously glancing at her watch — ten minutes before the bus came. Thank goodness she had only to the end of the block to run.

As she pulled on the tiny white socks and attempted to push small, perversely arched feet into the shoes, she checked through in her mind the last-minute jobs to be done before she went off to Relief Society. As usual, it was going to be split-second timing, but she could make it.

“There now, Chris, my boy,” she told him, popping him down on the carpet. “Be good for one minute, then off we’ll go.”

With a gurgle of joy at his release, he crawled promptly over to the open drawer.

Sighing, she let him, leaving him to pull out the baby clothes onto the floor. No time to thwart or

distract him — at least it would keep him out of other mischief until she was ready herself.

Quickly she slipped on her coat and popped comb, handkerchief, gloves, and extra napkin into her basket. Let’s see, she thought, as she went through to the kitchen, purse, *Relief Society Magazine*, Chris’ formula, a rusk, just in case he began to feel the pangs of hunger before she returned at lunchtime. All ready? No. Sister Peterson had reminded them all last week to bring their sewing equipment.

As Marjorie quickly went to her sewing box, there was a knock on the back door.

“Marjorie, are you there, dear?” It was Mrs. Renton, a neighbor. Marjorie was dismayed for a moment. She was going to be late for sure, now.

Opening the door to her talkative neighbor, she said, “Oh, hello, Mrs. Renton.”

“Oh, you’re on your way out. I won’t keep you a minute then, dear. I wondered if you had any mixed spice you could lend me until I can send Ron down to the store. I just started making those special cookies

of yours and find I'm all out of spice."

"Yes, of course, Mrs. Renton. I think I have some here, up in the cupboard." She went to have a look. "I'm just on my way for the nine-forty bus," she added, hoping that Mrs. Renton would take the hint.

"Going anywhere nice?" she asked, easing her plump self into a kitchen chair.

"It's Relief Society morning," Marjorie answered quickly, trying to keep calm as she saw her neighbor was going to take her time.

"I don't know how you manage to get out as much as you do, with a young baby and three at school. When mine were small I never went anywhere — just didn't have the time. Now I'm older, I'm not well enough, of course."

"You should come one Tuesday with me to Relief Society, Mrs. Renton, when you're feeling better. You would enjoy it," answered Marjorie, hoping upon hope that Mrs. Renton wasn't going to launch forth on the subject of health. Not now anyway.

NORMALLY, Marjorie was only too happy to take time off to listen sympathetically to Mrs. Renton's troubles, with her indifferent health and her teenage family worries, but time was fast running out. Anxiously, she glanced at the kitchen clock. Four minutes to lock up and get to the end of the block.

"Thank you, dear, I will one of these days." Mrs. Renton took the packet of spice. "I suppose I'm holding you up."

Thankfully, she saw Mrs. Renton slowly get to her feet. "That's all

right, Mrs. Renton. I'm all ready. I've just to lock up the back door, then we can both go through the front," she answered. "Better not forget young Chris."

Mrs. Renton chatted on, following her, as she went for Chris, who was playing gaily on the floor, surrounded by half his entire wardrobe — rompers, shirts, socks, and pants. What a mess — but it would have to wait until she returned. Scooping up the little fat bundle, she hurried through to her bedroom and slid her stockinged feet into her high heels, then back again into the kitchen.

"All ready?" Mrs. Renton asked, and as Marjorie picked up her basket, she nodded.

"Yes, I think I'll just make it," she answered.

She locked the front door behind them, and as they went up the path, Marjorie found herself half running, half walking, unconsciously chafing at having to match Mrs. Renton's ponderous steps.

"What are you doing this morning at Relief Society?" her neighbor asked curiously. "You seem to have good lessons, judging by those *Magazines* you lend me."

"It's work meeting morning. We are discussing home management. It's good for me," Marjorie said hurriedly. "Then Sister Peterson promised to teach us smocking afterwards." Then she remembered. "Oh, dear, I've forgotten my sewing things!" She looked at Mrs. Renton, undecided. Had she time to slip back and get them? If the clock had been right, the bus was due any moment.

BUT the decision was made for her.

"Here, give me Chris and I'll walk to the bus with him," said Mrs. Renton, suddenly brisk. "If the bus comes I'll ask the driver to wait a moment for you."

With thanks for her helpfulness, Marjorie handed over her baby and dashed back to the house, running to her sewing box and popping the articles she would need into her basket.

Slamming the door and locking it behind her again, she glanced up the path. A red-haired salesman, brief case in hand, greeted her cheerily.

"Not today — I'll miss my bus," she almost panted. "Sorry!" And she ran past him, out of the gate and up the street once more.

The bus passed the top of the street, slowing down to a halt just around the corner of the block. Mrs. Renton, with little Chris, was nowhere in sight. She hoped the driver could be persuaded to wait!

As she rounded the corner, the bus was still there. Mrs. Renton was walking towards her, with her married daughter, who had apparently just got off the bus. But where was Chris? Mrs. Renton was carrying her own little grandson.

"Chris is on the bus — a lady has him."

"Thank you." Marjorie tried to smile, but couldn't help feeling annoyed that her neighbor had given her son to a stranger to mind. Suppose the bus had gone?

She did not have time to dwell on it, though, and she was glad to jump on board. The bus began to move off even before she had thanked the driver for waiting or

paid her fare. Slipping her ticket into the basket, she glanced around at the faces before her, searching for her baby. Curious faces stared up at her; disinterested faces turned away — blank faces. No Chris. Must be up the back, Marjorie thought, and as the bus gathered speed, she walked unsteadily up the aisle looking to each side for the woman who had her baby.

BY the time she was two thirds of the way along the bus and she could see all the occupants, she felt a small niggle of doubt in her heart. Where was Chris? Don't be silly, Marj, she told herself, as she turned around, he's probably up in front, after all.

But he wasn't. Panic rose in her throat like a choking hand, and as she looked around frantically, the bus almost swaying her off her feet, she tried to stay calm. Trembling, she made her way back to the driver. She must ask him to stop and let her get off. There had been a mistake. *Her baby was not on the bus.*

Just as she was about to speak, a woman came up behind her. Dark-haired and slim, she smiled in a hard way, pointing to Marjorie's *Relief Society Magazine* in her basket.

"If you want to know where your baby is, look on page 27, and be there at noon today."

Hardly knowing what she did, Marjorie obeyed, sinking into an empty seat beside her. Page 27 — it was a picture of a park. A park? She did not understand. She did not understand anything! Marjorie

looked up for the woman to explain, but she had gone.

Unbelievably, the word *kidnapped* went through her mind. The woman, the red-haired salesman, Mrs. Renton — had they all been in the plot to kidnap her baby? What was happening? Where was her baby? She must stop the bus. She was weeping now, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

“Stop the bus — please — my baby — *I’ve lost my baby!*” She could hardly speak for the sobs in her tight throat, and the bus driver did not hear her.

“My baby. . . .”

SOMEONE began to shake her by the shoulder, gently and insistently, and her husband’s sleepy voice was at her side.

“Wake up, sweetheart — you’re dreaming.”

“What. . . ? It’s Chris. . . .” She opened her eyes and saw Don in the darkness. “I’m dreaming,” she repeated, still not quite awake, and she could feel the wetness of her cheeks. Slowly she smiled with utter relief. “Thank goodness.”

When morning came it would be Tuesday, and she would go to Relief Society.

Double Exposure

Elaine Stirland McKay

Oh, how I love the sun’s first rays
 Upon a mountain peak—
 The gold surprising purple hills
 And playing hide and seek.
 While streaming down the mountainside
 And causing day to break
 Across the world . . . and leaving trails
 Of gladness in its wake.

But let me watch the sun go down
 Upon vast level plains
 Where as a child I saw it set
 A hundred clouds to flames
 Above an earth which gentle hands
 Had smoothed all wrinkle free,
 And left a solitary oak
 To guard tranquility.

His Life's Savings

Frances Yost

ANN Lindley wished she had a private room instead of being in the maternity ward. It would take care of this . . . this embarrassment of not having any Mother's Day presents to exhibit. The other three young mothers had such an assortment.

It was rather hard to keep smiling and saying "How lovely, how nice," and never be able to unwrap a gift and say "See what I have."

Only yesterday when the three of them had been chatting, Carma Rogers and Reah Summerlaid had come right out and said they didn't have money to pay for their hospital care, and the doctor would simply have to wait for his fee. Today, they were accepting all sorts of presents from their husbands. It seemed rather false economy to Ann. Yet, from the looks of things, she was the one not in harmony, the one out of step. Because she was married to a sensible man, who put first things first. Les was one to pay his bills even though it never left anything for frills. But how could you explain that to two inexperienced young mothers? She wouldn't try.

Ann turned over in her bed and faced the green wall. Green was supposed to be soothing. She guessed she was just tired of these hospital walls. She thought of the pale blue wallpaper in her bedroom at home, with the tiny pink roses. Some people might call her wallpaper "busy," but it surely was com-

forting to her. Ann wished she was there, with little Mike and Ricky close by, and the new baby there, too. Presents didn't really matter.

Yes, she would have to chalk this miserable feeling all up to homesickness. Surely she wasn't jealous of another's gifts. Things had never been too important to Ann. People were the important thing. Ann wished Les would come.

She looked at her wristwatch. Visiting hours would be over in ten minutes. She wondered if Les had taken the little boys to Sunday School. He probably had, that was why he was late getting here. Surely he would come to see her . . . on Mother's Day.

Ann closed her eyes and pretended sleep. If the others in the room thought she was asleep, they would stop their chatter about gifts for awhile. Ann wished she could actually sleep, not just have to lie here and pretend. No, she must not cry. That would be rather silly, downright childish to break down and cry. She was a big girl now, a mother with three little children.

She smiled, thinking about her children. Mike was seven and enrolled in school. He could print so nicely. Ricky was three, and of course, there was baby Sue now, almost a week old. Ann would like nothing better than to be home, in her own bed. She could visualize the picture so plainly, the little boys peeping over the edge of the bed,

watching baby Sue as she quietly slept in her arms.

Ann felt tears coming in spite of herself. She reached under her pillow for her handkerchief. She knew the hospital provided disposable tissues, but to reach a tissue, she would have to turn over to the night stand. If she lay here on her side, the others would still think she was asleep. It was good not to hear chatter about candy, flowers, fancy nighties, and things. . . .

“**D**ARLING, are you asleep? I’m sorry I was late getting here, Ann.”

Ann opened her eyes. She guessed she had dozed off after all. She looked up. Les was smiling down at her, so handsome and solicitous. What was he saying?

“Ann, the doctor said it would be all right for you and baby Sue to go home today. Aunt Beth said she would be most happy to stay on and help out as long as we need her. Do you want to slip on your clothes and go home?”

“Oh, Les, I’d love to go home.”

Les reached in his pocket, took from it a slip of paper, and handed it to Ann.

“A receipt from the hospital, paid in full.”

Ann smiled at him.

“Got one from Doctor Simonson, too.” Les beamed.

“That’s a mighty fine Mother’s Day present, to have one’s baby all paid for, the very best.”

“Mother’s Day! I guess I forgot all about that.” Les looked sheepish. “That reminds me. Mike sent something. He asked me to be sure and give it to you.”

Les reached in his breast pocket and brought out an envelope and handed it to Ann.

“What is it?”

“Search me. Mike said it was a secret, special for Mommie. He’s a pretty excited boy about it, though.”

Ann was all thumbs as she tore open the smudgy envelope. She pulled out a card. She remembered having seen the card. It had come to Mike on his birthday several months ago. At the top he had carefully erased his name and printed *Mother*. At the bottom he had carefully erased “From Grandma” and printed “from your children.” Over the “Happy Birthday” was pasted a clipping from the daily paper advertisements which read *Mother’s Day*. True, the whole thing was a seven-year-old job. The evidence was there, he had done it all himself. It was mighty nice to be remembered. Just then a tiny envelope fell from the card.

“What’s this?” Ann asked.

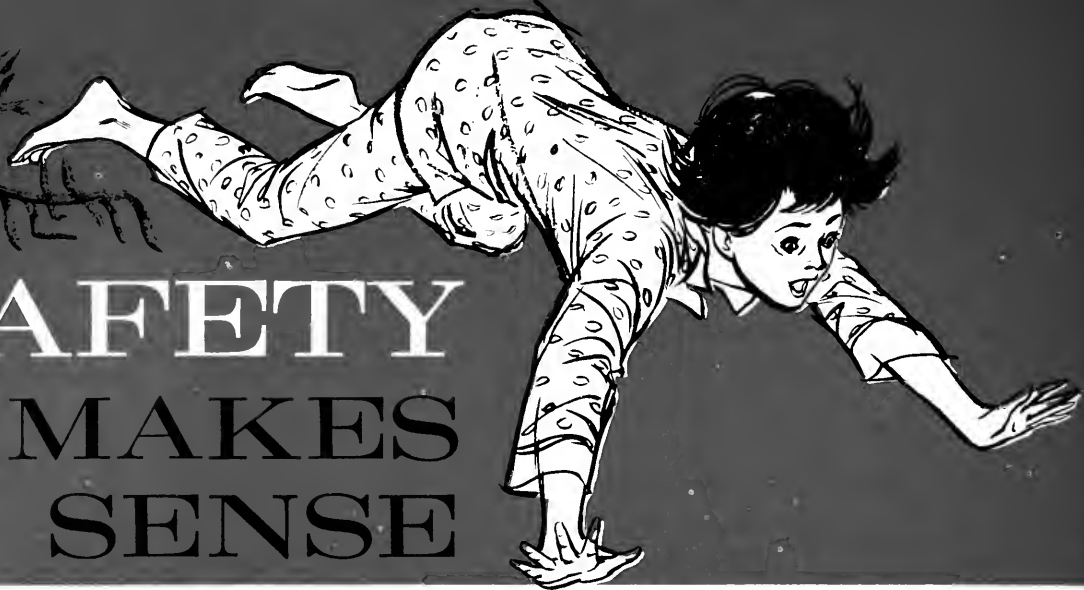
“Search me.” Then Les added proudly, “We have quite a boy, our Mike.”

Ann ran her fingernail under the flap and loosened the seal without tearing the envelope. Out fell two dimes and a nickel. Mike had been saving his money for a long time. Ann knew it was for something special. She had supposed it was something for himself, but he had given it to her.

Ann couldn’t look up into Les’ eyes just yet. She wasn’t quite ready to smile. Something was happening to her heart. Her tiny son had remembered Mother’s Day all by himself. He had given of himself, all

(Continued on page 479)

SAFETY MAKES SENSE



Irmagene N. Holloway

Safety Program Specialist, Division of Accident Prevention
Public Health Service, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare

IT is night. The telephone rings. Half awake, you quickly jump out of bed for a race to the phone. You fail to turn on the electric light, because the switch is on the other side of the room. You hurry to answer the phone and, since you are still drowsy, you trip on a rug or over a stool or chair, and fall . . . an accident!

You are the loser — and not just in the race to the phone. The result is time spent recuperating, money paid out for medical attention, and pain.

The green light changes to amber, and amber to red, as you attempt to walk across the street. You halt suddenly, but not quickly enough. A speeding motorist hits you, and you drop to the street unconscious — time lost, money spent, and pain suffered — another tragedy.

These stories do not describe pleasant pictures, but you know that each of them happens almost every day. “Why?” you ask. Someone failed to think. That person did not consider his course of action or examine and make safe his physical

environment. Each accident in the past had causes; each accident in the future will have causes. The reasons will be definite and specific.

No one knows the time, the manner, or the place where an accident will happen to him. It seems to be a common philosophy to think that an accident will happen to that other fellow. “It couldn’t happen to me” has haunted safety personnel for years. For too long people interested in preventing accidents have been haunted by one other phrase, too: “Accidents are a matter of fate.” Each day we read of someone’s life being cut short by an accident.

This is not a hopeless situation, however. There are many ways in which one can live safely in an ever-increasingly hazardous environment. This means knowing what to do and performing in a safe way.

This pattern for safe conduct should become part and parcel of our living experiences. How to do it is a question for all of us.

First of all, we must recognize that accidents are in some ways like

a disease. And as such, the causes need to be found and programs developed which will enable the person to know how to prevent them. It is scientific information that is needed: the *why*, the *where*, the *to whom*, and *what* can be learned to prevent accidents.

The question: "Where do most accidents occur?" has an interesting answer. Most accidents occur in a place where you least expect them to occur — this is in the home. In traffic, as a pedestrian and as a driver, you expect to find them, and you do. In the National Health Statistics from the United States National Health Survey, 1962, we find "45 million persons per year sustained injuries requiring medical attention or causing restriction of usual activities for a day or more . . . 18,772,000 were injured in the home." Fatalities in traffic have now reached the 40,000 mark for one year.

ACCIDENT statistics deal in numbers and are meaningless until they are related to human beings. As Christians, we are interested in the individual and in ways to free him from accidents as much as from polio or smallpox. It is true that we react to statistics with our own prejudices and knowledge. If a member of our family has experienced an accident, this accident category in a listing of statistics has a different meaning than if no one close to us had been injured.

The Public Health Service views accidents as in some ways comparable to disease. Our unique contribution is an application of the

technique of epidemiology, i.e., to find the source of the disease and treat it accordingly. To do this we employ scientific observation and inductive reasoning to develop an understanding of mechanisms of disease and accidental injury. In traffic accidents, we would seek information about the car, the driver, and his passenger; about the environment, the road, the weather, or the lighting; and the agent, the automobile. To prevent accidents one or more of these groupings may need to be modified. Malaria was controlled by depriving the carrier insects of a home — draining swamps or spraying them with insecticide.

Finding the causes of accidents can be a way to prevent them in the future — by eliminating or minimizing the hazard.

Something can be learned from each accident. Listen to its message and incorporate into your pattern of living those techniques which will prevent a recurrence. And, what is equally important, this information should be shared with others.

To be afraid of having an accident is not a means of prevention. Rather, fear may cause you to become mentally and physically tense. This in turn prevents freedom of movement and may be conducive to a mishap. Knowledge of what should be done reduces the chance of injury.

Some of the things which specifically can be done by a mother:

1. Become acquainted with the Family Safety Plan. This is the family getting together to discuss what each person can do to prevent accidents in the home, on the street,

and in recreational activities. Many parents live in a fool's paradise in their belief that a few laws, a few signs, and a few policemen will keep their kiddies safe. Safety, like charity, must begin at home. Work meetings offer an excellent opportunity to get the sisters discussing the hazards which exist in all our homes, and methods for eliminating them — that our homes may truly be a place of refuge.

Guidelines for the family to use in teaching safety might include the following:

a. Set aside one night a month for the meeting. For the home, assign each person a responsibility — Dad might be the safety engineer; mother, safety supervisor; and the children, inspectors. Each child should be assigned inspection jobs which correspond to his age and interests.

b. Inspect the home for hazards. Home inspection blanks might be secured from the National Safety Council, from an insurance company, or the local health department. Perhaps families might develop a checklist for their first meetings. This would be the first step in teaching family members to recognize a hazard when they see one.

c. Keep a record of the accidents or near-accidents experienced by the family members. Study the accident and find the causes, and use this information to teach others what they should do. This will serve as a guide for the accident-prevention program.

d. Erect a family safety bulletin board. This will be a place to keep the family up-to-date on what to do and perhaps commendation of those who have made an important contribution.

e. Plan fire exit drills. These should consider the family during the sleeping hours as well as during the day. It is too late after the fire starts to think of this; the wise family has this worked out with the hope it may never be used.

f. Conduct quizzes on the prevention of accidents. These can be obtained from newspapers, or from organizations interested in prevention of accidents.

The Slogan for the Family Safety Council might be "The Family That Works Together For Safety — Stays Alive."

2. Plan for neighborhood safety discussion groups. This could be a neighborhood discussion, which would get women talking about ways and means of preventing accidents in their community. Consideration should be given to hazards which might be found in the home, on the street, or in recreation. The emphasis should be on the prevention of accidents, and not a testimonial of the gory details of the unpleasant experience. It should be analysis of the accident to find the causes. When the causes are determined, then ways to prevent this accident should be pointed out. As your safety plan is developed, it is wise to remember that most people know much more about what to do to prevent the accident than most of us think. These ideals must be brought to a conscious level of thinking. The slogan for such a group might be "Each One Teach One to Be Safe."

A mother could use this slogan for herself and family.

Make the habit automatic,
Of cleaning up the attic.
No clean and careful dweller
Keeps rubbish in the cellar.
It's foolish to deposit
Oily dusters in the closet.
Make with fire no alliances,
Check electrical appliances.
Be watchful and be wise,
And you'll save the family lives.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, was given the Distinguished Achievement Award at Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho, April 10, 1963. The award was presented by President John L. Clarke. Mrs. Spafford had been invited to speak at the Devotional Assembly, as a part of Women's Week, sponsored by the Associated Women of Ricks College.

DR. ELIZABETH S. RUSSELL and her assistant Ann M. Michelson are a research team noted for their experiments in the field of muscular dystrophy. The two women, working under a grant from the Muscular Dystrophy Association of America, are on the staff of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Maine.

JOAN BAEZ is one of the best loved folk singers in the United States. Her voice has been described as "a strong, untrained, and thrilling soprano." Miss Baez represents a resurgence in popularity of a type of singing said to be descriptive of the "roots of the Nation."

MRS. RICHARD THOMPSON is director of costume research and design for the unique Shakespearean Festival of the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City. This festival has become an annual affair and this year will be presented July 8-24th. A completely authentic Shakespearean wardrobe of the best and most exquisite materials, valued at \$28,000, has been amassed at a minimum cost because of volunteer labor on the costumes. Mrs. Norman Child, who has previously played leading roles in several of the plays, will probably appear as an actress again this year. Barbara Gaddie, Iron County School District Speech and Hearing Therapist, will direct the "Recorder Society" in providing music of the "Recorder," an ancient flute-like instrument, and other instruments of the Elizabethan period.

MARYHALE WOOLSEY, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is the author of *The Keys and the Candle*, published in March 1963, by Abingdon Press. The main character in the story is a youth who, as a scribe, aids in the translation and preservation of the precious manuscripts of the Bible.



EDITORIAL

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The 133d Annual Church Conference

THE 133d Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the historic Tabernacle, in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 5, 6, and 7, 1963. President David O. McKay, now in his ninetieth year, conducted all of the general sessions and the Saturday evening Priesthood meeting. He was assisted during the conference by his Counselors, President Henry D. Moyle and President Hugh B. Brown. Sister McKay also attended conference and was lovingly greeted as she entered and left the Tabernacle.

Several of the General Authorities, presently serving as mission presidents, were excused from the conference sessions: Elder Mark E. Petersen of the West European Mission; Elder Theodore M. Burton of the European Mission; Elder Bruce R. McConkie of the Southern Australian Mission; Elder Marion D. Hanks of the British Mission; and Elder A. Theodore Tuttle of the South American Mission. Elder Levi Edgar Young of the First Council of Seventy was unable to attend the conference sessions on account of his health.

It was estimated that some two million people heard the conference proceedings either through their presence on Temple Square, by radio or television, or by special re-broadcasts in the early morning hours following each day's sessions. This was the greatest dissemination of the conference messages in the history of the Church.

THE relationship of man to God and the role of the Church among the nations was presented in various phases of individual responsibility and service as missionaries and as examples of the commandments of the Lord. In his address on Sunday morning, President McKay spoke of the restored gospel as an ensign to the nations and declared that the worship of God, and helpful service to humanity are "the most ennobling of aspirations."

The restored gospel, the Church, has reared an ensign to the nations, and . . . invites the world to peace, to rest, to contentment. . . . I invite you today to have in mind the various organizations of the Church: First, the Priesthood quorums; Second, the auxiliaries; Third, educational opportunities; Fourth, judicial phases of the Church;

- Belle S. Spafford, President
- Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor
- Louise W. Madsen, Second Counselor
- Hulda Parker, Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart
 Edith S. Elliott
 Florence J. Madsen
 Leone G. Layton
 Blanche B. Stoddard
 Evon W. Peterson
 Aleine M. Young
 Josie B. Bay
 Alberta H. Christensen
 Mildred B. Eyring
 Charlotte A. Larsen
 Edith P. Backman
 Winniefred S.
 Manwaring
 Elna P. Haymond
 Mary R. Young
 Mary V. Cameron
 Afton W. Hunt
 Wealtha S. Mendenhall

Pearle M. Olsen
 Elsa T. Peterson
 Fanny S. Kienitz
 Elizabeth B. Winters
 LaRue H. Rosell
 Jennie R. Scott
 Alice L. Wilkinson
 LaPriel S. Bunker
 Irene W. Buehner
 Irene C. Lloyd
 Hazel S. Cannon
 Hazel S. Love
 Fawn H. Sharp
 Celestia J. Taylor
 Anne R. Gledhill
 Belva Barlow
 Zola J. McGhie
 Oa J. Cannon
 Lila B. Walch

and Fifth, the ecclesiastical groups. . . . Those who are active are working in an organized way for the betterment of one another, for the personal welfare of the membership, and for the good of society as a whole. . . .

God bless and prosper the Church as it bears witness to the reality of the personality of Deity, and to the fact that God has again revealed himself to man, and established a means whereby spirituality, brotherhood, and universal peace may be fostered among the children of men.

The Lord help us to be able to prove to the world that the restored gospel is just what the world today is longing for, and when they see it, may they know, as you and I know, that the everlasting gospel is a light to the world.

PRESIDENT Henry D. Moyle spoke of obedience to divine law as offering a solution to the problems of the world:

The world is not just a watch that the Lord wound up and left to run down. By the exercise of faith men can call upon God and obtain his help in fulfillment of the promises he has made. . . .

Christ's example and precept set in what is known as the Dispensation of the Meridian of Time control us today in our behavior and in our belief. . . .

This knowledge is priceless. The principles of the gospel can be understood and lived by all mankind.

PRESIDENT Hugh B. Brown declared that only the gospel of Christ can save the world from the dangers which threaten.

Nothing but the gospel of love, the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, which we gratefully proclaim, can save the world or the individual from the dangers that threaten us. This is a gospel of character-building activity; of invincible faith and the courage that is born of faith; of repentance, the doorway to progress; of sanctification through baptism of water and of the Spirit, the doorway to the celestial kingdom. Let us take courage in the knowledge that Christ, the Prince of Peace, is at the helm. He has declared that the worth of souls is great in the sight of God. . . .

IN delivering a farewell blessing to the saints, President McKay gave counsel and direction for the days to come:

I am impressed with the thought everyone who has attended, either in presence or by listening in, no matter where he or she may be, must leave this conference with a greater determination to be a better man or a better woman; a better citizen of the town, county, or nation, than he or she has ever been before. . . . God help us to radiate strength, control, love, charity . . . faith in God, love of humanity, service to his people wherever they are. . . .

ESSENTIALS of the SHORT STORY

Rosa Lee Lloyd

[This article is presented as an aid for the authors who are preparing stories for entering in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, which was announced in the May Magazine, and which closes August 15, 1963.]

Beginning

THE beginning of every story must have five steps: first, the character; second, the setting; third, the reason; fourth, the problem; then, the fifth step, the emotional reaction of your main character.

These five steps can be stated very simply and in an easy way to remember: who, where, why, what's doing, and how your character feels about it.

Reader Identification

If your fifth step, the emotional reaction of your main character is done successfully, whatever your character feels your reader will feel. This is called "reader identification."

Be sure to choose a story-idea that will appeal to the particular audience for whom you are writing. If it is a magazine for women, choose a subject that appeals to women. When writing for *The Relief Society Magazine*, your story might preferably be from the woman's point of view. Every single happening should be seen through her eyes and tell of her emotional reaction to it.

Emotional Struggle

No matter what your story is about, the real struggle of the story is inside the mind of your main character, where, as one authority has said, two forces are fighting each other.

At the end of the struggle your character must achieve something, learn something, or both.

Let us suppose we have as our main character a wife and mother named Rachel, who is fearful for her children. The struggle which has been going on inside of her for many years is between her fear for their welfare and her love and desire for them to have the normal fun and activity that other children enjoy.

Her husband is a capable, easy-going man who is athletic coach at the local high school. He has always objected to Rachel's fearful attitude toward their children. He is concerned with their safety and protection, also, but he wants them to express themselves bravely and fearlessly in normal activities. He symbolizes Rachel's desire for her children to be brave and active.

Rachel has a younger brother who

was thrown from a horse when he was a child and has a twisted spine. He symbolizes Rachel's fear for her children. This is the situation that has caused conflict in this family for many years.

Story Incident

The incident that is the immediate concern of this story is when their twenty-year-old daughter Peggy tells them she is in love with Johnny Grant, a bush-pilot from Australia. He has asked her to marry him and go to the bush country in faraway Australia.

Conflict

Rachel is overwhelmed with doubt and fear. The real struggle of the story is taking place in her mind, where fear for her daughter is fighting her love and desire for her happiness.

Action

The action and events in this story must show the mother's attempts to dissuade her daughter from this marriage and the father's attempts to convince his wife that she must be brave enough and trusting enough to let her go with their blessing.

Black Moment

There must be times in this story when it seems that Rachel has succeeded in making Peggy so fearful of life in the bush country that she will refuse to marry Johnny. This is the black moment when the negative force seems to be winning.

Scenes

Your story must have dramatic scenes that build up to the crisis and the climax. Each scene must further the complication which is the difficulty your character faces.

Transitions

Have quick, easy transitions between the scenes. The editor or the present-day reader cannot take time to read long paragraphs of exposition.

Crisis

Each scene must lead up to the crisis where the reader holds his breath. It is the supreme predicament where the fate of your character hangs in the balance.

The crisis is the turning-point in the difficulty your character faces. It determines the further action up to the climax and end of your story.

Climax

The crisis and climax in the short story should not be far apart. In a serial they may be as much as a chapter apart.

Emotion

Characterization is always related to emotion. When writing a story you must ask yourself: what is the natural reaction of my character to such a situation? What will she do or be tempted to do?

Always remember that even though people are different they have the same basic emotions. All fiction writing is based on emotion.

Theme

At the end of the story I have outlined above, Rachel must learn to let her children live bravely and trustingly. Your story should say something worthwhile as its ultimate goal but you must not do this obviously. The action of the story must bring out its theme. The reader wants to be shown, not told.

One magazine editor has said that if he felt differently about some phase of life after he read a story, he generally bought the story.

Caution

Do be careful not to make your story too emotional or your charac-

ters too sentimental. Tight, held-in, restrained emotion should be your aim in every emotional reaction. Then, when it does break through at the crisis and climax, it will have added effect. But, even then, it must be done with subtlety and finesse.

Talent and Practice

Your own talent and ingenuity are what make you want to be a writer, but the only way to learn to write a story is to write one. And then — another one. In any art, “practice makes perfect,” and writing is an art and a profession. So good luck and good writing.

As Sudden Roses

Ida Elaine James

From your midst I must go —
 From all these hallowed places
 Too deep in my heart for speech.

I will not look back, although
 I leave behind these little graces;
 Wrench apart every and each
 Separate heaven
 So closely woven.

In the heart's silence like snow
 I take garlands of faces,
 Far-ringing voices to surprise
 The stillness of my spirit-ears.

Sweet-deep, soft, and low
 Echoes will reach
 Through doors of memories,
 As rose-mist blent with tears —
 Roses, years.

ERRATUM

IDAHO STAKE PERCENTAGE ON MAGAZINE HONOR ROLL

Attention is called to the correct figures for the subscription percentage for Idaho Stake: Enrollment 452 — Subscriptions 460, Percentage 102. The figures were listed incorrectly in the *Magazine* for May 1963, in the tabulation of stakes on the Honor Roll.

Keep My Own

Kit Linford

CHAPTER 6 — (CONCLUSION)

THE furnace went “Whoom!” just as Granddad had predicted it would.

The nights had turned so cold that Dick went downstairs the night after Kathy’s birth to light the ancient old heating apparatus. He had returned and was washing his hands, when a queer puffing noise began filtering throughout the house.

“What’s that racket?” Ella called from the kitchen.

“I’m not sure,” Granddad replied with a twinkle, “but Dick did just start the furnace going.”

“If that furnace is going to act like it might explode, I’m getting out of here right now,” Ella threatened.

“I don’t think it’ll do that. We might get smoked out. I don’t think we’ll get blown out.”

“That’s not funny. Do you think we want smoke getting into everything?” Dick came into the kitchen. “Dick, do you hear that noise?”

“I hear it. It’s a safe bet the whole town can hear it. What about it, Granddad? Is it just objecting as it gets going? Puffing the idleness out? Or is it giving up entirely?”

“It’s puffing, but I’m no furnace doctor, and I can’t diagnose the kind of puff. It sounds like first cousin to a freight train. For Irene’s

sake, I kind of hope it’s giving up the ghost. If she heard it making that kind of noise, she’d be like as not to have a nervous breakdown.”

“Will you two stop being funny and do something?” Ella demanded. “It’s getting louder!”

“What do you want us to do?” Dick asked. “Turn it off? The nights are getting mighty cold . . . and the days, sometimes, too.”

“We can wear sweaters and toss on extra blankets. At least for the time being. You’d better get a repairman here before Irene and Kathy come home. . . .”

The furnace gave a mighty puff that ended in a tortured wheeze. The whole house seemed to shake as the noise increased in volume.

“Whoom!” Granddad spoke his word as the furnace aptly illustrated it.

THE repairman shook his head. “Not worth repairing. You’ll probably have to hire somebody to haul it off to the dump.”

The furnace installer shook his head, too. “Get rid of that monstrosity, and we could start to work right away putting in the new one. It’ll take a couple of weeks to get the job done, at best.”

“A couple of weeks! My wife’s coming home with a new baby the end of this week!”

"Sorry. These things take time."

Granddad had remained silent during Dick's exchanges with the furnace men. As his grandson was showing them out, however, he heard his grandfather on the telephone.

"That's right, bishop . . . a real problem. The baby isn't ill, you understand, but we'll have to be a bit careful for a time because of this lung condition she had at first. Certainly can't bring her or her mother back to this drafty old place without a good heating system in operation. . . . Yes, it has turned off cold . . . not too early. It's to be expected this time of year. . . . Yes, that's about the size of it. . . . I know . . . I see. . . . It certainly would. . . . Yes. . . . Thanks a lot, bishop."

Ella's breath floated in clouds about her as she bustled into her kitchen the following morning. Her nose was red. Her glasses covered with steam every time she exhaled. The metal frames absorbed the cold, and were like circles of ice on her face. Davy followed her. He wore his pajamas and woolly robe, with a blanket tossed about his shoulders. His feet nestled in fur mules. Only his nose and ears were scarlet red with cold.

"Your Grandfather's making a fire in the library fireplace," Ella said to the boy, "and the cooking heat from getting breakfast will warm it up soon in here. Just sit there and wait a minute. . . ."

DAVY ran to the terrace doors. They had clouded with steam, but he rubbed it off with his hand and looked out.

"What is it, Davy? What's out there?" Ella asked.

She joined him. A large truck was backing into the drive.

That was just the beginning. From that time forward for several days Ella had the oddest feeling that she had somehow moved backward in time. It almost seemed that they were back in the middle of the remodeling that they had all so gratefully put behind them. Fortunately, this time the major portion of the dirt and clutter was confined to the dark recesses of the cellar. Ella kept the door going downstairs closed as tightly as the many workmen going in and out would permit.

DICK told Irene about it during visiting hours. "You just never saw anything like it. One hurried call to the bishop from Granddad, that's all it took. I think maybe everyone in Spencerside has had, or will have, a hand in installing our furnace. I know that anybody who has anything in the way of experience or know-how to contribute to the project certainly will."

"But will it be ready. . . .?"

"I'm sure it will. You get that many men on a job, and it doesn't take long to get even the toughest ones done."

Irene lay back on the pillow. Her blonde hair was pulled off her face with a wide pink ribbon. There were dark pink ribbons on her pale pink bed jacket. Dick thought fondly that she looked like a brown-eyed, pink-clad Christmas doll.

Her eyes were dark and moist as she looked up at him. "They hardly know me," she whispered. "They hardly even know anything about

me. But they're doing this for my baby and me."

"As I always told you," Dick teased, "Spencerside's a real nice town."

She was struck by a sudden thought. "What about Davy? Oh, Dick, the remodeling was such a trial for him. There were so many things he couldn't touch, and so many he had to be careful of . . . for such a long, long time! There were so many men working, and he always had to be careful to stay out of the way. It was unfair to the child, Dick, it really was. I used to feel so sorry for him. He was happier than any of us, when it was all ended and over with. What does he think of this furnace project?"

Dick threw back his head and laughed. "You wouldn't worry if you could see him! Irene, that child is having more fun out of this than a monkey on a spinner. Ella's nearly had a fit about his being down in the cellar in all of it, but he's overseeing the whole operation. He knows we've got to get it done before the baby can come home, and as far as Davy's concerned, getting Kathy Ella home is the most important thing in the world. He looks like a chimney sweep, but he's happier than I've ever seen him. Ella says she'll never be able to get all the dirt and soot off him." He paused, reconsidering. Then, he said slowly, the laughter gone from his voice, "Maybe the fault of our therapy has been that we've all been so busy that Davy's felt useless. Just underfoot."

Irene's tears spilled. They made tiny silver rivers down her cheeks. "Sometimes a little dirt can be a

good thing . . . when it's for a good cause. Davy needed something to occupy his mind until Kathy Ella and I come home. Oh, Dick, there are so many things I would do differently with Davy if I had it all to do over. . . ."

He took a tissue and dried her tears. "Come on now, honey, everybody feels like that at some time or another. But maybe not concentrating on him was the best thing we could have done. It gave him a chance to get adjusted to us and used to us without being or feeling forced. You can't tell. The doctor says he's doing wonderfully well. That's the only criteria we have. I'm sure that if he weren't, we'd hear about it."

THE furnace was finished, and the last workman gone when Dick brought Irene home. As they pulled into the driveway, Irene was surprised at the emotion she felt. Granddad and Davy and Ella stood waiting on the porch. She was glad to see them. Of course she was, but the elation that enveloped her was more than that. It was almost a feeling of coming home.

Granddad took little Kathy Ella, and cradling her close, carried her into the house with Davy at his heels. Kathy managed to sleep throughout the excitement. Ella and Dick helped Irene to the house. Granddad stood alone, looking down at the sleeping baby.

"I don't want to wake her, and I can't climb the stairs without my cane. You'd better take her, Ella."

Ella was only too happy to do so. Irene looked about. "Where's Davy?"

"He's upstairs, Irene, in the nursery," Granddad said as he eased into a large overstuffed chair. "That boy is beside himself with excitement. The furnace is his pet project, you'll probably have to go down and examine it just to please him when you're able."

Irene wrinkled her nose, remembering Granddad and Dick teasing her over her aversion to the old furnace. "And I will, too," she said.

Davy sat on a straight-backed chair next to the bassinet. His book about babies lay on the work table. He stood when they entered, his timidity returning. He moved a little distance away.

Ella gave the baby to Dick. "I'll go turn down Irene's bed. She must be tired by now."

Ella was right. Irene sank wearily into the comfort of the little rocker. Dick laid the baby in her bed, then held out a hand to Davy.

"Come and see the baby, Davy," he said.

Davy accepted the proffered hand. They stood together looking down at the sleeping infant. Irene watched through half-closed eyes, some of her earlier apprehensions about Davy returning to plague her. What would be his reaction to Kathy Ella after the newness wore off? Would he resent the attention she would undoubtedly command? Dared Irene trust him? What if he became jealous? Who could tell with a child that never spoke?

Kathy began to fuss. Between the ruffles Irene could see a tiny pink fist waving in the air. She sat quite still, watching Davy. He was en-

chanted, and leaned closer to watch.

Kathy was not content to be watched. She decided to cry. Davy drew back quickly in concern and alarm. He looked up at Dick to see what should be done. Dick's one-sided grin took the child into a charmed circle as he reached into the bassinet, lifting the baby out and cooing to her.

"Hungry, sweetheart?" He winked at Davy as Kathy momentarily hushed. After only a moment's hesitation, he held the baby toward Davy. "Would you please take the baby to Irene, Davy?"

IRENE had to bite her tongue to remain silent. Davy slowly raised his arms. His eyes had widened. They were a little scared, but luminous with love. Dick laid the squirming treasure of humanity in Davy's arms. Perhaps Davy held the baby too close and too carefully tight, but neither Dick nor Irene said a word.

The boy was stiff with uncertainty for a long moment. He did not quite dare to move. He stood as if he had grown roots. Kathy grew impatient.

Davy looked down at her, up at Dick, then over at Irene. Dick nodded encouragement, and Irene managed a weak little smile. Davy smiled in return, and very cautiously began to walk toward her.

Dick followed him.

It seemed to take Davy a long time to cross the room. At last he stood before Irene, his elfin face animated with pleasure. He was reluctant to give the baby up, but Kathy was growing loud in her protest over the delay of her dinner. Almost reverently, Davy laid the

infant tenderly in Irene's outstretched arms.

He remained standing there, lost. His empty little arms were still cupped, as if Kathy Ella were still cradled there.

Without warning, he spoke — "Baby."

The sharp intake of Dick's breath was the only sound in the room.

Irene gasped. Her voice was breathy when she finally managed to speak. "Oh, Davy!"

Her words broke the shocked silence. Dick went down on one knee beside them. "What did you say, fella?" His voice was husky with emotion.

Davy's eyes were sparkling. He was enjoying their reaction immensely. That enveloping grin took possession of his face as he tried the word again, "Baby."

DICK gathered the three of them into his arms. There was a film in his eyes. He didn't trust himself to speak or to rise.

Irene let tears of relief and joy run unashamed down her cheeks. The months of anxiety and frustration fell away into nothingness. All of it . . . every bit of it had been worth the wonder of this one moment.

Davy delightedly kept repeating the magic word that had opened his lonely, wordless world.

"Baby. Baby. Baby."

Other words would follow. Wonderful, healing words. The awful seal of silence had been broken.

The house resounded with unity and love. Davy's laughter, intermingled with Kathy Ella's infant noises, were absorbed into the walls and drunk up by the rafters in every room as those family noises of the past had also been assimilated. For the first time Irene felt truly at home in the house. She felt that now she belonged there, just as the others belonged.

She shivered, not with cold as she had shivered on that day in early spring, but with oneness, pleasure, belonging.

I belong, she said over and over to herself. I really belong.

The realization was pure enchantment. Dick helped her to bed. He leaned down and kissed her gently before he left the room.

The whispering autumn leaves on the trees outside merged their voices with that of the house, and Irene fell asleep hearing all of them murmuring a sonorous song of "Welcome home, Irene. Welcome home."

A NEW SERIAL "KISS OF THE WIND" TO BEGIN IN THE JULY MAGAZINE

A new serial "Kiss of the Wind," by Rosa Lee Lloyd, will begin in the July issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The story takes place on a pineapple plantation in Hawaii, and relates the problems and the aspirations of a loving and closely knit family. Mrs. Lloyd, who is already well known to readers of the *Magazine*, is the author of "Essentials of the Short Story," on page 424 of this issue of the *Magazine*.

A Patio Dinner

for Summertime

by Linnie F. Robinson,

Menu

(Serves twelve)

Roast leg of lamb, surrounded by broiled peaches, with mint jelly,
and browned potatoes

(There will be some of the meat left over, which can be sliced
or cubed and used for other dinners)

Crenshaw summer salad

(A large cantaloupe or casaba may be substituted for the
Crenshaw melon)

Relishes, as desired

Hot rolls or baking powder biscuits

(See "Baking Day at Home," *The Relief Society Magazine*,
September 1962, page 672.)

Spinach, with onions and toast

Fudge cake, with ice-cream balls and chocolate sauce



ROAST LEG OF LAMB

One 6 - 8 lb. leg of lamb boned and stuffed with ground veal. Season with salt and pepper, freshly ground. Place on rotisserie or in oven at 300° and bake 4 hrs. Baste with currant jelly or in its own juices. Serve while hot, a must for lamb.

BROWNEED POTATOES

Select 3 lbs. of potatoes 2 to 3 inches in diameter. Wash and cook in salted water until done, peel, and set aside until meat is ready, then fry in your favorite fat until brown. Keep shaking the pan so the potatoes will brown evenly and will not stick.

BROILED PEACHES WITH MINT JELLY

(fresh, canned, or frozen peaches)

Twelve or more peach halves, drained and each one filled with a teaspoon of green mint jelly. Place peaches on broiler pan and set in cool place until meat is done. Then broil for a minute to get the peaches hot and place alternately with the browned potatoes around the lamb. Serve at once.

CRENSHAW SUMMER SALAD

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 large Crenshaw melon, chilled | 2 c. watermelon balls |
| 1 large pkg. cream cheese | 2 c. banana chunks (dipped in pineapple juice to keep from discoloration) |
| 2 c. large ripe strawberries | 1 c. seedless grapes |
| 1 c. pineapple chunks | |
| 1 pkg. slightly sweetened coconut | |

Peel the melon down to where it is good to eat, and slice off the top and the bottom so it will stand upright, remove the seeds and membrane, and wipe the sides dry with a clean absorbent towel. Prepare cream cheese by softening with milk or cream and spread over the outside of the melon. If you spread as soon as the melon is wiped, the cheese goes on easily. Fill melon with fruits from the top and place on tray with a carving set. Cut some slices but leave melon standing,

so guests may have some of the melon as well as the fruit. The melon itself may be prepared ahead of serving time and put in the refrigerator. Do not put in fruit until ready to serve. Sprinkle the outside of the melon with coconut. Garnish with strawberries and sliced bananas.

SPINACH WITH ONIONS AND TOAST

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 pkgs. fresh (or frozen) spinach | 3 slices of bread buttered on both sides and toasted |
| 1 bunch green onions, minced fine | |

Bring spinach to a boil in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water, or wilt, turning and slicing with a sharp knife until properly wilted. Remove from heat and add the minced onions, and in a few minutes add the toast broken into pieces, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch squares. Serve as soon as possible. This dish will keep, if it is kept warm only until the other foods are ready for serving.

FUDGE CAKE WITH ICE-CREAM BALLS AND CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| 12 ice-cream balls made from strawberry ice cream | 1 fudge cake baked in angel food tin, and iced |
| | 1 c. chocolate sauce |

Make ice-cream balls ahead of time, and put on wax paper on tray to freeze hard. Bake your favorite fudge cake in an angel food tin, cool, and ice, and at serving time place on a tall cake dish and heap ice-cream balls on top. Pour on sauce. Serve at once.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

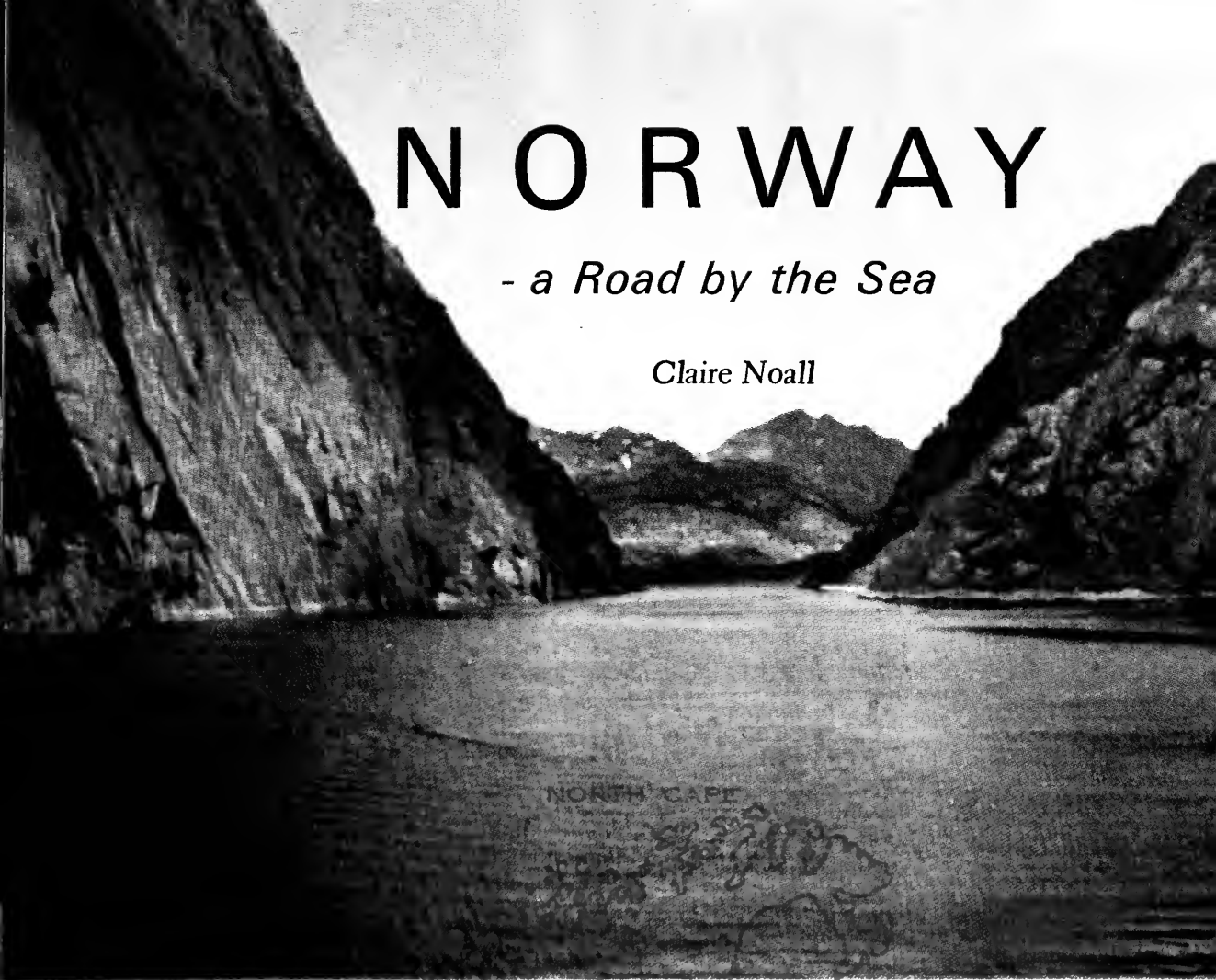
- | | |
|------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 square chocolate melted over hot water | 1 tbsp. butter |
| 6 large marshmallows cut fine | $\frac{1}{4}$ c. canned milk powdered sugar to thicken, as needed |

Melt chocolate over hot water and add milk. Stir in marshmallows. Remove from heat and add butter and powdered sugar as needed to thicken to the desired consistency. Cool and pour over ice-cream balls on top of cake.

NORWAY

- a Road by the Sea

Claire Noall



Narrows approaching Raft Sund

Photo by author



IN the summer of 1962, I found the scenic beauty of our coastal cruise between the mainland of Norway and its chain of islands enriched by the thought that our early missionaries must once have sailed these waters. They perhaps trekked a path similar to the one I was looking at from the deck of our excursion ship — an unpaved road paralleling the sea along the base of verdant, snow-patched mountains.

The larger islands and the mainland rose precipitously. All coasts were indented, some tremendously so by the glacial-carved fjords. In places there was little evidence of population. But, as I gazed at the road, in my heart's pride I pictured two young men — Book of Mormon and satchel in hand — following this lonely path. I thought of the elders traveling both by sea and by land to spread the gospel message in this country.



Ancient Village Near Head of Sognefjord

Photo by author

Frequent farmsteads enlivened the narrow strip between ocean and mountain slope wherever the rocks had decayed sufficiently to make the ground arable. Yet, in those northern waters, there were still great stretches of unoccupied coastline. Occasionally, like a chain of beads, the villages strung along the coast, anywhere from two to a dozen farmsteads being grouped as a single settlement. In July, in suddenly radiant life like lovely jewels, fields of brilliant yellow flowers embroidered the narrow shoreline. In places villages gave way to cities, some being built on clustering islands, making a waterway of streets. Handsome bridges crossed some of these waterways.

Parents, children, and infants in prams queued up at the gangplank at almost all the stations where the coastal steamer docked. In summer, people travel two hundred miles for an hour's visit in another city; young folk embark on honeymoons, friends crowd the quay to greet passing relatives. The ships carry local passengers by the hundreds, cargo by the bale, and a few tourists on each journey.

Always, it seemed, wherever our ship docked, the immediate waterfront would give way to steeply tiered homes, then to enormously high mountains, barren except for the green of the moss and the low shrubs which crowded the granite and the snow.

In this landscape it might be reasonable to suppose that the heart of man would bear a somber streak; but there is evident a tender and a happy vein. Only a well-balanced people could face life in such a climate and on such a land. Surviving from a rich sea and a poor, meager soil, strong in their ancient traditions, people of such a race do not easily give up their established religion.



Village Church, Ulvig

Photo by author

ALL this I knew, and yet I was aware of the Norwegian contribution of sturdy and faithful saints who gathered to the Rocky Mountains of America in the early days of the Church. I was aware also of those present saints in Norway who have built up and maintain thriving branches in this rugged land.

For many years (1851-1905), Norway formed a part of the Scandinavian Mission. Then the Danish-Norwegian Mission was organized. In 1920 the Norwegian Mission was created. So the gospel net was spread in this magnificent northern land. Elder Erastus Snow, a member of the Council of the Twelve, introduced the gospel into the Scandinavian countries in 1850. One of the first converts was Hans F. Petersen of Aalborg in Northern Denmark. In September 1851, Elder Petersen was requested by Elder Snow to journey to Norway and begin missionary work in the land of the steep mountains and the great fjords. Elder Petersen took passage on a sailing vessel bound from Denmark to Østerisør, a city on the Oslo Fjord in Norway. However, Elder Petersen had neglected to obtain a passport, and so he returned to Denmark. The captain of the ship which carried Elder Petersen on this voyage to and from Norway was Svend Larsen, a devout Norwegian who became interested in the gospel through the efforts of Elder Petersen. He was baptized on September 23, 1851, and became "the first fruit of the gospel in Norway."

In October of 1851, Elder Petersen returned to Norway and in the following November two converts were baptized. From this small beginning, the members of the Church increased, and by July 16, 1852, the first branch in Norway was organized in the city of Østerisør, with John Olsen as presiding elder. This branch was composed of eighteen members. In the month of August, a small vessel "The Lion of Zion" was purchased, and this good ship made many journeys along the coast of



Hardangerfjord

Photo by author

Norway, in and out of the precipitous fjords, and among the rock-bound islands. Back and forth between Denmark and Norway, the small ship sailed and many faithful Scandinavians heard “the gospel’s joyful sound.” Soon branches were organized in Frederikstad and Brevig, and Elder John A. Ahmansen became President of the Norwegian area of the Scandinavian Mission. So the gospel was taken to Norway, and the saints rejoiced and shared the glad tidings with their neighbors.

IN 1870 a group of missionaries arrived in Trondheim, the first capital of Norway, a magnificent city located on a deeply sculptured fjord which cuts more than half way through Norway at this point of the narrowing of the land. At this time, on the island of Frøya, the uttermost island beyond Trondheim towards the Atlantic, lived an “eager, highly intelligent fishermaid,” Anna Karine Gaarden, and her lovely sister Petroline — two Norwegian girls destined to find a later home in a western land “in the tops of the mountains.”

As we traveled northward along this rugged and uplifted shore — northward beyond Trondheim, I thought of the story of the girlhood of Anna, how she watched the eider duck, followed by her fledglings, sailing the swells of the waves around the island of Frøya, and I, too, watched for the pattern of wings. The waterways were treacherous, with numerous submarine reefs. Few pilots, in Anna’s time, could safely bring a ship to port. Anna and Petroline were the daughters of a sea captain, and their father had told them something of the world beyond the Norwegian coast. In 1870 Anna married a young schoolteacher, John Anders Widtsoe, from the Norwegian mainland, and in 1874 the young couple established a fine home in Namsos, a coastal city some eighty miles north of Trondheim.

Traveling past these villages and cities so dear to the hearts of the



Native Fruits, India

Photo by author

and nutmeg. Place in slow oven for an hour. This is made with the canned fruit.

This fruit bake is delicious with any roast, if one tablespoon of curry powder is used in place of the cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg.

Finger Cookies

The dessert is a favorite of Koreans. The finger cookies are made from the following recipe, but any favorite plain cookie will do.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 c. shortening | 1 tsp. salt |
| 2 c. granulated sugar | 2 tsp. baking powder |
| 3 eggs | 1 tsp. almond extract |
| 3½ to 4 c. flour | |

Cream the shortening and sugar together; add eggs and flavoring and beat until fluffy. Sift flour, measure, and add salt and baking powder. Add to the wet ingredients. Stir until a medium soft dough is formed. Chill for several hours. Roll very thin and cut into "finger cookies," approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide and 3 inches long. Place 1 inch apart on greased cookie sheet and bake at 350° for 8 to 10 minutes or until a light golden brown.

For serving, a bowl of hot honey, a bowl of finely chopped pinenuts, and a plate of the cookies is provided for each group of diners. All dip their cookies into the same dish of honey, then into the pinenuts, before each bite.

For the main dish — a mound of rice — large or small according to one's appetite, is placed on the plate. Over this is spooned the hot curried chicken. On top are heaped the boys, a generous spoonful of each.

On the buffet, place the chafing dish of rice first, then the curried chicken (also in something to keep it hot), then the row of boys. Or the boys may be placed in a circle around the two main dishes.

It is comparatively easy to pick up Indian decorations — many small items of Indian brass are for sale in shops everywhere. Pictures cut from advertisements in Travel magazines, toy elephants or camels, or a miniature Taj Mahal made of cardboard boxes and empty spools and covered with a sugar icing are all suitable.



Arrangement by Florence C. Williams

Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

WEDDING RING TREE

This lovely arrangement was made by anchoring a natural branch on a round wooden foundation, then spray painting the branch and the foundation. Rings (which can be purchased at dime stores) are attached to the tree with narrow pink ribbon. The "flower" in the pot at the left is made from a styrofoam ball decorated with small artificial blossoms (hyacinth florets, forget-me-nots, pinks, or phlox could be used).

The tree makes an attractive centerpiece for the bride's table at a reception, for a wedding dinner, or as a decorative feature for the home or hall where the reception is held. For a bridal shower or an engagement announcement party, "diamond" rings could be substituted for the wedding rings.



Arrangement by Florence C. Williams

Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

TOWER OF DAFFODILS

In this tiered arrangement, lemon leaves are used with the daffodils. Tiered containers can be made with bowls, flower pots, vases, or other containers in graduated sizes. The containers can be sealed with wax or modeling clay. "Oasis" (a green brick material, which, when soaked in water, becomes flexible) is used for holding the flower stems in place.

This arrangement is particularly effective for the centerpiece of a table for spring-time entertainment, or it can be placed on a porch or patio, or used to illuminate or beautify a hallway, or the corner of a living room. Other flowers may be used effectively in similar tiered arrangements — roses, geraniums, dahlias, zinnias, carnations, chrysanthemums, or begonias.

The containers may be spray painted in a color or tint which would be harmonious with the colors of the flowers used in the design.



From bottom to top: Persian Delight and Lillian Jarrett; Highlighter and Falstaff; Beth and Coral Rose Geneva; Pink Fire and Honey.

Let's Grow African Violets

Irene Dunlap



Lilac Dale and Flama Grande

SAINTPAULIAS or African violets are the most popular house plants in America today.

It is hard to realize that today's lovely plants with single or double blossoms of every hue in the rainbow (except yellow), and foliage that may be plain, quilted, curly, wavy, or fluted, in color ranging from light green to nearly black, had their origin in a modest plant with single purple blossoms growing in cracks of limestone rocks in East Africa.

The original violet was discovered in Tanga in 1892 by a German named A. E. Walter R. Von Saint Paul-Illaire. He sent some plants to his father, who turned them over to a gardener friend, Herman Wendland. It was he who introduced violet seeds to the United States through the Armacost and Royston Nursery of Los Angeles. Since then, approximately fifteen thousand varieties of African violets have been developed through hybridization.

Have you ever heard anyone say, "I think African violets are beautiful," and then add hastily, "but I can't grow them"?

Perhaps she has tried to grow one or two plants without success, and then regretfully concluded that violets were not for her.

Now, African violets *do* demand certain requirements. But, armed with the knowledge of what these requirements are, anyone can grow them and can change that forlorn comment above to a happy, "Do come in and see my lovely plants."

Let us discuss African violets in terms of light, temperature, humidity, soil, watering, feeding, propagation, ventilation, and varieties.



Fury — A Ruffled Beauty

LIGHT

Give them a maximum of light. *Light*, not sun. Direct summer sun will scorch and burn the foliage. Some winter sun is beneficial, as it promotes bud formation. But, if you are growing violets on stands beside south or west windows, hang light curtains which can be drawn, allowing the sun to filter through. The plants will get plenty of light. On sunless days, or every day if your plants are in a north or east window, give them the benefit of natural light without drawing curtains.

If you would like to use fluorescent lights, as so many people are doing now, you will find that your violets will be happy in the basement or in dark corners of your main-floor rooms. You may use cool or warm, white or daylight tubes, or the new Gro-Lux tubes which shed a pink glow and make the blossoms sparkle with deeper color. Gro-Lux tubes also speed the growth of baby plants and promote earlier bud formation. Any type of fluorescent lights deepens the color of the foliage and makes it shine. Another benefit is that you can grow more symmetrical plants. If you are using natural light, you must turn your plants as often as once a week in order to keep them growing evenly.

Hang your fluorescent fixture from twelve to fifteen inches above the table on which the mature plants sit. Smaller plants may be elevated on supports in order to be nearer the light. Lights should burn no longer than fourteen hours if you are using Gro-Lux tubes. They may burn fifteen or sixteen hours with other tubes.

TEMPERATURE

For good growing, the daytime temperature should be between sixty and seventy-five degrees. Night temperatures may be ten degrees lower. If the plants get too cold, they will just sit, without growing or blooming.

HUMIDITY

Most modern homes are too dry for violets. Do everything possible to increase the humidity. Put blocks of styrofoam or bottle tops of any kind in the individual containers in which the plants sit. Then pour water in the container up to but not over the styrofoam or bottle top. Never let the pot sit in the water. Hot water is best, as your plants will love the steam. Evaporation of the water creates humidity.

Vases or jars of water placed among the plants will increase humidity with evaporation. Do keep some plants in your kitchen and give them the benefit of steam from your cooking and the hot water tap.

SOIL

Saintpaulias, in their natural state, grow in leaf mold. It follows, then, that they must have a loose, porous soil. Most important, too, the soil must be sterilized, just in case nematodes or other pests are lurking in some of the ingredients. Porous, sterilized soil is available at many stores. If you want to mix your own, it is a matter of collecting leaf mold, peat moss, manure, sand, perlite, fertilizers and sterilizing, either by baking, steaming, or by the use of a chemical. A good many people do not care to bother with mixing soil, where it is available commercially.

Violets will benefit from being repotted in fresh soil periodically. One national expert declares that she repots each plant every three to six months. This seems a little often. But everyone agrees they should be repotted at least once a year.

WATERING

Frequency and method of watering are most important. It is better to water from the top, rather than the bottom, because top watering pushes down through the soil the salts which accumulate on the rim of the pot and cause the outside leaves resting on the rim to become soft. It also relieves you of the necessity, when watering, of rechecking each plant to see that the flower pot is not standing in water.

Water only when the top soil feels dry to the touch. Wick watering is a convenient method, but requires special equipment. The size of the pot and the material from which it is made govern the frequency of watering. Small pots dry out faster than large ones, and clay pots dry out faster than glazed or plastic ones. Do not let your plants get excessively dry, but do not overwater, as this will rot the roots.

FEEDING

In order to bloom well, violets must be fed regularly. There are a large number of African violet fertilizers on the market. Use according to directions on the can. The heavy-leaved violets, known as Supremes, require more food than the other kinds. Feed them once a week during the heavy blooming period. Feed the other kinds every two weeks.

Your violets will bloom better if left in small pots. One mistake many people make is to buy a blooming plant in a small pot, take it home, and immediately transplant it into a larger one. The plants will usually tell you when they want a larger pot by sending roots through the opening in the bottom of the container.

One bit of grooming which will beautify your plants and make them grow better is to wash the foliage. Your plants get dusty, just as your furniture does, and the dust clogs the plant pores. Simply tilt the plant sidewise under the tap and run a gentle stream of lukewarm water over the leaves, being careful to see that the soil does not fall out. When you have turned the plant completely around and washed each of the larger outside leaves, and as many of the second row as you can without

depositing any water in the center of the plant, tap the wet leaves gently so that no excess of water remains on them. Then set the plant in a spot out of bright light until it is completely dry. Sun or even bright light on wet leaves will spot them. It is well to wash the plants at night. In the morning they will be completely dry and can be set in their regular place in the light.

PROPAGATION

African violets are easily propagated from leaves. Choose a sturdy leaf, but not from the older leaves on the outside row nor the newest ones from the center. Dip the end of the leaf in a rooting hormone, then insert in damp vermiculite. Place the pot containing vermiculite and the leaf in a small plastic bag, cut two small holes on opposite sides of the bag for ventilation, and close the top with a piece of twist tape, such as is used on bread packages. Set in a fairly light place. All you have to do is examine it every three or four weeks to see if it needs watering. The humidity in the bag will produce plantlets much faster than by any other method.

When the plantlets are about two inches high, remove from the bag and allow them to grow stronger before dividing. When they are ready to divide, withhold water for a day or two. They will pull apart more easily if they are not wet. Pull the plantlets apart carefully so that each one retains its share of roots. The mother leaf, if still crisp, may be put down for a second crop of plantlets.

VENTILATION

There should be good circulation of air about your plants, but avoid drafts and sharp changes. If your plants are located in a spot where there is no new air available from a door or window, use a fan for a short time to keep the air circulating. Do not turn the fan directly on the plants. Turn it so the breeze created by it blows above the plants.

VARIETIES

There are so many, many varieties of African violets that it is difficult for anyone to make a choice as to which ones she wants in her collection. There is one point on which we are all agreed, however. We want the ones which will give us the most blooms over the longest period of time. Hybridizers recognize this point and are constantly working on bloom production, plus the added feature of coming into bloom early. It is a noticeable feature of some of the newest varieties that they begin to bloom much earlier than most of the older varieties did.

As to classes, there are both single and double blossom varieties in the *Standard*, *Supreme*, and *Miniature* types. *Supremes* have heavy leaves, larger blossoms, but not so many, require heavier feeding, and, as a rule, grow more slowly than *Standards*. *Duponts* and *Amazons* have the same characteristics as *Supremes*. *Miniatures* are sometimes small enough for the entire plant to fit into a teacup.

By all means, keep your plants to a single crown. Some varieties have a tendency to sucker. That is, they send out tiny new plants off the central stalk between the leaves of the original crown, destroying the symmetry of the plant and making what is known as a multiple-crown plant. When small, suckers can easily be taken off with tweezers or the rubber end of a pencil. Suckers do not have roots, but can be rooted the same as a leaf to become a new plant.

There is a saying in the violet world that the most important requisite in growing violets is TLC — tender, loving care.

Happy violet growing to you!



Iaeli Pe'a, Artist of Samoan Handicrafts

IAELI PE'A was born in Iva, Savaii, Western Samoa, and became a member of the Church at the age of ten. She married Tuitufu Pe'a, a devoted member of the Church, and their travels took them to many lovely islands and villages — Tuasivi, Sauniatu, Aleipata, Samata Itai, Safotu, Vaiola. Iaeli served as president of Relief Society in eight different branches. She tenderly nursed the sick, taught the women household arts and crafts, and wherever she went she carried the message and the spirit of the gospel.

In the picture Sister Pe'a is wearing in her hair a single yellow hibiscus with a purple center. The necklaces in her hands were made from small gray seashells found among the coral on the reefs. The siapo work hanging in the background, and the piece under Sister Pe'a's left hand represent the native tapa cloth made from mulberry bark after it has been soaked in sea water, then patterned over a wooden board, and colored with native dye, usually brown and black. Siapo cloth is used for curtains, table covers, wall hangings, and sometimes for clothing. The quilt at the left is made of cotton squares and lined with muslin (not quilted).

Sister Pe'a has six living children, sixty-four grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren. She still serves as work meeting leader in her branch Relief Society.



FOR 1962

ANNUAL REPORT

1962

marked the 120th year that Relief Society, as the organization established by the Prophet Joseph Smith, according to the natures of women, continued to give charitable and benevolent service, to uplift and strengthen its members and to aid in promoting the work of the Church. In this present period of great growth and expansion in the Church the Society moved steadily forward in the work assigned to it as the women's auxiliary of the Church.

Almost a quarter of a million women (248,166) had membership in Relief Society. This represented an increase of 16,991 since 1961. Included in this great world-wide sisterhood are women in remote as well as large populous areas of the Church; women of various nationalities and races; unmarried girls on college campuses and young as well as older married women; mothers, grandmothers and great-grandmothers. This membership was distributed throughout the stakes and missions in the fifty states of the United States and in fifty-one foreign countries.

Devoted and capable women characterize the 164,035 members who served in leadership capacities in the Society, an increase of 11,054. These leaders carried forward the recommended program of the Society in 430 stake and mission organizations and 5,288 ward and branch organizations, which was an increase of 25 stake and mission organizations and 366 ward and branch organizations over 1961.

A total of 40,835 women received spiritual growth, cultural development, and joy through their participation in 2,724 Singing Mothers Choruses as they provided music for special Relief Society functions, for stake or mission conferences, for funerals and for other occasions.

The official publication of the Society, THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, carried spiritual messages, articles of general interest to women, homemaking suggestions, stories and poetry of high literary quality, and uniform lessons of the Society to its 201,570 subscribers, an increase of 18,334 subscribers.

During the past year 107,252 visiting teachers in pairs made a total of 4,133,868 monthly visits to families, carrying a spiritual message into the homes and with a sensitiveness to the needs of the poor and suffering. This represented an increase of 7,193 visiting teachers and

190,272 visits. Further sympathetic, love-inspired service was given under the direction of the Society through a total of 30,732 eight-hour days care of the sick (an increase of 521 days); 365,822 visits to the sick and homebound (an increase of 8,488 visits); 498,290 hours of other compassionate services such as caring for the children of an ill mother or taking an elderly sister to the doctor (an increase of 97,150); the dressing of 838 bodies for burial (an increase of 49) and the giving of assistance at the time of funerals or in the homes of bereaved families on 9,251 occasions (an increase of 405).

As an aid in the Church Welfare Program, as carried forward in the stakes of the Church, Relief Society presidents made 97,515 visits to families in need under the direction of bishops (an increase of 3,890); and 894,957 hours of service were contributed by females on welfare projects (an increase of 105,150 hours). Societies in the stakes also contributed a total of \$293,558.27 to ward and stake building, welfare and other Church programs (an increase of \$66,164.29). Sizeable contributions were also made by Societies in missions.

The lives of the members of the Society were further enriched and their knowledge and testimonies of the Gospel increased through their attendance at the 217,150 meetings held by the respective organizations, at which stimulating courses of study were conducted on theology, homemaking, literary, and social science subjects.

Through homemaking activities, a significant part of the educational program of the Society, the sisters completed a total of 886,856 articles (an increase of 125,842). Of this number 275,265 (an increase of 50,104) were non-sewed handicraft articles and 611,591 (an increase of 75,738) were sewed articles including 23,580 quilts, 61,097 articles of children's clothing, 83,110 women's clothing, 5,084 men's clothing, 236,487 items of household furnishings and 202,233 miscellaneous articles. Also as a part of the work meeting or homemaking program, the sisters participated in cooking and other homemaking demonstrations and training programs as well as cultural activities.

1962 has been another year of growth, accomplishment and service in Relief Society!



General Secretary-Treasurer

1962 GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION

Of Relief Society Organizations and Members in the United States

UNITED STATES	IN STAKES		IN MISSIONS		Totals		IN STAKES		IN MISSIONS		Totals	
	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members
Alabama					25	575	42	1,458	26	629	68	2,087
Alaska	8	233	10	140	18	373	11	319	6	71	17	390
Arizona	162	10,010	16	201	178	10,211	64	3,737	1	19	65	3,756
Arkansas	1	20	10	157	11	177			5	116	5	116
California	482	32,966	8	273	490	33,239	11	427			11	427
Colorado	59	3,227	8	132	67	3,359	36	1,504	12	209	48	1,713
Connecticut	1	42	4	136	5	178	18	700	16	292	31	1,044
Delaware	2	72			2	72	24	799	10	147	10	147
District of Columbia	2	123	2	123	2	123			2	70	40	1,171
Florida	41	1,554	21	440	62	1,994	38	1,101			40	1,171
Georgia	21	687	16	306	37	993	26	618			26	618
Hawaii	23	1,376	26	742	49	2,118	77	4,134	20	595	97	4,729
Idaho	384	25,591	27	658	384	25,591	8	288	27	611	35	899
Illinois	14	606	41	1,264	41	1,264			2	39	2	39
Indiana	21	722	28	898	28	898	17	631	12	182	29	813
Iowa	2	85	7	176	23	494			13	243	13	243
Kansas	15	535	21	409	26	654			23	515	23	515
Kentucky	1	38	28	551	29	589			39	623	109	2,822
Louisiana	19	553	6	90	25	643	70	2,199				
Maine			16	289	16	289	1,200	93,436			1,200	93,436
Maryland	10	528	3	42	13	570			6	97	6	97
Massachusetts	9	319	5	138	14	457	18	854	21	417	39	1,271
Michigan	19	689	2	25	21	714	102	5,115	11	252	113	5,367
Minnesota	10	410	15	182	25	592			21	408	21	408
Mississippi			23	470	23	470	5	213	12	269	17	482
Missouri	11	464	16	291	27	755	64	3,367	2	45	66	3,412
Montana												
Nebraska												
Nevada												
New Hampshire												
New Jersey												
New Mexico												
New York												
North Carolina												
North Dakota												
Ohio												
Oklahoma												
Oregon												
Pennsylvania												
Rhode Island												
South Carolina												
South Dakota												
Tennessee												
Texas												
Utah												
Vermont												
Virginia												
Washington												
West Virginia												
Wisconsin												
Wyoming												

Of Relief Society Organizations and Members in Other Countries

OTHER COUNTRIES	IN STAKES		IN MISSIONS		Totals		IN STAKES		IN MISSIONS		Totals	
	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members	Organi- zations	Members
Argentina			40	949	40	949			33	649	33	649
Azores			1	8	1	8			4	211	4	211
Australia	31	974	39	698	70	1,672			1	13	1	13
Austria			14	378	14	378			107	2,421	122	2,957
Belgium			14	245	14	245		536	2	13	2	13
Brazil (1961)			58	1,310	58	1,310			22	184	32	354
Canada	92	4,445	82	1,449	174	5,894	10	170	41	780	74	1,834
Chile			20	401	20	401	33	1,054	2	14	2	14
Cook Island			6	53	6	53			20	395	20	395
Costa Rica			2	33	2	33			3	59	3	59
Denmark			24	555	24	555			3	39	3	39
El Salvador			7	169	7	169			3	21	3	21
England	51	1,097	99	1,481	150	2,578			3	62	3	62
Ethiopia			1	5	1	5			14	196	14	196
Fiji Islands			1	18	1	18			2	20	2	20
Finland			19	458	19	458			81	934	90	1,158
Farmosa			13	111	13	111	9	224	29	246	38	376
France			24	381	24	381	9	130	3	40	3	40
Germany	23	1,070	149	4,034	172	5,104			38	695	38	695
Greece			2	7	2	7			19	411	32	675
Guam	1	22	1	22	1	22	13	264	27	538	27	538
Guatemala			24	512	24	512			53	778	53	778
Honduras			5	171	5	171			21	415	21	415
Hong Kong			8	92	8	92			27	829	27	829
Ireland			11	102	11	102			6	96	6	96
Italy			2	16	2	16						

Total	United States	3,148	201,750	624	12,735	3,772	214,485
Total	Other Countries	287	9,986	1,229	23,695	1,516	33,681
GRAND TOTAL		3,435	211,736	1,853	36,430	5,288	248,166

250,000

245,000

240,000

235,000

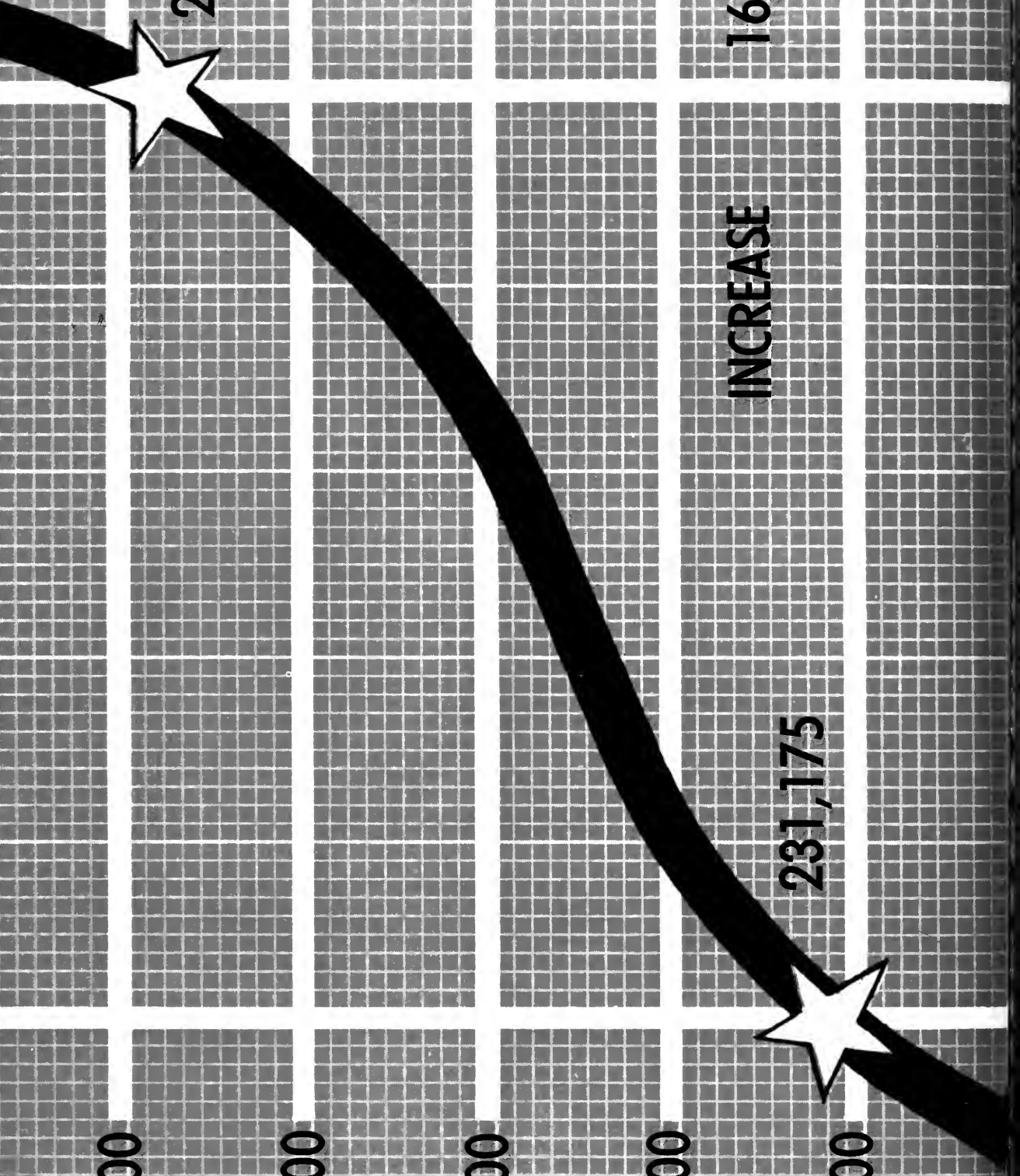
230,000

248,166

231,175

INCREASE

16,991



COMPARATIVE MEMBERSHIP

	1962	1961	Increase or Decrease		1962	1961	Increase or Decrease
MEMBERSHIP				L.D.S. FAMILIES			
Membership (Total)	248,166	231,175	16,991+	L.D.S. Families (Total)	491,604	460,810	30,794+
In Stakes	211,736	196,106	15,630+	In Stakes	412,936	385,532	27,404+
In Missions	36,430	35,069	1,361+	In Missions	78,668	75,278	3,390+
ORGANIZATIONS				LEADERSHIP			
Stake and Mission Organizations (Total)	430	405	25+	Relief Society Members Who Served as Leaders in the Society	4,097	3,899	198+
In Stakes	361	341	20+	Stake Officers	1,064	1,009	55+
In Missions	69	64	5+	District and Mission Officers	19,892	18,464	1,428+
Ward and Branch Organizations (Total)	5,288	4,922	366+	Ward and Branch Officers	10,586	9,930	656+
In Stakes	3,435	3,142	293+	Other Officers	21,144	19,620	1,524+
In Missions	1,853	1,780	73+	Class Leaders	107,252	100,059	7,193+
SINGING MOTHERS				MAGAZINE			
Ward and Branch Singing Mothers Choruses (Total)	2,724	2,599	125+	Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	201,570	183,236	18,334
In Stakes	2,135	2,020	115+				
In Missions	589	579	10+				
Approximate Number of Singers (Total)	40,835	41,124	289-				
In Stakes	33,515	34,222	707-				
In Missions	7,320	6,902	418+				

VISITING TEACHING

COMPASSIONATE SERVICES

1962 1961 1962 1961 1962 1961

110,000

100,000

90,000

80,000

70,000

60,000

50,000

40,000

30,000

20,000

10,000

0

4,200,000

4,100,000

4,000,000

3,900,000

3,800,000

3,700,000

3,600,000

500,000

450,000

400,000

350,000

300,000

250,000

200,000

150,000

100,000

50,000

0

NUMBER OF
VISITING TEACHERS

VISITING TEACHER
VISITS

DAYS CARE OF
THE SICK

VISITS TO THE SICK
& HOMEBOUND

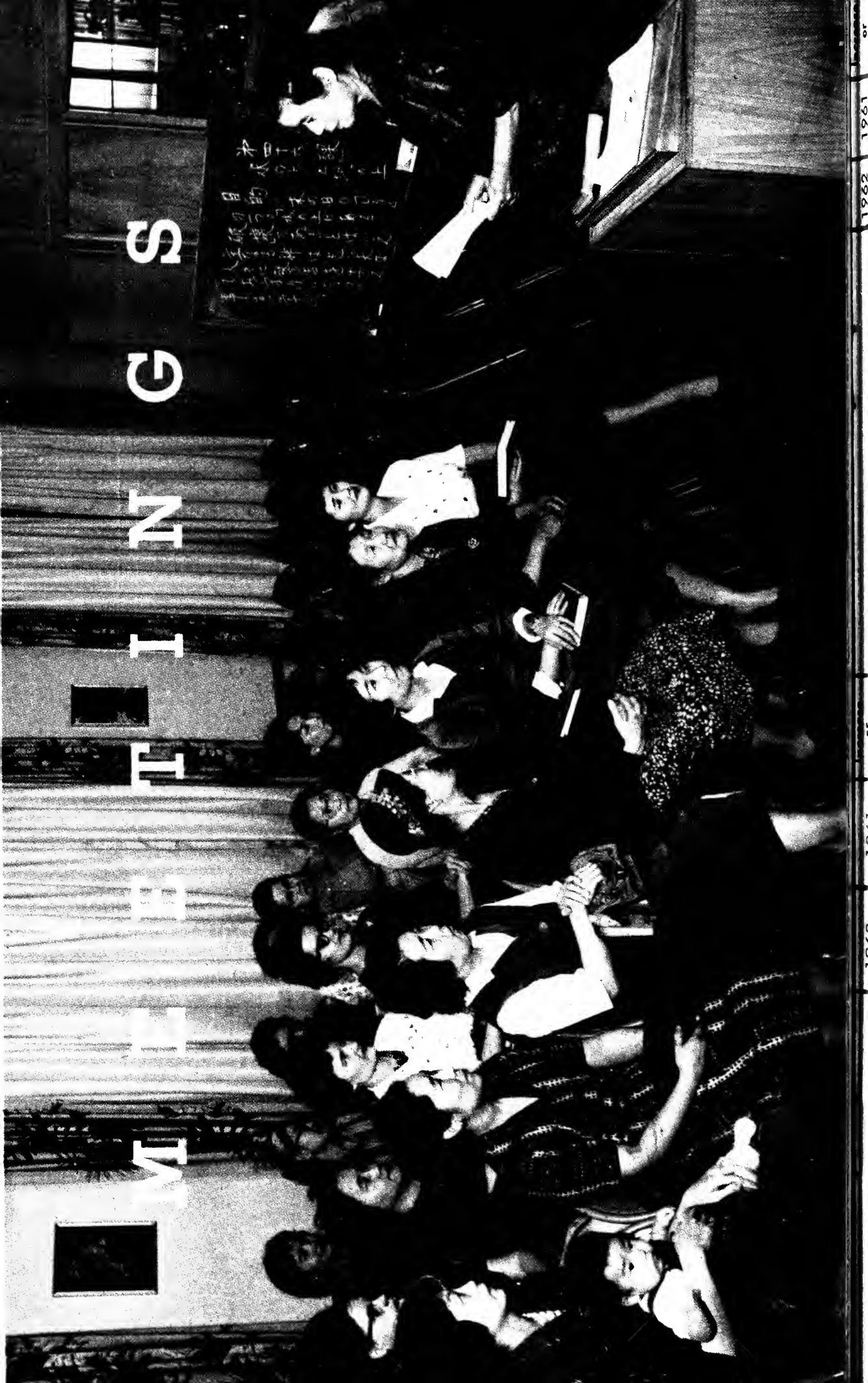
HOURS OF OTHER
COMPASSIONATE SERVICE

S E B W T C F S

				Decrease				Decrease
VISITING TEACHING								
Visiting Teachers	107,252	100,059	7,193+					521+
Visiting Teacher Districts	56,823	52,491	4,332+					8,488+
Family Visits (Total)	4,133,868	3,943,596	190,272+					
Home	2,751,425	2,628,319	123,106+					
Not Home	1,382,443	1,315,277	67,166+					97,150+
Per cent at Home	66.55%	66.64%						49+
Communications In Lieu of Visits	130,285	103,246	27,039+					405+
An average of 8.41 visits was made to each family in 1962								
An average of 8.56 visits was made to each family in 1961								
CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE								
Family Visits Made Under Direction of Bishop	97,515	93,625	3,890+					
Hours Contributed by All Females on Welfare Projects	894,957	789,807	105,150+					
Relief Society Members Who Assisted on Any Welfare Project During the Year	63,389	54,422	8,967+					
Hours Contributed on Welfare Projects by All Females Receiving Church Welfare Assistance	218,620	224,430	5,810-					
Sisters Receiving Church Welfare Assistance Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	4,337	4,532	-195-					
COMPASSIONATE SERVICE								
Days Care of the Sick	30,732	30,211						
Visits to Sick and Homebound	365,822	357,334						
Number of Hours of Other Compassionate Services	498,290	401,140						
Bodies Dressed for Burial	838	789						
Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	9,251	8,846						
Wards and Branches Maintaining List of Nurses (Total)	3,470	3,214						
In Stakes	2,810	2,567						
In Missions	660	647						
Articles Completed (Total)	886,856	761,014						
Sewed Articles (Total)	611,591	535,853						
Quilts	23,580	22,571						
Children's Clothing	61,097	53,699						
Women's Clothing	83,110	78,035						
Men's Clothing	5,084	3,581						
Household Furnishings	236,487	204,236						
Other (Miscellaneous)	202,233	173,731						
Non-Sewed Articles (Total)	275,265	225,161						
Sewing Machines Owned by Societies (Total)	4,892	4,631						
In Stakes	4,342	4,048						
In Missions	550	583						

S G I N I F I C A N T

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				Decrease				Decrease
MEETINGS								
Total Meetings Held	217,150	212,996	4,154+					
Relief Society General Conference	1	1						
Stake Relief Society Conventions	221	205	16+					
Stake and Mission Meetings (Total)	7,141	6,593	548+					
Stake and Mission Board Meetings	3,987	3,749	238+					
Stake and Mission Leadership Meetings	3,154	2,844	310+					
Ward and Branch Meetings (Total)	209,787	206,197	3,590+					
Regular Meetings for Members	163,889	160,821	3,068+					
Visiting Teacher Meetings	31,605	31,013	592+					
Special Meetings	14,293	14,363	70-					
VISITS BY STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS								
To Wards and Branches (Total)								
By Stake Officers								
By Mission and District Officers								
	217,150	212,996	4,154+					
	1	1						
	221	205	16+					
	7,141	6,593	548+					
	3,987	3,749	238+					
	3,154	2,844	310+					
	209,787	206,197	3,590+					
	163,889	160,821	3,068+					
	31,605	31,013	592+					
	14,293	14,363	70-					
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE								
Regular Meetings for Members (Total)								
In Stakes	93,224	88,864	37.6					
In Missions	78,193	71,966	37.0					
Theology	15,031	16,898	41.3					
Work	99,439	95,408	40.1					
Literature	95,097	90,140	38.3					
Social Science	86,809	83,628	35.0					
Visiting Teacher Meetings	91,075	85,704	36.7					
Relief Society Leadership Meetings	54,967	52,558	51.3					
	24,738	23,493	43.6					

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements	Assets — December 31, 1962
Cash Balance on Hand January 1, 1962	\$2,151,410.48
Receipts	422,812.22
Total	87,398.09
Disbursements	104,211.17
Cash Balance on Hand December 31, 1962	2,765,931.96

Receipts and Disbursements	Assets — December 31, 1962
Net Cash on Hand December 31	\$2,151,410.48
Wheat Trust Fund Deposit at PBO	422,812.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings Bonds, etc.)	87,398.09
Real Estate and Buildings	104,211.17
Total Assets	2,765,931.96



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Bakersfield Stake (California) Visiting Teacher Convention

February 2, 1963

Skit participants from the Tehachapi Branch Relief Society, left to right: Lola Parker, Secretary; Juanita Eyhagaray, Second Counselor; Alice Kingsbury, President; Ruby Dorsey, Magazine representative.

Beryl Lewis, President, Bakersfield Stake Relief Society, reports: "Sarah Fagleston, stake visiting teacher message leader, was in charge of the program. We presented the dramatization 'Toward Ideal Womanhood,' by Caroline Miner. Laura Miner, the literature class leader in Bakersfield Third Ward Relief Society, was the narrator. Skits given by the wards and branches dramatized the various monthly visiting teacher messages. The sisters in the picture, from Tehachapi Branch, presented the skit for the message, 'Thou Shalt Not Idle Away Thy Time.' After the program, luncheon was served by the board members. A special guest was our former president Elizabeth W. Winn."

Flagstaff Stake (Arizona) Christmas Festival of the Arts, December 1962

Left to right: Mary H. Randall, Work Director Counselor; Ida G. Brinton, work meeting leader; Ruth W. Palmer, President.

Sister Palmer reports that this Festival of the Arts was a feature of the stake Relief Society inter-faith social. "We felt that this was an especially appropriate way to help out with our objective for the year, 'To help the missionary program progress.' We sent out invitations to the women's groups of the various church organizations in our town. The local paper gave us a good picture and two write-ups, and the result was that over 250 women, of whom approximately 150 were nonmembers, attended.

"Our stake encompasses an area 235 miles across one way and 150 miles across the other way, but our wards were so gracious as to bring in some of their very best displays, and such wonderful arts and crafts they were. Each of us thrilled with the ingenuity and skills of our sisters. We took pictures of many of the displays, which we put in our history books. One visitor said, 'I had to come alone last year, but this year six women came with me.' Many expressions of appreciation were given on the spiritual part of the program, and it was a 'first' for many of the women to be in our Church building.

"The following items are displayed in the picture: a piggy bank made from a plastic bottle; a decorated pine-cone Christmas tree; velvet trimmed Christmas balls; wax candle made from an inexpensive drinking glass; jeweled Christmas tree, with styrofoam base; snowman (in the background) made from garment bags and plastic."



Lost River Stake (Idaho) Relief Society Stake Board at Leadership Meeting March 17, 1963

Front row, left to right: Veta J. Waddoups, theology class leader (who has served Relief Society for thirty-six years in Lost River Stake); Beatrice E. Sorensen, President (twenty-one years of service); Marie Acor, Work Director Counselor; Edna Hansen, Magazine representative; Belva Jones, work meeting leader.

Back row, left to right: Josephine Toombs, Secretary-Treasurer (thirty-five years of service in Lost River Stake); Elaine Aikele, literature class leader; Marillyn King, organist; Verla Hope, Second Counselor; Leona Anderson, social science class leader; May Campbell, visiting teacher message leader; Bardella Reed, chorister.

Sister Sorensen reports: "This was our regular leadership day, and we honored the occasion with a special program dealing with the history of our organization, both Church-wise and in our own locality. We had a beautiful cake which was decorated in Relief Society colors, and inscribed '121 Years' and 'Charity Never Faileth.' We also honored some of the former officers, especially two former presidents who are still with us, Laura E. Christiansen and Elva J. Beal. A beautiful rose was presented to each of the former officers. The cake was later cut, and each sister who attended the meeting was served with birthday cake.

"On February 22d we held our visiting teacher convention, with a banner attendance, and a wonderful program, in which we presented the film 'A Record Shall Be Kept.'

"The words of the slogan in the picture are 'Every L.D.S. woman an active member of Relief Society.' This slogan has been adopted by the stake for our membership campaign. Our wards are doing a splendid work in this membership campaign. We have six wards and one branch in our stake at the present time."

Chilean Mission Relief Society Conference, January 26, 1963

Seated, left to right: Amerina Alvarez, Counselor; Mable J. Palmer, President; Edith Alvarez, mission secretary.

Standing, left to right: officers of the Concepción District: Hilda Caamaño, Secretary; Ana de Cueva, Counselor; Eledina Gonzalez, President; Valparaiso District: Otilia R. de Nuñez, Counselor; Leonora Diaz, President; Margarita de Peña, Secretary; Santiago District: Hortensia Mendez, Counselor; Perla Garcia, Counselor; Isabel Luna, Secretary; Talca District: Sara Retamal.

Missing from the picture are Blanca Gondar, Counselor in the mission presidency and also President of the Santiago District Relief Society; Dagman Goldbek, Counselor from Concepción; and Rebeca de Vélis, Counselor from Valparaíso.

Sister Palmer reports: "On January 26th a conference was held in the mission home in Santiago for the district supervisors of the Relief Society organization. Those from out of town spent the night at the mission home. The three districts have been recently officered, so we felt there was great benefit received from the district officers getting to know each other, discussing common problems, and from becoming familiar with the year's program. The sisters were supplied with the kits of translated conference messages that were prepared by the General Board, and suggestions were made as to how they could be used in the monthly leadership meetings. The program included a talk by President Palmer of the Chilean Mission on the importance of the Relief Society organization in the Church. As President of the Relief Society, I directed the meeting (with all my talks translated into Spanish) and set forth the responsibilities of the various officers. These officers were each given a manual of the lessons with a splendid presentation by Sister Garcia, using charts showing the lessons for the year. A résumé of the progress of Relief Society in the Church, as given by President Spafford at the October Conference, was presented, along with the progress in the mission."



Auckland Stake (New Zealand) Relief Society Honors Visiting Teachers at Convention, October 1962

Gloria M. Dil, President, Auckland Stake Relief Society, reports this lovely occasion of companionship and instruction: "All of the sisters in the picture were honored because of their faithfulness in delivering the visiting teacher messages. All of them have to walk more than four miles to make their visits. Sister Schahill (center, front row) is blind, but walks with her companion every month. Another sister in the Sixth Ward cycles seven miles with her companion. These sisters were honored by being presented with a lovely floral shoulder spray."

South Sanpete Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Concert for the Relief Society Birthday Observance, March 12, 1963

Vonda H. Christensen, President, South Sanpete Stake Relief Society, reports that this inspiring concert was presented in the Manti South Ward chapel at 3 p.m. The concert was directed by Bly M. Beal, stake Relief Society chorister, with Eunice Garbe, stake organist, as accompanist. Ward choristers who assisted with the training of the combined chorus were: Gladys Dean, June Nelson, Nellie R. Toone, Carol Lowry, Bernice Barnett, Thera Lou Hickman, Rose McIff, and Virginia Ewell. Ward accompanists were: Norma Olson, Ardith Peterson, Armada Cox, Evelyn Bradley, Joyce Stahle, and Irma Young. Poems introducing the various musical numbers were read by Martha Ryan. Three hundred sixty-five women attended the concert.

Uruguayan Mission Relief Society Women Await the Arrival of President Hugh B. Brown at the Mission Conference January 27, 1963

Helen Fyans, President, Uruguayan Mission Relief Society, reports: "President Margarita Cristobal Pujado of the Mission Relief Society Board, was in charge of the meeting, which was marked by excellent workshops on important phases of Relief Society work. Relief Society Singing Mothers of the Capital District sang for the meeting of the combined auxiliaries, with President Hugh B. Brown as the special speaker. Sister Edith Pokorny Gonzalez directed the Singing Mothers, and Ruth Cox accompanied the group of approximately thirty women, representing the eleven branches of the district. This special meeting was attended by nearly five hundred auxiliary leaders, in conjunction with training and leadership meetings for the various Church organizations.

"Under the direction of the Mission Board, the Relief Society presented a conference featuring departments for work meeting leaders, class leaders, secretaries, and executive officers. An introduction to the 1963 program of Relief Society and a short talk were given by Sister Zina Lou Brown, daughter of President Brown. Nearly two hundred sisters attended this meeting.

"The officers of the Mission Relief Society Board, in addition to President Margarita Cristobal Pujado, are: Gladys Otero, First Counselor; Carma M. Correa Galli, Second Counselor. Sister Fyans is assisted in the work of the women's organizations in the mission by Margaret McClellan, advisor to the Mission Board."





LESSON DEPARTMENT

THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

PREVIEW OF LESSONS FOR 1963-64

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THE series of revelations for study during the year 1963-64 cover subject matter that is as varied as the circumstances which brought them forth. During the six-month period of September 1831 to March 1832, the members of the Church were somewhat excited over the opening of the land of Zion (Missouri) for development and the continued progress of Zion's cause. (Section 76 of the Doctrine and Covenants given during this period will be discussed in the 1964-65 year.)

Intermittently, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon were engaged in the revision of the Bible, an activity in which they had participated since the close of 1830. The content of two revelations for study this year resulted from this work.

By and large, Sections in the Doctrine and Covenants resulted

from the inquiries of elders who were participating in missionary service. Members of the Church who were going to Missouri also had many questions about their position as pioneers of a great work, as well as about their own spiritual condition. The Lord answered them by giving specific counsel on both of these aspects of their lives. The principle of forgiveness emphasized at this time and its application to daily situations in life, is of great importance to those who want to endure to the end.

Extremely important to the missionary, and befitting a true ambassador of the Savior, was the counsel on how he might declare the message of the last days. Instructions were given that are today in use in the mission fields in the Church.

Imagine the sense of responsibility that a missionary would receive if he were told that he could make

scripture! What kind of a man ought I to be? could well be his reaction. How does scripture come into being? Who is the official interpreter? Are there other official interpreters of the standard works of the Church? are questions that might occur to him. These questions are discussed briefly in one of the lessons. A testimony of the truth of the revelations compiled into the *Book of Commandments* was given to the brethren who participated in a special conference of the Church.

The Lord did not restore his Church to fail, is the general subject matter of one of the lessons. The efforts of Satan to bring the Church to a halt have never been nor will they ever be successful. Latter-day Saints may be assured that there is neither weapon nor method that will stop the onward progress of God's work.

At this early period in this dispensation, the laxness on the part of parents in Zion (Missouri) to rear their children in the principles of the gospel brought forth a revelation that continues to guide parents.

Consideration is also given this year to the environment of the home as the necessary factor in teaching children.

Another lesson in this year's series is devoted to one of the least understood books of the Bible. The meaning of some passages from that book has been revealed anew through the Prophet Joseph Smith. These important items furnish the Latter-day Saint with a key for understanding much of the re-

mainder of the book, as well as the revealing of events from premortality to the end of the earth.

In a lesson for this year a brief preview is given of the revelations received during the year 1831. This material will provide an opportunity to see the revelations from a different perspective — the view of great principles that testify to their truth. In this same lesson one is brought to grips with a concept of every citizen of the kingdom of God as a steward.

The 1963-64 series of lessons have been given the following titles and objectives:

Lesson 49 — *The Law of Forgiveness* (D & C 64:1-14).

Objective: To point out that he who repents of his sins and forsakes them is forgiven of the Lord.

Lesson 50 — *"Ye Are on the Lord's Errand"* (D & C 64:15-43).

Objective: To suggest ways in which the saints of 1831 were on the "Lord's errand," and what this term means to us.

Lesson 51 — *The Kingdom of God* (D & C 65).

Objective: To learn that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the kingdom of God that was prophesied will stand forever.

Lesson 52 — *The Scriptures* (D & C 66: 67; 68:1-6; 69).

Objective: To appreciate more fully the manner in which scripture is made, the preparation necessary to know scripture, and the development of the revelations into a volume of scripture.

Lesson 53 — *The Bishopric; Parenthood* (D & C 68:7-35).

Objective: To examine some aspects of the bishop's calling and also the responsibility of parents to their children.

Lesson 54 — *Stewardships; A Review* (D & C 70, 72).

Objective: To learn the importance of stewardship, the work of the bishop, and the contributions of a year's revelations.

Lesson 55 — *Missionary Service* (D & C 71, 73, 74, 75).

Objective: To realize that the restored gospel, through the missionary program, is the key to happiness in this life and eternal joy in the life to come.

Lesson 56 — *The Book of Revelation* (D & C 77).

Objective: To glean important items of instruction of revealed latter-day knowledge from the revelation given to John the apostle on Patmos.

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

PREVIEW OF MESSAGES FOR 1963-64

Christine H. Robinson

THIS year's Visiting Teacher Messages "Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants" are taken from Sections 64, 66, 67, 68, and 71. All of these Sections were given to the Prophet Joseph Smith during the fall of 1831. This was only approximately a year and a half after the restoration of the Church, and many of those who were preparing themselves for positions of leadership needed special instructions and encouragement to build the strong character qualities required by the growing Church.

Many of these revelations were

given through the Prophet to specific individuals to strengthen and prepare them for the important work they had been called to perform. Consequently, the Lord emphasized the importance of the character qualities of forgiveness, perseverance, patience, and diligence. Emphasis was also placed upon the need of seeking knowledge and having faith that the Lord would answer the prayers of those who sought him diligently and confidently.

In the Church, also, there was a particularly great need for strength-

ening the younger generation. In the revelations from which these messages were taken, particular stress was put upon the importance of the parents teaching their children to have faith in the Lord and to walk uprightly before him.

As with all the truths in The Doctrine and Covenants, all of these instructions apply as much to us today as to the early members of the Church. In fact, among today's pressures and complicated problems, these messages have special application. If we accept and apply them, they will strengthen us and bring us success and happiness.

The 1963-64 messages and their objectives are as follows:

Message 49 — *“Wherefore, I Say Unto You, That Ye Ought to Forgive One Another”* (D & C 64:9).

Objective: To show how forgiveness ennobles, enriches, and purifies our souls.

Message 50 — *“Wherefore, If Ye Believe Me, Ye Will Labor While It Is Called Today”* (D & C 64:25).

Objective: To demonstrate the fact that belief in the Savior motivates prompt, productive action.

Message 51 — *“Continue in Patience Until Ye Are Perfected”* (D & C 67:13).

Objective: To teach the value of continuous patience in striving for perfection.

Message 52 — *“Ask, and Ye Shall Receive; Knock, and It Shall Be Opened Unto You”* (D & C 66:9).

Objective: To emphasize the fact that to obtain blessings which are good for us, we must ask the Lord for them and seek them diligently.

Message 53 — *“And They Shall Also Teach Their Children to Pray, and to Walk Uprightly Before the Lord”* (D & C 68:28).

Objective: To emphasize the basic fact that children reared in righteousness are among life's choicest blessings.

Message 54 — *“For Unto Him That Receiveth It Shall Be Given More Abundantly, Even Power”* (D & C 71:6).

Objective: To show that knowledge leads to more knowledge, and wisdom begets wisdom.

Message 55 — *“Wherefore, Be Not Weary in Well-Doing”* (D & C 64:33).

Objective: To show that great accomplishments come through doing small things well.

Message 56 — *“And Ye Shall Bear Record of Me, Even Jesus Christ, That I Am the Son of the Living God”* (D & C 68:6).

Objective: To emphasize the fact that a testimony of Jesus Christ, as the Son of the Living God, is the most important need in the world today.

STATUS

THE only kind of status that is worth while is not the envy, but the respect of my fellow men.

—Celia Lucc

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

PREVIEW OF DISCUSSIONS FOR 1963-64

Dr. Virginia Farrer Cutler

Objective: To point up the role of mother as executive homemaker, and indicate ways in which she may most effectively function.

THE promise given to the ancient prophet Abraham, “. . . in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed,” continues to bear fruit for those who love God and keep his commandments in these latter days. Women of Mormondom have a great part to play in bringing this promise to pass. In the early days of the Church, after the Kirtland Temple had been constructed, women came to the temple to complete the interior furnishings, and the Prophet said to them, “Well, Sisters, you are always on hand. The sisters are always first and foremost in all good works. Mary was first in the resurrection, and the Sisters now are the first to work on the inside of the temple.” The woman’s work today is the inner work in their homes.

This first generation of women of Mormondom were religious empire builders in faith and fact, along with their husbands. They suffered expulsion, martyrdoms, and all the privations of pioneer living. Eliza R. Snow, who spent her life in service to her fellow men, was extremely gifted in spiritual discernment, and portrayed in her great poem, “O, My Father,” a mother in heaven.

This same faith is seen in the

second generation of women of Mormondom, as epitomized by the story of Zina Young Card, a daughter of Brigham Young, who with her husband, Charles Ora Card, went to Canada in 1887 to found the town of Cardston. Through faith and good works, she helped her husband establish a home place in that distant outpost. Their pioneer home was a log cabin built by her husband, and it was she who made it a sanctuary for their family through what she did to the inside as the first generation women worked on the temple at Kirtland.

Experiences such as Sister Card’s could be given by the dozens for second, third, and fourth generation women of Mormondom, but today’s world is a different world. Modern inventions have taken much of the drudgery out of the modern home, but the need for keeping the spiritual qualities that characterized the homes in Kirtland, Nauvoo, the Salt Lake Valley, Cardston, and other pioneer communities must continue to be foremost in Latter-day Saint homes.

The 1963-64 series of discussions are centered on planning. They are designed to help homemakers see their role in today’s world, to bring

into their homes love, faith, and good works, and teach these qualities to their children.

Discussion 9: The Family As a Planning Group

Objective: To encourage family members actively to engage in planning sessions where all matters pertaining to family betterment may be studied and wise solutions developed.

Discussion 10: Planning for the Future.

Objective: To examine long-time family objectives and goals and plan for a training program consistent with them.

Discussion 11: Planning the Conservation of Family Resources

Objective: To view extravagant and wasteful practices in buying and using equipment and formulate guides for improvement.

Discussion 12: Planning the Use of Resources

Objective: To investigate methods of managing money to determine their

relative merits, and adopt the method consistent with family goals.

Discussion 13: Planning Exterior Upkeep of the Home

Objective: To make the home a beautiful setting conducive to various types of family activity.

Discussion 14: Planning the Preservation of Family Traditions

Objective: To bring to life traditions and values of the past and plan special events to recognize current happenings that promote family solidarity.

Discussion 15: Planning Proper Family Grooming

Objective: To study characteristics of family members and plan clothing wardrobes for all occasions, and to train each one to care for his own clothing.

Discussion 16: Planning the Family Vacation and Recreation

Objective: To plan constructively for family gatherings and trips that will encourage creativeness, initiative, and joyful working together of family members.

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The New Birth of Freedom

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York)

PREVIEW OF LESSONS FOR 1963-64

The Last Hundred Years

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

“PHYSICIAN, heal thyself,” are Christ’s words as recorded in Luke 4:23. This admonition blended with that of knowing ourselves

forms the objective during our last year’s study of the literature of the United States.

A consideration of modern litera-

ture can yield a mixture of pleasure and pain. Reading a more contemporary literature can yield an almost painful intimacy, since its events, scenes, sounds, and speech tones are those which have been as familiar as our shoelaces to us, our parents, and their parents. To recognize the familiar as it is seen through another's eyes, to "go home again," always quickens our memories with nostalgic pleasure, and warms our hearts. But in his nearly unbounded freedom and in his eagerness to re-create almost every human reality, the modern artist tells more than we would sometimes care to have told. He enables us to experience phases of our lives and times which, though undeniably true, are truths so harsh and unpleasant, so immediate and still so unresolved that we would prefer not to face them; instead, we long for the warm, serene beauties of the idyllic nature — home, and family, which dominated the Romantic literature written on both sides of the Atlantic before the Civil War.

Yet no problem has ever been solved without its first having been faced and defined. Since the brutal saber-cut which the Civil War left across the face of the divided States, our literary spokesmen have increasingly abandoned the beautiful ideals and soothing cadences of the Romantics Irving, Emerson, Whittier, and Longfellow. During the past century America's leading literary artists have chosen to write more of everyday's stark and grim realities, depicted in words and images which are simple, ordinary, even flat. They have communicated to their contemporaries the increasing-

ly complex problems and frustrating conflicts of our modern world as they have seen them. They have hoped that through their eyes and sensitivities, others, less gifted, may also see and understand, that out of their honest self-searchings, a collective self-knowledge and self-improvement may be achieved.

The period between the Civil War and the First World War was one of vast expansion. It was a time of transition, not only in the realm of acres and empires, transcontinental railroads and steam-powered tools in factory, mine, commerce, and farm, but in the average American's relationship with his family, community, region, job, school, religion. In greater or less degree, all human relationships underwent change. The roots of the present-day existence were nurtured during this period. Since the Civil War differences have been merely differences of re-proportioning and degree; the texture, the tone, the dilemmas remain the same.

Another approach which proves how nearly the newly revealed national identity of the pre-1920's resembles that of the post-1930's is to realize how fully at home one immediately finds himself in the significant writers of both periods. The new notes of Realism found in Emily Dickinson and Mark Twain blend with the still-ringing overtones of Romanticism, just as they did in Whitman and Melville, significant transitional figures who wrote slightly earlier.

Though Miss Dickinson's most condensed lines are startling, some

of her subjects and moral crises are not unlike those of Twain. Howells, the pioneer and center of the Realistic movement in the United States, writes of the average American home in manner and purpose not entirely unlike that of Sinclair Lewis. Carl Sandburg's impassioned love for the folk en masse is a later edition of Walt Whitman, both in form and content, and Robert Frost and Willa Cather are dominated by a restrained, classical style and concept of man in nature worthy of comparison to Henry David Thoreau.

Surfaces change, yes, in things and in that inner world which literature creates and sustains. As the United States has changed, so has her literature; were it not so the literature could not be true, and without integrity, nothing of value can either be created or survive. In America, as elsewhere, both in place as through time, her great writer-artists bring us to ourselves.

The year's lesson titles and objectives follow:

Lesson 41 — Mark Twain, a Great American Conscience (1835-1910)

Objective: To recognize Mark Twain's moral ideals and conflicts which shaped his literary art and his greatness.

Lesson 42 — Huck Finn's Initiation into Truth

Objective: To understand and experience Huck's progression from innocence toward moral maturity.

Lesson 43 — The Quickening Spirit of Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Objective: To introduce ourselves to Emily Dickinson's mind and heart, first by entering her home, then her poetry.

Lesson 44 — William Dean Howells, Democratic Realist (1837-1920)

Objective: To define and exemplify American Realism by studying the life and writings of its prime spokesman.

Lesson 45 — Robert Frost, Modern New England Classic (1874-1963)

Objective: To discover Robert Frost through a sympathetic understanding of his poetry.

Lesson 46 — Willa Cather, Lover of Life (1874-1947)

Objective: To understand and enjoy the sustaining values of Willa Cather's world.

Lesson 47 — Sinclair Lewis, American Self-Satirist (1885-1951)

Objective: To study and evaluate middle-class United States of America during the 1920's as represented in the life and writings of Sinclair Lewis.

Lesson 48 — Carl Sandburg, American Folk Singer (1878-)

Objective: To understand and enjoy Carl Sandburg's substantial contribution to the American tradition.

Church Government: Its Organization and Structure

PREVIEW OF LESSONS FOR 1963-64

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

“THE Church is the body of believers, organized according to divine law. It is invested with the necessary rights, powers and authority to carry forward on earth the purposes of the Almighty Father as contained in his plan of salvation for his children on earth” (WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Program of the Church*, 1937 ed., page 24).

In the various dispensations of time, God has instituted his government and offered his services to the human family. Having in mind the welfare of his children and being fully aware of the purpose of creation, he has revealed a system of government for his Church that would make possible peace on earth and good will among men.

As has been pointed out in previous lessons, divine law is the wisdom, counsel, and guidance of God, giving direction to man so that he may attain perfection.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the kingdom of God upon the earth. In it there is a fulness of the gospel. This means that all the advice, counsel, and direction (divine law) that God has revealed to man, to assist him in his quest for joy, happiness, and exaltation, have been restored.

In the wisdom of the Creator, the

government of the Church is designed for the welfare and development of mankind. The Savior pointed out that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. So with the government of the Church, it is so organized as to direct all the benefits of government to the growth and perfection of the governed. Divine law is communication from God through his servants, revealing the techniques of effective living, providing the pattern of life for the individual and the group that will produce happiness, progress, and exaltation.

The organization of the Church is without flaw. The imperfection of man, the human element, is the limiting factor in its operation. The effectiveness of the Latter-day Saint Church government is dependent upon the faithful, dedicated response of the members to lay leadership. The Church does not have a professional ministry, but every member serves for the love of service. The Priesthood directs, and the membership anticipates the opportunity of serving. Activity is the essence of religious conviction and the recognition of divine authority. The Priesthood gives authorized direction in the performance of Church callings.

In this series of lessons, we will become familiar with the structure of Church government. We will review each part and examine its function, at the same time being aware of the interrelationship of each part to the effectiveness of the government of the Church. The government of the Church is the Priesthood in action. The Priesthood is the power and the authority of God given to man for his enlightenment, righteous direction, and peaceful association.

We will clarify the distinction between Priesthood line of authority and ecclesiastical line of authority, showing the function and importance of each to Church organization. Each lesson explores a part of the structure of Church government, setting forth its function and relating it to a unified whole.

Lesson 8 — Priesthood and Church Government

Objective: To help the members of Relief Society understand that Church government is the Priesthood or the power of God in action.

Lesson 9 — The Organization of the Church, Its Purpose and Principles

Objective: To emphasize the divinity of the organization of the Church and the obligation this places on the membership of the Church.

Lesson 10 — Priesthood Quorums and Their Function

Objective: To acquaint Relief Society members with the importance of quorum organization and the obligation of quorum membership.

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..... HEAVENS ARE TELLING—Haydn25
..... LET NOT YOUR SONG END—Cain25
..... LORD BLESS THEE AND KEEP THEE—Madsen20
..... LORD IS MY SHEPHERD—Smart20
..... LORD'S PRAYER—Robertson ..	.22
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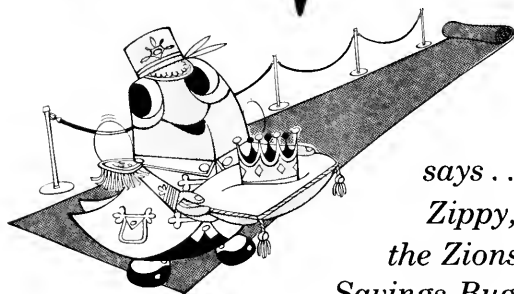
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**Lesson 11 — Quorum Relationship
to Wards and Stakes**

Objective: To clarify the working relationship of Priesthood quorums to the operation of Church government.

Lesson 12 — Church Courts (Councils of Justice), an Essential Part of Church Government

Objective: To help establish an appreciation for justice and mercy in the divine Church.

Lesson 13 — The Opportunity and Responsibility of a Calling in Church Government

Objective: To stress the importance of each and every calling to the successful operation of Church government.

Lesson 14 — Summary of Organization and Structure of the Church

Objective: To emphasize the evidence of divine influence in the structure and operation of Church government.

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HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS

(Continued from page 417)

of himself, as the widow had given her mite. The polished coins lying now in Ann's palm were Mike's life's savings.

This would be two dimes and a nickel Ann knew she would never be able to spend. She placed them carefully back in the little envelope and folded the card around it, then placed it in the larger, smudgy envelope. It was a present too precious to share with the others in the room. Ann dropped it in her clothing, close to her heart.

Suddenly she knew she couldn't lie here in the hospital bed any longer. A mother needed to have her children around her, especially on Mother's Day.

"Les, let's go get baby Sue and go home."

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Full Moonlight After Rain

Evalyn M. Sandberg

Silence that is not silence
Is fraught with myriad sound.
A dog bays in the distance,
A leaf drops to the ground;
A tiny frog is chirping,
The shadows move with slight
Moon-motion, creeping action.
The whole facade of night,
Brocaded in soft patterns
Of midnight black and gold,
In depth, is nature breathing.
Now fragrant earth can hold
The life-sustaining secrets
Secure another year.
And, inches down, seeds turn and reach
Because the rain fell here.

Birthday Congratulations

Ninety-nine

MRS. HANNAH STUBBS JONES
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-eight

MRS. WILHELMINA C. S. N. CLEVELAND
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-six

MRS. ANNA CLARA ANDERSON PETERSON
Murray, Utah

MRS. MILLICENT CURTIS SMITH
Bakersfield, California

Ninety-four

MRS. ISBELL CHRISTENSEN OVERSON
Richfield, Utah

Ninety-three

MRS. MARY ANN BATEMAN QUINTON
Montpelier, Idaho

Ninety-two

MRS. SERENA JACOBSON LARSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

MRS. CHARLOTTE DEARDEN HARDMAN
Magna, Utah

MRS. MARY A. WORKMAN GLINES
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-one

MRS. ELIZABETH MORDUE SORENSON
Goshen, Utah

MRS. MALITA SPENCER JOLLEY
Lovell, Wyoming

MRS. FRANCES LATHROP LEBO
Bakersfield, California

MRS. GERTIE POSTMA
Ogden, Utah

ROSEANNA NEAGLE LUNT
Cedar City, Utah

Ninety

MRS. MARY ELLEN WILKINSON BRADBURY
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MRS. LAURA LITTLE BROADBENT
Kanab, Utah

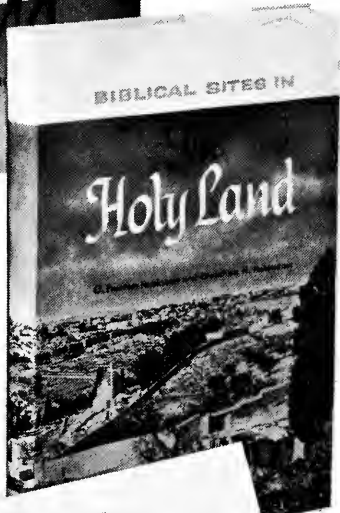
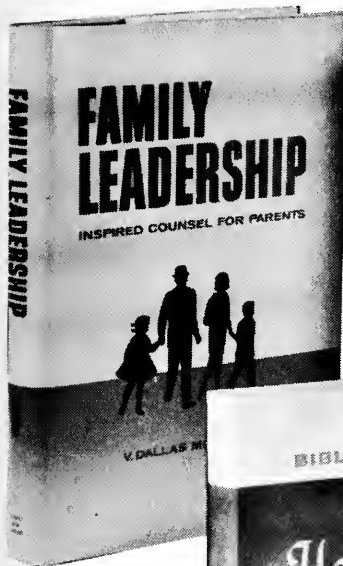
MRS. ANNIE M. ANDERSON
Dallas, Texas

Mountain Sari

Vesta N. Fairbairn

Sheer, like a Hindu sari, the mountain sky
Is palest blue
Adorned with a single golden butterfly,
And threaded through
With silver cobwebs caught amid the green
Of needled pine
And forest fir in silken, sun-shot sheen
Of bright design.

MARVELOUS READING (and Listening) FOR JUNE!



Here is a choice selection of enjoyable and informative books that will make your May reading program brighter and more meaningful!

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by Christine and O. Preston Robinson **3.95**
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by V. Dallas Merrell **2.50**
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 7 JULY 1963 LESSONS FOR OCTOBER



The Poplars

Lael W. Hill

When it came to bounding the site of a pioneer farm,
Poplars were best; most quickly upreaching, they towered
A rigging for field larks, a ladder for the sun's
Bright climb of hours, a baffle to thunderstorm.

They were the tallest of any tall in this land —
Except, perhaps, for the time-thrust hills themselves —
They were taller than willows or windmills coaxing deep water
To green a reluctant desert. They all but spanned

That space between valley floor and the ringing, high
Waves of heaven. Shaking their cool heart-leaves,
Quickened shining as rain in a region of scant rainfall,
They lifted their branches like prayers. When the wind ran by

They bowed like dancers toeing a dusty stage;
On breath-held nights they shaped a net for stars.
Wherever their roots took hold they stood up, steadfast
As temple pillars, to mark a splendid passage.

The Cover: Meeting of The Latter-day Saint pioneers with Jim Bridger, 1847
South Pass, Wyoming, in the background
Detail from a mural painted by Lynn Fausett
At "This Is the Place" monument, Salt Lake City, Utah
— Courtesy Utah State Parks Commission

Frontispiece: Poplars in the Valley
Photograph by Willard Luce

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

Illustrations: Mary Scopes

From Near and Far

As a young mother, the articles, lessons, and stories contained in the *Magazine* are most helpful to me. I especially enjoyed reading the story "Battalion" (by Hazel K. Todd, May 1963). I look forward to her stories. The poetry and editorials are indeed inspiring and have strengthened my testimony. I thank my mother for encouraging me to subscribe to the *Magazine*. I certainly wouldn't be without it.

—Vonzaa P. Stubbs
Kemmerer, Wyoming

I sit here amidst stacks of unfinished work, but just can't get at it until I at least look through the new issue of my *Relief Society Magazine*. I love and appreciate every bit of it. I just read the short article "Too Busy" (by Annella Barnes, May 1963, page 351). With seven children, from ten months to twelve years, I surely knew that what Sister Barnes was saying was all too true. But each article adds its spark of inspiration to my life to encourage me to try harder all the time to live as I should.

—Carma Carver
Grace, Idaho

I am very grateful for our very own *Magazine*. My husband's work keeps us moving from time to time, and it usually keeps me on my toes hoping my *Magazine* gets to me on time. The *Magazine* is an indispensable part of me. Reading any issue of the *Magazine* gives me an uplifting feeling, and it is how my problems sprout wings and fly away.

—Mollie Dunaway
Ewa, Oahu, Hawaii

I am grateful to have the *Magazine* come to our home, after traveling around from New Zealand and finally settling here for at least another two years. The *Magazine* is like having someone call with a spiritual message, always uplifting.

—Margaret Smith
St. Jean, Quebec
Canada

As a new convert to the Church, let me tell you of the thrill I experienced when I received my first *Relief Society Magazine* last month. Suddenly, I really felt a part of this wonderful sisterhood. Having just now received the April Special Short Story issue, I had the same exhilarating feeling. The cover and the frontispiece and the wonderful poetry are very uplifting to the spirit.

—Mrs. Howard L. Myers
Pasadena, Texas

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for a wonderful *Magazine*. The missionaries here in Upsala have given me some copies, and I really enjoyed reading them. The short stories are especially delightful. I have found the articles on America's literature very useful and interesting, as I am a student of literary history here at the University of Upsala. So thanks once again for all the help and encouragement I get from the *Magazine*.

—Kjerstin M. Wallentin
Upsala, Sweden

A friend started giving me copies of the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine* and I liked the *Magazine* so well that I just couldn't wait, and so subscribed for my own. I have been trying to get my mother interested in our Church, and I think through the help of the *Magazine* and its inspirational contents, I may succeed. I enjoy everything in it, from the recipes to the poetry, but I get the most enjoyment from the stories on the early founders of the Church.

—Jackie Kurtz
Loton, California

The *Relief Society Magazine* has been a great help to me in my search for truth. I just can't wait for it each month, for it always meets my particular need at the time. I enjoy particularly the theology lessons and the poetry.

—Mrs. Violet M. Tate
Pennsauken, New Jersey

The Relief Society Magazine

JULY 1963 VOLUME 50 NUMBER 7

Editor Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager Belle S. Spafford

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“And they shall also teach their children”



Elder A. Theodore Tuttle Of the First Council of Seventy

THE cry from the children's bedroom brought both parents to the bedside of their frightened, three-year-old son, awakened by a loud clap of thunder in the storm raging outside. Bending close, the mother whispered, "The wind is only whistling a tune; you can whistle like the wind, if you try." As the parents left the room their little boy was whistling softly, matching the high crescendo of the wind as it whistled through the eaves. As they looked in on each of the other children, straightening them out and covering them up, they mused: "How blessed we are — how fortunate to have these lovely children to love and protect and teach." Then as they prayed once again that night, they asked for wisdom beyond their years or natural ability to help them perform the full responsibility of parenthood.

The Lord placed upon the shoulders of parents a major lifetime responsibility when he said, ". . . and they shall also teach their children. . . ." Modern revelation teaches us that the spirit children

that are lent to us constitute our kingdom. There are surprisingly few who realize that their prime responsibility is so to teach their children that the association they now enjoy shall be perpetual in the eternities to come.

DECIDE TO BE PARENTS

This decision does not refer to the biological function only (though certainly the Lord has been specific enough regarding this function in this age of decision). Rather, this decision to be parents means to put first the obligation to be baby-sitters, trainers, discipliners, supervisors, teachers, assigners, checker-uppers, planners, story-tellers, exemplars, and, in short, to be common, ordinary, garden variety, old-fashioned, on-the-job, full-time parents. It means that this responsibility as parents comes before social climbing, the newest in gadgets, or conspicuous consumption. It supersedes personal selfishness, propriety, pleasure, even a tidy house. It demands solemn and continual allegiance to a cause greater than

self. Fulfillment of this parental duty develops all of the virtues that can be named, and requires the application of all the qualities that make men great. But to participate in the joy of this privilege, as the Lord has intended, requires a *conscious decision* to accept the responsibilities of this sacred obligation — the most sacred and far-reaching obligation assumed by two people.

A SOLEMN OBLIGATION

Although the family is generally considered to be a free and natural association, it is the Lord's pre-designed plan to bring to earth and to educate his spirit children. Hence he has given many general and specific instructions about this relationship:

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea (Matt. 18:6).

And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion . . . that teach them not . . . the sin be upon the heads of the parents (D & C 68:25).

In the excellent book, *Youth and the Church* by Elder Harold B. Lee, a warning is sounded to parents — if they will listen. He quotes J. Edgar Hoover, who cites the alarming rise in youth delinquency, then concludes, saying:

America's youth, indicted by public opinion as reckless and carefree, is blamed for these misdeeds. The real fault lies elsewhere. Before a youth has broken the law, some adult has committed a more serious crime. Driven by lust for money and enslaved by pleasure, the adult gen-

eration forgets that the most solemn obligation any person can assume in the eyes of God and man is to guide and direct a child along proper paths. To place anything ahead of that responsibility is akin to criminal negligence.

Is it any wonder the Lord has given such strict commands respecting this relationship—particularly as it pertains to children?

PROBLEM OF TIME

Once a father and mother really decide to be parents to their children, they can take the necessary steps to become such. The first major issue parents must face, and resolve, is the matter of time. A few excerpts from Dr. G. Homer Durham's excellent article specifically pinpoint this problem for many Latter-day Saint parents.

The fundamental issue . . . is probably not lack of desire, attitude, instruction, or preachment to parents. The issue may be fundamentally an issue of time. This is my best observation, offered as a social scientist. Too many of us have become "organization men and women." We are ambitious people. We work hard all day. We fill our nights with organizational activities; business; educational; church; civic; plus dinner clubs. The harsh truth is that little or no time is *scheduled* for the family. The family is supposed to get along with *unscheduled* time, of which none is usually left!

In the rural society most older parents still remember, there was always left-over time. In modern, urban, industrial society, every organization tends to become a time-demanding, time-consuming monster. When the job . . . the service club, the social functions that go with the job, the chamber of commerce, the labor union, the professional association, the educational front, the many-faceted religious organizations, all train their demands for the individual's time — *there is no time left*. . . Too few modern urban men have learned to say "no" to demands on

time which must be literally fought for, in which to snatch a few moments to collect, organize, and administer a family. Most families are not administered. They proceed by chance, circumstance, and the grace of organization. . . .

The family is the principal social casualty of the industrial revolution. All that solidly remains is the biological function: a young husband and wife in their years of producing the young. As soon as the young are old enough to become mobile, they go or are whisked away by the modern multi-leviathans of organization. . . .

Can the unorganized family compete with the organized organizations and survive? Can the family organize itself and function successfully in some time sacred to it? (DURIAM, DR. G. HOMER: "Time for the Family," *The Improvement Era*, March 1960, pp. 206-207).

OBSERVANT parents recognize the truth of these statements. While some will continue to be satisfied with "left-over time" to manage their families, others will become aroused; and, fortified by their decision to make their parental role the most important function of their lives, put the family first and revolve other necessary duties and activities around it. Even then, parents who have had experience in rearing families know that compromises will be required; but rather than using "left-over time," the family can pre-empt "prime time" to itself and allocate to the other multitude of activities left-over time. This will require a forthrightness and vigor uncommon to most parents and families, but an action that will deserve and merit the blessing of heaven.

YOUTH TALKS TO PARENTS

When parents understand the true desires of their children, they will be willing to put this responsi-

bility first. If parents need a priority list of things to be done with, for, and to their children, listen to a summary of the opinions of over 42,000 of them.

The family needs to become a family again instead of just a group of ". . . individuals together."

The family needs to do things together. They should play, work, study, go to church, go on outings, have family nights and create a wholesome family life.

There needs to be more interest in and love for teenagers from their parents. Parents need to show a willingness to ". . . talk over the problems of youth." Teenagers want more opportunities to confide in their parents.

"We grow up too fast." There are too many privileges for early dating and early use of automobiles.

And, further, from the hearts of today's teenagers, comes this plea for help:

"Parents need to assume more leadership. Put father back at the head of the family." Parents should set a good example for harmonious family life.

There needs to be a better definition of home duties. We want to know what is expected of us.

Parents are ". . . justified in setting hours for teenagers to return from dates."

Teenage marriages are too often the result of youth who are ". . . trying to escape an unhappy home life." They think it is the ". . . easy way out." They think it will ". . . solve their problems." "Early dating and the use of automobiles . . ." also contribute to early marriages.

These are part of the comments and suggestions taken from the Utah 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth, a study undertaken to give youth an opportunity to say what they regard as the most important problems they face to-

day; and also to suggest solutions to these problems. These reports were received from a total of ninety-nine high schools and junior high schools, with 42,014 students taking part in the discussions.

Certainly the delineation of these problems, and the suggested solutions, deserve — even demand — the attention of mothers and fathers who have a desire to create an ideal Latter-day Saint family.

WHAT CAN PARENTS DO?

Reread youth's plea. They are saying, "We want someone to be in charge." They want someone to "assume more leadership." Specifically, they mentioned father — "at the head of the family."

Incidentally, it must be kept in mind that neither mother nor the children can *put* father at the head of the family (if they "put" him there, they could remove him). Father must assume his role as the head of the family — as the Lord intended. A clearer understanding of the Priesthood function of the father is necessary for both father and family in order to clarify his role as the directing head of the home. Wives can encourage and sustain their husbands, but they should make certain that they do not try to usurp his proper function.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL

Little success can be achieved by the family administrator unless the planning of all family activities can be done by the *family*. For very small children these are "practice sessions"; for teenagers this is, or ought to be, a real experience in Priesthood leadership and democ-

racy — with the father taking the lead in the family gathering.

For the less formal organizer, breakfast, noon, or evening meal-time will serve as a starter toward family council sessions. For the more stalwart, an evening once a week can be prescribed and appointed for all. When the parents sacrifice to be there, give up pleasures, change appointments, etc., all others will see the value and necessity of similar effort.

These are the gatherings in which parents have real opportunity to fulfill the suggestions of the youth. It will take more than a few sessions to develop an appropriate set of rules and regulations to govern the family, and longer to teach and implement them. These sessions can settle such issues as the use of the family car, the standard of modesty in dress, the TV programs to choose and times set for watching, the hour at which the children will be expected home from various activities — decided jointly by the children and the parents, and the allocation of the necessary family chores. Fortunate indeed is the family whose situation is such that chores *must* be performed daily; and where they are not, the parents need to define the home duties better. The children are saying, "We want to know what is expected of us." These sessions can be among the choicest and richest in a family's experience.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART

There are many fine suggestions now available in the Church periodicals, and other places, on ideas for family experiences and helps in rearing children. No excuse exists

for parents not knowing what to do or how to enjoy and bless their families. The good ideas available should be chosen and only those used which are applicable to each different family situation.*

Parents no doubt have concern wondering just which "expert" psychologist or which child specialist they should follow. If parents do not have access to some of these sources (or if they get confused reading too much), they can take the advice of an eminently successful teacher: "Just do what your heart tells you. You cannot go wrong rearing your family or trying to provide rich experiences for them, when you really demonstrate that you love your children."

FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY THE LORD

The Lord has been rather specific in outlining responsibilities of parents; they should read Section 68:25-31 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Note what the Lord said parents are to teach their children to do:

1. ". . . to pray. . . ."

Such a simple thing, but, oh, the power of prayer. Teach how to pray and then strive to match the simple faith that children have. Set the example by having family prayer night and morning — having each child, in turn, offer the prayer for the family.

There have been many exhaustive studies made and lucid dissertations

written on the subject of how to rear children and maintain happy family relations. Unfortunately, the authors of many of the otherwise excellent suggestions have omitted the one means of contact with their Heavenly Father — the binding influence in family unity — the daily practice of family prayer. It is a purifying and humbling experience to listen to a child pray for God to bless his father and mother with wisdom sufficient to rear the family properly. It knits parents closer to their children when they pray that the children will be obedient and helpful, do well in their school work and in their lives, and when the blessings of heaven are invoked upon the family. And the marvelous thing about prayer is that God hears and answers these sincere prayers.

2. ". . . to walk uprightly. . . ."

This statement covers a multitude of responsibilities. Fathers need not wonder why their children swear, when they have failed to teach their sons not to swear.

One day a neighbor, who caught a small boy stealing tomatoes from his garden, said, "Young man, you are stealing. Now you run home and tell your father you were caught stealing, and tell him to tell you why you shouldn't steal."

It is the privilege and obligation of a father to teach his sons not to steal, or lie, or cheat, or in any way be dishonest. It is his duty to teach his sons what honor and chastity and integrity are — as much by ex-

*Samples of the many good articles in this area are two articles by Beverly Romney Cutler which appeared in the December 1962 and January 1963 issues of *The Improvement Era*, and a booklet entitled *Creative Family Living*, published by Olympus Publishing Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. See also the April 1963 issue of the *Era*.

ample as by precept. Others may supplement these teachings, but the father cannot escape this primary responsibility.

3. ". . . to observe the Sabbath day. . . ."

What a challenge to a parent to teach this and then augment the instruction by way of example — and what a joy when he does! The dividends on such instructions return many fold, usually soon, but always in future years.

4. ". . . to understand the doctrine. . . ."

Parents, generally, have underestimated the abilities of children to understand the doctrine of the Church and, therefore, have delayed too long teaching them the principles of the gospel. They should try an experiment of explaining one of the basic principles of the gospel to their children, even the young ones, and see if they cannot grasp it; retell it; and even amplify it, with a simple statement or a question.

"REPROVING BETIMES WITH SHARPNESS. . . ."

One of the finest statements on the psychology of disciplining children is found in Section 121:43 of the Doctrine and Covenants:

Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reprov'd, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy. . . .

This one verse includes all that is generally put in a chapter on child training, and, in addition, it directs how to maintain a wholesome relationship thereafter.

BE A PAL TO YOUR CHILDREN

Fathers have an equal responsibility with mothers in the storytelling department. Fathers ought to ponder seriously the question: "When was the last time I told my children a story?" If the family is young, it should not have been very long. Children have *claim* upon fathers for stories — continued, true, personal, or make-believe. This experience can be one of the fondest memories when children grow older and tell "company" about the interesting stories their father used to tell them.

A neighbor looked across the fence at a father with his son astride his back and said, "You'll have an aching back tomorrow." The father paused for a breath and replied, "Better an aching back tomorrow than an aching heart in the future!"

There is no finer, more delightful relationship than a father and his sons as pals. Being pals starts early in life and must be worked at continually — particularly by the father. The rewards are joy and peace in this life, and association together in the life to come.

SUMMARY

Parenthood is the greatest responsibility laid on two people. They must decide to be parents in the fullest meaning of the term, then make time their servant by deliberate management. Help should be sought from the rest of the family and from the many other sources available. Even inexperienced parents cannot go wrong if they will but follow the instructions of the Lord and demonstrate their love for their children.

He Knew the Prophet Joseph Smith

PART II — PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR

Preston Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

JOHN Taylor, the third President of the Church, was born in the town of Milnthorpe, Westmoreland County, England, on November 1, 1808.

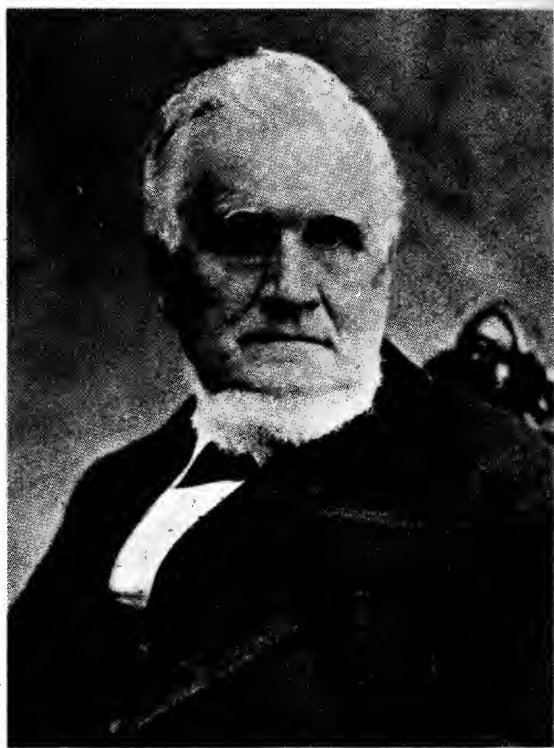
In 1830, the parents of John Taylor and all the members of the family except John, emigrated to Canada. He followed in 1832 and settled near Toronto.

Through the teaching of Parley P. Pratt, John Taylor was converted to Mormonism in 1836. In 1837 he visited Kirtland, Ohio, and met the Prophet Joseph Smith, who became his close personal friend.

In December 1838 he was made a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

After the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1844, John Taylor followed President Brigham Young and the saints to Salt Lake Valley. There he was very active in all the affairs of the Church; he also filled several foreign missions, and missions in the United States.

When President Brigham Young died in August 1877, John Taylor became the President of the Church. He presided ten years until his death in July 1887.



President John Taylor

On account of his close association with the Prophet Joseph Smith, he frequently referred to the life and activities of the great Prophet. Following are some of his comments:

“Joseph Smith, in the first place, was set apart by the Almighty, according to the councils of the Gods in the eternal worlds, to introduce principles of life among the people, of which the Gospel is the grand

power and influence, and through which salvation can extend to all peoples, all nations, all kindreds, all tongues, and worlds. It is the principle that brings life and immortality to light, and places us in communication with God. God selected him for that purpose, and he fulfilled his mission and he lived honorably and died honorably. I know of what I speak, for I was very well acquainted with him, and was with him a great deal during his life, and was with him when he died (*Journal of Discourses* 21:94).

“Who was Joseph Smith? . . . God chose this young man. He was ignorant of letters as the world has it, but the most profoundly learned and intelligent man that I ever met in my life, and I have traveled hundreds of thousands of miles, been on different continents and mingled among all classes and creeds of people, yet I have never met a man so intelligent as he was. Where did he get his intelligence from? Not from books, not from the logic or science or philosophy of the day, but he obtained it through the revelation of God, made known to him through the medium of the everlasting gospel (*Ibid.*, 21:63).

“I testify that I was acquainted with Joseph Smith for years; I have traveled with him; I have been with him in private and in public; I have associated with him in councils of all kinds; I have listened hundreds of times to his public teachings, and his advice to his friends and associates of a more private nature. I have been at his house and seen his deportment in his family. I have seen him arraigned before the tribunals of his country, and have

seen him honorably acquitted and delivered from the pernicious breath of slander, and the machinations and falsehoods of wicked and corrupt men. I was with him living, and when he died, when he was murdered in Carthage jail by a ruthless mob . . . with their faces painted. . . . I have seen him then under these various circumstances, and I testify before God, angels and men that he was a good, honorable, virtuous man, that his doctrines were good, scriptural and wholesome, that his precepts were such as became a man of God, that his private and public character was unimpeachable, that he lived and died a man of God and a gentleman. This is my testimony (*Public Discussion*, 1850).

“Many a time have I listened to the voice of our beloved prophet, while in council, his eyes sparkling with animation, and his soul fired with the inspiration of the living God. It was a theme that caused the bosoms of all who were privileged to listen, to thrill with delight. Intimately connected with this were themes upon which prophets, patriarchs, priests and kings dwelt with pleasure and delight. My spirit glows with sacred fire while I reflect upon these scenes and I say, O Lord, hasten the day! Let Zion be established! Let the mountain of the Lord’s house be established in the tops of the mountains! Let deliverance be proclaimed unto Zion! Let redemption echo from mountain to mountain, from hill to hill, from nation to nation! Let the world hear! Let the law go forth from Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem” (MS., 9:97).



KISS of the WIND

Rosa Lee Lloyd

CHAPTER 1

LUANA was fully awake before the alarm clock broke the lullaby quiet of the early dawn.

She did not turn off the alarm. Everyone had better hear it and awaken, she thought, because today was not only Lei Day, a red-letter day in the Hawaiian Islands, but it was a special day for the Harrington family.

Emma Lu, their twenty-one-year-old daughter, was coming home

from San Francisco, where she had been graduated as a nurse. They were all going to Honolulu to meet her. Lei Day would make everything even more enchanting, Luana thought, as she swung her feet to the floor and ran to the window.

Luana did not look forty-three years old; she was slender, strong, and vital as though charged with the liquid sunshine of the Isle of Maui which had been her home for the last twenty-two years. She loved

this pineapple plantation where she lived with her husband, Ben Harrington, their five children, and Ben's elderly mother whom they lovingly called Tutuwahine-Tutu (grandmother).

Now, as she stood at her bedroom window, her eyes caressed the shimmering blue-green water of the lagoon that swished the shore below their large white frame house. This was her very own glimpse of paradise. She had painted many pictures of this lagoon, but not until this spring had she finished one that she considered good enough to send to the Andrus McDougal Contest for Hawaiian Art. Now it was stored in Tutu's closet, ready for mailing as soon as the contest opened next week. But this was her secret. No one else knew of it except Tutu, who kept her secret as if it were her own.

Luana was not a pretty woman, her nose was prominent, her cheekbones too high, her mouth too wide, and her dark eyes fiercely determined. But her skin was velvet smooth, even though bronzed by Hawaiian sun.

No woman on the island did more for the sick, the tired, and the heart-broken than Luana Harrington. She was a member of the branch choir, a visiting teacher in her own neighborhood, and she taught a class to junior art students in the Civic Center. Luana's life was a symbol of completeness: husband, children, love, home, Church, and civic activities. What more could any woman in her whole lifetime ask for?

Yet dreams and yearning were in her eyes if you looked deeply. But

she was practical as well as artistic, and dreams to her were a springboard to action. She had worked unceasingly to make her dream come true. Now it was ready for the contest when the time came.

Quickly she turned from the window and reached in the closet for a muumuu.

"Hi, sleepyhead!" she called to her husband, who had not heard the alarm clock. Ben could sleep through the loudest clatter. He had learned to do that in the war, he told her.

LUANA sat on the side of the bed and ruffled her fingers through his dark hair, still thick at the sides, but thinning on top. He was big and homely and terribly exacting at times, but she loved him devotedly. He was worthy of her love and trust.

Ben, whose parents had come to Hawaii from the Mainland, had been born in this house on the Island of Maui. Luana had met him in San Francisco at a pineapple company convention in 1940. Love had come quickly to them, and love was still with them, deep and warm, after twenty-two years of married life. She loved every moment of their tender companionship, their joy in their children, their years of hard work together. Rearing five children on a pineapple plantation, with all the financial hazards that were involved, had not been easy. Ben had enlisted with the Marines after the Pearl Harbor attack, but with Tutu's wisdom and experience and Luana's brave young strength, they had been able to continue to work the plantation.

Emma Lu had been born while

Ben was on Guadalcanal. He had not seen her until she was two years old. Now there were five children, Luana thought proudly: Emma Lu, then Philip, eighteen, and ready for college; chubby, good-natured sixteen-year-old Pixie; and their rollicking, red-headed twin boys, Benjy and Bowman, nicknamed Bo. They would be thirteen next Monday.

Emma Lu was first to establish her career as a nurse. They wanted Philip to be a doctor after he fulfilled a mission. They planned that all their sons would go on missions. They had a family bank for this purpose. They called it their "love bank," because it was love for their Church, love for each other, and love for everyone in the world that prompted them to contribute to it.

Luana and her family knew the meaning of hard work. From dawn until twilight, and even beyond into the dark, torch-lit night during the harvest time, they labored on the plantation.

THE time Luana had given to painting had been moments when others were asleep. She went down to the lagoon alone in the moon-drenched night, or in the pink-blue dawn, when the world around her was so enchantingly beautiful that her heart swelled and sang with joy.

Rembrandt, Tutu had often told her, must have dreamed of Hawaiian blue, or he could not have painted such glorious color. Nothing in all the art work she had ever seen could compare with the natural blue of Hawaiian skies and water. Luana felt that she must paint it — she must give it to the world, to all

those who were not fortunate enough to visit Hawaii.

"Ben — it's time to get up," she said. "This is a big day for us, remember?"

He turned over sleepily, stretching his long arms. "A big day," he repeated, a smile parting his lips. "Every day is a big day for us, sweetheart. I wouldn't miss one of them for a million dollars, spot cash."

"Speaking of spot cash," Luana said, "we must stop at the bank. The payroll is due next week."

Ben sighed. "I know. There is always the payroll whether the crop is good or not."

"But it looks so good this season, darling. I was noticing yesterday how well the cuttings have grown. It must be the extra care Mike Togo has given them."

"You mean the extra love," Ben said. "I've never seen a young fellow who loves growing things like Mike Togo. I wish our Philip loved the plantation that way. But his heart is flying up there in the sky with airplanes and Larry Brown."

Luana nodded. "I know, dear. But he's still a boy. He's entitled to daydream," she defended.

"He's eighteen," Ben said, "ready for college in the fall. I would like him to be a doctor. We need more doctors on the islands, Lu. But he won't make up his mind."

Luana drew a deep breath. "Maybe he has made up his mind," she said. "He wants to be a pilot. I think he's afraid to tell you."

Ben sat upright. His eyes were hurt.

"Afraid to tell me!" he repeated.

"What have I ever done to make him afraid to tell me?"

Luana touched his cheek. "Darling," she said, gently, "I know how kind you are, how tender and considerate. And the children do, too, really. But sometimes — well — you still act like a Marine sergeant."

Ben shook his head. "I want the best for them," he said. "Maybe I am demanding, but it's because I love them and want them to get some place in life. You have to plan and then work to make your plan come true. I won't let my family waste time. I want them to have a goal."

Luana laughed as she put her arms around him, pressing her velvet cheek to his.

"Look, Sergeant," she coaxed. She always called him sergeant when she wanted him to be more lenient. "Let them be children for today. We only go to Honolulu once a year."

SHE arose from the bed and hurried to the kitchen, a long sunny room with wide windows opening into the lanai. Tutu was seated at a little rock work table heaped with pinkish red Roselani flowers. She was busy with a long needle and heavy thread making an especially elaborate lei.

"This must be ready to greet my Emma Lu," she said, smiling at Luana who bent to kiss her faded cheek. Tutu was frail and old in the morning light, but her eyes were glowing. She had been an English teacher out from the States in a Maui high school, before she married Ben's father. She always spoke slowly and precisely. Her voice had

a lullaby softness that everyone loved.

"Soon these Roselani flowers, the flower of our island, will be destroyed if we do not get rid of the hostile beetles. Look at the petals I have thrown away, Luana. They were ruined by beetles!"

"Bless you, Tutu," Luana said tenderly as she hurriedly set the table. "You always remember what each child loves best. The Roselani is Emma Lu's favorite lei. But there will be hundreds of leis of every kind on the streets today. Flowers of every island will be shown and worn. The Lehua from the big island of Hawaii, the Llima from Oahu, and the purple berry called Mokihana from Kauai, and Maui's own flower, the Roselani."

Tutu's eyes crinkled at the corners as she looked at Luana. "Don't forget the most common of all, the ginger flower lei. I have made thousands of them. None has a sweeter fragrance. But their color is not as exciting as the red and pink Roselani."

"The ginger is generally white, isn't it?" Luana questioned.

"I like to call it Sweet Snow," Tutu answered. "That describes it, although some call it Hedychiums. Today, in Honolulu, we will see orchid leis and carnations and the yellow and white Plumeria. Umm! I can almost smell them now. I am so happy to be able to go with you today. The Lord is good to me."

She reached for Luana's hand and pulled her gently to her side. "Today, I must tell you how grateful I am for you. You have been a perfect daughter to me and a perfect

wife for my son. I am nearing my sunset time, Luana. . . ."

"Nonsense!" Luana tried to smile as she always did when Tutu spoke of her sunset time. She could not bear to part with her, even though Dr. Hartford had warned them that her heart was very old and very, very tired. "I am no angel, Tutu," she went on gaily. "I have been impatient at times. Stubborn, too. And my temper!"

Tutu shook her head, smiling her wise little smile.

BEN loomed in the doorway, his new aloha shirt open at the throat. Luana looked at him with pride. Ben was one of the tallest men on the island, and even though he seemed stern with the children at times, he was, at heart, the kindest man she had ever known. He was even helpful to stranded visitors. She always smiled when she used the word *visitors*, instead of *tourists*, but that was customary in Hawaii. Folks thought it sounded more friendly.

Soon the kitchen was a beehive of activity. Each child had his appointed chore to do.

After the blessing, Ben helped Luana serve breakfast: guava nectar, scrambled eggs, oatmeal, milk, and bananas. Only Bo, contrary as usual, coaxed for papaya instead of guava nectar.

"Why don't you like lilikoi juice, Bo?" Luana demanded. "It is the choicest juice of the island. That's why we call it nectar."

"Not for me, Mama. I like papaya better," he said decidedly.

Luana shook her head. Bo was

like that in every way. He had a mind of his own. Benjy had always had to give in to him, she thought, looking fondly at her red-haired twin boys. Her babies were growing up. She and Ben had such great plans for them all. It would take extra money to do all they planned. That was one reason she was so eager about the art contest. The prize was ten thousand dollars.

"Look, Mama," Bo was saying over a mouthful of toast, "Benjy wants us to show you our surprise for Emma Lu."

Surprises were a tradition in the Harrington family. Any event was an excuse for a surprise. But Luana wasn't prepared for Benjy's and Bo's surprise.

"Oh, no!" she gasped, staring at the monkey in Benjy's arms. "Where did you get that?"

"From Hiro Kurata. You remember Hiro, Mama. He's our Japanese friend who lives over near the sugar mill. You let Bo and me go there for sukiyaki dinner."

Luana nodded. "Yes, I do remember. I like Hiro. We must invite him over when we have our Utah pork chops and milk gravy dinner. Or maybe he'd like our Alabama hot cakes, with real maple syrup from New England."

"Let's settle for San Francisco chop suey," Phil laughed. "You make that real swell, Mom, even though the Chinese never heard of the way they make it on the Mainland."

"Well now," Luana laughed. "We'll think of one of our Mainland dinners and give him a treat. Do his parents know he gave the monkey to you for Emma Lu?"

"Oh, yes!" Benjy said. "Their uncle sent it from Tahiti. They said we were welcome."

"I'll bet they did," Phil said, grimly.

"Emma Lu will love to own a monkey," Ben said, his mouth quirking.

"Just what she's always wanted," Pixie murmured, sipping her juice.

Luana noticed that Pixie was trying hard not to eat fattening foods, but it was a constant battle with a healthy appetite. She had courage and determination and weighed herself every day. She's really cute anyway, Luana thought tenderly, even if she is chubby. Her little upsy nose makes her look like a pixie. It was a blessing that she didn't seem to mind that she was not as pretty as the other girls at school.

PHIL took an extra banana and ate it hurriedly.

"Let's get going," he said. "We want to get there to watch the ship pass Diamond Head. Boy, do I have a surprise for my big sister!"

"Tell us!" Bo demanded. "We told you."

Phil put his hand up. "Don't ask me," he said. "This is personal."

"She'll have a surprise for us, I'll bet," Benjy said in his honest way. "I wonder what she'll have for us?"

Luana shook her head, reprovingly.

"Benjy, you should think how you can please her, not about what she will bring for you."

Benjy's wistful face was puzzled. "I know I should, Mama. I try to think of doing things for other peo-

ple all the time, but sometimes — I just think of me!"

Bo's lips turned down, scornfully.

"What a dope!" he said. "Always has to tell on himself. Never can just think anything. Always says it right out loud. Like in school yesterday when the teacher asked who drew that crazy mean picture of Drucie Hayward on the blackboard, Benjy has to say he didn't draw it, but it did look like Drucie's goon face."

"For goodness sake!" Luana said. "That was thoughtless of you, Benjy. Try to be more careful next time."

She looked sharply at Bo. "Who did draw that picture?" she questioned, remembering that Bo had quite a talent for drawing pictures that resembled people he knew.

Bo's face pinked up over his freckles. He stuffed a banana in his mouth. Everyone was looking at him. Ben leaned back, folding his arms across his chest which meant he would take over the situation.

"Bowman," he said, in a deadly calm voice, "answer your mother. She asked if you knew who drew the mean picture of Drucie Hayward?"

Bo swallowed hard. His eyes were fiercely stubborn.

"Why do I have to tell?" he demanded. "Just because Benjy tells everything, do I have to tell all my business? Miss Carson doesn't know who drew it — she couldn't find out. I wouldn't answer when she kept asking. I let her stand there and wonder if it was Charlie Lyman because he can draw so well. I don't like Charlie!"

There was a breathless silence.

Luana bit her lip. This was not merely a childish prank. This was a question of honor. How could her son let another boy take the blame for what he had done! And he acted as though he had been very clever. This must be corrected at once. But why did it have to happen today? she asked herself brokenly.

She looked at Ben as he stood up. His jaw was a firm hard line.

"Let's go to your room, Bowman," he said. "We must talk this over."

"We will wait for you," Luana said as they left the room. She was grateful that Ben thought each child

should be allowed to keep his dignity by being scolded alone. He did not belittle any of the children before the others. She had never interfered with his discipline because he was always fair and reasonable, but unyielding in his decision.

"Mama . . ." Benjy called to her. "Oh, Mama. . . ."

His wide blue eyes were full of tears.

"Finish your breakfast," she said, softly, her throat pinching in. She knew that each of them was sick with dread that Bo would be left behind on this day of days.

(To be continued)

To a Little Girl

Dorothy J. Roberts

Once I thought a dark-eyed *child*
The dearest in the world,
But now I have an added boon
Around that small child curled:

For I see more than the camera,
Which catches your tilted eye,
Dimples at mouth corners where
A smile is passing by.

I cannot see you as you were —
That princess in your face,
The dainty childhood fingers, for
A *girl* stands in their place —

A little girl with brand new teeth,
A shining golden braid —
The reaching outward of a grace,
A lady being made.





Handcart

Ida Isaacson

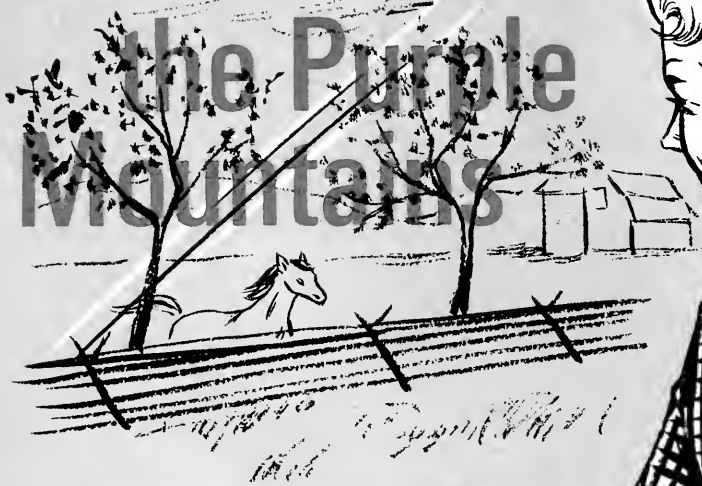
Tenderly she whispered, "Let us go on.
There is nothing behind us but heartache
Nothing but sad flowers — summer is gone.
We have in the handcart all we can take.

And all the things we left behind are ours
To leave — the fire in the open grate,
The sun's great glint on the temple towers.
Love, the shadow falls, the hour is late.

What fire glows in a new tomorrow
Warm enough to blot out despair and pain?
Dear love, from what sunset may we borrow
Gold to sculpture our heartaches in the rain?

Listen to our footfalls in the first snow,
The turn of the wheels as onward we go."

Beneath the Purple Mountains



Betty Lou Martin Smith

THE train sped on its way, closing in the miles between Teresa and her daughter Rosemary. It had been almost a year since they had been together, and Teresa was very excited to see her two little grandchildren once again.

Teresa watched enchanted as the train took her farther and farther away from the most densely populated part of the State into the rural area. Although she had never really cared for country life, she found the scenery around her very beautiful. Spring had almost arrived now, and it was in evidence at every turn. The rich, deep brown of the earth showed sprinklings of green, and the trees boasted tiny little buds making their debut into the world.

This is the time to get a fresh start on things, Teresa thought, more so than at any other time.

Spring makes me feel so clean and good all over.

When Rosemary had married ten years ago, Teresa had found it difficult to see why she would want to move away from her social life in the city to the country. She still couldn't understand her daughter's happiness in such a place. However, Teresa's husband had stated, "Happiness isn't being in a certain place; it comes from within one's own self. If Rosemary is willing, she can be happy any place."

Teresa adjusted the collar on her coat. She was smartly dressed in a black and white checked coat. Her accessories of black complemented her as well as the coat. Her lovely, white-gray hair went well with black, and her soft, almost unlined face and blue eyes finished the picture of a very fashionably dressed lady.

The conductor called out loudly,

"Cedar View," and Teresa's heart skipped a beat. She had arrived! In happy anticipation, she made her way toward the front of the car. The train was on time, Rosemary should be waiting.

"There's Grandma! There's Grandma!" Rosemary's eight-year-old son Donnie called out happily as he ran to meet Teresa.

"I see her, too." Cindy jumped up and down. The six-year-old also made her way toward her grandmother.

"Mother, it is so good to see you." Rosemary put her arms around her mother. "Carl said to tell you that he wished he could come to meet you, too, but they are so busy in the fields that they don't stop for anything."

"What, work on Saturday? In the city most people have Saturday off." Teresa wished she hadn't spoken so abruptly, but it was too late. She could detect a slight tenseness about Rosemary.

"The car is this way, Mother." Rosemary led the way.

ONCE inside the car Teresa attempted to make conversation. "You're looking very well, dear. I think this country air agrees with you."

"Despite all my hard work, Mother," Rosemary laughed, "I have never felt better." Although Rosemary had her father's light, blonde coloring, she resembled her mother strongly.

The car turned off the main highway and down a graveled lane for about five miles. The smell of the fresh earth was evident everywhere, and the sunshine poured into the

car. Teresa unbuttoned her coat and sat back in the car seat, perfectly relaxed.

Rosemary's and Carl's home was a large, white frame house with green shutters. There was a white picket fence around the yard, and it was apparent that Rosemary and Carl took great pride in keeping their place looking neat.

"Here we are, Mother." Rosemary pulled into the driveway by the side of the house. "Notice that we have repainted the house since you were here last?"

"It looks very nice, dear." Teresa appraised the house.

"I know that it isn't as elaborate as yours in the city, but we really do enjoy it here," Rosemary commented.

"I'm glad that you do, Rosemary."

"Donnie, catch the dog so that he won't jump on Grandma. You know that she doesn't like him around her," Rosemary called after her son.

"Here, Scampie," Donnie called out. "You had better stay by us."

Rosemary smiled. "Don't mind the children, Mother. It is just that they can't understand why anyone in the whole world would not want their wonderful Scampie to jump on them. He has become a member of the family."

"Well, you can have him as a member of the family if you want to, my dear, but I would just as soon that he stay right away from me." Teresa shuddered at the thought of the dog getting close to her.

The furniture in the house was not new, but it showed careful pol-

ishing and care. The rooms fairly glistened, and Teresa had to admit that there was a certain distinction about the place that some of the most elaborate homes lacked. It is really rather quaint, Teresa mused to herself.

"It is good to see you again, Mother," Carl said, as he entered the kitchen and put his arm on Teresa's shoulder. "We are all so pleased that you decided to come and visit us."

"My goodness, Carl, does Rosemary let you in the house with mud on you?" Teresa knew at once that she had spoken out of turn again.

Carl dropped his arm from Teresa's shoulder, walked over to the sink and got himself a glass of water. "I'm very careful not to get anything dirty," Carl responded. "Rosemary is a very tidy person, like you."

"What are you two talking about in here?" Rosemary walked into the kitchen.

"Nothing, really, just chatting." Teresa turned her gaze away from Carl's own.

The rest of the day was spent leisurely. Rosemary prepared a delicious lunch, and later took Teresa for a ride through the valley, showing her their land. Rosemary spoke of it so proudly that Teresa was amazed.

That night after dinner, Rosemary and Teresa did the dishes. It seemed so good to be with her daughter again that Teresa could not hide her pleasure.

"I wish that you lived closer to us, Rosemary. We don't get together nearly often enough. It would be

wonderful if you would move back to the city. Wouldn't Carl enjoy working there now that he has seen what hard work farming is?"

"No, Mother, Carl has always wanted a farm, and we are all perfectly happy here. The children love it as much as we do. Speaking for myself, I don't have any desire to move back to the city. Some people prefer to live in the city and some in the country. I just happen to be content in the country." Rosemary wiped off the cupboard and started putting the dishes away.

Teresa had hoped that in some way she could convince the children that they should move back to the city. Even though she had tried in vain before, she just could not give up. Now, she knew by the tone of Rosemary's voice that she had closed the matter, and that it should not be brought up again.

Later, Teresa sat down in front of the kitchen table and waited for her daughter to finish tidying up. "Rosemary, why don't you get Carl to put in a double sink. It would be much more convenient for you, you know."

"We can't afford it right now, Mother. Eventually we want to remodel the kitchen, but we can wait," Rosemary said. "Let's go into the living room. Sit here, Mother. I think that you'll find this chair more comfortable."

Carl sat on the couch by Rosemary, and Teresa noticed how he had matured in the past ten years. He had always been good looking, with his light brown, curly hair and kind gray eyes, but now he had a mature appearance that he had lacked before.

THE week end passed by pleasantly with the Sabbath spent mostly in church. Teresa had slept better than she had done for weeks. She even found herself falling asleep in Carl's easy chair when he was outside.

Monday proved to be a very busy day, with washing, cooking a big meal for the men who had come to help Carl, and, later, baking bread.

Teresa tried to help, but she gave out before the day was even half over. She was appalled at how hard her daughter worked.

When Rosemary took a moment to sit down, Teresa couldn't keep quiet. "I think that it is terrible the way that Carl lets you work. I have never seen anyone work so hard."

"Now, Mother, I don't work any harder than the other people around here. Have you ever noticed how hard Carl works? He is up at dawn every day, and he never stops, only to eat, until it is dark at night. I enjoy working hard. It gives me a purpose in life. I feel that I am accomplishing something."

"Well, I can think of much better ways to accomplish things." Teresa's voice held an antagonistic ring.

Before they retired that night, Rosemary said, "It is our Relief Society work meeting tomorrow, Mother. It starts early, and we have our lunch there. Would you care to go?"

"I don't know, Rosemary," Teresa hesitated. She could not see that she had anything in common with the ladies in the country, and she was beginning to believe that she did not have anything in common

with her own daughter any more.

"I am in charge of the lunch, Mother, or I would stay home and visit with you. I think that you would enjoy it."

"Well, all right, dear. I might just as well go. I don't have anything else to do, with the children in school."

The next morning Rosemary prepared the food for the noonday meal for Carl and his men, and before Teresa could believe it, things were in order, and they were on their way to the meetinghouse.

"No wonder you keep thin, Rosemary. I get tired just watching you." Teresa was grateful for Rosemary's vitality.

THE meetinghouse proved to be very well kept, also. It was difficult for Teresa to explain it to herself, but it felt comfortable and friendly.

The women were very friendly, not at all as Teresa had pictured them. She had imagined they would look older, tired, somewhat disheveled. As it turned out, they were attractively dressed in bright, cotton frocks. They were healthy and vital looking.

"Are you having a good time, Mother?" Rosemary stopped for a moment to talk to Teresa.

"Yes, yes, I am, Rosemary." Teresa was surprised to realize that she was actually enjoying herself.

Once back at the farm, Teresa went out into the kitchen to help Rosemary with dinner.

"You know, dear, I don't think that I want to leave."

Rosemary looked up from where she was peeling potatoes. Teresa's

words had obviously startled her. "What did you say, Mother?"

Teresa smiled. "I didn't mean to surprise you so, dear, but I think that at last I am beginning to understand your way of life." She put her arm about her daughter's waist. "It is a good, rich life for you, Carl, and the children, Rosemary. It is truly a life full of purpose. I am just happy that you didn't listen to me. I am also happy that you and Carl have given yourselves so much to work for. I am very glad that you are out here in the country."

"Do you really mean that?" Rosemary was amazed. "What changed you, Mother? I don't understand."

"I don't really know myself, Rosemary. I suppose that it was seeing those women today. They all had that same happy look that you have. Their lives seem so full of planning and keeping busy that they do not have the time to worry about the things that they don't have. I am

speaking of material things, of course."

"That's true. The desire for elaborate things seems to leave you. You don't have the time to think about them." Rosemary was thoughtful now.

"There is something else, too, about this part of the country, Rosemary," Teresa added in afterthought.

"What is that?"

"I have never slept better in my life." Teresa smiled.

Rosemary laughed sweetly. "You, too. The same thing happened to me when I came here."

Together, Rosemary and Teresa walked out to the back yard to watch the children play. Teresa had meant what she said. She dreaded leaving the farm nestled beneath the purple mountains and the grandeur of the restful spring days. She would even miss Scampie. She had grown so used to his sleeping by her feet as she rested in Carl's easy chair.

City Pool

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The rain ceased falling, and while walking
I came upon a lonely pool
Imprisoned in a stony hollow —
The pavement warm, the water cool.

A boy swung happy toes across it
And later robins came to sport,
But there was only sky above it,
No leafy branch of any sort.

Never to climb a birch tree fountain,
Never to be one with grass or clover;
Only the sun's hot rays as outlet,
Then make the long, slow journey over!



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. OLGA PEARSON ENGDAHL, of Omaha, Nebraska, was selected as American Mother of the Year from among fifty successful State candidates, in New York City in May. A queenly woman, she has given countless days of service as a volunteer hospital worker and in other humanitarian efforts, in addition to being the successful mother of six sons and one daughter.

MRS ORA NELSON ANDERSON, Brigham city, Utah's Mother of the Year, was one of five mothers to receive a special citation. Hers was for "extraordinary skills in the art of homemaking." She has wallpapered, painted, and tiled her home and made almost all her children's clothing. She received her award in a handsome black suit made by herself. Mrs. Anderson has three daughters and four sons, all outstanding.

MRS. EMILY HANCOCK (DAVID) SMITH, Idaho Falls, another Latter-day Saint woman, was the Idaho Mother of the Year. Mother of eleven children, grandmother of ninety-one, great-grandmother of seven, she was matron of the Idaho Falls temple for six years while her husband was temple president. She

stressed both the gospel and educational pursuits in teaching her children.

Dr. Roy Fugal, of New York City (son of Mrs. Lavina C. Fugal, Utah and American Mother of 1955), as chairman of the Advisory Board of the American Mothers Committee, presented to successful candidate Mrs. Engdahl, the motherhood statuette by Latter-day Saint sculptor Avarad Fairbanks, which has been the National Mother award for several years.

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, a member of the National Board, attended the proceedings.

MARY BROWN CLARK, of Provo, Utah, 104 years old, born in Lehi in 1859 to pioneer parents John and Amy Snyder Brown, has recently become a great-great-great-grandmother, with the birth of Richard Saxton in Heber City. All six generations in the descent of baby Richard are living. Mrs. Clark's father, John Brown, accompanied Orson Pratt as a scout and saw Salt Lake Valley from the summit of Big Mountain on July 19, 1847—the first view by any of the pioneers.



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Modern Pioneers



THE word *pioneer* may conjure up a picture of a woman whose long skirts draggle in the dust trudging wearily over the miles to reach a shining goal where opportunity dwells. In today's world with the land bought up and fenced off, the role of the pioneer may seem to have vanished.

However "one who opens up new lands" is only one definition of pioneer. It also means to open up or prepare a way. There is great need for individuals to pioneer today — to strike out away from the ways of the world, from evil trends, wicked practices, and the enticements of conspiring men.

Relief Society members can pioneer in many fields, many of which were practiced by their pioneer forebears, by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Recently a young woman was getting married who pio-

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neered in acquiring her household furniture. She accepted offers from relatives and kind friends of castoff pieces of furniture. Then, through ingenuity and a moderate outlay of cash, coupled with imagination and painstaking labor, the castoffs — though of different periods and styles — were brought into a harmonious whole. The effect was very homelike and attractive, and there was no bondage to debt in the months ahead of making monthly payments. Many families and friends, learning of the desire of a young couple to make over and make do, are happy to assist in this way.

Another wife pioneered in doing genealogical work, giving up a social group to enable her and her husband to search out their progenitors. Certainly this was modern pioneering, for they were the first to prepare the way for their beloved ancestors to attain exaltation.

A mother and father pioneered in the recreational needs for their teen-age children. Unable to provide money for movies and attendance at other public places of amusement each week, they planned "game" parties for each Friday night to which their children invited their friends. They enjoyed gala occasions with little expense except for the food. Sometimes, instead of games, the evening was spent pulling taffy, making other candies, or preparing other types of food. These party plans spread to the friends' homes also where the pioneer joys of partying at home became a happy practice.

It takes courage to pioneer, and a conviction of the rightness of one's cause. There must be a goal in view. Any sister who feels dissatisfied with matters as they are being practiced in her home can become, through enthusiasm, planning, persistence, and good judgment, added to courage, a modern pioneer and attain the satisfaction of creativity as she improves the lot of her family by pioneering new ways.

—M. C. S.



The Brainstorm

Helen S. Phillips

IT was right after fall round-up last year that I had my first brainstorm. Since our ranch country is so far from civilization, school is always dismissed for a week every fall so we boys can help round up the cattle.

We hadn't been back in classes too long, the day Pudge Lambert and I were eating lunch together out on the playground. Pudge hadn't earned his nickname for nothing. Enviously, I watched him tear into three sandwiches, two apples, and start in on a huge stack of homemade oatmeal cookies, while I choked down the usual Rusty Cameron special: one dry sandwich and a couple of store-bought cupcakes.

"If I had that many cookies, I'd sure divide up with a pal," I re-

marked, my mouth watering.

"Rusty, pal, why don't you bring your own?" Pudge mumbled through bulging cheeks. That did it!

"You know I would, if there was anybody at home to make them," I said, heatedly.

"Why doesn't your dad hire a housekeeper then?" Pudge asked, as he finally handed me a couple of his precious cookies. "At least they can bake things."

"Who wants a housekeeper?" I swallowed another delicious mouthful. "I've decided that what Dad and I need around our ranch is a mother. This isn't the first time I've thought so, either."

Pudge eyed me with a frown. "Rusty Cameron, are you serious?"

When I said I was, he warned,

"You don't really have it so bad, you know. Fathers don't make you put on clean clothes every day, and I'll bet you and your Dad get to eat anything you want. What's so wrong with that?"

"Plenty!" I said emphatically, reaching for more cookies. How could I explain the way an empty house echoed, with no mother there to welcome you home from school? Or how your Dad could be like a real buddy when you were doing the chores together but forget to make conversation during the long, lonely evenings? Those were just two reasons. There were about a hundred others.

"Lately, I've been thinking about this mother business a lot," I continued. "Since Mom died, it does seem like Dad could have found someone for us by this time, if he had just put his mind to it. Dad says it gets tiresome after awhile, having women fall all over him just because he's a widower. So I've decided it's up to me."

"You are serious!" Pudge exclaimed. "I suppose next you'll be telling me you have someone picked out."

"Not exactly, but I'm working on it," I admitted.

This project wasn't going to be easy. Even I have noticed that ladies don't stay out in our ranch country unless they're already married. Pudge and I began counting. There was Miss Agatha, Bud Skinner's old maid aunt out at the Circle Bar S. She's kinda wrinkled and skinny, though, probably too old for my Dad, even. Then there is Miss Flossie, the doctor's sister, who plays the organ in church on Sun-

day. Sometimes she accompanies her own soprano solos. If she sounded like that at round-up, boy! The cattle would stampede for sure. She doesn't look too much like a mother, either.

That left only our new school teacher. For some reason, Dad doesn't have too much use for teachers. Once at a church supper I heard old Mrs. Grigsby say it was too bad that every year the new teacher always sets her cap for Tom Cameron, and him still carrying a torch for his dead wife. That shows you how much Mrs. Grigsby knows about it. Who needs torches? Our ranch has electricity now, even in the barn.

"If you're smart, you'll choose Miss Marston," Pudge said. "So far, she's the neatest teacher we've had yet. Prettiest, too."

THE lunch bell rang, and we took our seats. Right away I started drawing my map of Asia Minor, because it gave me a chance to study Miss Marston. She really was pretty, with soft brown hair and blue eyes that crinkled when she smiled. She smiled at us a lot, too, like she was happy to be a teacher. Like she didn't even mind teaching in a one-room schoolhouse clear out here in Hawk Springs. I decided it wouldn't take much practice for her to start being a mother. Now all I had to do was get her and Dad together.

Dad isn't too crazy about PTA, but I had to start somewhere. After dinner that night, when he said, "Homework, son?" I had my second brainstorm.

"Just about a ton of it is all," I

groaned, crossing my fingers. "Also, Miss Marston might think I haven't been getting the right help at home. She says. . . ."

"Never mind what she says," Dad interrupted, getting red in the face. Actually, my dad is very smart. He can help me find the answer to practically anything.

"Did you say there's PTA tonight? Sounds as if I'd better go after all. I need to get a few things straightened out in my own mind." He stood up and reached for his hat.

"You'd better wear your best clothes," I said, not daring to look at him. "Miss Marston is really pretty."

"Just another old maid school-teacher," he grunted, but I noticed he took a shower and changed clothes before he left.

I was still doing my homework when he came home a couple of hours later. From the way he stomped in, looking cross and grumpy, I knew better than to ask questions.

"Aren't you in bed yet?" he barked. Boy! Dad hardly ever raises his voice at anyone, so something really bad must have happened. As I headed for bed, I heard him mutter, "As for that new teacher, she's the stubbornest woman I ever met. Made it pretty clear she had no use for me, either."

SCHOOL wasn't so good the next day, either. Miss Marston didn't smile at anyone, and even the other students noticed that she kept picking on me.

"Let's hear all your times tables, Rusty," she said in a stern voice. "Only recently I have been informed

that my teaching methods are somewhat questionable. We must correct that, along with a few other strong opinions which certain people seem to hold."

None of us knew exactly what she was talking about, but boy! I was tired of those seven times tables before she let me take my seat.

Well — things hadn't started out too well, but I wasn't ready to give up yet. Talking to Pudge after school gave me an idea for my next plan of action.

"Miss Marston is coming out to our place tonight," he announced importantly. "Mom invited her to dinner and she said, good, that would give her a chance to have a conference about me."

A conference with the teacher? I had never heard of it, but if Pudge got to have one, then so should I. I hurried back inside the schoolhouse.

Miss Marston looked up from her desk. "Why, Rusty," she exclaimed, "what is it? Aren't you supposed to ride home with the other boys?"

"My horse can catch up with theirs any day," I bragged. Then I stole a peek at her face. Boy! she was even prettier up close. I didn't realize I was staring until she began to blush. "Uh . . . Miss Marston . . . uh. . . ." My tongue was getting all twisted up. "I think you should have a conference with my Father . . . about my homework," I added hastily. "Would it be convenient for you to come in time for dinner tomorrow night?"

"Rusty, are you sure . . . ?" she began, but I crossed my fingers and did my best to look innocent. Then

she drew a deep breath. "Maybe he does see my point of view!" she smiled. "You may tell your father I'll be there."

I wish I could report that the conference was a big success, but, like George Washington, I cannot tell a lie. I hurried home after school the next night and went straight to the kitchen, instead of going out to help with the chores. Company meant cake, so I got out Mom's old cookbook and started mixing things up. Mixed up is right! That about describes the way things were when Miss Marston arrived at the front door. Just about then, Dad came in from doing chores. Anyone could tell by the way he looked that he wasn't expecting company. Especially not Miss Marston, who looked especially dressed up.

SHE looked at Dad, then at me. "I'm sorry," she said stiffly, "apparently I misunderstood Rusty yesterday. . . . I got the impression you wanted to have a conference with me concerning his school-work."

Mrs. Grigsby says that for a rancher, my father has impeccable manners, whatever they are. "I'm sure that a conference might be helpful," he said politely. "Would you excuse me for a few minutes? Rusty, you can entertain our guest while I change."

Of course he meant for me to take her into the living room, but first thing I knew, Miss Marston had tied a dish towel around her waist and was helping me finish the cake. When Dad came back, all three of us cooked scrambled eggs and bacon, and I thought the dinner

turned out just fine in every way.

Even a blind man could see that Miss Marston would make a perfect mother. I kept watching Dad, to see if he noticed. If he did, he surely wasn't letting on! As soon as the conference began, I went in the other room to do homework. Both of them were very polite to each other, but their conversation didn't sound too friendly.

"Frankly, Miss Marston, I think a city girl has no business signing a contract to teach school in the country," Dad said, at one point in the conference. "This is no land for softies. You probably won't last any longer than the other teachers who came out here and wasted a year of their lives, as they said."

"We'll see who's a softie," she retorted crisply. "I happen to believe that a person can adapt to any environment he or she chooses. If she likes people, that is."

That's the way it went most of the evening. I didn't hear much conference about me, though. Finally, it was time for Dad to see her home. Out here we never let ladies ride alone after dark. As they went out the door I whispered, "Dad, be sure to kiss her goodnight!" They both acted like they couldn't hear me. Sometimes grownups are so funny!

I guess he didn't kiss her. Because after dinner the next night, Dad came out all dressed up like it was some special occasion. I eyed him hopefully. "Something going on I haven't heard about?"

He laughed and clapped me on the shoulder. "Rusty, don't you think it's time we considered having a woman around here?"

"Boy!" I whooped, "that would be neat. Miss Marston's the one I'd choose, too!"

His grin faded. "That Miss Princess? As a matter of fact, I'm taking Miss Flossie to the square dance tonight. She's our type, son, more than any city girl would be."

Well how do you like that? I certainly didn't!

For the next couple of weeks, Dad just ignored me if I mentioned Miss Marston. Instead, he dated Miss Flossie so often that everyone was talking about it. When I saw the silly way she acted around Dad, though, and he didn't mind, I got a scary, cold feeling inside. Surely, he wasn't serious! Couldn't he see she just wasn't the mother type?

That's how matters stood the morning of the storm. I had my horse all saddled and ready to leave for school when Dad cocked an eye at the low-lying clouds on the horizon.

"I don't like the looks of the weather," he said. "Those thunderclouds are coming up too fast to suit me. With the prairie as dry as it is, a lightning storm is all we need. Better tell your Miss Marston that out in this country a smart schoolmarm dismisses classes in weather like this. Too much danger of a prairie fire. Then you high-tail it for home early."

Probably it was a mistake to give Miss Marston the message in front of the class. "Thank you, Rusty," she said lightly, "it's kind of your father to offer advice so often. Unfortunately, the school board specified nothing about bad weather holidays, so I suppose we had better stay today." She smiled at the class.

"Very well. Let's begin with arithmetic."

All of us glanced uneasily at one another. We weren't sure whom to obey, our parents who said to come home, or the teacher who said to stay. So we stayed.

THAT was one morning it was harder than usual to concentrate. The schoolroom temperature was stifling hot for October, and when we opened the windows there wasn't a breath of air stirring. The sun looked like a hot brass ball, before clouds began moving in to cover it with a hazy gray film. We began hearing the first rumbles of thunder in the distance, and when the lightning began to crackle as it came closer and closer, Pudge held up his hand.

"Ma'am," he said apologetically, "out here prairie storms come up mighty fast. Maybe we should . . . uh . . . that is. . ."

"Pudge, of course." Miss Marston stood up. "Students, anyone who wishes may be excused to go home immediately." Amid the shouts and noises of departure, I guess no one else noticed that Miss Marston sat back down at her desk. I sat down, too.

"I'll just do homework for awhile, if you don't mind," I said. "Dad'll be out on the range, and I hate to go home to our empty house." She didn't say anything, but her eyes looked sympathetic.

We worked in silence for awhile. Presently she glanced out the window, then quickly began to gather up the papers on her desk.

"I think we'd better start for home, Rusty," she said uneasily.

“Look at that sky!”

I looked, then ran outside. Everything seemed to be enveloped in a murky, dark haze. Smoke or dust? I couldn't tell. The air felt so charged with electricity it almost hummed. Suddenly, there was a sharp crack and a blinding flash. Then another, and another. That lightning was too close for comfort! I scooted back inside.

“Let's lock up and get going!” I shouted. In the distance I could hear the frenzied snorts of our horses as they reared and strained against the hitching rail. Lightning was one thing they wanted no part of. As soon as we banged the door shut behind us, I could see why. Those bolts of lightning had started several small fires, all headed in our direction.

“I can't believe it!” Miss Marston gasped. Then, after another look at the surrounding prairie, she straightened her shoulders resolutely. “Rusty, we just can't leave the schoolhouse to burn down. If only we had some wet gunny sacks, couldn't we use them to head off the fire before it gets any closer?”

For Miss Marston, anything was worth a try. Luckily I found some empty sacks out in the woodshed. We soaked them in the stock watering trough then frantically beat at the flames. Back to the water, then to the fire. It was backbreaking work. The routine seemed endless — and hopeless, for as quickly as we smothered one flame, another sprang up in its place.

Finally, discouraged, I looked at Miss Marston. She was a mess! Hair all straggly, face smudged with dirt and ashes, and her dress looked

as soggy as one of the gunny sacks. Even like that, she was still better than Miss Flossie. Wearily, she stood up and brushed the hair out of her eyes.

“Tell me, Rusty,” she said, “what do you think your father would do now?”

“Well,” I answered, “probably dig a trench around the schoolhouse and start a backfire, I guess.”

That's what we were doing when they found us, Dad and the crew from our ranch. Miss Marston was grimly trying to dig a trench with the rusty shovel I had found, and I had a pretty fair backfire started when they came driving up with the wagon. Like clockwork, part of the men unloaded a plough, hitched it to the team and finished digging the trench. The rest of them soaked down the roof with the wet sacks, then watched the backfire really take hold. We just stood there, too tired to move, as Dad hurried up to us.

For a minute he didn't say anything. Then he gave me a quick hug, and I saw him look at Miss Marston like he wished he could hug her, too. Then he reached out and took one of her hands, gently touching the blistered palm.

“You two make a real team,” he said huskily. “Any chance I could join in?”

Was there! Miss Marston blushed and I whooped, “It's about time!” as I ran off to check on the horses. Dad and the teacher just stood there and looked at each other.

P.S. I haven't had a single brainstorm since I got my new Mom. It was all strictly Dad's idea — he thinks!



Josef Muench

Mount Hood and Lost Lake, Oregon

Portals of Summer

Ida Elaine James

I pause within tall portals, slim and straight,
As one who lingers in a vestibule
Of long, long corridors, before I sate
My being with the dim and sweetly cool
Beauty promised me within the great
Green vistas of the forest. Is there one
Who dares to drop upon these leaves and prate
Of self's abandoned hopes, of life's work done?

I lean my ear on stems that sweetly bend
To my tired cheek, whereunder insects lie
No more encumbered in their crypt than I,
And loose my stifled, harrowed soul, and blend
My psalm with lullabies of birds and flowers . .
A rite that cleanses me from wasted hours.

the Home

inside and out

A Grandson Grows in My Garden

Maude Rubin



He listens to water playing its song
As he fills a bath for the sparrows;
Then he catches tadpoles till shadows grow long,
Marking the ground with slim black arrows.

Like quicksilver is five-years-old,
But still as blue-eyed grass,
He watches a butterfly's wings unfold,
Gold velvet and jewel-topaz.

He drinks lemonade with mint and ice;
Picks purple grapes for his mother;
Then curled in my arms he sings "Three Blind Mice"
Till the gate latch lifts. . . . Another

Long garden day has left its trail
On the mind of a five-year-old;
As silver-gleaming as dew or snail
Are the treasures his dreams will hold.

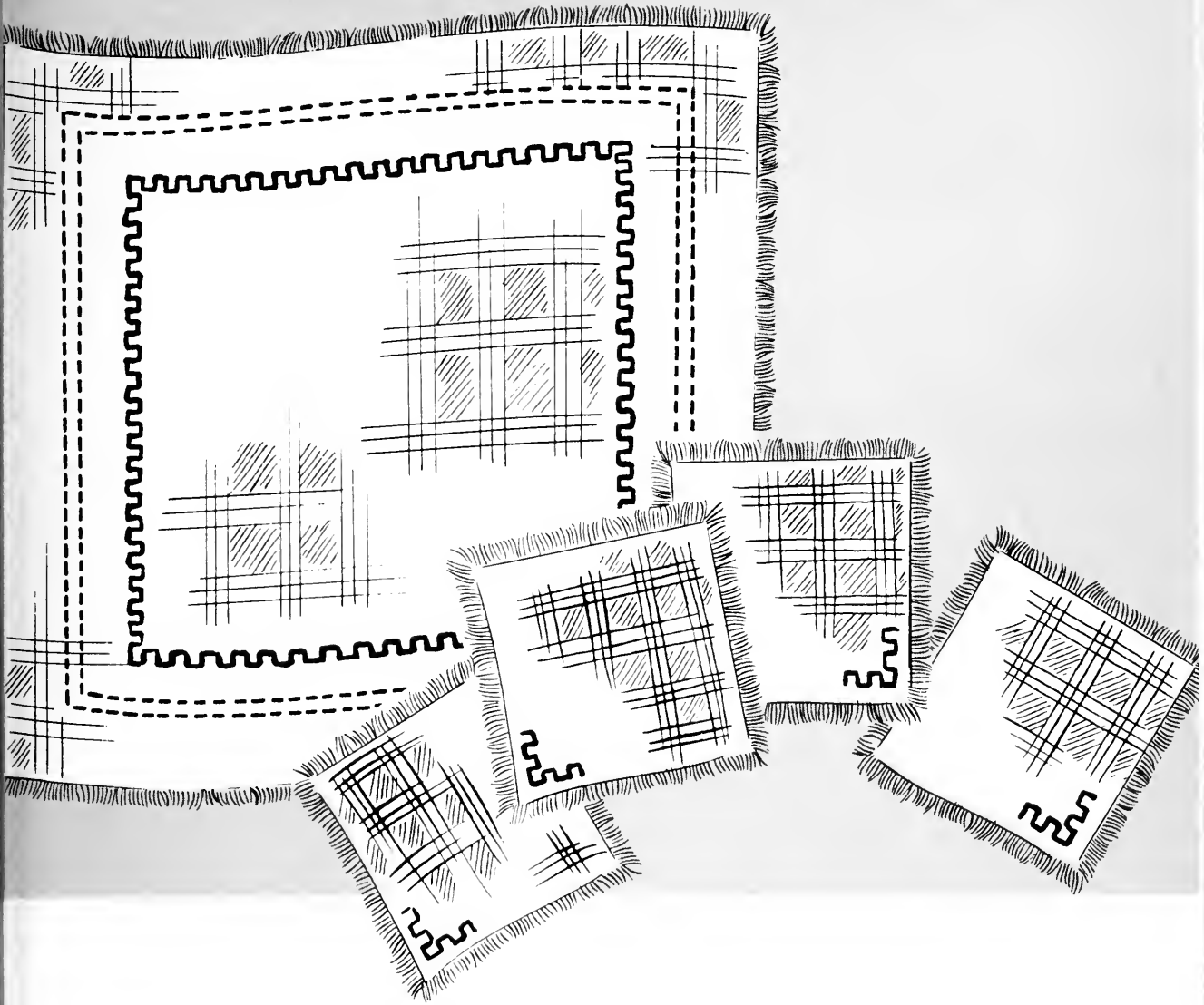
Summer Fancy Stitching for your daughters

Shirley Thulin



IN addition to providing a delightful sense of companionship between a mother and her young daughter, the learning of embroidery stitches provides an acquaintanceship with the handling of a needle and thread, the wearing of a thimble, the use of embroidery hoops, and the feel and texture of material. Also, a discriminating love of color and design may be fostered, and perhaps a handicraft skill that may be a lifetime joy can be initiated by a mother for her daughter through summer afternoons of love and stitching. Some accomplishments valuable to seamstresses can be first achieved by practice of embroidery stitches, such as buttonhole work, and the delightful basket-weave stitch which may become an asset in later mending and darning.

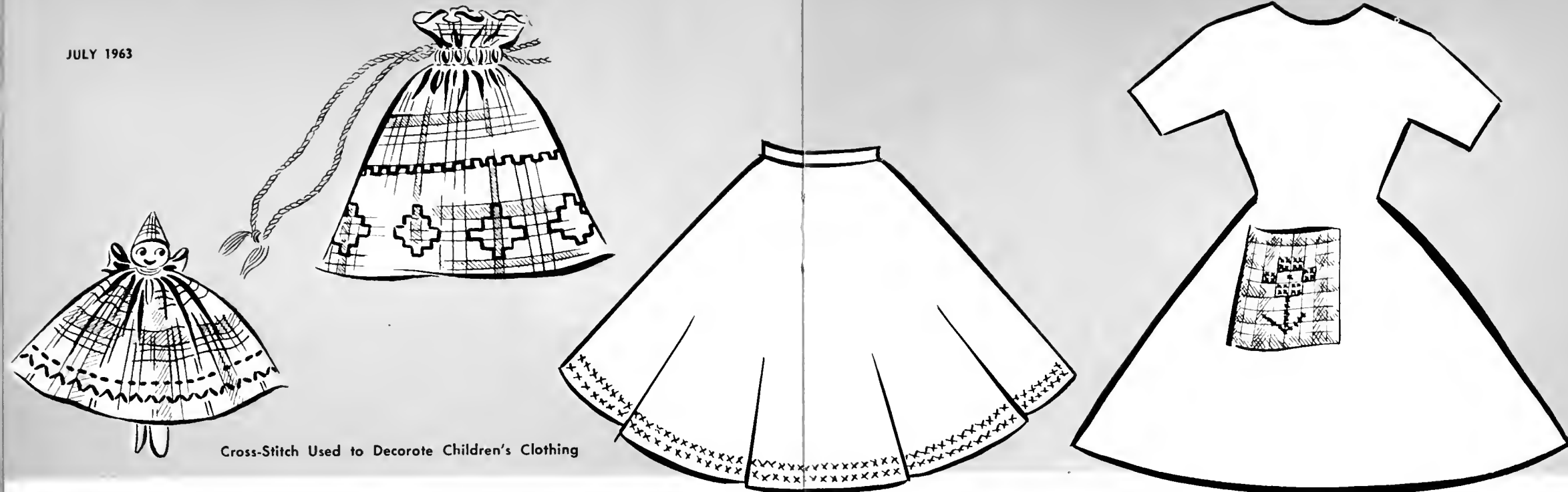
It would be a good beginning if the first item chosen was a dish towel. The pattern can be simple, and mistakes are not so disastrous. In a very short time the nimble fingers will want to tackle anything from dish towels to intricate applied bedspreads or crewel work, with pure delight in the feeling of progression.



Illustrations of the Use of the Basic Running Stitch in Decorative Embroidery

SEWING EQUIPMENT—It is very important to have good sewing equipment, so give your daughter a sewing kit of her very own soon after school closes. This kit can be as simple as a small sturdy box containing a few articles, to an elaborate sewing basket, filled with dozens of sewing gadgets. Whichever you choose, the sewing kit should include a thimble her own size, a small pair of scissors, embroidery hoops, embroidery needles with the long eyes (then she can quickly learn to thread them), and a good assortment of colorful embroidery floss. Have her wind each color on an empty spool. This makes for a neater basket, and also makes it easier to select and obtain the proper color. Show her how to separate the strands, so that they will be ready for use.

IF you give your daughter a good basic embroidery education, teaching her the different stitches and possibilities first, she will have self-confidence to begin with, and will have a stronger desire to carry each project through.



Cross-Stitch Used to Decorate Children's Clothing

Here, then, are the basic steps and the way to teach them:

1. BASIC RUNNING STITCH

This gives little fingers a limbering up. It is also a good stitch to teach accuracy in following lines.

If the child is very young, it is good to begin learning on a square of checkered gingham. The gay colors will add enjoyment for her, and she can make some useful items with less time involved, thereby realizing accomplishment more quickly.

Show her how to tie a neat knot in the end of her thread, and show her how to put the needle up through the cloth from underneath right on the line. Make running stitches between the squares.

Several rows make a nice border. If you make running stitches crosswise, you will get small squares.

You can make many kinds of borders by doing running stitches in different ways.

Do some running stitches on the following practical articles:

A luncheon cloth and napkins: Take a piece of fabric 36 inches square and make a border about two or three inches from the edges. Now fringe the edges. Make napkins to match.

A clothespin doll: The dress is made of a straight piece of gingham just wide enough to let the "head" and "feet" of the clothespin show. Make a border of your choice along the bottom edge, and then gather the top edge, again using the running stitch. This also makes a skirt for her favorite little doll.

A carryall bag: Make this by cutting two rectangular pieces of gingham making a border or an all-over design. Now use the running stitch to sew the pieces together on three sides, hemming the fourth side, and putting in a drawstring.

2. CROSS-STITCH

This stitch delights the beginning seamstress, for it gives her the feeling of "really sewing." The cross-stitch should always have the stitches going the same way. Never make each cross-stitch individually. Work across, slanting all the stitches in one direction. Then come back across your work, slanting the stitches the other way.

Gingham is again very good to learn on. If the checks are small, your crosses will

be small. If the checks are large, the crosses will be larger, but remember to make a cross from corner to corner. Make a design by filling in certain squares and leaving others blank.

Some practical items to make with cross-stitching:

Pockets for your plain-colored dress.

The border for your new skirt.

A pair of pillow slips with a stamped cross-stitch design.

3. THE OUTLINE STITCH

This is a little more difficult, but if you remember to teach your daughter to bring the needle out exactly on the line she wants to follow, she will have no trouble. It is done with a backwards stitch.

Teach her to take as short a stitch as she is able, then her work will be neater. Learn first on straight lines, as it is on the turns that the beginner usually has trouble.

On checked gingham, it is an easy trick to learn to make designs using the outline stitch.

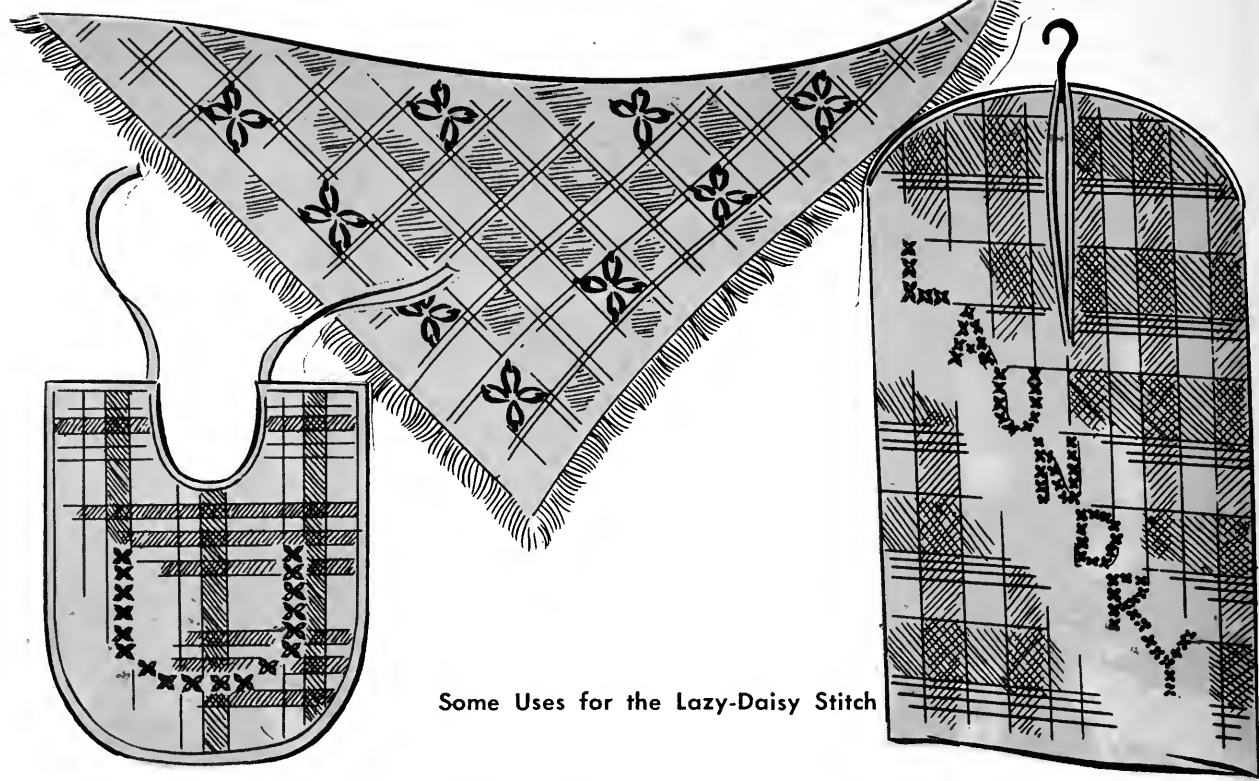
Now she is ready to tackle more difficult patterns. Dresser scarfs or again pillow slips are a good choice. She can find them printed with a combination of the cross-stitch and the outline stitch. This enables her to use two new skills.

4. LAZY-DAISY STITCH

This is still a little more difficult to do, but by practicing on simple items, she will be delighted at the fast results. The beginner nearly always pulls the thread too tight. This pulls the loop into a straight line, and the flower petal effect is lost. Caution her against this.

With this new stitch, a colorful flower garden will appear on tablecloths or aprons. She can vary her flowers from four petals to six, or even larger.

She can also make the leaves on an outline stitched stem.



Some Uses for the Lazy-Daisy Stitch

Ideas for the use of the lazy-daisy stitch:

Help your little seamstress make a triangle decorated with lazy-daisy blossoms and fringe the two edges, hemming the bias edge. This makes an attractive head scarf, and she will be proud of her own handiwork.

A bib for baby: Just cut two bib shapes of cotton fabric, and one of flannel, plastic, or heavy fabric, for a padding. Now put them together with a bias binding. If you cut your own binding, you can make it wider, and it will be easier for youngsters to sew in place.

A laundry bag: This is made by taking two rectangles and rounding one edge slightly to fit a wooden hanger. Cut a slit down the center of the front about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way. Now bind this slit with bias. Stitch three straight sides together and bind the curved sides together with bias. Slip the hanger inside.

5. THE FRENCH KNOT

This stitch is a real test as to the ability of even some well-established stitchers, but it is required on nearly every piece of fancywork we pick up, so is a "must." Be sure to keep the child from becoming discouraged by reminding her that practice makes perfect. If she makes rows and rows of French knots on a plain square of fabric, it will help her. Let her pick out the best knots in the row and try to make the next ones like them. If you make them along with her, it will help.

To make a French knot: Pull the thread up through the cloth. Now hold the thread with your left hand and wind it around the needle three or four times. Now pull the thread tight and put the needle back through the cloth close to where the thread came out. Loosen the knot enough to push the needle through. Now pull the thread tight.

Be careful to keep the knot close to the cloth at all times. If you want larger knots, don't wind the thread more times, but simply use more strands of thread in your needle.

French knots are used mostly for the center of flowers, but they can be used in rows to make designs. Try this on a gingham border for a tea towel.

There are many other stitches, but these are the basic ones, and are enough to get your daughter started. Take that shopping trip with her for your supplies real soon. It will make for a delightful summer, and one your daughter will always remember.

Let-Downs and Hand-Me-Downs

Janet W. Breeze

BEFORE sending children's clothes to the cleaners at the end of a season, remove hems at sleeves and skirts or coat bottoms. Store them clean with hems hanging until you need the clothing again. It will then be a simple job to adjust for growth and press your family's "season-ready" items. Also, don't overlook the economy in selecting a little girl's coat with turn-back cuffs. A too-short coat can be tolerated when the sleeves can be turned down.



To lengthen a little girl's slip, open the shoulder seam and insert an additional strap length. This will drop the whole slip.

Replace outgrown straps with an inexpensive pair of suspenders, and you can extend the life of many of your little boy's trousers.

Since children's clothing sizes generally run according to age, store outgrown clothing in cartons marked with a large numeral for each ($\frac{1}{2}$ - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4, and on up). This makes it easy to "hand it down" without missing a few items here or there.

When a child becomes disgruntled at having to wear "hand-me-downs" within the immediate family, there are several ways in which to make second-hand articles seem more personal and "new":

Besides occasionally buying the second child "new" clothing, you can (1) dye white or pastel clothing; (2) add a flower, pin, embroidery, new collar, pocket, or suspenders; (3) hide let-down seams in little girls' skirts and dresses with small tucks, braid, or rickrack.

When an older child must give up an outgrown treasure, such as a hat, muff, or even toys, it sometimes eases the blow if he is "guided" into wrapping the item regally as a very special Christmas or birthday gift for a younger child, whether in or out of the family.

While we were growing up, there was one item in our house which held more fascination for us than anything else. It was (at that time) an enormous wardrobe traveling case, tucked securely away under a bed for entertaining us on those long, late-summer afternoons when we had already done everything else. On days such as this we were allowed to open the wardrobe case and peek inside at all the "old clothes" which had mysteriously accumulated.

One by one, we would carefully drape the moth-scented treasures all over the room. And then, pencil and paper in hand, we would design our new school wardrobe for fall. You see, we never thought of wearing "made-overs" as such. Most of the things we wore to school were the products of a wonderful creative experience. Even when Mother made the final decision that black crepe was not a fit school dress for an eight-year-old, the disappointment was easy to bear. All else became swallowed up in the button-snipping, seam-ripping business of preparing our creations for the seamstress.

And how proud we were of our reputations as junior dress designers!

Threshing

Adrian Hansen

NEXT to Christmas and the Fourth of July, the most fun of the entire year was at threshing time.

The huge grain stacks stood like yellow igloos ready to be consumed by the machine. The wagons, loaded with poles, iron rods, chains, and all the equipment, would come first. Finally, the big, red, box-like threshing machine, drawn by two teams of horses, would be driven in between the stacks and staked into position. The straw carrier at the end of the machine reached way out behind like a flat tail, with its endless chain of slats ready to carry the straw into the stack. At the end, were the rows of teeth to grasp the grain and force it into the machine.

Now came the exciting part. The heavy iron driving rod was put into position, reaching from the thresher and the separator, to the horse-power platform. This was a floor over a huge cogwheel lying flat on the hub. From this platform several poles extended, usually five poles. To each of these poles was hitched a team of horses, and they traveled round and round in a circle pulling the large wheel which connected with a smaller cogwheel on the end of the big driving rod. As this rotated, it propelled the mechanism of the separator.

Of course, we never paid much attention to all this detail. The thing to really see and hear was the shout of the driver getting all the

horses to start at once. Then there was the low growl of the machine as it began to operate, getting louder and higher in pitch as it picked up speed. Soon the noise was so deafening everyone had to shout to be heard. The dust rose in stifling clouds, especially back of the straw carrier. The man who worked there wore goggles over his eyes and his big red bandanna handkerchief was tied over his mouth and nose. All the workers wore bandannas tied around their necks to keep out the chaff.

By now the operation had settled into a rhythm of movement. The horses stepped the same gait around and around the circle, the driver turning and lightly cracking his whip. The men on the stack dropped the bundles in turns onto the feeder platform. Two men stood there, the first with a sharp knife with which he cut the twine from each bundle before pushing it to the next man, who fed it evenly, heads first, into the machine.

The grain poured from the side of the machine into the half-bushel measures which were emptied into sacks, and the grain was carried to the granary. Each man carried three measures each trip. It took at least three men to carry the grain from the thresher to the granary, and they ran on the way back with the empty sacks. They often used the sacks to give a playful slap at the man with a load on his back as they met; or, to our great glee, they might

include one of us in this play, making us feel very much a part of things.

The man in the straw stood hip deep in the loose stuff, forking it back away from the carrier. At times he would be almost buried.

There was a chaff carrier, too. A man with a huge wooden fork with wide tines moved the chaff as it sifted between the slats of the straw carrier. He kept a red bandanna tied over his nose and mouth to keep out the smothering dust, but even then it must have been a very miserable job.

To us children he had a special attraction because he was really in this big event right up to his ears. Before long his eyebrows and hair not covered by his hat, would be thick with chaff. What a wonderful show he put on when the machine stopped and he used his floppy old felt hat to beat the chaff from his shoulders and back, and grinned at us from his mask-like face.

THE men were not the only ones who were busy at threshing time. Mother and the girls had to prepare the meals for the crew.

There were six or eight regulars who followed the machine, and then each farmer had to get extras to carry grain, take care of the straw and, sometimes, pitch the bundles from the stack to the machine. This meant there might be from twelve to fifteen men to feed. And when it was threshing time, they all showed up for the meals, even breakfast. Of course the men who operated the machine stayed right with it night and day.

Breakfast was served by sunrise at the latest. Dinner was at noon, and such food as we were expected to provide! A woman's reputation as a cook was often based on how she fed the threshers. It soon became common knowledge.

There was not much stress placed on how it was served, but was there enough and was it good? There had to be meat — roasts, steak, or chicken — lots of mashed potatoes, stacks of homemade bread or biscuits, several vegetables, pickles, jam, and jelly. Pie, cake, or rice pudding was served for dessert.

The women and children waited until the men were fed, but that was expected, and it was a real entertainment to see how much food could be consumed in so short a time. There was always enough food left over, although we had to wash part of the dishes before there were enough dishes to go round the second time.

When the threshing was done, the straw stack looked like a yellow mountain to us children, and did we explore it! We would roll down the smooth trail left by the straw carrier until we looked as if we were made of straw, and our clothes were so full of chaff we could hardly endure the scratching. That was the price we had to pay for our fun, but it was worth it all.

Then we played horse and tramped round and round the deep tracks worn by the horses, as they furnished the power for the threshing machine. Such wonderful memories of a life never to be forgotten, if you lived on a farm in the days of the horsepower threshing machine.



Recipes

to please

Aunt Martha's Wiggly Cake

Linnie F. Robinson

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------|
| ½ c. butter or other shortening | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 1 c. sugar | ¼ tsp. lemon flavoring |
| 2 eggs (room temperature) | 1 ½ c. flour |
| ¼ tsp. salt if shortening is not salted | 2 tsp. baking powder |
| ½ c. half and half, milk and cream | |

Cream butter and sugar together until light and fluffy, add eggs, one at a time, and beat until light and fluffy. Add flour, sifted with baking powder, alternately with the half and half milk, ending with flour. Pour in vanilla and lemon flavoring and put in two cake tins for layered cake. Bake at 350° for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Cool ten minutes and turn out on rack. When cool, split one layer and put cooked cream filling in center, replace other half, and ice top of cake. Do the same with the next layer making a two-layered cake. Ice with pink icing. Serve as soon as possible. This is a cake that is lovely because of its tender, moist, and delicious appeal. It will not keep well.

Wiggly Cake Filling

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 1 c. milk | 1 egg, beaten |
| 3 tbsp. corn starch | ½ c. cream |
| ¼ c. milk | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| ½ c. sugar | ¼ tsp. lemon |
| pinch of salt | |

Scald 1 c. milk in double boiler, add sugar, salt, and corn starch dissolved in ¼ c. milk. Cook two minutes, add the beaten egg, mixed with the cream, and cook three to five minutes more. Add flavoring and cool.

Icing for the Wiggly Cake

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| ½ square butter, softened | ½ tsp. vanilla |
| 1 drop red cake coloring | cream for mixing |
| ½ lb. powdered sugar | |

Mix all ingredients except cream. Then add enough cream to bring icing to desired consistency.

the whole family

Recipes From Sacramento Stake

Submitted by Adelle Gorsh

Applesauce Cake

Mary Gleie

Sift together:

- 4 c. flour
- 2 tbsp. cornstarch
- 4 tbsp. ground chocolate
- 4 tsp. soda
- 2 c. sugar
- ½ tsp. each cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice,
cloves, and salt

Add:

- 2 c. chopped walnuts
- 2 c. raisins (seedless or ground)
- 3 to 4 c. applesauce
- 1 c. cooking oil

Mix lightly, and bake in moderate oven 350° for about one hour and ten minutes.

Banana Nut Bread

Arvilla Crandall

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|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1 c. sugar | 1 tsp. soda |
| 2 c. flour | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 2 eggs | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 c. mashed bananas | ½ c. chopped nuts |
| 4 tbsp. sour milk | ½ c. shortening |

Mix all together and bake in a greased loaf pan. Bake one hour at 350°.

Walnut Squares

Rosella Nolan

Beat 1 egg until creamy and stir in 1 cup brown sugar.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------|
| Sift together: | Add: |
| 5 tbsp. flour | 1 c. chopped walnuts |
| ⅓ tsp. salt | ⅛ tsp. soda |

Combine the two mixtures and bake 15 or 20 minutes at 375°. Cut in squares after mixture has begun to set.



Turkey Pie

Lena Silver

Brown 4 tbsp. flour in 4 tbsp. butter. Add 2½ cups turkey stock and cook until thick and smooth. Season with salt, pepper, onion salt, and celery salt. Add 1 cup each of cooked peas, carrots, and turkey pieces. To make stock, cook turkey bones for one hour with celery, onion, parsley, salt, and pepper in amounts to suit taste. Strain after cooking.

Biscuits:

2½ c. flour	⅔ c. shortening
2½ tsp. baking powder	1¼ tsp. paprika
1 tsp. salt	2½ tsp. parsley flakes
1 beaten egg added to ½ c. milk	

Roll mixture about 1½ inches thick and cut into biscuits.

Pour turkey mixture boiling hot into casserole, and place biscuits on top. Bake at 350° for about 20 minutes. Serves 6.

Pork-Chop Casserole

Shirley Extrand

4 lean pork chops	1 can bouillon
1 c. uncooked rice	1 can water
1 green pepper	

Brown and season pork chops to taste. Place uncooked rice in 1½ quart covered casserole and slice green pepper over top. Add browned pork chops, bouillon, and water. Bake at 350° until rice is done and pork chops tender, about one hour. Serves 4.

Homemade Doughnuts

Elva Coats

2 pkgs. yeast (dry or compressed)	1 c. sugar
3 c. scalded milk, cooled	3 eggs beaten lightly
2 tsp. salt	⅔ c. cooking oil.
	sifted flour to make a soft dough, about 8 c.



Mix together all ingredients except flour. Add enough flour to make dough easy to handle. Let rise until double in bulk. Roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch and cut. Let rise about 30 minutes and cook in deep fat until browned. Roll in granulated sugar or frost the doughnuts, as desired. Makes 4 or 5 dozen.

Salmon Casserole

Ethel Leishman

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 1-lb cans red salmon | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper |
| 2 cans drained string beans
(save 1 cup liquid) | $\frac{1}{4}$ c. pickle relish |
| 8 tbsp. butter | 2 c. milk |
| 6 tbsp. flour | 2 c. soft buttered bread crumbs |

Remove bones and skin from salmon. Alternate salmon and string beans in greased 2-qt. casserole. Melt 6 tbsp. butter and add flour, salt, and pepper. Stir bean liquid and milk until blended and add to flour mixture. Stir until smooth and pour over the bean and salmon mixture and top with bread crumbs to which the remaining 2 tbsp. butter have been added. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°) for thirty minutes, or until golden brown on top. Serves 6 to 8.

Tamale Pie

Marie Gibby

Pie filling

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|---------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 1 large onion | 1 lb. ground beef |
| 1 clove garlic | 1 pt. tomatoes |
| 1 tbsp. cooking oil | $\frac{1}{2}$ c. ripe olives |
| 1 tbsp. butter | salt, pepper, and chili pepper to taste |

Corn meal mush: $1\frac{1}{3}$ c. corn meal, 1 tsp. salt, and 4 c. boiling water. Cook in double boiler until thickened.

Fry onion and garlic in oil and butter until light brown, then add beef and cook until all redness is gone. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 10 minutes. Place in baking dish lined with $\frac{1}{2}$ of the corn meal mush. Spread the other half of mush to cover filling. Bake about 40 minutes in oven at 350° .

Evelyn Davis Makes Lovely Floral Arrangements

Evelyn Davis, Salt Lake City, Utah, has made flowers her hobby. Through the years her flowers have delighted the neighborhood and her floral arrangements have graced the chapel of her ward, and on special holidays she has made appropriate bouquets. She has decorated many tables for ward Relief Society banquets, and for other organizations in which she holds membership. She also makes use of original floral motifs in her rug and apron designs, and flowers enrich her landscape paintings. Mrs. Davis is mother to four sons, and she has nine grandchildren.



Bernice MacLeod Knits Sweaters for Missionaries

Bernice MacLeod, Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada, shows her love for the Church by knitting warm and colorful sweaters for the missionaries in her area. She has knitted over ninety sweaters for missionaries. Shown in the picture with Mrs. MacLeod are Sister Stanley Adams, Elder Gordon W. Enders, and Elder Verl Christensen.

Mrs. MacLeod introduced Relief Society work in the Sydney Branch in 1957. She was the first member of the Church in Sydney.



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Relief Society Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



South Blackfoot Stake (Idaho) Anniversary Day Inter-Faith Social
March 16, 1963

Members of South Blackfoot Stake Relief Society Board grouped around the Magazine display table, left to right: Inez S. Pendlebury, President; Freeda C. Jorgensen, Work Director Counselor; Jennie Williams, organist; Leola Horrocks, chorister; Vera Williams, theology class leader; Nettie Van Orden, work meeting leader; Mignon Watt, literature class leader; Beth S. Hoopes, Education Counselor; Norma Romriell, social science class leader; Agnes Cox, Magazine representative; Abbie Godfrey, visiting teacher message leader.

Esther T. Christensen, Secretary-Treasurer, is not in the picture.

Sister Pendlebury reports: "Our inter-faith social held on March 16, 1963, was a great success. We were blessed by a large crowd, about 500 women. All around the room tables were arranged for the display of articles made in the work meetings of our ten wards, plus articles from foreign lands. Following the fashion show, we served punch and birthday cake, and the women inspected our displays. The program was most inspiring. The Singing Mothers gave a particularly beautiful performance. The clothing shown in the style show was all made by the models, and this contributed a charm and appropriateness that could not be achieved in any other way. We had about sixty nonmembers in attendance, and the forty-eight copies of the Magazine which we had on hand for the nonmember guests disappeared quickly, and there were many requests for more Magazines. There was a very good attendance of inactive members, and we feel gratified and happy because of this."



Sydney Stake (Australia), Parramatta Ward Christmas Party
December 12, 1962

Front row, seated, left to right: Helen Grant, Sydney Stake visiting teacher message leader; Lyn Carter, Secretary-Treasurer, Sydney Stake Relief Society; Myrtle Stubbs, First Counselor, Sydney Stake Relief Society; Ethel Parton, President, Sydney Stake Relief Society; Margaret Gray, President, Parramatta Ward Relief Society; Elder Ken Hale, Bishop, Parramatta Ward; Bishop Ken Hale; Hazel Brown, Second Counselor, Parramatta Ward Relief Society; Elsie F. Parton, stake theology class leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Helen Harker, ward literature class leader; Kathleen Page; Anne Kirk; Anne Orro, ward organist; Anne Jones; Hilda Woods, work meeting leader, Parramatta Ward Relief Society; Shirley Sainsbury; Beryl Smith, ward visiting teacher message leader; Marion Verey; Jean Hale, ward social science class leader; Evelyn Redfearn; Ivy Willson; Lucy Bennett; Shirley Coltzau; Ann Campbell, ward theology class leader; Eunice Metcalf; Lillian Cook.

Sister Ethel Parton reports: "The Parramatta Ward of Sydney Stake sponsored a most enjoyable and unusual Christmas party. The majority in attendance were inactive and nonmembers of the Relief Society, and of the Church, so this occasion represented Relief Society in action for these women. The theology class leader portrayed the year's lessons in word pictures and visual aids, leaving her testimony to the strengthening of faith through this course of study. The literature class leader spoke of the benefits of literature and a study of the works of great authors in broadening the mind and bringing a greater international sympathy and understanding among peoples. Colored slides and an interesting commentary by the social science class leader created interest and enthusiasm. This study showed that all people are faced with some of the same problems and difficulties, with the same source of solution available — reliance on God. The work meeting leader told of the culture and niceties which may be gleaned from the lessons presented at these meetings. A mannequin parade followed, where many well-made and smartly styled frocks for different occasions were displayed, including the popular mother-and-daughter frocks. These frocks were made by the sisters who were taught, step by step, at Relief Society the art of frock styling and assembling. Finally, the over-all picture and supreme aim of Relief Society — compassionate service was presented.

"A delicious lunch was served in the sociable and friendly manner of this group."



Grand Junction Stake (Colorado) Relief Society Board Conducts Relief Society Fair and Other Outstanding Activities

Front row, left to right: Josephine Prinster, President; LaNor Rowe, Magazine representative; Doris Gidney, visiting teacher message leader; Lucille Pace, theology class leader; Viona Pace, organist.

Back row, left to right: Sue John, work meeting leader; Melba Larsen, Secretary-Treasurer; Beulah Whicker, First Counselor; Betty Christensen, Second Counselor; Mary Rogers, social science class leader.

Sister Prinster reports: "Before Christmas we held our first Relief Society stake fair. It by far surpassed our highest hopes in beauty, participation, and attendance by both members and nonmembers. . . . The planning began immediately after our stake convention in May (1962). At this time a tentative date was set, and the categories for different departments were specified. During the summer many committee meetings were held to set up chairmen over the departments and to assign special projects of beautiful and unusual articles to be made for display.

"In October, lists of articles that might be shown were passed out to every woman in the stake. These were to be returned by the first of November, so that department chairmen would have an idea of how many articles could be expected in each category.

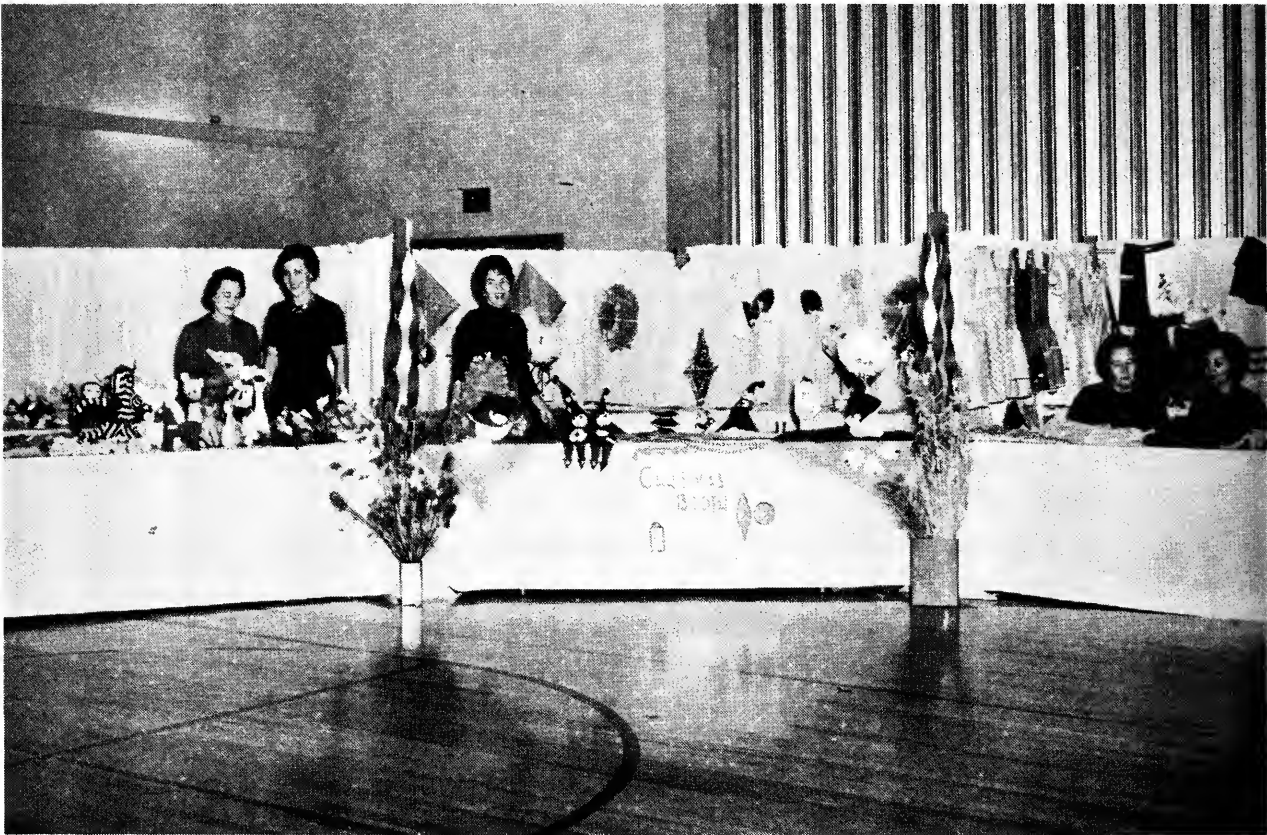
"November found many a home slightly neglected, as ward and stake women intensified and coordinated their efforts to bring the fair to a successful conclusion. Two hundred invitations were mailed to Church, cultural and social groups, and individuals. Relief Society members were urged to contact friends and issue personal invitations. . . .

"Our new cultural hall was truly beautiful. Over 550 members and guests flocked in. They were delighted and amazed at our outstanding collection of handmade articles. The walls were hung with quilts of many designs and colors, forming a beautiful backdrop for the rest of the displays. Some of our most outstanding departments were: Christmas displays, with fireplace, toys, and decorations; clothing department, with clothing for the bride, bridesmaids, and flower girls, also a silk and wool afternoon dress, with shoes covered to match; the antiques and heirlooms department drew special interest, with kettles, dishes, books, and clothing of our pioneer ancestors. The mammoth stage was devoted entirely to a picture gallery, where everything from oil paintings, copper tooling, and driftwood pictures could be seen. . . . Fancywork of

all descriptions was brought in by the armload. Another attraction was the centerpiece made of dried weeds and flowers. The knitting corner drew many admiring glances, with its knitted sweaters, coats, hats, afghans, etc. There was one table piled high with pillows of all descriptions. Five beds were brought in and placed in an alcove. These were covered with beautiful crocheted bedspreads over lovely satin quilts and pillows. On the floor were laid hooked, crocheted, and braided rugs. In a corner was the baby department, with adorable quilts and clothing displayed. The tile and tin work made by the sisters drew many compliments. The booth of home-cooked and canned foods was a big attraction. One of the most clever displays was a driftwood tree adorned with bags and jewelry made by the sisters. . . .

"We also included demonstrations of cake decorating, zipper and sleeve sets, making collars, quilting, and Magazine binding. Each guest was given a jar of jam or jelly, with a label on it which read: 'Compliments of the Relief Society.' Piles of Relief Society Magazines fairly melted away, as the guests were invited to 'take one.'

"Our aim was to show the public our good works, so that they could have a desire to know more about us."



**Mount Ogden Stake (Utah), Fifty-third Ward Relief Society Bazaar
November 1962**

Left to right: Mildred S. Rose, President, Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society; Eva Lynch, President, Fifty-third Ward Relief Society; Ruth Pullum, ward work meeting leader; Helen Cook, Education Counselor, Fifty-third Ward Relief Society; Elaine Ward, Work Director Counselor, Fifty-third Ward.

Sister Rose reports: "The sisters of the Fifty-third Ward have made attractive booths for displaying bazaar items. Their bazaars are outstanding because of this lovely background. There are ten booths altogether, so designed that they are easily assembled. To repay the costs of this project, the booths are rented to other wards and civic organizations."



Bountiful Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference, January 27, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Thelma W. Barlow, chorister; Mildred B. Eyring, member, General Board of Relief Society; Ivy W. Richins, President; JoAnn E. Curtis; Elaine S. Holbrook, organist; Alta Miller, member, General Board of the Primary Association.

Sister Richins reports: "The stake Singing Mothers have presented music at stake quarterly conferences for the past five years. We appreciate the effort these sisters put forth in preparation for these assignments and for the capable leadership of our chorister and organist, Elaine S. Smedley. This performance was outstanding.



Taylor Stake (Canada) Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Conference January 28, 1963

Seated at the right on the front row: Phoebe H. Norton, President, Taylor Stake Relief Society; at Sister Norton's right: Inez Gibb, chorister; seated at the right in the second row: Emma Dahl, organist.

Sister Norton reports: This group was organized in 1956. Since then they have had the honor of presenting music for stake quarterly conference each year. They also sing at Relief Society conferences, visiting teacher conventions, and stake socials. On January 28, 1963, this group presented music for the afternoon session of the stake quarterly conference, when Sister Belva Barlow of the General Board of Relief Society was in attendance."

Lehi Stake (Utah), Lehi Third Ward Relief Society Compiles Booklet "Thoughts to Cherish"

Seated, front row, beginning third from the left: Letha C. Curtis, work meeting leader, who assisted in compiling the booklet; Lela C. Kalmar, compiler of booklet; Vickie Allred, Secretary; Doris T. Gardner, First Counselor; Iona S. Hadfield, President; Marian L. Fox, Second Counselor.

Leah M. Sabey, President, Lehi Stake Relief Society, submits the following report from Sister Hadfield: "One of the nicest ideas we have had in our ward for a long time was the suggestion of our literature class leader, Lela C. Kalmar. She asked each sister to contribute her favorite thought, either a cherished old one or an original one. She then compiled these, with the help of work meeting leader Letha C. Curtis, who did all the typing. The 'thoughts' were then compiled into a beautiful booklet called 'Thoughts to Cherish,' a copy of which was given to each Relief Society member at Christmas time. Our sisters were very pleased with this booklet and will cherish it all the days of their lives."

Hyrum Stake (Utah) Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference

Standing at the left: Myra Coulam, chorister; accompanists: Arlene Larsen at the piano and Ruth Maughan at the organ; Zola McGhie, member, General Board of Relief Society, stands at the left of the organ.

Berenece B. Darley, President, Hyrum Stake Relief Society, reports this lovely occasion: "All of our stake Relief Society presidency sang in the chorus: Berenece B. Darley, President; Loraine Allen and Alda Walker, Counselors; and Angeline Smith, Secretary. It was a very inspirational conference. We received many wonderful comments from members of the stake who said it was one of the best conferences ever held in Hyrum Stake. Many of the Singing Mothers came to us and gratefully thanked us for giving them the opportunity to sing. We all feel that the Singing Mothers chorus is one of the finest activities in Relief Society work. In our stake it has helped to bring in new members and get more sisters active in Relief Society."

South African Mission Singing Mothers Present Music for the Opening of the Pretoria Branch Chapel, November 25, 1962

Hilda H. Alldredge, President, South African Mission Relief Society, reports: "To commemorate the opening of the new Pretoria Branch chapel in the nation's administration capital, Singing Mothers assembled from throughout the mission, some traveling nearly a thousand miles to attend. To cover the expense of travel and other expenses, each branch Relief Society held cake sales. The proceeds from sales covered all expenses. The chapel, lounge, and cultural hall were filled to overflowing for this long-awaited opening, and the Singing Mothers, one hundred voices strong, touched everyone with their lovely singing. The sisters learned the songs in each branch, then came together to sing under the direction of Valerie Snyman of the Vereeniging Branch. Besse de Wet was accompanist. Coupled with the chapel opening, a mission Relief Society convention was held under the direction of Hilda H. Alldredge, Mission Relief Society President.



LESSON DEPARTMENT



THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 49 — The Law of Forgiveness

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Section 64:1-14)

For First Meeting, October 1963

Objective: To point out that he who repents of his sins and forsakes them is forgiven of the Lord.

INTRODUCTION

WITH the designation of western Missouri as the land of Zion, and Independence, Jackson County, as the center place of the Zion of the last days, preparations were underway for the saints to secure that land as their inheritance. In the early part of September 1831, preparations were made for Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon to go to Hiram, Ohio, where the Prophet was to reside at the home of Father John Johnson. Their special work was to continue in the revision of the Bible, which the Prophet had commenced while in Fayette, New York, but because of other duties the Lord had commanded him to wait until he got to the Ohio. (D & C 37:1; 45:60-61.)

Just before leaving for Hiram, the Prophet received the revelation from which this lesson is prepared. (DHC. I:211.)

"YE SHOULD OVERCOME THE WORLD"

To the elders who were preparing to leave for Jackson County, the Lord gave the comforting message that their sins were forgiven. (D & C 64:3.) Notwithstanding that the Church was only eighteen months old and the members were all converts who had received a remission of sins through baptism, some had sinned in some things, although perhaps not grievously. (Rom. 3:10.) The thought expressed in verse 3 of Section 64, "verily I say, for this once, for mine own glory, and for the salvation of souls, I have forgiven you your sins," suggests the important truth that elders must so live to retain the remission of their sins that their own salvation will redound to God's glory and that their effectiveness in the work of the Lord will bring others to salvation. The purpose of the gospel is to

make men perfect through their obedience. When an elder strives with all his heart to keep the commandments, he enjoys the Spirit that convinces others of the truth (D & C 50:21-22), and he retains a remission of his own sins. (Moses 4:26.) Forgiveness of sins is dependent upon how well one overcomes the world.

To enjoy the fellowship of the Spirit, one must eschew evil in all of its forms. Following the ways of the world by partaking of customs, practices, and ideas incompatible with what the Lord has revealed, brings loss of true happiness and the protecting companionship of the Holy Ghost. It is just as true today, as in 1831 when the first four verses of Section 64 were given, that the kingdom has been given to those who have received Jesus Christ in baptism, and therefore, the wonderful opportunity is theirs to receive the blessing of salvation by overcoming the world, always striving to retain a remission of sin.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

The members of the Church belong to the kingdom, but only one person holds the Priesthood keys which entitle him to direct the work of the kingdom. Joseph Smith is told in this revelation that he would continue to hold the keys of the mysteries of that kingdom as he observed the commandments. (D & C 64:5.) In an earlier revelation Joseph Smith was informed that if he did not prove faithful he could appoint another in his place. (*Ibid.*, 43:1-10; Lesson 18, *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1959.) In the Prophet's case he had sinned as all

men sin, although apparently not grievously. Because he had erred did not give cause for anyone to have "occasion against him without cause" (D & C 64:6). President George A. Smith said that throughout the history of the Church a spirit developed among many elders "to suppose that they knew more than the Prophet," and that he "was going wrong" (*Journal of Discourses* 11:7).

THE STEPS OF REPENTANCE

Throughout the revelations repentance and forgiveness are spoken of in connection with the Church membership as a whole and also with individuals. We should keep in mind that repentance is for everyone. Sins of omission as well as commission are condemned by the Lord. An example is from Section 58 where we learn that William W. Phelps was admonished to cease from seeking to excel and become humble (verses 40-41). The following verses express the law of forgiveness as it applies to the member of the Church:

Behold, he who has repented of his sins, the same is forgiven, and I, the Lord, remember them no more.

By this ye may know if a man repenteth of his sins — behold, he will confess them and forsake them (D & C 58:42-43).

Several significant points are made in these verses. First, the soul that sins shall receive forgiveness, provided the repentance is sincere, and the sins shall no longer be remembered. Second, an important element of repentance is confession, and third, there is no repentance and consequently no forgiveness without forsaking sin.

Elder Spencer W. Kimball has outlined the steps of repentance as (1) sorrow for sin, (2) abandonment of sin, (3) confession of sin, (4) restitution for sin, and (5) doing the will of the Lord. (*Conference Report*, October 1949, page 127.)

It is probable that at no time does one lose completely his sensitivity to sin, but the full impact of the sin in bringing one to repentance is lessened by continued sinning. When the person repents, remorse of conscience brings the urge to abandon the sin and seek the Lord's forgiveness. The principal step to forgiveness is to forsake sin.

In an earlier revelation, we learned that offenses committed with public knowledge should be confessed in public, while those committed in secret should be rebuked in secret. (D & C 42:88-93.) Confession of sin is a part of repentance — confession to God in the name of the Savior, always. Those sins, however, that may affect the member's status in the Church are to be confessed to the Lord's representative, the bishop. In a commentary on Section 58, verse 43, Elder Spencer W. Kimball says:

Especially grave errors such as sexual sins shall be confessed to the bishop as well as to the Lord. There are two remissions which one might wish to have. First, the forgiveness from the Lord, and second, the forgiveness of the Lord's Church through its leaders. As soon as one has an inner conviction of his sins, he should go to the Lord in "mighty prayer" as did Enos and never cease his supplication until he shall, like Enos (of the Book of Mormon), receive the assurance that his sins have been forgiven by the Lord. It is unthinkable that God absolves serious sins upon a few requests.

He is likely to wait until there has been long sustained repentance as evidenced by a willingness to comply with all His other requirements. No priest nor elder is authorized to thus act for the Church. The Lord has a consistent, orderly plan. Every soul in the stake is given a bishop who, by the very nature of his calling and his ordination, is a "judge in Israel." The bishop is one's best earthly friend. He will hear the problems, judge the seriousness thereof, determine the degree of repentance and decide if it warrants an eventual forgiveness. He does this as the earthly representative of God, the master physician, the master psychologist, the master psychiatrist. If repentance is sufficient he may waive penalties which is tantamount to forgiveness. The bishop claims no authority to absolve sins, but he does share the burden, waive penalties, relieve tension and strain and he may assure a continuation of activity. He will keep the whole matter most confidential ("Be Ye Clean," *BYU Speeches of the Year*, May 4, 1954).

To the elders (and to all members of the Church) referred to in Section 64, the Lord said that he would forgive whomsoever he would, but of us it is required to forgive all men. (D & C 64:10.) In other words, ultimate forgiveness is in the hands of the Lord, but he has promised, as indicated above, that he will, when, in addition to sorrow for sin, there is abandonment and confession of sins by the one seeking forgiveness, forgive the sinner upon sincere repentance. Then, what more is required of the person seeking forgiveness? The next step is restitution insofar as this is possible. There are some things for which complete restitution cannot be made. The murderer and the one who takes virtue cannot restore what is taken, but there are some things that might be done to mitigate the offense. In the case of the

latter, complete and full devotion to the cause of Zion in bringing souls to Christ is a part of possible restitution. "And James indicated that each good deed, each testimony, each proselyting effort, each safeguard thrown about others is like a blanket over one's own sins, or like a deposit against an overdraft in the bank," said Elder Kimball. This leads us to the final step in repentance.

DOING THE FATHER'S WILL

Since every person needs to repent (I John 1:8), some because of serious sins, we learn of another reason for keeping the commandments. The fullest measure of salvation is available to those who obey the Lord in all things, which includes repentance. (D & C 133:62). In the Lord's Preface to the Doctrine and Covenants, we find this sublime truth:

For I the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance;

Nevertheless, he that repents and does the commandments of the Lord shall be forgiven (*Ibid.*, 1:31-32).

A LAW OF FORGIVENESS

Throughout the Savior's ministry emphasis was put upon man's relationship with his fellow man. His admonitions against murder, adultery, stealing, slander, and other vices were intended to bring peace to individuals and a reign of peace for all men. But, in general, mankind has not accepted the way of peace, and in these last days, the world is ripened in iniquity and is in need of great repentance. (See General Conference sermons by Elders Spencer W. Kimball and

Delbert L. Stapley, *Improvement Era*, December 1961.)

The Lord's forgiveness is withheld until the person can also forgive his fellow men. Elder James E. Talmage forcefully brings this point to the reader's attention by reference to several instances in Jesus' teachings, including the parable of the talents. (Matt. 18:23-35; *Articles of Faith*, pp. 110-111.) In commenting upon a part of the Lord's Prayer as given in the Bible (Matt. 6:9, 12), and the emphasis given in The Book of Mormon, Elder Kimball says:

... Then in the Lord's prayer to the people in Jerusalem, he said: "Our Father which art in heaven . . . forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Did he not mean in the same manner and in the same degree, perhaps, as we forgive our debtors? He made it a little more clear, even, to the Nephites, for after he had said: "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" (3 Nephi 13:11) he said, "For, if ye forgive men their trespasses your heavenly Father will also forgive you;

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses" (3 Nephi 13:14-15; also Mosiah 26:31). Condemnation, then, comes to you who will not forgive, probably even greater than to him who gave the offense (Conference Report, October 1949, page 128).

SECTION 64 AND FORGIVENESS

In this dispensation, the Lord has revealed, with emphasis, the law that

... he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; for there remaineth in him the greater sin.

I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men (verses 9-11).

There were occasions when the disciples were guilty of offenses

against one another and failed to forgive in their hearts, and for this the Lord said "they were afflicted and sorely chastened" (verse 8). It is consistent with gospel teachings that disobedience brings unhappiness, loss of the Spirit with its many blessings, and thus afflictions follow. Sometimes we think that the blessings of the gospel and also condemnations come only in the future existence. King Benjamin taught that the Lord's blessings come bounteously in this life to those who remember him in faith. (Mosiah 2:24.) What greater blessing can be received than to have happiness here and eternal life in the world to come? (D & C 59:23).

The living prophets have counseled the saint to follow the Savior's teachings in not setting up oneself in judgment against his neighbor. The common offenses that bring ill will, malice, and hatred are oftentimes due to misunderstandings. To eliminate this possibility, the Lord admonishes his followers to be the first to make reconciliation when offenses arise. The *injured* should go to the one who injured him and seek reconciliation! President David O. McKay has given us the Savior's teaching regarding forgiveness of fellow men in these words:

If we would have peace as individuals, we must supplant enmity with forbearance, which means to refrain or abstain from finding fault or from condemning others. "It is a noble thing to be charitable with the failings and weaknesses of a friend; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues from the house tops." We shall have power to do this if we really cherish in our hearts the ideals of Christ, who said:

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother

hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. 5:23-24).

Note the Savior did not say if you have ought against him, but if you find that another has ought against you. How many of us are ready to come up to that standard? If we are, we shall find peace. Many of us, however, instead of following this admonition, nurse our ill-will until it grows to hatred, then this hatred expresses itself in fault-finding and even slander, "whose whisper over the world's diameter as level as a cannon to its mouth, transports its poison shot." Back-biting, fault-finding, are weeds of society that should be constantly eradicated. Gossip, too, brings discord and thrives best in superficial minds, as fungi grows best on weakened plants. "Bear ye one another's burdens," but do not add to those burdens by gossiping about your neighbors or by spreading slander. Diogenes was asked one day to name that beast, the bite of which is the most dangerous. The old philosopher replied: "Of tame beasts, the bite of the flatterer; of wild beasts, that of the slanderer" (Conference Report, October 1938, pp. 133-134).

The law that the injured one make the first step to be reconciled with his brother does not remove the responsibility from the person who injured another to take the first step to reconciliation.

HE SHALL BE CAST OUT

The information concerning the unrepentant in Section 64 is an extension of what an earlier revelation said about "casting" the member from the Church because of disobedience to gospel principles. (See D & C 41:5-6; 42:20-28.)

One of the laws given in Section 42 is the law concerning transgressors. This law provides that the unrepentant shall be brought before a Church court and, if found guilty,

he shall be dealt with according to the law of God. (*Ibid.*, 42:80-83.) The penalty of excommunication or disfellowship is not used as a means of destroying the individual, and every effort is made to save the person before such a penalty is administered.

THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED

Why does the Lord command that the unrepentant sinner be cast out of his kingdom?

And this ye shall do that God may be glorified — not because ye forgive not, having not compassion, but that ye may be justified in the eyes of the law, that ye may not offend him who is your lawgiver —

Verily I say, for this cause ye shall do these things (D & C 64:13-14).

We know what the law of the gospel demands for members of the Church who evidence by their actions that they no longer want to remain in God's kingdom. But wherein is God glorified by the application of this law? An answer to this question is found in the mission of the Church in the last days. With the restoration of the gospel the last

and greatest dispensation was ushered in. This is the last time that the Lord will call upon the inhabitants of the earth to prepare for the culmination of his work. In these times when Israel is gathered to fulfill the Lord's purposes for the salvation of man, the members of the kingdom of God must show the world by their lives that this is the day of fulfilled prophecy and that there is little time remaining until his work will be completed. We who have accepted the benefits of the atonement of Christ, must seek by earnest effort the perfection which God and Christ enjoy. (3 Nephi 12:48.)

Questions for Discussion

1. What does it mean to overcome the world? In what ways can one be overcome by the world?
2. Discuss: Joseph Smith was the only man in his day who was to receive revelation for the Church.
3. Name the five steps in repentance as suggested in the lesson.
4. What part does confession of one's sins have to do with repentance?
5. Discuss: Forgiveness of sins comes by overcoming the sin for which one is guilty.
6. Discuss: If I forgive my fellow man, the Lord will forgive me.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

“PRAY without ceasing,” said the Master. And remember that a song in the heart, or even a lullaby, can be a prayer.

— Pauline M. Bell

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGES

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 49 — “Wherefore, I Say Unto You, That Ye Ought to Forgive One Another” (D & C 64:9).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Meeting, October 1963

Objective: To show how forgiveness ennobles, enriches, and purifies our souls.

THE principle of forgiveness, as described in this passage from the Doctrine and Covenants, is emphasized not only as a fundamental part of the gospel, but also as an essential guide to full, happy living. In the 64th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord gives the above quoted passage and then continues, “For he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; for there remaineth in him the greater sin” (D & C 64:9). In other words, he who fails to forgive commits even a “greater sin” than he who has sinned against him.

Without doubt, the greatest example of divine forgiveness in the world was expressed in the dramatic words uttered by the Savior as he hung in agony on the cross; “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do” (Luke 23:34).

One of the glorious aspects of the principle of forgiveness is the purifying and ennobling effects its application has upon the personality and character of the forgiver. Someone wisely said, “He who has not forgiven a wrong or an injury has not

yet tasted one of the sublime enjoyments of life.” The human soul seldom rises to such heights of strength and nobility as when it removes all resentments and forgives errors and malice.

When one harbors resentment against another, it does the recipient little harm, but it shrivels and corrodes the soul of the one holding the grudge. When one hates another for some real or imagined wrong, the feeling of hatred assumes power and dominion over one’s thoughts, sleep, health, happiness and even over one’s appearance. The most expensive clothes and best beauty treatment cannot blot out the hard looks and appearance that are the by-products of hatred, resentment, and the unforgiving soul. Shakespeare said it this way, “Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself.”

Jesus fully realized the damaging effect of unforgiveness upon our characters and personalities. He said, “Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and

persecute you" (Matt. 5:44). This formula, if followed, will heal a troubled soul and enrich a personality.

One of the world's most beautiful mountains, located in Jasper National Park in Canada, was named for Edith Cavell. Edith Cavell was a war-time nurse executed by her enemies for having hidden, nursed, and fed wounded soldiers. As she stood before the firing squad she uttered these deathless words now preserved in bronze and granite, "I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone."

If we have been wronged or injured, forgiveness means to blot it completely from our minds. To

forgive and forget is an ageless counsel. "To be wronged or robbed," said the Chinese philosopher Confucius, "is nothing unless you continue to remember it."

In addition to the purifying and ennobling effects forgiveness has upon our own souls, this principle comes to us as divine instruction from our Father in heaven, and is a requisite upon which he grants us his forgiveness. It has been said, "He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man hath need to be forgiven." The Savior said "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you" (Matt. 6:14).

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 9: The Family As a Planning Group

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, October 1963

Objective: To encourage family members to actively engage in planning sessions where all matters pertaining to family betterment may be studied and wise solutions developed.

OF all our social institutions, none exerts stronger or more lasting influence upon the development of the individual personality than the family. Moral values, artistic and cultural tastes, goals and aspirations are first implanted in the family circle. This imposes on the family group the necessity to work harmoniously together to develop congenial and cooperative relationships

with each other here on earth. Regular planning sessions facilitate the achievement of these goals.

For the most part, a family living in one household is a two-generation family — parents and children. However, the third and fourth generations should not be forgotten in the planning. Final decisions are made by the two-generation group, but the wisdom of the elders is

helpful in all major family developments.

The mother, who is the queen of the household, should, under the direction of the father, see to it that regular planning sessions are held. She is the home manager. She is in a position to become well acquainted with the unique personality of each child and to know something of his potentiality. She has an important role in guiding and directing the planning sessions in such a way as to bring about harmony, love, understanding, and maximum growth and development for each member.

It is important for the homemaker to know about current problems and to become well informed about theories for their solution; to "obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man . . ." (D & C 93:53).

Now let us look at some of the problems of the day that require thoughtful study by the homemaker:

1. The family in Western society is no longer a producing unit. It has become a consuming unit, which means that production has been taken over by the community, and family members have moved out into the community to earn their daily bread. This lessens the time that the family can be together and multiplies the outside influences that affect personality development. This means that the homemaker must exert every power she has to upgrade the quality of time spent together as a family.

Planning sessions are essential, if the cooperation of each member is achieved. A certain amount of production can still be carried on in the home if it is planned. One can argue that if a money value is placed on the time required for making a loaf of bread, most folks could earn

more outside, but if the time spent is considered in terms of training the children to carry through an assignment, catch the thrill of accomplishment, and have something on the table as a result of their efforts, these intangible values cannot be measured in dollars and cents, and they will have a never-ending effect on the participants. The homemaker will know of numerous such projects that can be planned where she will have opportunity to teach her children far more than just the skill required for a specific task.

2. The trend toward automation is throwing people out of work. This may affect those who earn the income. Continuous learning, continuous progress toward acquiring skills and abilities for continuous growth must be in the planning picture to give greater family security for the future.

3. More and more people are being crowded into smaller and smaller space as population increases. There will probably be more multiple housing in the future and less chance to have a plot of ground for a garden spot. Careful study and planning for family housing suitable for the growth and development of family members, is of basic importance.

4. There is an increase in the duration of the life span, and at the same time a shortening of the earning years, which places a greater burden of dependence on the early and the late years of life. What long-time planning is necessary to launch the children and get ready for the years ahead?

5. Educational and employment pressures cause people to move around the globe for desired opportunities. How can families acquire a feeling of stability and develop a sense of responsibility to their community and to their country when they never stay long enough in one place to put their roots down? The answer is contained in the history of our people. No matter how brief the stay in Kirtland, a temple was built, and homes were made beautiful. No matter how brief the stay in Nauvoo, a temple was built, and the city became known as "The City Beautiful." To accomplish this rooted feeling in a short time takes much thought and planning.

6. Young people are marrying at an earlier age. Too often two untrained children start the marriage partnership poorly prepared. Preparation for marriage begins in the nursery, and the parents have the obligation to train the children and become worthy of their respect so that their wisdom and advice will continue to be sought. This is a big order and takes much planning — step by step.

7. This stop-look-and-listen age has affected many people with spectator-itis. They like picture magazines instead of first-source material. They watch television entertainment. We forfeit indi-

vidual development by watching many programs of no cultural value.

We must plan for the development of future leaders. Training in musicianship is needed today. Latter-day Saints are taking positions of leadership and can wield an increasing influence for the good of mankind if they are trained to do so.

Homemakers, your task is a great one! Think! Plan! Be the guiding and directing influence to bring about the best possible earthly experience for you and your family.

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The Last Hundred Years

Lesson 41 — Mark Twain, a Great American Conscience (1835-1910)

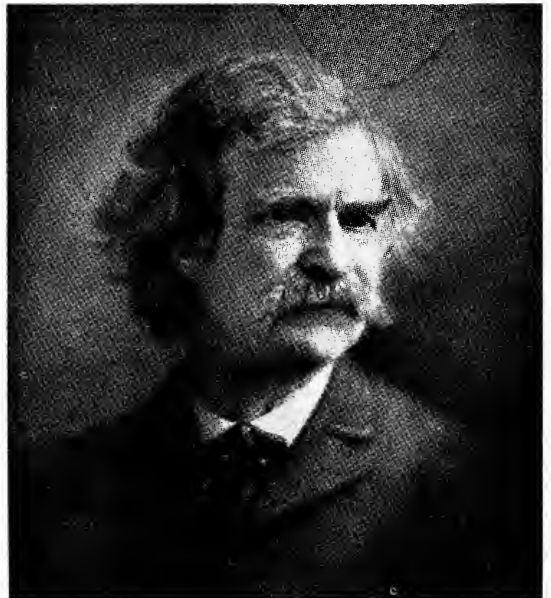
Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 617-651)

For Third Meeting, October 1963

Objective: To recognize Mark Twain's moral ideals and conflicts which shaped his literary art and his greatness.

ALL the world loves both love and laughter, therefore Twain is twice revered for he has come to be symbol of both, to his own age as to ours. And the five decades which have passed since his death, in 1910, have been increasingly kind to him. In his own lifetime he was so overwhelmingly considered to be merely a personality and a "funny man" that almost all American literary critics, save his great friend and advisor, William Dean Howells, ignored him as not meriting serious consideration. Today he ranks with his country's literary giants. He has



Mark Twain

always been the darling of the practical, middle-class reading public, and to this day his books are widely circulated in the average public library.

TWAIN'S LIFE

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in 1835 and reared in Hannibal, Missouri, facing the mile-wide majesty of the Mississippi River. Though quickened by the vast virgin land to the west, and pulsing with the cosmopolitan river traffic which kept it alive, Hannibal was not a frontier village. Its peaceful pattern was dominated by a securely established Southern culture, with schools, churches, libraries, and temperance societies. American life has never been more exciting and free than in the idealized boyhood which Twain remembered there and created into immortality within his best-loved books: *Tom Sawyer*, *Life on the Mississippi*, and *Huckleberry Finn*. As he wrote decades later, were his veins to be opened, one would find no blood therein, but only Mississippi's mud. And when he spoke of *Huckleberry Finn* as a hymn, it is the lyric contentment and vital truth of his boyhood in Hannibal to which he referred.

His father was a stern Southern gentleman who could never make ends meet, and who burdened his family with "the Tennessee lands," the real estate which he salvaged from his endless financial failures, and which, for decades after his premature death, was always going to make the family's fortune in just a few more months — maybe in a year at most. Meanwhile, twelve-year-old Sam helped out by begin-

ning his long years as a printer and journalist in the shop of his older brother Orion. It was here and in the various print shops where he worked along the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers for over fifteen years, that he learned the precise use of words as well as many tall tales.

During the four years previous to the Civil War, he fulfilled his childhood dream by becoming a pilot of the great side-wheeler river steamers which were as glamorous as they were dangerous. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was sworn into a company of Confederate volunteers by a Mexican War veteran who had no authority. He shortly gave up soldiering and accompanied his brother Orion to Virginia City, Nevada. In the mining camps of the Comstock Lode and the California Sierras, Sam spent more time writing for local newspapers than he did panning for gold. It was here that he first signed a story—"Mark Twain," first got himself fired for opposing the favoritism and unnecessary persecutions of the local police force, first found a national audience with his "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and first achieved success as a public lecturer as he described his visit to the Sandwich (or Hawaiian) Islands.

TWAIN'S OLIVIA

In 1867 he boarded the ship *Quaker City*, commissioned by a newspaper to write a series of travel letters describing the experiences of a group of wealthy Americans making a tour of Europe and the Holy Land. The result was *Innocents*

Abroad. While the ship was anchored in the bay of Smyrna, Twain saw the miniature portrait of Olivia Langdon in the locket of her brother, and on the spot told him she was the woman whom he would love forever and whom he would marry. In 1870 the incredible happened when he married Olivia, the lovely semi-invalid whom he had courted ardently for eighteen months. Olivia had refused him three times in three months. Like the married romances of the Brownings and the Hawthornes, the Twain relationship became one of the true great love stories. Twain was thirty-five, she ten years his junior. Their educational, cultural, financial, and religious backgrounds were diametrical opposites, yet he loved her always and she returned his love. The \$120,000 home Twain built for his family in Hartford, Connecticut, was the center of their mutual existence, as were their four children — while they lived. The first child, Langdon Clemens, was almost two when having contracted pneumonia, he died. Of his three daughters, his favorite, sensitive, serious, teasing Susie died of spinal meningitis when she was single and twenty-four. For seven lonely years after his beloved Olivia's death in 1902, his nearest companion was his daughter, Jean, an epileptic who died in 1909. Only his Clara, married to Ossip Gabrielowitsch, an eminent European musician, survived him.

It was for his family and for his close friends that Twain was always so tenderly concerned. Each night he read to "Livy" and the daughters what he had written during the day,

they being his supreme critics. Deliberately he inserted occasional mild profanities in his sentences, that Livy might cross them out, thus continuing her reforming of her beloved ruffian. In 1895, when he was sixty years old, and over \$120,000 in debt, a sum he was not legally but morally obligated to pay, he took Olivia with him despite her frail health as he circled the globe giving lectures to pay off this large obligation. This he accomplished in less than two years' time.

The closeness of their souls is apparent in the following letter Twain wrote "Livy" on her fortieth birthday, his fiftieth approaching, and fifteen years of marriage behind them:

We have reached another milestone, my darling, & a very very remote one from the place whence we started; but we look back over a pleasant landscape — valleys that are still green, plains that still bear flowers, hills that still sleep in the soft light of that far morning of blessed memory. And here we have company on the journey — ah, such precious company, such inspiring, such lovely & gracious company! & how they lighten the march! Our faces are toward the sunset, now, but these are with us, to hold our hands, & stay our feet, & while they abide, & our old love grows & never diminishes, our march shall still be through flowers & green fields, & the evening light as pleasant as soft morning glow yonder behind (*The Love Letters of Mark Twain*, Harper & Row, 1949, page 246. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

After Olivia's death no one again called him "Youth," as she had done throughout all their married years, and with justice. The innocent, eternal boy was now forever homeless, and though after her death he built Stormfield, a great

mansion, he was never to be at home again. The inscription he had engraved on her tombstone tells much:

Warm summer sun
Shine kindly here

TWAIN'S HUMOR

Basically Twain was a western Innocent, an enthusiastic idealist brimming with the vital vigor of his moral convictions, always willing to defend them and to oppose greed, officious hypocrisy, and the domination or exploitation of one human being or class by another. Knowing that, effectively used, laughter was the weapon which an opponent found most difficult to counter or vanquish, Twain used humor to point up the human weaknesses which plague us all, Twain included, often hoping that through his sharp satire, individual or social foibles might be revealed for what they were, and corrected or modified. Twain was so acutely aware of the gap between the way things should be and the way they were that for him, the only bearable pathway to endurance and sanity lay through humor.

In the following Twainian antic, note how the humor originates in the difference between how things appear and how they really are, as he contrasts his father-in-law's wealth and generosity with his own gratitude but relative poverty.

After dispelling many apprehensions about the stability of this fiery-headed, flashy-dressing "Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope," who brashly aspired to be his son-in-law, Jervis Langdon, a wealthy coal dealer of Elmira, New York, finally offered himself as Twain's friend

and character reference and told him to "take the girl." As a wedding present he presented the couple with the deed to a lovely home he had bought them, a complete surprise to Sam Clemens, but not to his wife. The couple were taken to the home, told it was theirs; then everyone waited for Sam's reaction. He was much moved, but finally, with tears in his eyes and choking in his voice, he got it out, two or three words at a time:

Mr. Landgon, whenever you are in Buffalo, even if it's twice a year, come right up here, and bring your bag with you. You may stay overnight if you want to, and it shan't cost you a cent (TWITCH-ELL, J. H. "Mark Twain," *Harpers*, XCII, May 1896, page 821).

In his lectures as in his writings, Twain is at his best only when his words are spoken. His highest genius is sharpest in his folk-tale, story-telling casualness. As a poor substitute for a live Twain lecture, some of his pithy statements from *Pudd'nhead Wilson* must be permitted to exemplify the dry, often sharp wit which reveals his moral sensitivities as he discerns humanity's failings everywhere about him:

1. It is often the case that the man who can't tell a lie thinks he is the best judge of one.
2. The holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.
3. Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits.
4. He is useless on top of the ground; he ought to be under it, inspiring the cabbages.
5. Man is the Only Animal that blushes. Or needs to.
6. Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's, I mean.

7. True irreverence is disrespect for another man's god.

8. Every one is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody.

9. The very ink with which all history is written is merely fluid prejudice.

10. Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist but you have ceased to live (*The Portable Mark Twain*, Viking Press, 1946, pages 558-567, *passim*. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Row, Publishers).

Twain is the most autobiographical of great American writers; in the same simple, straightforward manner which was ever the central essence of both his manner and his character, he wrote his life and beliefs into his best works.

MARK THE DOUBLE TWAIN

Thus Theodore Dreiser defined him, and not without a justification that has increased with publication of more of Twain's misanthropic writings which he could not bear to have appear during Olivia's lifetime or his own. On one hand Twain was the tenderest of men. When he and Jean went to the unoccupied family mansion for a weekend the weather was so chilly that Twain went directly to the fireplace to kindle a fire, but when he there heard bird chirpings, and realized a bird had built its nest in the unused chimney, he and Jean gladly froze rather than inconvenience the baby swallows before they could fly. On the other hand, when through the tumultuous decades of his later life he learned of man's hard indifference, then intentional cruelty, toward his fellows, Twain's furious temper and acid satires in that latest phase of his life consumed his greatness, both as man and as literary force. The apparent evils arising

from slavery during the Reconstruction period disturbed this overly sensitive idealist. The wildfire economic greed and corrupt governmental practices which encouraged them he attacked in *The Gilded Age* (1873). His contempt of aristocratic privilege, entrenched superstition, and economic exploitation masquerading as religion, he attacked in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889). These contain in less powerful form the major issues of his greatest work, *Huckleberry Finn* (1884). "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" (1899) is a bitter attack on a greedy, hypocritical community unjustly smug in its self-righteousness. "Field's Visit to Heaven," *What is Man*, *The Mysterious Stranger* and *Letters from Earth* continue his attack on mankind as a mean, nasty, vindictive race.

These titles reveal the later "double" Twain as a lonely, embittered man in a mechanical, selfish universe of man's own making. But to the end he struggled with his affirming, believing self in conflict with his own darker side, still believing in Tom, Dick, and Harry while damning the human race. Out of this lifelong conflict came *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, one of our greatest revelations of American conscience, which will be the subject of our next lesson. It is justly classed with *Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *Old Times on the Mississippi*, and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* as one of his "sunny books," which in part it is. Viewed in terms of its great moral core, and in its definition of who man is (rather than who he should be) Huck

Finn fairly predicts "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," perhaps the best-known representation of his later works. (See text, pp. 629-651).

THE MAN THAT CORRUPTED HADLEYBURG

This long short story published some ten years before Twain's death in 1910, exemplifies the power Twain could command once he found a style and a theme which so congenially complement each other. First of all, to watch the ingenious plot draw ever more tightly together the conflicts within Twain's characters reminds us how skilled he was at telling a story. Our interest never sags; always Twain has us in suspense, eager to know what comes next. Secondly, the "heard" qualities of his style have never been written down with greater effectiveness. How intimately Twain knew crowd psychology, and with what impish delight he caught the common people's response to public exposure of self-righteousness and dishonesty and greed. The crowd's "Go tell it to the Marines!" and "oh, saw my leg off!" when asked to believe the incredible; its "Hip, hip, hooray!" and group chant and Mikado travesty, all performed in spontaneous gusto, all reveal the grim irony which humor can achieve when manipulated by a master humorist.

Few moral tracts have ever succeeded in making smugness, pretense, self-righteousness, greed, and dishonesty more uncomfortable than does Twain's humorous indignation against such universal human failings as concentrated by the artistry of this story. The underlying theme

is that "the weakest of all weak things is a virtue which has not been tested in the fire." Twain invented the community of Hadleyburg, which deserved the jealousy of neighboring communities because, from the cradle, its inhabitants had been taught the principles of honesty.

Within its borders honesty was publically praised so solemnly and frequently that no dishonesty existed within its borders, and all its citizens knew it. But their fatal error was to keep themselves and their children honest by never permitting themselves to be tempted. A stranger passing through the town is somehow deeply injured and vows revenge, not just on an individual but on the entire community. He "leads them into temptation" by making it possible for the leading families of the community to anticipate receiving vast wealth — sudden wealth, unearned, and undeserved — if only they will each publicly proclaim a lie which they naively believe can never become public knowledge. But the pretense motivated by greed is exposed to the derisive laughter of the less ostentatious, less fortunate citizens of Hadleyburg in eighteen of the nineteen "first" families. Through a repaid kindness, ironically one most undeserved, the poor bank clerk Richards and his wife are spared the exposure and public humiliation the others receive. But their fate is worse. Having been mistakenly honored as the only honest citizens of Hadleyburg, they cannot face their own consciences, and their own moral guilt finally destroys them, both in their own eyes and in those of their

disillusioned friends and neighbors.

Here, as in his masterpiece *Huckleberry Finn*, Twain is great and powerful because he is moral. Here is but further proof of the sensitive, tender, idealist Twain's inability to remain indifferent when he saw his fellow men being cruel or dishonest. It is the identical indignation which accounts for the major difference between Twain's great book for children, *Tom Sawyer* and his great book for those who would live more fully and understandingly in a mature world, *Huckleberry Finn*.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Discuss the following statement by Twain as a bridge between his personal life and his writings, "Be careless in your dress if you must, but keep a tidy soul."

2. Do you feel that Twain's humor is (a) rarely (b) often (c) usually, a projection of Twain's moral awareness or moral indignation as he observes human weakness?

3. During his lifelong love affair with his Livy she always referred to Twain by her pet name of "Youth." Do you feel such a term to be appropriate or inappropriate, having known Twain primarily through his writings? Discuss.

SOCIAL SCIENCE • *Divine Law and Church Government*

Church Government: Its Organization and Structure

Lesson 8 — Priesthood and Church Government

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, October 1963

Objective: To help the members of Relief Society understand that Church government is the Priesthood, or the power of God in action.

... It [Priesthood] is the government of God, whether on the earth or in the heavens, for it is by that power, agency, or principle that all things are governed on the earth and in the heavens, and by that power that all things are upheld and sustained. It governs all things — it directs all things — it sustains all things — and has to do with all things that God and truth are associated with. It is the power of God delegated to intelligences in the heavens and to men on the earth (TAYLOR, JOHN: *Millennial Star*, Vol. IX, page 321).

HISTORICAL SETTING AND BACKGROUND

The Church of Jesus Christ had its formal beginning in this dispensation on the 6th day of April, 1830. The organization was not possible until the authority to act in the name of God had been restored. This authority, designated Priesthood, is the authority that directs, controls, and governs all of creation, both spiritual and material, in the

premortal, mortal, and post-mortal existence including all activities essential thereto.

1. *Narrow Is the Gate.* The Priesthood is the power by which are carried out all ordinances essential to salvation and exaltation. It is the authority to speak for God upon the earth. It is a commission of leadership in his kingdom. It is the power through which the ills of society may be corrected. The planets are in orbit by this power and they do not get in each other's way. The same authority has provided a correct pattern for human association under which people can live without getting in each other's way and live peaceably. With Priesthood leadership there is only one way, the right way. There are no short cuts, for strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leads to exaltation. The human element may make a difference in the time element, but it cannot change the route. It is the way of divine law expressed in Church government and organization.

2. *Divine Direction.* Joseph Smith received a personal manifestation of God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. Jesus informed Joseph of his life's mission. This was the beginning of the formal instruction from authorized agents, personages holding the Priesthood, that prepared Joseph to carry out his mission, which led directly to the restoration of the Priesthood and the organization of the Church.

3. *Discipline Essential to Growth.* The idea of organization did not come prematurely to the Prophet Joseph. One of the first things he had to do was to develop personal

control, disciplining himself so that he could direct his abilities toward the fulfillment of his calling. He had to develop faith and the courage to act. Then we see him in a struggle with the power of evil. All through his short life he was confronted with temptation. But personal control (discipline), a clear vision of eternal values, and a definite purpose, together with the sustaining influence of the Spirit of God, made it possible for him to accomplish his mission. In 1829 the Lord said to the Prophet "And you must wait yet a little while, for ye are not yet ordained" (D & C 5:17).

RESTORATION OF THE PRIESTHOOD

While translating *The Book of Mormon*, Joseph and Oliver had noted the repeated reference to baptism for the remission of sins. "This caused them to marvel, for the doctrine of baptism was misunderstood in the world" (SMITH, JOSEPH FIELDING: *Essentials in Church History*, page 67).

1. *The Appearance of John the Baptist.* On the 15th of May, 1829, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery retired to the woods and asked the Lord for light on the important subject of baptism. In response to this, they testified to the fact that John the Baptist, acting under the direction of Peter, James, and John bestowed upon them the Aaronic Priesthood. Laying his hands upon their heads, he said:

Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the Gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth,

until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness (DHC I:39).

John the Baptist then instructed them to baptize each other and confer upon each other the Aaronic Priesthood. Thus the Aaronic Priesthood began to function upon the earth again. There was no living mortal who held the keys of this Priesthood, therefore it was necessary to call upon the person who held the keys of the dispensation of the meridian of times to confer this authority on Joseph and Oliver. It is important to note that John the Baptist did for them only that which they could not do for themselves. He gave them the authority, they baptized each other, and then re-conferred the Priesthood.

John the Baptist told Joseph and Oliver that the Melchizedek Priesthood would soon be conferred upon them and they were to be the first and second elders, respectively, of the Church.

2. *The Line of Authority Established.* While the exact date was not recorded, it was only a short time after the Aaronic Priesthood was restored that Peter, James, and John appeared to Joseph and Oliver and conferred upon them the Melchizedek Priesthood with the commission to act in the name of God. This commission is attested to in a revelation given August 1830, when the Lord in reference to his coming said “. . . marvel not, for the hour cometh that I will drink of the fruit of the vine with you on the earth . . .” (D & C 27:5). Then the revelation records the names of many of the great prophets who would be present.

. . . also with Peter, and James, and John, whom I have sent unto you, by whom I have ordained you and confirmed you to be apostles, and especial witnesses of my name, and bear the keys of your ministry and of the same things which I revealed unto them; Unto whom I have committed the keys of my kingdom, and a dispensation of the gospel for the last times; and for the fulness of times . . . (D & C 27:12-13).

In this lesson we are not simply recording an historical event. That has been properly done in the records of the Church. We are concerned with the fact that the Priesthood was restored and became the basis for Church government and organization. This is a fact of great importance to each person who becomes a member of this Church.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was not founded on protests against the purported mistakes of an existing, dominant church. It was founded through direct instruction from Christ himself, who declared that his Church did not then exist on the earth.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was founded on revelation and continues to operate on this vital principle. The authority to organize and direct the Church is part of the dynamic nature of the Priesthood.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD UNIFIES LEADERSHIP

The Priesthood is called the Melchizedek Priesthood,

. . . because Melchizedek was such a great high priest. Before his day it was called *the Holy Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God*. But out of respect or reverence to the name of the Supreme Being, to avoid the too frequent repetition of his name, they, the church, in

ancient days, called that priesthood after Melchizedek, or the Melchizedek Priesthood (D & C 107:2-4).

All of the power and authority that God ever delegated to his representatives on this earth is included in the Melchizedek Priesthood. "All other authorities or offices in the church are appendages to this priesthood" (*Ibid.*, verse 5). It is significant to note that the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was under the direction of Peter, James, and John who held the Melchizedek Priesthood.

1. *Aaronic (Levitical) Priesthood an Appendage.* From an article on Priesthood prepared by the Prophet Joseph Smith we read:

There are two Priesthoods spoken of in the Scriptures, viz., the Melchisedek and the Aaronic or Levitical. Although there are two Priesthoods, yet the Melchisedek Priesthood comprehends the Aaronic or Levitical Priesthood, and is the grand head, and holds the highest authority which pertains to the Priesthood, and the keys of the Kingdom of God in all ages of the world to the latest posterity on the earth, and is the channel through which all knowledge, doctrine, the plan of salvation, and every important matter is revealed from heaven (*DHC IV:207*).

Aaron, a brother of Moses and a Levite, with his four sons, were elected first to hold the Lesser Priesthood and to minister in the Priest's office. (*WIDTSOE: Priesthood and Church Government*, page 15.) Later the Lord chose all the tribe of Levi to hold the Lesser Priesthood and to be the acting Priesthood in Israel. "And I, behold, I have taken the Levites from among the children of Israel instead of all the firstborn . . . of Israel . . ." (*Numbers 3:12*).

PRIESTHOOD A SACRED CALLING

We should not lose sight of the fact that every office and calling in the Priesthood, both Aaronic and Melchizedek, is sacred and important to the work of the Lord. President Joseph F. Smith makes the following statement:

I believe it to be the duty of the Church to recognize and acknowledge every man who holds an official position in it, in his sphere and in his calling. I hold to the doctrine that the duty of a teacher is as sacred as the duty of an apostle, in the sphere in which he is called to act, and that every member of the Church is as much in duty bound to honor the teacher who visits him in his home, as he is to honor the office and counsel of the presiding quorum of the Church. They all have the Priesthood; they are all acting in their callings, and they are all essential in their places, because the Lord has appointed them and set them in his Church. We cannot ignore them; or, if we do, the sin will be upon our heads (*Gospel Doctrine 1949 Edition*, pp. 163-164).

The distinction, such as it is, between the Aaronic and Levitical Priesthood is shown in the following excerpt:

Levites Held Aaronic Priesthood. The Aaronic Priesthood is divided into the Aaronic and the Levitical, yet it is but one priesthood. This is merely a matter of designating certain duties within the priesthood. The sons of Aaron, who presided in the Aaronic order, were spoken of as holding the Aaronic Priesthood; and the sons of Levi, who were not sons of Aaron, were spoken of as the Levites. They held the Aaronic Priesthood but served under, or in a lesser capacity, than the sons of Aaron. (*SMITH, JOSEPH FIELDING: Doctrines of Salvation*, Vol. III, page 86. See also pages 112-115 for "Levitical and Aaronic Duties Anciently.")

DIVISIONS OF THE PRIESTHOOD

It has been pointed out that there are two divisions of the Priesthood,

Aaronic and Melchizedek. We should be aware of the fact that it is incorrect to refer to the Priesthood of a deacon or elder. These titles, deacon, priest, elder, etc., refer to the office and calling of an individual in the Priesthood.

1. *Recognized Offices in the Divisions.* The offices in the Aaronic Priesthood are: deacon, teacher, priest, and bishop who is a literal descendant of Aaron. (At the present time there are no bishops who are literal descendants of Aaron.) The bishop is the president and presides over the Aaronic Priesthood on the ward level, but his office, to which he has been appointed as a high priest by the First Presidency, cannot be rightfully referred to as an office in the Aaronic Priesthood, unless he should hold that office as a literal descendant of Aaron. The revelation from the Lord explains specifically the manner in which a high priest of the Melchizedek Priesthood may be called to officiate in the office of a bishop.

No man has a legal right to this office, to hold the keys of this priesthood, except he be a literal descendant of Aaron.

But as a high priest of the Melchizedek Priesthood has authority to officiate in all the lesser offices, he may officiate in the office of bishop when no literal descendant of Aaron can be found, provided he is called and set apart and ordained unto this power by the hands of the Presidency of the Melchizedek Priesthood (D & C 107:16-17).

“And a literal descendant of Aaron, also, must be designated by this Presidency [First Presidency] and found worthy, and anointed, and ordained under the hands of this Presidency, otherwise they are

not legally authorized to officiate in their priesthood” (D & C 68:20; see also Section 107:68-70,76.)

The offices in the Melchizedek Priesthood are President or Presidency of the High Priesthood (First Presidency, D & C 107:9, 79), apostle, patriarch, high priest, seventy, and elder.

2. *Right to Function in Church Government.* The fact that one has been ordained a deacon, elder, or high priest does not authorize him to function in the government or ordinance work of the Church. The ordination gives him the power to act, but the proper authority must designate the area of action, and commission him to perform. For example, there are many high priests in a ward but only one, designated by the First Presidency and commissioned by their representative, can be the bishop of the ward at one time. By call from the bishop each high priest can be given an assignment in the ward organization. In like manner the bishop may call deacons, teachers, priests, elders, or seventies to carry out the duties and functions of the Church government in the ward.

PRIESTHOOD CALLING A DISTINCTION

To receive an office or calling in the Priesthood is an honor, a blessing, an opportunity, and a responsibility. When the true value of such a calling is realized and appreciated by the receiver, he will recognize that he has received the greatest mark of distinction available to man. In relation to understanding this value and learning to honor this privilege, the family has the major opportunity to make sure that all

of its members understand the value of the Priesthood and how to honor it. The influence of the wife and mother cannot be over emphasized. She must have a knowledge and appreciation of the Priesthood if she is to help her family members understand and honor the Priesthood. One of the purposes of the present course is to help Relief Society members gain this knowledge and appreciation. Like so many other vital lessons, the value and significance of the Priesthood must be developed in the family situation. The fundamental impressions of the good life come to the child in the home environment from the most important people in their lives, their loved ones.

PREPARATION FOR PRIESTHOOD RESPONSIBILITY

Sometimes parents become concerned about the age of their sons and express this concern to the bishop as follows: "My son is twelve years old. He is old enough to be a deacon," or it may be that he is twenty and old enough to be an elder. The concern is mainly about age. Parents should really be concerned about his knowledge of the gospel, his understanding of life's great values and his readiness to assume the responsibilities of the Priesthood. A thoughtful, well-informed mother will find ways to help prepare her sons to receive this great blessing worthily and intelligently. She will show by her conduct that she honors the Priesthood and will make sure that her planning makes it easy and natural for the members of her family to honor it. If both parents were truly interested

in their son's preparation for Priesthood responsibility there would be fewer members of the Aaronic Priesthood over twenty-one and more active Melchizedek Priesthood holders in the Church today.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith called the women together, March 17, 1842, to organize the Relief Society and said, "I will organize the sisters under the priesthood after a pattern of the priesthood," he was thinking of far greater things than the relief from physical want or mental anguish. The "pattern of the priesthood" had a more significant and distinctive meaning. The objectives for the Relief Society were the same objectives set up for Priesthood quorums. (See *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1962, page 66.) Therefore, their purpose and interests must be the same. Inasmuch as the proper function of the Priesthood is essential to the accomplishment of the purpose and objective referred to above, the knowledge of the Priesthood and a dedication to its proper function is an equal responsibility and opportunity for the man and woman in each family unit in the Church.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What essential event had to take place before the Church could be organized? Why?
2. Why was it necessary for Peter, James, and John to come in person to restore the Melchizedek Priesthood?
3. In what way was the Prophet Joseph Smith subjected to the temptations of Lucifer?
4. Why did not John the Baptist baptize Joseph and Oliver?
5. What should be the determining factors in bestowing any office of the Priesthood upon an individual?

6. Why should women understand the Priesthood and its functions?

7. Give an example of a way in which a wife and mother could encourage her husband and sons to honor the Priesthood.

References

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13.
SMITH, JOSEPH FIELDING: *Essentials in Church History*, Chapter 9.

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Pilgrimage

Catherine B. Bowles

The brook in crystal light
Across the meadow sings,
Marking vale and valley
With the pattern that it brings —
Borders the fields with flowers,
Touches the bank with green,
On the velvet edges
The buttercups are seen.

The stream of life flows on
Over places smooth or steep,
Soothing the heavy laden,
Helping the wandering sheep,
Bringing peace where sorrow
Burdens the aching soul —
Ever leading onward
To our heavenly goal.

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..... LET NOT YOUR SONG END—Cain25
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..... LORD IS MY SHEPHERD—Smart20
..... LORD'S PRAYER—Robertson ..	.22
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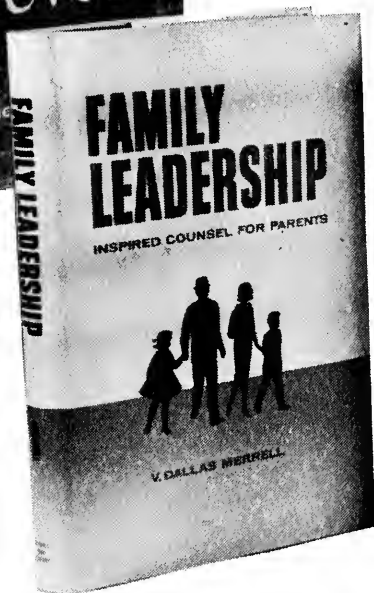
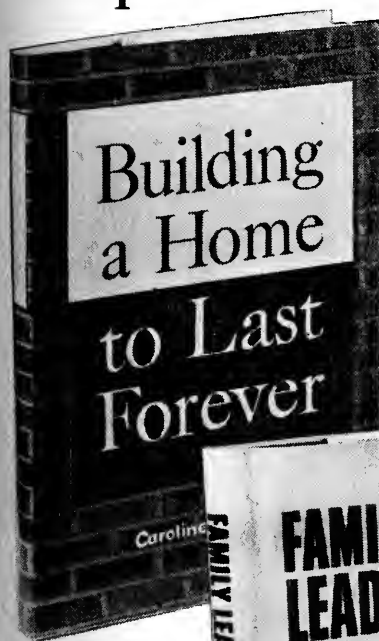
Poem

Vesta N. Fairbairn

A poem
Is emotion
Distilled through the mind's sieve
And captured in a silver net
Of words.

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A black and white photograph of a garden. In the foreground, there are various plants and a large rock. A stone bridge with a decorative railing arches over a small stream or path. In the background, a statue stands on a pedestal, and a weeping willow tree is prominent on the right. The sky is bright, and there are other trees and buildings in the distance.

The RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 8 AUGUST 1963 LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER



Seascape

Margery S. Stewart

The gulls are proud
Of the weather today,
It is the stuff they are made of —
Gray, riffling feathers of clouds,
Breath-stopping, silvery slide of the sun
Suddenly on wing tip of evening.
The gulls rest high on the gray
Breast of their mother, the storm,
Ride on the rising shoulders of sea,
Their sire.
Gray of the gulls, gray of the storm
All one essence
And bound
In the silvering falling sun
And sound
Of the deep crying of the winding wind.

The Cover: View in the International Peace Gardens, Salt Lake City, Utah
Color Transparency by Leland Van Wagoner
Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

Frontispiece: Seagulls and the Sea, Monterey, California
Photograph by David Muench

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

Illustrations: Mary Scopes

From Near and Far

I really enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*, and it comes in very handy in our missionary work. Thanks very much for your attention and help.

—Elder Michael C. Kenyon
Quilmes, Argentina

We enjoy our *Magazine* so very much. It is so beautiful with the color, the wonderful articles and stories, and the pictures in the Notes From the Field, together with the messages from the General Authorities of the Church and the General Board of Relief Society.

—Charlotte M. Burleigh
President
Woodruff Stake Relief Society
Evanston, Wyoming

I surely enjoyed "Let's Have a Bake Party" in the March issue of the *Magazine* (by Mary S. Kemp); also, I enjoyed "Sewing Success" by Helen Lach, as I do a lot of sewing. "Ribbons and Roses" (page 204) was used for a project in our work meeting. I enjoyed that whole issue. It was so colorful and interesting.

—Mrs. Violet B. Coletti
Alexandria, Virginia

I enjoy very much the recipes and the sewing tips, but it would be difficult to single out any one feature of the *Magazine* as being best.

—Breta Hiatt
Salem, Oregon

The Relief Society Magazine is one of our good missionary tools. By leaving the *Magazine* with one of our contacts, or with a friend who is ill, and pointing out two or three special articles in the *Magazine* that will interest her, she becomes interested and welcomes us when we come back.

—Elder and Sister Stanley Adams
Sydney, Nova Scotia
Canada

Since coming to Australia on a mission, I have heard many wonderful comments from members and nonmembers in regard to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I had a note from a nonmember investigator which said, "I was so interested I had to read it through before turning off the lights. It is a good, well-balanced publication." At a meeting in Sydney, a little elderly lady said she had been a subscriber for thirty years, and never once had a *Magazine* been late or gone astray. We appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending the publication to us as a proselyting tool.

—Vivian Coombs
President
Australian Mission
Relief Society

So many of the features in the *Magazine* are outstanding, and many bring back poignant memories of my girlhood, but the one I like especially is the feature page "From Near and Far." After I have looked at the beautiful cover, I have to admire the frontispiece, then I eagerly read the messages from the other sisters — almost like a personal visit with the many members of the world-wide sisterhood.

—Elda L. Haycock
Hagerman, Idaho

I wish to thank you for the most inspirational *Magazine*. I love and appreciate it and enjoy reading the stories and lessons each month. In fact, I wait each month for the new *Magazine* to come. As a young girl, I started reading the stories in my mother's *Magazine*, and since then I have found it hard to leave the copies alone. I am impressed with each visiting teacher message. Each one is just what I need at the time. It is a joy to present such wonderful lessons and messages. The *Magazine* is giving me a rich and wonderful education and helps to build my testimony.

—Mrs. Charlotte Elliott
Livermore, California

The Relief Society Magazine

AUGUST 1963 VOLUME 50 NUMBER 8

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Associate Editor: Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager: Belle S. Spafford

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RELIEF SOCIETY

A Blessing to Young Women

Belva Barlow

Member, General Board of Relief Society

Children are what their mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart.

—Walter Savage Landor

IF THE above quotation is true, how necessary it is for us, as Relief Society sisters, to prepare ourselves for this noble calling of motherhood. And if, as is stated, the first five or six years are the most significant in determining a person's character, then proper early guidance of a child is of extreme importance. President Brigham Young stated that "The mothers are the moving instruments in the hands of Providence to guide the destinies of nations." And in this light we should evaluate our present or future tasks as homemaker, wife, and mother. Because the future lies in the hands of the young, it is to the young women of the Church that I address myself.

Young women have always played a significant part in shaping the destinies of mankind; young women made the long and arduous voyage with an unknown future to the "New World" in answer to their husbands' cries for freedom; young women endured the rigors and privations of the cold New England winters with the barest of necessities; they moved westward across the

Appalachians into a wild, lonely country and lived in the shadow of death from cold, hunger, or illness; later yet, for their faith, they made the perilous trek over mountains and plains to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, leaving loved ones buried back along the trail. These are but a few examples of how young women have met the challenges of their days. We can and must meet the challenge of our day. The victor's crown is the same; only the setting changes.

Emerson said, "Success treads on every right step." Of all women, we in the Church should take the "right" steps, and for this purpose the Relief Society was organized. President Joseph F. Smith said the Relief Society would be a great organization when the young women of the Church would join it.

We want the young women, the intelligent women, women of faith, of courage and of purity to be associated with the Relief Societies of the various stakes and wards of Zion. We want them to take hold of this work with vigor, with intelligence and unitedly, for the building up of Zion and the instruction of women

in their duties — domestic duties, public duties, and every duty that may devolve upon them (*Gospel Doctrine*, 1956 Edition, page 387).

I think it can as truthfully be said that the young women of the Church will be great when they place themselves in a position to receive the blessings available through participation in the Society.

WHEN a group of sisters went to the Prophet in 1842 with a constitution and by-laws for the purpose of establishing a ladies' society, the Prophet stated that the constitution and by-laws were the best he had ever seen. He then continued, "But this is not what you want. Tell the sisters their offering is accepted of the Lord, and He has something better for them than a written constitution . . ." (*A Centenary of Relief Society*, page 14).

On March 17, 1842, the Prophet organized the Relief Society "after a pattern of the priesthood." In April of that year, the Prophet again met with the sisters and on that occasion said:

This is a charitable Society, and according to your natures; it is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence. You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosom.

If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom! If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates (*DHC IV*, page 605).

The Prophet's appraisal of woman's nature strikes a responsive chord in each of us. He did not say that charity and benevolence are the na-

ture of married women only, or of elderly women only, or of young women only. Such characteristics apply to all women — single girls, brides, mothers, and grandmothers. It is according to our natures, if we cultivate it, to have compassion, to love truth, to appreciate beauty, to love all children, and to be kind, generous, thoughtful, and honest. To reach perfection in these qualities, I readily agree, requires intense effort and vigilance. Though it is not easy, we are blessed to have innate urgings in this direction.

The journey of life is a most exciting one, but it is fraught with many difficulties. Relief Society is an important vehicle, organized under divine inspiration, to help us make this journey successfully. For a woman to embark on this trip of life without the aid of Relief Society can be likened to journeying hundreds of miles on foot rather than using modern means of transportation. Such a person might weary and never reach her destination, or, if she does, she might be much the worse for wear. And yet many young women today are embarking on this all-important journey of life "on foot."

THE Relief Society was founded to help us shape our lives and the lives of our loved ones while young; it was established to make the journey back to our Father in heaven pleasant and rewarding and, in large measure, to assure our "arrival." President Brigham Young told the sisters that

. . . these societies are for the improvement of our manners, our dress, our habits and our methods of living. . . . Can you

tell the amount of good that the mothers and daughters in Israel are capable of doing? No, it is impossible. And the good they will do will follow them to all eternity (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 216).

This is the purpose of the Society. The Relief Society is not just "another" woman's organization. As the First Presidency wrote on July 3, 1942:

We ask our sisters of the Relief Society never to forget that they are a unique organization in the whole world, for they were organized under the inspiration of the Lord bestowed upon that great Prophet. . . . No other woman's organization in all the earth has had such a birth (*A Centenary of Relief Society*, page 7).

Inasmuch as the gospel of Jesus Christ is not a gospel of "receiving" only, we are each expected to "give" — time, talents, leadership, service, substance. In so doing we are assured of "receiving" — faith, testimony, opportunities, growth, guidance. In this age of "give-to-me-tooism," the need for honorable women desirous of serving is urgent — urgent for the salvation of man in general, and for the exaltation of man individually. The Relief Society motto "Charity Never Faileth" strives to encompass the full measure of giving and growing.

In addition to being unique as a woman's organization because of its divine origin and blessing under the Priesthood of God, the Relief Society is unique in another very important way — in the magnitude and diversity of its program. Can you name a similar organization in which, prophets declare, can be found "intellectual, cultural and spiritual values . . . sufficient for all

general needs of its members"? (*Ibid.*, page 7). Membership in social, fraternal, altruistic, literary, theological, musical, and other groups provides opportunities to serve, to learn, to grow. Relief Society provides all of these opportunities under divine direction. We have been counseled that Relief Society

. . . members should permit no other affiliation either to interrupt or to interfere with the work of the Society. They should give to Relief Society service precedence over all social and other clubs and societies of similar kinds (*Ibid.*, page 7).

And why not, if by so doing, "angels cannot be restrained from being your associates"?

Is there any woman whose soul is not enlarged by being part of a well-trained Singing Mothers chorus? Is there any woman who does not grow by doing reading, researching, and preparing in order to present a stimulating lesson? Can one fail to be touched and strengthened when, at the conclusion of a study of the scriptures, a fervent, humble testimony is borne? Does any one of us lack appreciation of the importance of learning how to become a more efficient worker, organizer, planner, doer? Having helped someone in need, or having received help through compassionate service, can one deny the great thrill and blessings which come to both the servant and the recipient? In all fairness, we must answer all of these queries with a resounding "No!"

There are few things in life to which a woman can so unreservedly devote her energies with the assur-

ance that her efforts are well founded and directed, as she can to the program of the Relief Society. The scriptures are full of admonitions and parables concerning the importance of seeking the Lord and his purposes while young. And so it is also with the work of the Relief Society — those who find it early in life have an eternal advantage.

Let us accept the admonition and direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith and “live up to our privileges.” Let us diligently strive to increase within ourselves the righteous qualities of character which are “according to our natures.” The manifold blessings which the Lord has promised his righteous daughters will then be ours.

We live in a glorious time when the fulness of the gospel has been restored, but the powers of evil are everywhere about us. We must take every precaution to arm ourselves with righteousness and faith. I hope, as young women of the

Church, we will reach out to life and find joy and excitement in helping the cause of righteousness to prosper. The young women of the Church should have an optimism about life and show courage and perseverance equal to that of our noble progenitors. We have been told by the prophets of God that many choice spirits have been reserved for this dispensation. Let us rejoice at the privilege which is ours of living at this time — prior to the return of the Savior — and dedicate our efforts toward this glorious fulfillment.

As a young Relief Society sister, I bear testimony of the great blessing and strength that Relief Society can be in one's life and pray that young women throughout the Church will heed the admonition of the Brethren — to place ourselves and our loved ones in a position to enjoy the blessings promised through working in this divinely organized Society.

Prodigal Son's Mother

Pauline Bell

Oh, son, my son, you have come home again!
Be glad, dear heart, it was not in vain.
Now mother's eyes no longer run
In tears for you, oh, son, my son.

Let's celebrate and make amends,
Rejoice, rejoice, call all our friends.
Delicious things of earth now bring —
The lost one has returned — let us sing!

And you, my firstborn, faithful son,
Continue now, as you have done. . . .
Oh, let all jealousy depart, depart.
My son, you are the pure in heart.

He Knew the Prophet

Part III — President Wilford Woodruff

Preston Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

WILFORD WOODRUFF, the fourth President of the Church, was born at Farmington, Connecticut, March 1, 1807.

In his youth he assisted his father in farming and in the operation of a flour mill. When he was twenty-three years of age he joined with his brother in purchasing a 140 acre farm at Richland, New York.

Two Latter-day Saint elders visited Richland in 1833 and held meetings. Wilford heard the gospel and was baptized. In 1834 he went to Kirtland, Ohio, where he met the Prophet Joseph Smith. He then joined Zion's Camp in the march to Missouri.

In 1839 he was made a member of the quorum of Twelve Apostles and sent on a mission to England. In 1847, after the death of the Prophet Joseph, he followed Brigham Young and the saints in the march to Salt Lake Valley.

Following the death of President Young, in August 1877, John Taylor became the President of the Church, and Wilford Woodruff the President of the Twelve Apostles. When John Taylor died in 1887, Wilford Woodruff succeeded him as President of the Church. He died in

August 1898 at the age of ninety-one.

Following are a few excerpts from his sermons:

“The first time I ever saw Joseph Smith was in April 1834. I met him in the streets of Kirtland [Ohio]. He invited me to his house. I stopped with him while preparing to go to Zion in Zion's camp.

“On Sunday he called a priesthood meeting. They all gathered in a little cabin. There I first heard Joseph Smith speak publicly, also Hyrum Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley and Orson Pratt and William E. McLellin. The Prophet called upon the elders to bear testimony of the gospel of Christ and they arose one after another and bore a short testimony (MS. 54:605).

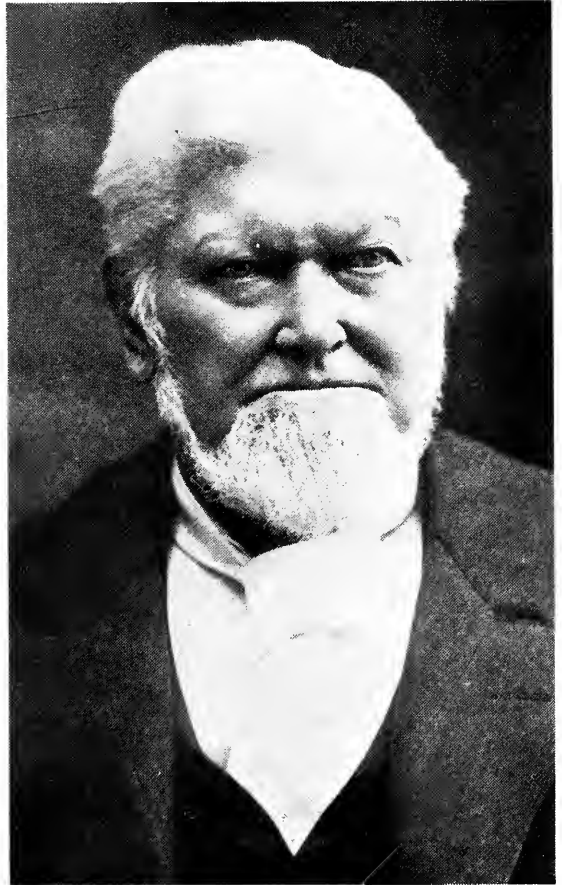
“It has been my faith and belief, from the time that I was made acquainted with the gospel, that no greater prophet than Joseph Smith ever lived on the face of the earth, save Jesus Christ. He was raised to stand at the head of this great dispensation — the greatest of all dispensations God has ever given to man (JD 21:317).

“Joseph Smith was what he pro-

Joseph Smith

fessed to be, a prophet of God, a seer and revelator. He laid the foundation of this church and kingdom, and lived long enough to deliver the keys of the kingdom to the elders of Israel, unto the twelve apostles. He spent the last winter of his life, some three or four months, with the quorum of the twelve, teaching them. It was not merely a few hours ministering to them the ordinances of the gospel, but he spent day after day, week after week and month after month, teaching them and a few others the things of the kingdom of God (*Ibid.*, 13:164).

“Those who have been acquainted with the Prophet Joseph, who laid the foundation of this church and kingdom, who was an instrument in the hand of God in bringing to light the gospel in this last dispensation, know well that every feeling of his soul, every sentiment of his mind and every act of his life, proved that he was determined to maintain the principle of truth, even to the sacrificing of his life. His soul swelled wide as eternity for the welfare of the human family. He began entirely alone, as far as the influence of the children of men was con-



President Wilford Woodruff

cerned, upon the earth, to endeavor to establish a religion and order of things diverse from anything then existing among men, a religion that was unpopular and contrary to the feelings and views and traditions of the whole human family (*Ibid.*, 2:192).

“There is another instance that occurs to my mind. A certain man took a stand against Joseph and endeavored to bring persecution upon him. Joseph went to his God and laid the matter before him, asking to be delivered out of the hands and power of that wicked man. Joseph was a prophet, a seer, a revelator. He was acquainted with God; he knew the voice of the spirit when it spoke to him” (*Ibid.*, 24:55-6).

The Missing Papers



Dorothy Clapp Robinson

TISH HAWORTH wiped her hands carefully, folded the towel exactly, and hung it on a rod reserved for used towels. She rubbed lotion into her hands.

"I hope," she said aloud, a habit she had acquired since being a widow, "that Mr. Ludlow won't think all I do is wash dishes — but I suppose even lawyers' wives get dishpan hands."

That reminded her. She should get those papers and put them in her handbag. This was to be a full day. After delivering the papers to the lawyer's office, she and Mel, her friend, were having lunch at The Mode. Afterward they were driving up the canyon to spend the afternoon. This time of the year the gold and scarlet of the hills made driving a delight. Then they were driving home in the moonlight.

In her bedroom Tish opened a closet and chose a sweater and skirt and laid them on the bed beside the black handbag.

"Why did I put that there?" she asked herself. "That is nothing to take to the hills. I'll take my knitting bag, and maybe while we are lounging on the grass I can finish Opal's sweater."

She put away the black bag in a drawer and went to another drawer for her knitting bag. Her billfold was lying on the dresser. She tucked it under the nearly completed sweater. Now for the papers.

She went to her desk and opened the upper right-hand drawer. She looked, then looked again. It wasn't possible. The packet of legal papers was not there.

"I advise you take these papers home and read the fine print," Mr.

Ludlow had said when he handed them to her. "Come back in a week, and we will get them signed and filed."

"I may not understand a word but I will read every word, and I will bring them back good as new."

"I'm sure you will. I have always found you to be a very careful, orderly person."

Glowing from the compliment, Tish had been very careful where she placed the papers. It had taken her a week to read the fine print on the three pages, but each time after reading she had returned them to the left-hand slot of the right-hand upper drawer. They must be there. Her reputation was at stake.

"You are too fussy," her daughter Irene had once said to her. "Some of these days that habit is going to backfire. You get so upset when anything is changed."

Okay, if that was what Irene wanted to call it, but the papers *had* to be right here. She never misplaced things. But nothing she could see even faintly resembled legal papers.

"Okay, if I must." She sat down and very patiently, very methodically started going through the drawers of the desk. Disgusted and bewildered, she slammed the last one closed.

"Now let me think." Then, "I might have put them in the paper file. What was I doing the last time I read them?"

FROM the top shelf of a big closet she lifted down an envelope file. Would she have put them under L

for lawyer, or under *H* for home? She was so bothered she wasn't thinking straight. Then the telephone rang.

"Mother. . . ." It was Irene. "I just wanted to make sure you hadn't forgotten that Sharon plays at PTA tonight. You said you were going with me. . . . Mother — are you there?"

"Yes-s. I'll be there," Tish answered, after catching her breath. But she had forgotten. She had this day planned to the last minute. She was having lunch with Mel, her friend, and they had planned a drive up the canyon. The colors were so beautiful this time of the year. They were to have their dinner at Idaho City and enjoy a leisurely trip home by moonlight. The dinner and the leisurely drive were out. PTA was at eight o'clock. And if she was to get a parking space anywhere near The Mode she had better hurry. Well, the papers couldn't hide much longer.

THE papers were not under L, nor under H, nor under A, B, C, D. In fact, they were not in the file at all. She hadn't expected them to be. They were in the desk. She might not be a brain, but she was methodical. The telephone rang again.

"Tish. . . ." It was Helen, a friend of many years. "May I use that poem you wrote about the river road? It is so beautiful and just what I need to finish out a talk I am giving."

"I would love letting you use it."

"Oh, thanks a lot. I'll be right over after it."

"Don't do that." A wave of panic hit Tish. "I'm supposed to be leaving this very minute. I'll slip it in an envelope and mail it to you. Or I'll take it to you tomorrow."

"Goodness," Tish said after she had hung up. "Why did she pick this morning to ask for that?"

BEFORE she reached her desk the telephone rang. Ignore it, but Tish couldn't. It was the president of the garden club to which Tish belonged.

"Tish, I have been thinking about that project for buying shrubs for that new nursing home. . . ."

"Beulah, may I talk to you about that later? I am in a jam right now."

"Of course. But since you are the treasurer I thought you should have some say-so about the projects we put on to raise money for the shrubs."

"Beulah. . . ."

"I know — and I am not going to keep you, but I have called a meeting for the officers for tonight, and naturally we must have you there."

"I have decided I am not going to be treasurer."

"How can you say such a thing? You were elected, weren't you, and you consented."

"Yes, but. . . ." Tish glanced at her watch. "I might lose the money, or misplace it and. . . ."

Beulah laughed. "That is a laugh, when everyone knows how orderly and methodical you are. But I know you are in a hurry so I am not going to detain you. But I do want you to be at the meeting. There

are some other things to discuss, too. I hope we get a good representation of the membership to back us in this. Some of the members — but you are in a hurry. I'll talk to you later."

Sighing with relief, Tish went back to her desk. What was it she was supposed to get? Oh, yes, the poem. From a larger drawer she brought out a legal-sized leather folder. She kept her current writings in it. She flipped through the contents — now don't tell — she glanced at her watch again. The telephone rang. It was Mel.

"Do you know what time it is?" Mel asked. "We won't get a parking spot nor a table."

"I know." Tish tried to hide her impatience. "I'll be there in a few minutes." Back at her desk she zipped up the case and returned it to a drawer. "I'll get back in time to put the poem in the mail. It is too late to go to Mr. Ludlow's office now."

Slightly relieved, she dressed hurriedly and drove her car the six blocks to Mel's home. As Mel swung into the seat beside her she frowned at Tish.

"Now what is wrong?" Tish demanded.

"Nothing, of importance. You have earrings of two different sets. Maybe you meant it that way."

Tish glanced in the mirror above the wheel. She yanked the earrings and put them in her sewing bag, then she fished around until she found lipstick.

Uptown she did find a parking lot and they did find a table. "What

will you have?"

Startled, Tish looked up. Mel had given her order. The waitress was waiting.

"Oh, I. . . ." She was not going to acknowledge she had not read the menu. "I'll take the same."

"I didn't think you liked tuna loaf," Mel said when the waitress had gone. Tish was acting queer, she thought. Usually Tish talked incessantly. "I'm sorry, Tish, if you didn't want to come. . . ."

"Of course I wanted to come." The injured note in Mel's voice irritated her a little. "It is just that I hate to tell you. I must be back early. I promised to go to PTA to hear Sharon play. I had forgotten this was the night."

"We could put the trip off until tomorrow."

"Tomorrow might be worse. I haven't any idea right now what I might have to do." If she had an idea, she wasn't going to tell Mel.

After they had left town behind and were on the river road, Mel brought up the subject of the PTA. "Sometimes I think our girls expect too much of us. They want to be waited on. . . ."

Tish remembered Mel had a car of her own sitting in her garage unused, but she never offered to drive it. "Well, I love to hear Sharon play. She is growing so fast and she looks like an angel."

"That is what I said the other day to Elna. That girl of hers gets more beautiful every day. She is always coming over to do some thoughtful thing for me, and when she leaves she always kisses me goodbye."

Tish immediately forgot her lost papers. She took up the challenge. Elna's girl was sweet to her grandmother, but so were Irene's girls sweet to their grandmother — most of the time, honesty demanded.

"I wouldn't think of missing hearing Sharon play." Her voice had regained its usual spritely tone. "Why, her music teacher says. . . ."

"Oh, I know," Mel assured her quickly. "She does play beautifully, but you should see that little Bruce. He came to my place yesterday. I was making cookies. I gave him one, but he said 'want two.' I gave him another and then he said 'want four.'" She laughed as only a grandmother can over the brilliance of a grandchild.

Tish laughed, but she could think of a hundred things her little Marc had said that showed more brilliance than wanting more cookies.

TISH came home tired from the PTA meeting, but drowsy with satisfaction. Everyone had raved about Sharon's playing. Even Tish had been included in the aura of glory that hung over the performance.

As Tish started to undress the joy was suddenly gone, like a slate being wiped clean with a wet cloth. *Where were those papers?* Why couldn't she put them from her mind? Because she was fussy, Irene would have said. Then she remembered the poem she was to mail. She knew it was in that leather case. No use going to bed until she found it.

Tish went back to her desk and, laying the case on the desk, unzipped it. She started lifting the

papers one by one. There, fifth paper down, was the poem. Gently she laid it on the desk and put the case away. Finding an envelope she sealed the poem inside. Then she went to the garage, opened it, backed out her car, and drove across town. She stopped at Helen's home. There was no light inside so she slipped the envelope in the mail slot. No chance of forgetting it now.

TISH was ready for bed when a sudden thought stopped her. The poem had been exactly where it was meant to be. Perhaps she had overlooked the papers in the same way. Back she went to her desk. One by one she went through the papers. One by one she replaced them. No legal envelope.

"I am so bothered I can't think," she told herself as she sank wearily into bed. "I'll sleep on it and maybe the answer will come when I awaken. Hugh used to say, 'Sleep on it and morning will bring the answer.'"

Sleep was stubborn that night. Each time she felt herself drifting into sleep the lost papers popped into her mind. She could not go on like this. She must find them. In desperation, she turned her thoughts to Sharon's music. That proved a soothing sedative.

MORNING came and Tish awoke an hour earlier than her usual waking time. The first words that came to her mind were *under the bed*, but how could the papers have got under her bed? Leaning over so she

had a clear view, she searched the space. Nothing there, not even any visible lint.

While washing her few breakfast dishes, Tish remembered she had another bed in a small back bedroom that was seldom used. It was utterly fantastic even to suppose the papers would be there, but it was the last place to look. She had searched every drawer, chest, and closet, even in the basement, and found nothing. A slight tremor shook her.

Under the bed in the back room were two pasteboard boxes tied neatly and securely. They had a long undisturbed look, but that first early morning impression had never failed her. She carried the boxes to the kitchen table and opened one.

No legal papers on top. The box was filled to overflowing, however, with clippings from newspapers and magazines, wedding announcements, funeral programs, testimonial programs, thank-you notes, and a miscellany of items too numerous to even guess what they were.

For the next three days Tish was so absorbed in reading and sorting the interesting items in the two boxes that the loss of the legal papers was kept in the background of her mind. She found dates and facts she realized she needed for her Book of Remembrance. She spent hours on the telephone reading to friends and reminiscing, crying and laughing.

IRENE, coming in unexpectedly the second day, suggested she put the

box with all its contents in the trash can. "Why clutter your place with all this?"

Tish answered evasively, but when Irene had gone she got out her car. She rode to the nearest dime store and bought three scrapbooks. Not expensive ones but ones that suited her purpose.

A week later Tish closed the last finished scrapbook. What she had saved were just too precious to burn. If Irene chose to burn them after she was gone, Tish would have the pleasure of them until she did go; and she had no intention of going soon.

Then came the morning Mr. Ludlow's secretary called. "Mrs. Hawthorn, Mr. Ludlow is leaving town for a month, and he is anxious to get your estate in order before he leaves. Could you bring those papers in today?"

"Yes. Yes, I'll be there." Tish sat a moment before she replaced the receiver. The time had come. After listening to Jim Ludlow's praise all these years about her carefulness and orderliness, she would have to acknowledge that she was just an old woman who had lost her memory. And Jim and Hugh had been such good friends! It was almost like betraying Hugh.

She thought of going through the desk again, but shook her head sadly. Those papers were not in any file, they were not in any drawer in the kitchen, in the bedrooms, or basement. Not even in the garage.

Tish tried to straighten her shoulders, but did not quite make it. It was horrible enough to be forgetful

without having to acknowledge it publicly. She hoped after she had acknowledged it, this cloud of distrust of herself and self-pity would leave her. She was an old woman without a memory, and the sooner she acknowledged it the sooner — well, anyway, the sooner something.

Tish bathed, ran a comb through her hair, and put on the first dress her hands touched when she slid back the wardrobe door. She opened a drawer and took out her black handbag.

She turned the night lock on the front door and on the way to the garage opened the purse to make sure she had the house keys. She stared, and stared again. It couldn't be — it just couldn't be! There, daring her to doubt, was the packet of papers. Two weeks she had spent hunting them and here they were, right where she had placed them. Then she remembered; she had put them in the purse the first thing that fateful morning, so she would be sure and not forget them. Come to think of it, she had heard several of the younger women tell of doing such tricks. She had been impatient with them, wondering why they could be so careless.

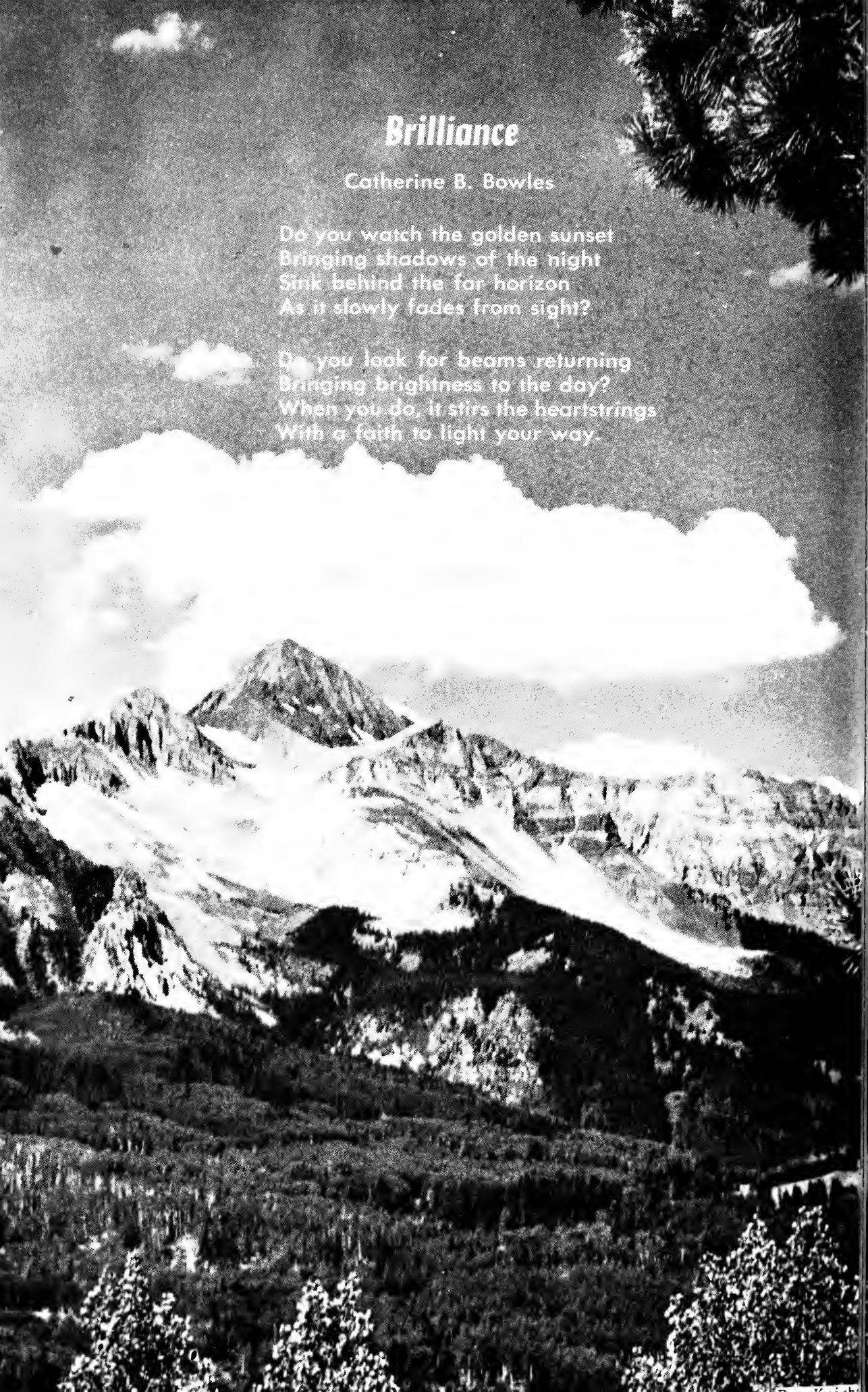
"Why did I keep so still?" she asked herself, "now there is no one I can call and tell I found them. I could have had a lot of fun rehearsing how I found them." Then, as her car purred quietly down the street, she added, "At least I saved my reputation, but I'll have more sympathy with the girls from here on. And I have my precious scrapbooks."

Brilliance

Catherine B. Bowles

Do you watch the golden sunset
Bringing shadows of the night
Sink behind the far horizon
As it slowly fades from sight?

Do you look for beams returning
Bringing brightness to the day?
When you do, it stirs the heartstrings
With a faith to light your way.





Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

Two University of Wisconsin psychologists, Dr. Harry F. Harlow and his wife Dr. Margaret K. Harlow have been experimenting with monkeys for years. Some they raised from early babyhood with the best of scientific care, but with no mothers; others had no companionship with other young monkeys. Both classes turned out to be socially aloof and to have unpleasant dispositions. Applying their findings to the rearing of human beings, the Doctors Harlow hope to help parents, through the avenues of generous mother-love and companionship for little ones with others of their own age, to develop happier, healthier children, and to reduce the incidence of mental illness.

DR. CORA BELL is a lecturer in international politics at the University of Sydney, Australia. For some time she was attached to the Institute of War and Peace Studies at Columbia University, on a Rockefeller scholarship. She is the author of a recent book on political thought, *Negotiations From Strength, a Study in the Politics of Power*.

MRS. JANET HILLSTROM STEFFEN, a Latter-day Saint now living in France and mother of four children, is the author of an essay "Freedom and Responsibility," which won a Freedom Foundation Award for 1963. "Freedom," Mrs. Steffen wrote, "teaches me that I may walk unwatched, my head held high, on the beautiful shore of life."

MARGUERITE WILDENHAIN is a master American potter, whose works are on display in many of America's major museums. She recently conducted a pottery seminar at the University of Utah. This is an art field in which many women are interested today.

MARJORIE STATHAM and EVELYN HASTINGS, affiliated with the American Museum of Natural History, prepared a number of the drawings of insects for *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Animal Life*, a new set of books outstanding for the extensive research and numerous, almost incredible pictures.

Part of the Fragrance

Ann G. Hansen

THE other day a former neighbor of mine called me on the telephone. I was quite startled when the usual trend of conversation did not reach my ears. Instead, she said, "I want to tell you while you live how much I love you."

"Oh, but I'm far from dead," I replied lightly. "But I do thank you for the kind words."

She continued seriously. "I think we wait for people to die before we say nice things about them; when we could make life's road so much easier with a compliment now and then."

A lump filled my throat, and my glasses blurred with tears. I knew how right she was, and I resolved that I would begin saying sincere, nice things, too. Just the thought filled me with joy. Outside, the blackbirds were singing, and my heart sang with them, for I was happy, too.

The thought remained with me. "Why do we wait until it is too late to express love and gratitude?" I asked myself. Julia had made a song in my heart, so why shouldn't I "breathe a song into the air," too? I thought of my faithful music teacher who taught me for fifty cents a lesson, now an old man shoved aside like a pair of last year's shoes. I could see the stooped shoulders of his frail body as he bent over the keys, and the delicate fingers, now knotted with rheumatism, that once brought forth rich tones from the mighty organ. Surely, it would make him happy to know that someone still remembered him

with gratitude and affection; so I decided to tell him how far reaching his teaching had been and the joy music had brought to me.

Soon after I had made my resolution, I met his daughter in the library of our school. I introduced myself and asked if she would take a message to her father. "Please tell your father I love him." I began blinking and trying to clear the hoarseness from my voice. She sensed my sincerity and listened. "I was one of his first piano students when he began his career. Perhaps he will not even remember me, but I can never forget him. He taught me so thoroughly that I have never been afraid to raise my hand in any musical discussion. I knew what he said was right. Tell him that I have taught many students in return, that I have given the music he gave me to my Church, my school, and my community. Tell him that his name can never die."

"I'll give him your beautiful message," the daughter replied sweetly, "and I know it will bring him joy. It is always a satisfaction to the soul, during the waiting years, to know that someone has loved you and appreciated what you have tried to do for him."

THE next day my mind went back to a class when I was a girl of fifteen. I thought of Miss Brown who had given a lesson so beautifully that I resolved then and there to become a teacher. I also resolved that someday I would make someone else feel that teaching is the

most beautiful of all the arts, as she had me.

IN a college class I had once written Miss Brown a tribute entitled, "I Caught a Spark," but since it had remained in my drawer, unknown to her. When I wrote the composition I had hoped someone would read it at her funeral. "But what good would that do?" I asked myself. I salvaged the old theme, polished it in a place or two, and mailed it to my aged ideal. I could see her hands shaking with palsy as she tore open the letter and read back her words of inspiration after all these years. "Teaching is the most beautiful of all the arts, because it reaches human souls." Yes, Miss Brown, you touched my soul, and I am still trying to teach as you did.

And then there was the old lady I always admired who had lived alone for so many years. Physically unable to enjoy community life, she made the most of what came her way and never complained. As I knocked at her door, she answered with a look of bewilderment. "Why would anyone be coming to see me?" She invited me in and we talked of her three children who had attended my school. There was a picture of her boy, who had met a tragic death, sitting on a shelf of her old organ. Time had dried her tears, and she could talk of him now without showing emotion. She accepted his passing, like everything else, as God's will in all things.

A lovely patchwork quilt was on the frames in the process of being quilted. I commented on her abil-

ity, the fine stitches, the intricate blocks, and her blending of colors in the big star design. Her eyes welled with happiness.

Then the smell of homemade bread baking in the old coal stove, began to pour in from the kitchen. My mouth watered at the thought of a fresh, thick slice, but I couldn't stay to get one, although she pressed me. I told the lady what a busy, useful life I thought she lived. She had no time for self-pity, she would not accept financial help. She was an independent, lovable person, filling every day with something worthwhile.

We walked out into her flower garden, and she cut me a big bouquet of mock-orange blossoms and pink peonies. There was the fragrance of flowers and summer in the air, and the fragrance of a great soul passed from hers into mine.

Sometime later, I met my friend Julia who had called me on the telephone and started me in this love-expressing pursuit. I told her how far reaching the message of her call had been, and asked her what had given her the idea to deviate from the accepted form that nice things can be said only at funerals. She told me that one day she picked up an old copy of a magazine, and as it fell open, she saw a Chinese proverb underlined. It read: "Part of the fragrance is left in the hand that bestows the flowers." She said she thought of how many people to whom she owed words of gratitude and began giving them while there was time. In expressing thanks and love, she had found fragrance left in her hand, as I had found it in mine.



Somebody Cares

Betty Lou M. Smith

THE ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the kitchen was the only sound audible in the large, dated house. The ticking seemed to echo throughout the halls and make its way into each room, calling out memories of what used to be. Once the clock had ticked away the welcome sound of children's voices; then it had marked sad, discouraging hours; and now it seemed to tick more slowly as the lonely hours went by.

Carey Nichols glanced up from

where she was sitting by the kitchen table. My goodness, it's only six o'clock, she thought. I won't fix supper for a little while. If I eat too early then the evening goes by much too slowly.

The days were filled with too many memories for Carey. She remembered the times when her children were young and her husband still alive. Time had meaning then; she had a meaning. Now the beginning of each new day meant only lonely hours, more remembering of

what used to be, and more listless wishing.

I shouldn't complain all the time, Carey reasoned with herself. After all, I do have my Relief Society work. Thank goodness for that. If I didn't have that much to keep me busy, I don't know what I would do.

Time had been very kind to Carey. It had aged her beautifully. Her hair was a silver halo, and the lines in her face were soft, making her face appear serene and gentle. Her eyes had not faded with the years; they were still shining and blue.

With the death of her husband, Will, Carey had been left financially well off. Her home, although far too large for her now, was old, but comfortable. However, this security did not help out her loneliness. Her two children lived too far away for her to go and visit them very often, and when she did visit them, she became lonely for her own home. Many hours were spent knitting a sweater, doing a quilt for a neighbor, or even pacing up and down through the different rooms. Still Carey's sense of loneliness and uselessness mounted. She was determined that nobody wanted her, that nobody cared.

I can't go on this way, Carey thought. I have got to get hold of myself. The rest of my days can't be spent in this idleness. She always tried to reason with herself. But of just what use can I, a widow woman of my age, be to anybody? Life goes on, and I just stay behind, unwanted, and not needed.

Carey awoke one morning even more restless than usual. Upon

starting her breakfast, she realized that she had forgotten to order her groceries the day before. I am out of just about everything, she thought. Carey reached for the telephone. No, I think that I shall walk down to the store for a change. The exercise will do me good.

THE walk turned out to be very refreshing, and Carey decided that from now on, when the weather permitted, she would walk. As she neared the store, Carey noticed a small boy of about six years old walking a few steps ahead of her.

"Hi, there; are you going to the store, too?" Carey asked in a cheerful voice. She loved children.

Two brown eyes peered up at her from a freckled face. "Yes, I have to get some things." The boy cast his eyes down once more.

"Shouldn't you be in school? You look as if you are old enough." Carey continued the conversation.

"I'm old enough now, but I wasn't when school started. I'll go next year." The little boy now contented himself with walking beside Carey.

There was something very appealing about this little fellow, and Carey couldn't resist questioning him further. "I'm Mrs. Nichols. What is your name?"

"I'm Michael Rogers. I live over there a block," the little boy said, and then, as if in afterthought, "do you have a big house?"

CAREY was surprised at this question. "Yes, I do have a big house,

and I live in it all by myself. Sometimes I get very lonely there, Michael."

"Don't you have any family, children?" Michael questioned in his childlike way.

Delighted by the child's returning her conversation, Carey continued, "Yes, I have two children, but they are married now and live far away. They have children of their own now. My husband passed away five years ago."

"Oh." Michael seemed deep in his own thoughts, then he answered, "I wish that we had a big house. I have twin sisters that are four, and a brother, two years old. We only have one bedroom, and it really gets crowded. We have two couches in the front room that we make beds on." Michael walked in silence for a moment and then he added, "My mother is sick. She tries to take care of all of us, but she doesn't feel like it. I can take care of myself, and still help Mommy, too."

"I'll bet that you do, Michael. You seem like a very good young man."

Carey was now curious. She took her time getting her groceries, and now and then she would see a neighbor and stop and talk to her for a few minutes. All in all, she took considerable time, and when she finally left the store, she found Michael waiting outside.

"I waited for you," he said, unconcerned. "I thought I'd walk with you."

"I'm so glad that you did, Michael." Carey was delighted with her

new friend. "It will make my walk much more enjoyable."

It was very warm that day for the time of year. Although the calendar said February, the weather gave the feeling of spring. This was the time of year when mothers had to warn their children not to relieve themselves of their coats. Michael was a typical youngster, and as they walked he started to undo his coat.

"Wow, it is warm," he said. "I am going to take my coat off."

"I wouldn't do that, Michael. This is the best time of the year to catch a good cold. Why not wait until spring is really here?"

"Oh, all right," Michael said, stopping abruptly, "here's where I live."

CAREY found herself pausing in front of a frame house that was badly in need of paint. The house was very small, even smaller than she had imagined, and she could hear a child crying uncontrollably inside its walls.

"That's my little brother. He always cries, and Mommy is too sick to carry him around all of the time." Michael was sympathetic, only as a youngster can be. His little freckled face looked toward the house. "I had better go and see if I can help now."

Before Carey had realized what she had said, she offered, "Michael, would your mother mind if I try to quiet the baby? I am pretty good with my own grandchildren."

Michael didn't hesitate with his answer. "Come in," he said.

Once inside the house, Carey wished that she hadn't come. There

were two unmade beds in the living room, and, upon glancing in the kitchen, she noticed that laundry had been hung all over. Then her eyes fell upon the young woman sitting in the platform rocker by the oil heater. She was younger than Carey had imagined from Michael's description, and she certainly did appear to be in ill health. Her almost chalklike face made her brown hair seem even darker than it really was. There was very little similarity between Michael and his mother, with the exception of their eyes. They were deep brown in color and wondering.

The young woman looked up questioningly at Carey.

"I hope that you will forgive me for the intrusion, but I was walking home from the store with Michael, and I heard the baby crying. I thought that I might be of some help."

The young woman was much too weak to mind Carey's intrusion, and she offered the child to her willingly.

"Well, thank you." Michael's mother spoke now. ". . . I don't seem to be able to do much for him."

"Oh, and such a beautiful child, too." Carey looked down at the curly-haired child that she held in her arms. Her heart stirred, and once again she felt a pang of loneliness for her own family.

Miraculously, the child fell asleep in Carey's arms, and she tiptoed softly into the bedroom and laid the child gently in the crib.

"I think that he will sleep now."

Carey came back into the living room. "I hope that you don't mind my saying this, but I don't think it would hurt you to get some rest. You look very weary." Her voice sounded motherly, as if she were addressing a member of her own family.

"I'll rest after I fix the children some lunch," the young woman answered kindly. "By the way, I am Beverly Rogers, and I do want to thank you for helping me out."

"The pleasure was all mine. My name is Carey Nichols." Carey's eyes fell upon Michael and then the twins. "You have a fine little family."

Beverly was glad to have someone to talk to. "Sit down a moment, if you are not in a hurry." She motioned to Carey.

"You haven't lived here in town long have you? I don't recall seeing you before."

"No, we haven't, Mrs. Nichols. My husband found work here a month ago, and as soon as he found a place to live, we moved here. Right after we moved here, I became ill. So you see, we just haven't gone out anywhere as yet. We really haven't put forth any effort whatever to make friends. We have been too wrapped up in our own personal problems."

SUDDENLY Carey had a thought. "You know I just don't see how you are going to be able to get much rest with the twins still so active. If I'm not interfering, why don't I get your lunch for you? I really haven't anything else to do."

Beverly's eyes showed a note of relief as she gave her approval. "That would be very kind of you, Mrs. Nichols."

Quickly, but efficiently, Carey fixed the children some soup, sandwiches, and milk. She prepared a tray for Beverly, and when she went into the living room, she found that Beverly had fallen asleep in the easy chair. Carey took a blanket off one of the beds and put it over her. Poor girl, she must be exhausted, she thought.

It was three o'clock that afternoon before Carey finished the dishes that apparently had been left since the day before. She folded up the clothes in the kitchen, and then straightened the beds in the living room. Still Beverly slept on.

Just before she was ready to leave, Carey touched Beverly gently on the shoulder. "I'm going now, Beverly. The children have all been fed, and I left some soup and sandwiches for you."

Beverly was startled for a moment. "What! Oh, yes, thank you very much, Mrs. Nichols. That is the best sleep I have had in a long time. You'll never know what a help this has been to me."

Michael had been standing by Carey all the time, and now he took hold of her hand. "I wish that you would come back and see us again. Please." He looked pleadingly into Carey's eyes. "Please," he said once more.

"Of course, dear. I'll come back if your mother wants me." Carey didn't want to push herself.

"You're welcome any time, Mrs.

Nichols, but not to come and work. Just come and visit us again soon." Beverly's voice was pleasant, and she had a more vital look about her than when Carey had first seen her.

IN the ensuing days, Carey found herself going back day after day. She longed to help with the children and listen to their eager stories. She looked forward to their eagerness when she arrived at their house, and they greeted her happily at the door, beckoning her to come in. Beverly was doing much better than when Carey had first met her, and the children now called Carey "Auntie Carey." How Carey loved those words. At last she felt needed and useful. She, too, had taken on a new vitality that she had gradually lost when her family left home.

As Beverly became better and made friends with women her own age, Carey spent less time in the Rogers' home. However, Michael and the other children continued to cling to the loving attention Carey was always ready to give them.

She was grateful for the key to banish her loneliness which she had found, and her companionship with Beverly and the children had opened her eyes and heart to wider paths. After she had expressed to the ward Relief Society president her desire to do more than just attend the meetings, her former hours of too much leisure were filled with the joy of service. The closer friendships Carey had found would prove a sustaining power to her in the years that lay ahead. She was needed, loved, and cherished by many.

Sight and Sound of Summer



The Willow Tree

Alice Morrey Bailey

The willow tree is a fisherman
In lakes of grass to his knees,
Circling and arching his slender rods,
Casting his lines to the breeze.

The willow tree is a lady,
Elegant after the rain,
Twinkling with emeralds and diamonds,
Moving the lace of her train.

The willow tree is a mystic tree,
Golden and green in the light,
Silver and green when the sun goes down,
Silver and black in the night.

Terns

Claire Noall

Terns dipping like bees,
gathering gold
from the sun's low rays,

Cross-crying, twice spiraling
arctic roundelays
pattern and pitch

Through molten air —
pale wings spread
tinted flair —

Eyes seeking, feet tucking,
following the bow
on which I stood.

Deep was the prow
in the beak
of the sea's dark flood.





EDITORIAL

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The Power of Example

FOR I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you" (John 13:15). These were the words of Christ to the apostles at the last supper. In his last hours with his disciples he ministered unto them and was the perfect example of the service he expected of his followers. ". . . when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." The Savior served, and because he had so served, those who observed his actions heard his words, and loved him, and followed his example.

Paul in his epistle to Timothy admonished him ". . . be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity" (I Timothy 4:12). It is certain that Paul was defining for Timothy, and for us, exemplary living and explaining that one's life should serve as a pattern, deserving imitation by others.

This should be our standard of behavior. Our words, even our conversations should convey the thoughts, the beliefs, the knowledge that guides our lives. Deeds speak even louder than words the charity and love we practice. To be an example in spirit, in faith, and in purity is to express throughout our lives in every facet of our living the firmness of our testimony, the fullness of our desire to do what is right.

Example stimulates to emulation. How eagerly many people follow the hero of the moment, sometimes without much thought as to where or how they are being led. How slavishly some follow fads and fashion without considering whether they are becoming to them as individuals. How many there are who, failing to use their free agency wisely, allow themselves to follow unworthy leaders. How great is the need for wisdom to seek and follow the best examples and to hold as ideal only the leadership of the righteous.

The leadership that is demanded today, the leadership that we as

- Belle S. Spafford, President
- Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor
- Louise W. Madsen, Second Counselor
- Hulda Parker, Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart	Pearle M. Olsen
Edith S. Elliott	Elsa T. Peterson
Florence J. Madsen	Fanny S. Kienitz
Leone G. Layton	Elizabeth B. Winters
Blanche B. Stoddard	LaRue H. Rosell
Evon W. Peterson	Jennie R. Scott
Aleine M. Young	Alice L. Wilkinson
Josie B. Bay	LaPriel S. Bunker
Alberta H. Christensen	Irene W. Buehner
Mildred B. Eyring	Irene C. Lloyd
Charlotte A. Larsen	Hazel S. Cannon
Edith P. Backman	Hazel S. Love
Winniefred S.	Fawn H. Sharp
Manwaring	Celestia J. Taylor
Elna P. Haymond	Anne R. Gledhill
Mary R. Young	Belva Barlow
Mary V. Cameron	Zola J. McGhie
Afton W. Hunt	Oa J. Cannon
Wealtha S. Mendenhall	Lila B. Walch

members of the Church should be giving, is, as President David O. McKay has said, “not attained by chance, nor fostered by indulgence.” This leadership demands careful preparation and the constant knowledge that we are being watched, that Church leadership is being sought, that the Lord expects his gospel to be taught and lived by the members of his Church.

The example of parents to their children is perhaps the most frequently emulated. Parents have been assured that when their behavior is inconsistent with their teachings, their children will follow their action more readily than their counsel. “Although parents do not realize it, every act of their lives has effect upon their children,” Elder Mark E. Petersen has stated. If parents want their children to be good children they will have to be good themselves. President Brigham Young, in one of his great discourses, said, “. . . it is a shame, a weakening shameful thing for any member of the Church to pursue a course that he knows is not right, and that he would rather his children should not follow.”

The power of example is not limited to individuals. Groups of people achieving through an organization prove to be an example also. To the women of the world, to the great organizations of women, Relief Society can be and is a powerful example of all that is true, uplifting, and good. The true meaning of charity with its greatest aspect of love and its intrinsic goal of service to God and to his children is shown in the work of Relief Society. The loving kindness that is an attribute of Deity to be attained by mortals is expressed in its goals. Teaching the principles of the gospel and helping its members to grow in spirituality and knowledge are exemplary aspects of its reason for being.

The power of example is expressed in the simple, glorious utterance of the Savior, “Come follow me.” Peter explains this call — “For even, hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps” (I Peter 2:21). —L. W. M.



Notes to the Field

The Relief Society Annual General Conference

THE Relief Society Annual General Conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 2 and 3, 1963. The general session will be held on Wednesday, October 2, from 2 to 4 P.M. in the Tabernacle. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents ask their bishops to announce in the wards the general session of the conference to which the general public is invited. Attendance at the officers meeting on Wednesday morning, October 2, from 9:30 to 11:30 in the Tabernacle, and the departmental meetings to be held on Thursday morning and Thursday afternoon, October 3, is limited to stake board members and mission officers. A reception to which stake board members and mission officers are invited will be held on Wednesday evening, October 2, from 7 to 10 in the Relief Society Building.

Visual Aid Packet Available for 1963-64

Literature Lessons

Appropriate visual aids can be of great assistance to a class leader. If wisely used, they can enrich the lesson material by adding interest, strengthening a point, and clarifying an idea. They also can be used effectively in introducing or concluding a lesson.

A picture kit of carefully planned visual aids for the 1963-64 literature lessons may be obtained from the Department of Audio-Visual Communication, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, price \$3.55 (not obtainable from Relief Society General Board).

The packet contains the following materials:

1. Portraits of Mark Twain, Emily Dickinson, William Dean Howells, Robert Frost, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, and Carl Sandburg.
2. Illustration of Huckleberry Finn and Nigger Jim on their raft on the Mississippi River, for use with the lesson on Huckleberry Finn.
3. Seven small portraits for the literature map.

The Second Mile

Ruth L. Jones

COMPASSIONATE service has been in the past, and should ever be one of the most important parts of Relief Society. Let us keep in mind that the great need in the world today is for kindness — in our thoughts, our words, our deeds. Shall we not remember that this was the purpose for which Relief Society was first organized? New sisters — as they join — should be given an understanding of the privilege and duty they have, as members of Relief Society, to assist in giving compassionate service. Modern hospital and medical facilities, with labor-saving devices in the homes, have obviated the need for some of the actual bedside care and housework formerly given. However, we still have the responsibility of rendering physical, spiritual, and moral uplift to those in distress. The Prophet Joseph Smith asked, “Who are better qualified to administer than our faithful and zealous sisters, whose hearts are full of faith, tenderness, sympathy and compassion? No one,” he answered (*DHC IV*, page 607).

How much joy has come to sisters in the past, through visits to the sick, the troubled, the lonely! Cherished friendships have been made in these rewarding experiences. Many times such a person has gone into homes for the purpose of giving comfort and cheer or to render service, only to come away knowing that she has received the greater blessing by the examples of faith and courage she has witnessed. She knows the truth of King Benjamin’s words, “. . . when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God” (*Mosiah 2:17*). She learns for herself that the way of “the second mile” is always in the direction of our Heavenly Father, and when we are willing to go this “second mile” with a brother or sister, we are led, inevitably, closer to him.

“Let kindness, charity, and love crown your works henceforward,” was the counsel of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

The Canyon Water Front

Anna B. Hart

I left a world of commonplace,
A busy thoroughfare and race;
I came up to this canyon water front
Not with the motive to relax and fish and hunt,
But to refresh my thirsty soul
With music of this hidden stream
To sanctify my urgent dream.

the Home

inside and out

Signs

Ida Elaine James

A tiny toy dog lying
In abandon on its cheek
Answers the heart's fond crying
For proof the heart must seek.

Deserted trinkets scattered
In careless disarray,
While interests unfettered
Turned a newer way;

The little crumpled pillow
Discarded on the bed,
With imprint, the sweet hollow
That fits a little head;

A silken hair-winding
Drifted across the floor —
Are promises — all binding
To hearts that adore.

That silence is singing
Of joy's butterfly
That must go awhile a-winging;
He'll come back by and by.





Peach-Stone Jelly

Mary L. Allred

SAVE all the peach stones, and put them in a cooking kettle, as I peel the peaches. When I am done with a bushel of peaches, I then make this jelly. The recipe is as follows: Cover the peach stones with boiling water. Let simmer for two or three minutes. Then allow to stand overnight. Next morning, strain juice through a cloth and cook with the peach jelly recipe which you will find with the type of pectin you use for other jelly.

Each bushel of peaches provides about enough pits for one full recipe of jelly.

My peach-stone jelly did not seem like much, but we considered it well worth the effort. It has a deliciously different taste, and is a beautiful peachy pink. I use even the stones that are open as long as they are not moldy.

Clear Up Sewing Clutter

Shirley Thulin

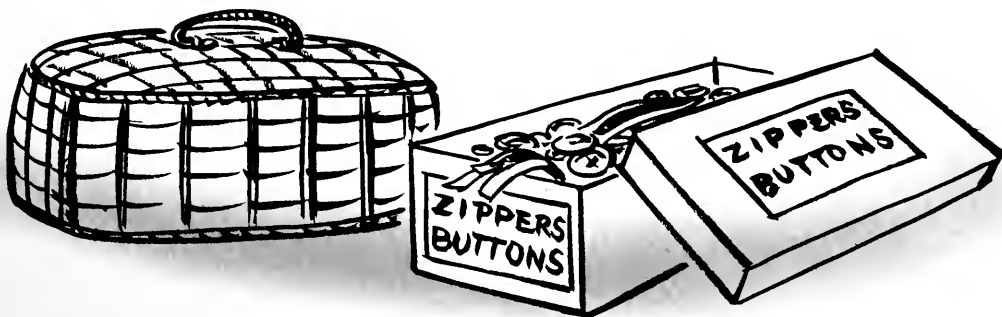
1. Have a definite *centralized* place for all of your sewing, be it the mending, the unfinished tea towels, or Aunt Kate's Christmas gift in the making.

2. Put all the odds and ends in shoe boxes and *label* them well. This helps you to find the trims, the zippers, the buttons, the correct material for patches, at a moment's notice.

3. Keep a box or basket with "pick-up" work handy, so that when you have only a moment, you can put it to good advantage.

4. Keep your good scissors, a thimble, needle and thread, box of pins, and the measurements of your family (taken every four months or so) in a box, ready for immediate use when you want to begin a new garment.

5. Keep all of your different colored thread in a handy spool container. You can make one yourself by taking a piece of plywood the desired size and hammering in nails or pegs about two inches apart. Always buy an extra spool of thread when you buy your material, to use when you need to patch or mend it.



STRETCHING

the Food Budget

PART I — DRY MILK

Marion Bennion, Ph.D., Chairman, Department of Food and Nutrition
Sadie O. Morris, Ph.D., Department of Food and Nutrition
Brigham Young University

MOST of the water is removed from fresh, liquid skim milk to obtain nonfat dry milk. This, then, is a mixture of protein, milk sugar, minerals, and some of the water soluble vitamins, especially riboflavin. The use of dry milk in many dishes may be an excellent way of stepping up the nutritive value of your family's meals. And, if economy is the keynote in your food budget, dry milk will fit nicely into your plan. It is one of the most economical forms of milk you can buy, costing only about one half as much per quart as comparable fluid skim milk. It is convenient to store, since it does not require refrigeration and takes very little shelf space. It should be kept, however, in a tightly covered container so that it is not left open to the air. Storage temperatures no higher than 75° F. are preferable, also.

Dry milk is convenient to use. It may be reconstituted with water and used as any liquid milk if it is a grade "A" product and clean utensils are used in the mixing process. It may also be used in many cases as the dry product. In recipes for cakes and other baked goods, the dry milk may simply be added to or sifted with the other dry ingredients in the recipe. Then, water may be used for the required liquid. Other liquids, as stock, fruit juice, or even additional milk, may also be used, depending upon the recipe. You may adapt most of your favorite baking recipes for the use of dry milk in this way. There will be differences in the compactness of packing of various types of nonfat dry milk, especially instant dry milk, and it is therefore best to follow package directions when mixing with water to reconstitute, or in deciding how much dry milk to substitute for liquid milk in a recipe. Usually, three-fourths cup of a regular or non-instant powder or one and one-third cups of an instant powder to one quart of water are recommended. When mixing, it is best to sprinkle the powder on top of the water and beat or mix thoroughly. The mixture may be shaken in a tightly covered jar. Water at room temperature or slightly warmer will make it possible to mix the milk more easily and completely. If the milk is used for drinking, either alone or mixed with

varying proportions of liquid whole milk, it will be improved by chilling in the refrigerator overnight. The newer processing methods have produced a very palatable instant product for drinking purposes, as well as for use in cooking.

A light and airy product for topping may be made by whipping nonfat milk solids. Equal measures of dry milk and water are usually satisfactory for this purpose. Make sure that your bowl is the right size for the amount of mixture you are whipping, so that thorough mixing can take place. The bowl, beaters, and water should be icy cold. Place the water in the bowl, sprinkle the milk solids over the top, and beat, first at low speed and then at high speed, until stiff. Scrape down the sides of the bowl occasionally. A little lemon juice may be added for stability. Sugar may be added after the mixture is stiffly beaten. The topping will not hold up for long periods of time, but makes a pleasing, economical product when used immediately.

The use of dry milk offers nutrition, convenience, and economy. Make the most of it. You really need no special recipes. Often, only a simple substitution is necessary. A few recipes are offered here, however, to help you get started.

Dry Milk Recipes

Pineapple Breakfast Cake

- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ c. soft shortening
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. all-purpose flour
- 2 tbsp. regular or 3 tbsp. instant nonfat dried milk solids
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Mix sugar, shortening, and egg together thoroughly. Stir in gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water.

Sift dry ingredients together and stir into sugar and egg mixture — do not beat. Spread batter in greased 9-inch square pan and sprinkle with pineapple topping. Bake at 375° for 25 to 30 minutes.

Pineapple Topping

- 3 tbsp. softened margarine or butter
- 3 tbsp. brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. drained crushed pineapple

Mix together thoroughly and sprinkle on top of batter before baking.

Whole-Wheat Bread

- 2 ½ c. lukewarm water (110 - 115° F. for active dry yeast)
- ¼ c. brown sugar or molasses
- 1 pkg. active dry yeast (1 cake compressed yeast may be used)
- 1 tbsp. salt
- ¼ c. soft shortening or oil
- * ½ c. regular or ⅔ c. instant nonfat dried milk solids
- 5 ½ - 6 c. whole-wheat flour

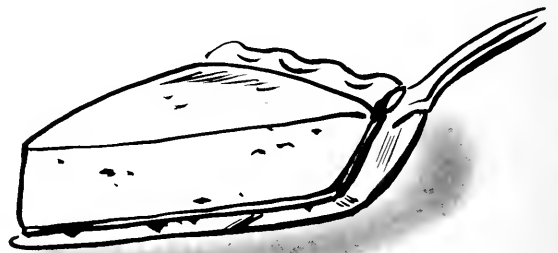
Measure water and sugar into large mixing bowl; add yeast and stir. Add salt and shortening. Mix milk solids and 2 c. of the flour together; add to yeast mixture and stir. Add additional flour to form a soft dough. Turn dough onto lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic and dough does not stick to board. Return to clean mixing bowl; lightly grease top of dough to prevent drying. Cover, put in a warm place, and allow dough to double in bulk — about 1-1 ½ hours. Push dough down. Turn out on very lightly floured board and shape into two loaves. Place in greased standard size loaf pans, 7 ½ x 3 ½ x 2 ¾ inches. Let rise until doubled in bulk — about 45 minutes. Bake in preheated oven at 400° F. for 35 to 45 minutes. Yield: 2 loaves.

*If desired, dried milk may be reconstituted in the 2 ½ c. water, the milk scalded, and then cooled to the proper temperature before yeast is added.

Fluffy Lemon Chiffon Pie

- ½ package lemon-flavored gelatin
- ½ c. boiling water
- ¼ c. sugar
- ¼ c. lemon juice
- ½ tsp. grated lemon rind
- ¾ c. regular or 1 ¼ c. instant nonfat dried milk solids
- ¾ c. water

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add sugar, lemon juice, and lemon rind, and stir until dissolved. Place in refrigerator until gelatin mixture begins to thicken. Have ¾ c. water, bowl, and beater very cold. Sprinkle dried milk on top of water and beat mixture until stiff. Beat gelatin mixture into whipped milk. Pour into 8-inch pie pan lined with baked pastry shell or graham cracker crust. Chill until firm. Yield: Filling for one 8-inch pie.



White Sauce Mix

- ½ c. flour
- ½ c. margarine
- * ¾ c. regular nonfat dry milk
- 1 tsp. salt

Cut flour and dry milk into margarine with pastry blender until pieces are very fine. Store in bottle in refrigerator until ready to use. For each 1 cup medium white sauce needed take ⅔ c. mix and 1 c. water. Add small amount of water to mix and blend to a paste. Add remainder of water and heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil one minute. Yield: 4 cups medium white sauce. For 1 cup thin white sauce use ¼ c. mix; for 1 cup thick white sauce use ½ c. mix.

*For instant nonfat dry milk, follow directions above, using 1 ½ c. instant dry milk. For medium white sauce use ½ c. mix; for thin white sauce use ⅔ c. mix; for thick white sauce use ¾ c. mix. Water may be added directly to the mix without mixing in paste first.

Corn Chowder

- 4 c. diced raw potatoes
- 2 c. boiling water
- 4 tbsp. diced salt pork
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 c. canned, creamed style or frozen corn
- 1 c. regular or $1\frac{2}{3}$ c. instant dry milk
- 1 c. water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. salt
- dash pepper
- 2 tbsp. chopped parsley

Cook potatoes in water for ten minutes. Sauté salt pork and onion gently for five minutes or until pork is crisp; add to potatoes. Add corn and cook gently until potatoes are done. Mix dry milk to a smooth paste with water; add paste, salt, and pepper to soup. Heat thoroughly over boiling water, add chopped parsley and serve. Serves six to eight.



Macaroni, Cheese, and Eggs

- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. macaroni, broken into pieces
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. water or fluid milk
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. regular or $\frac{1}{2}$ c. instant dry milk, whole or nonfat
- 2 tbsp. flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. fat
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated cheese
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- crumbs mixed with melted fat

For added milk value, use $\frac{2}{3}$ c. dry milk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. flour, in place of amounts given above.

Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender. Drain and discard cooking water. Put the water or fluid milk into a pan; add dry milk, flour, and salt. Beat until smooth.

Add fat and cook over very low heat or boiling water until thickened, stirring as necessary to prevent sticking or lumping. Remove from heat and stir in cheese. Place macaroni in a greased dish, cover with the eggs, and add the cheese sauce. Sprinkle crumbs over top. Brown in moderate oven 350° F. for about twenty minutes. Serves six.



Versatile Cottage Cheese

Margaret F. Maxwell

ALL of us enjoy that old standby, cottage cheese and fruit as a salad, and we know that cottage cheese makes a delicious luncheon addition, just as it comes from the carton. Children love it, with or without fruit, and it is well known as an excellent source of calcium. But cottage cheese is putting on a new dress nowadays, and adds its smooth piquancy to every course in the meal. So, for an inexpensive, nutritious addition to your family's diet, get acquainted with versatile cottage cheese!

Cottage Cheese-Tuna Casserole

- 2 c. cottage cheese
- 1 can (7 oz.) tuna
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. steak sauce
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cracker crumbs

Combine cottage cheese with tuna, seasoning, egg, and half the crumbs. Place in greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole; sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Serves four to six.

Instead of the usual white sauce over vegetables, try this new cottage cheese

sauce, which adds a suggestion of tartness to such vegetables as broccoli, cauliflower, potatoes, and onions.

Cottage Cheese Sauce

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. salad oil
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. flour
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 c. milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cream-style cottage cheese

Combine in saucepan salad oil, flour, salt, and pepper. Add milk; stir until smooth. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Beat cottage cheese until smooth and creamy. Add to sauce and heat to serving temperature, but do not boil. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce.

Variations: Substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream for $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. lemon juice.

And now for the dessert. Here we offer two contrasting recipes, the first a simple, family style no-bake cheese cake, and the second, Pascha, traditional climax of the Russian Easter feast, which, though given here in a simplified version, is worthy of crowning the most elegant meal.



No-Bake Cheese Cake

Filling:

- 2 tbsp. (2 envelopes)
unflavored gelatin
- ½ c. water
- 4 eggs
- ¾ c. sugar
- 1 c. milk
- 2 c. cottage cheese
- ¼ c. orange juice
- 1 tbsp. grated orange rind

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Combine eggs, sugar, and milk; cook over hot water in double boiler, or over low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened (about 10 minutes). Add softened gelatin and cook about 5 minutes longer. Remove from heat; add remaining ingredients, and allow to cool.

Crust:

- 2 c. graham cracker crumbs
- ¼ c. sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ c. melted butter or salad oil

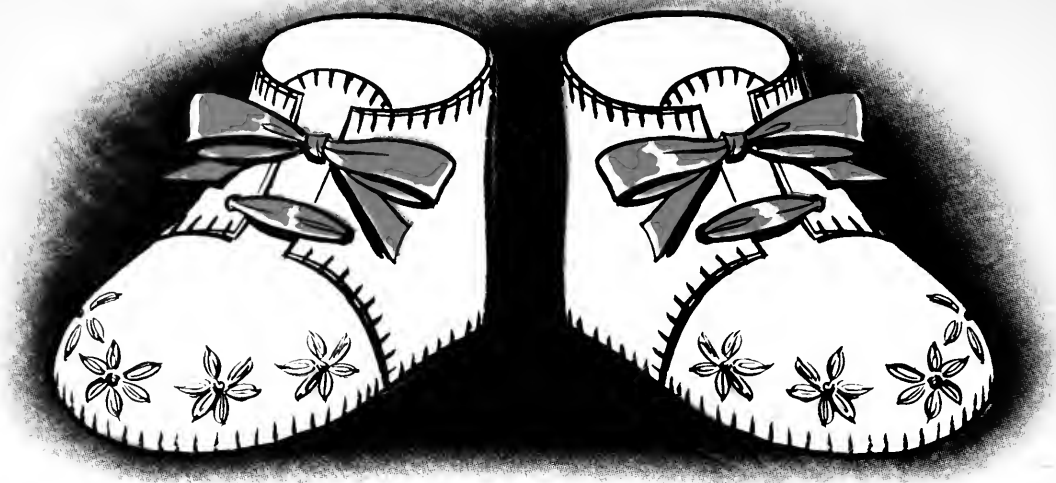
Combine all crust ingredients. Line bottom and sides of 8-inch pan (at least 2 inches deep) saving ½ cup crumbs. Pour

cooled filling into crust. Top with remaining crumbs. Chill 2 to 3 hours before serving.

Pascha

- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- 1 c. sour cream
- 1 c. confectioners' sugar
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- ½ tsp. almond extract
- 1 tbsp. (1 envelope) unflavored gelatin
- ½ c. hot water
- 1 c. raisins
- 1 tbsp. granulated sugar
- ¼ c. chopped candied fruit
walnuts, chopped almonds, crystallized
cherries, optional

Soak raisins in granulated sugar and hot water for one-half hour. In large bowl, dissolve gelatin with sour cream. Add cottage cheese, and beat until smooth. Add confectioners' sugar, vanilla, and almond extract. Drain raisins, add with chopped candied fruit to cottage cheese mixture. Pour into large cone-shaped mold. Leave in refrigerator overnight. Unmold just before serving; garnish with walnuts and cherries, if desired.



Felt Booties for Baby

Audrey King

A FAST selling bazaar item or a very appropriate gift for the newborn is embroidered felt baby booties. They require only a small amount of material and can be made in two or three hours. Their small size provides an appealing miniature of the boots babies wear when they are older, and the tiny embroidery on them makes them a real conversation piece. The pattern included here fits most babies until they are about two and a half months old, although it can be easily enlarged, if desired, for other babies.

Material required (for one pair of booties)

fine white felt, 9" x 8"

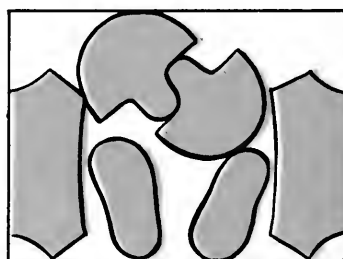
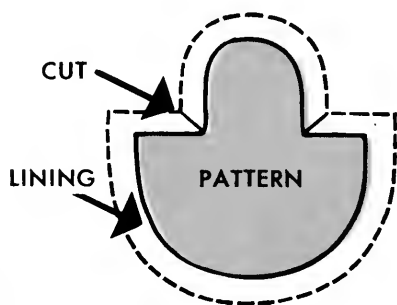
2/3 yd. pink or blue ribbon

fine cotton, 9" x 12"

1 skein of embroidery thread, pink or blue

PATTERN

There are just three pieces to the pattern. Lay the pieces on the felt and cut them out. Reverse each piece and cut again. By reversing the pattern in this way, the proper shaping for a right and left foot will be achieved. The cotton lining is cut out in the same way, but 1/4" should be allowed around each piece for turning under later. Cut the inside corners of each toe piece lining as illustrated.

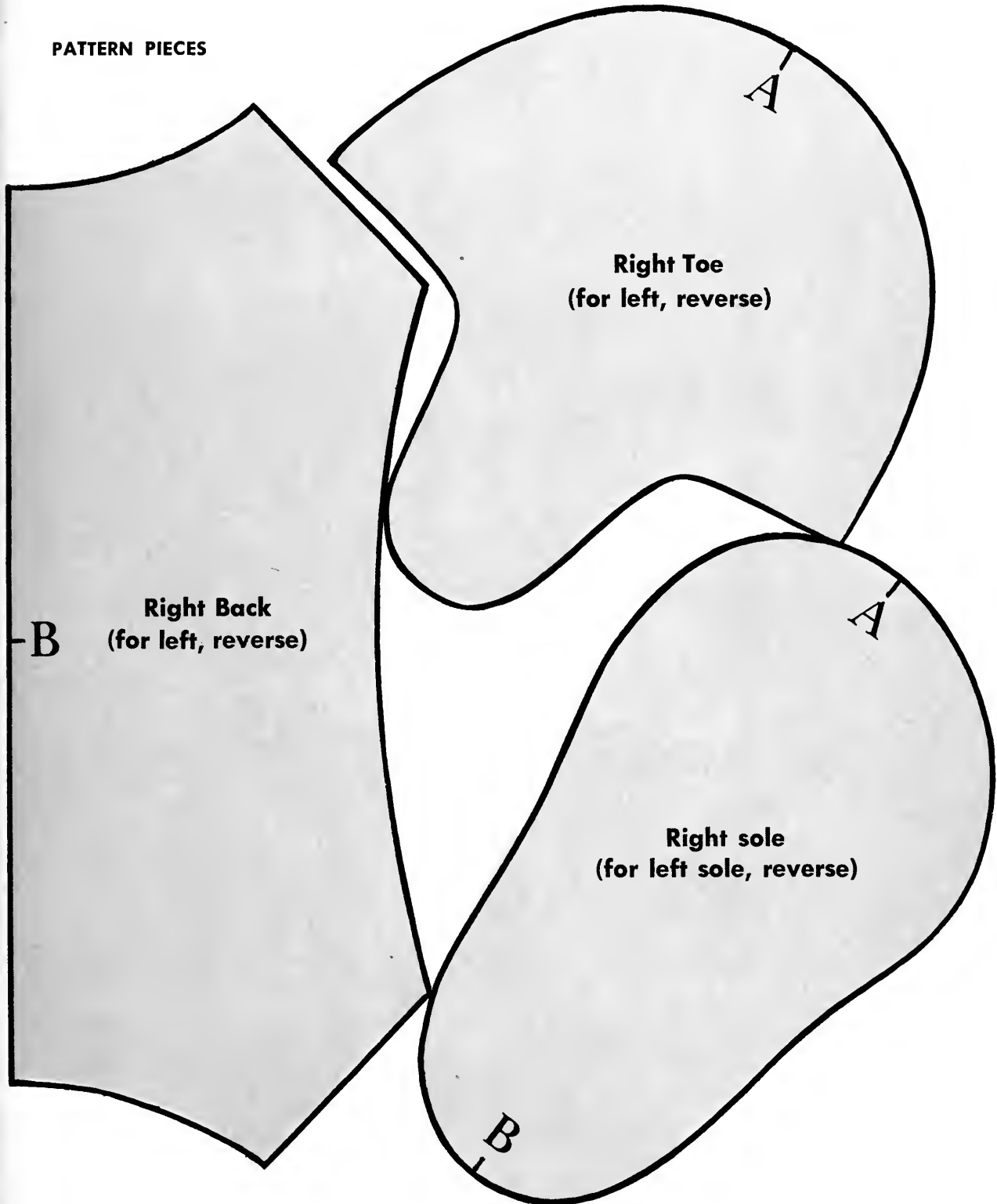


A suggested pattern layout

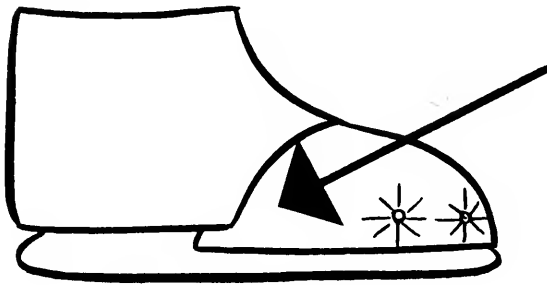
SEWING

Baste the appropriate pieces of cotton to the inside of the felt pieces, turning the cotton edge under $1/4''$, making sure that the cotton reaches near the edges of the felt pieces.

PATTERN PIECES

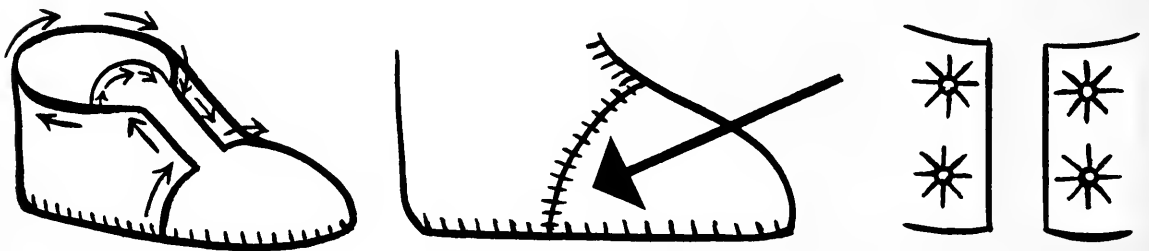


Baste the lined toe pieces to the lined soles, taking care to match the right toe with the right sole and the left toe piece with the left sole. At this stage a design may be embroidered on the toe, or the toe may be embroidered before lining. Some suggested designs are shown below.



Baste the lined box pieces to the soles, overlapping the toe pieces to the sides.

Starting at the junction of the back piece to the toe piece, make very fine blanket stitches all around the sole, joining the toe and back pieces to the sole securely as you do so. Stitch around the top part of the boot as shown, then stitch around the tongue. The first 6 or 7 stitches should be sewed through the toe piece in order to anchor the back piece securely.



Make four holes where indicated for the laces on each shoe. Scissors points are suitable for doing this. Pierce through the lining, but do not make the holes too big. Blanket stitch around the holes, making sure you catch the lining. Thread the ribbon through the holes, pull out the basting threads if you have not done so already, and the booties are finished!

Hints for a Happy Day

Janet W. Breeze

WALLPAPER cleaner makes a good modeling dough for children to use and seems more pliable than the kind you would normally buy. It can be easily stored in a plastic bag in your refrigerator. The molded creations can be dried in a day or two and then painted with water colors.

Are your little ones learning to dress themselves? Iron four-color transfers onto the fronts of undershirts and panties for fewer turnabouts.

A long, heavy shoelace (the kind you lace a shoe skate with) is excellent for stringing empty spools.

Drawer Dividends

ORDER OF THE DAY

Ever heard this one before? You neatly fold each clean little undershirt, pair of socks, and coveralls, and place them in their own special corner of the drawer. Along comes you-know-who, looking for his or her little Sunday handkerchief and. . .

"That's no drawer," you say, "it's the inside of a wind tunnel."

The next time this happens at your house, regardless of the age of the individual involved, start filling each drawer with shoe boxes, deep candy boxes—*anything*—that will hold and separate the articles of apparel, and just see if the situation doesn't improve.

Oh yes — one word of caution. To avoid utter havoc and stuck drawers, please don't put the lids back on the boxes.

REAL TOP-DRAWER

If you are one of those mothers or grandmothers who delights in buying educational toys (you know—those colorful little plastic things which are quickly subdivided into complicated pieces), and then you spend each ensuing day hearing them crunch underfoot—make a rule!

Keep such items separate from other toys and completely out of the child's reach. Then — issue these put-together toys, one group at a time, and only after the previous model has been re-assembled and returned.



Martha B. Anderson

Makes Afghans of Original Designs

MARTHA Bowen Anderson, Salt Lake City, Utah, enjoys her hobby of making afghans of unusual designs. She has set herself the goal of making an afghan for each of her children and each of her grandchildren. To date she has made sixteen afghans, eight of them for friends who admired her work and asked her to make an afghan for them. Her most original designs were scout patterns. Each merit badge earned was copied on an afghan block, and then the blocks were set together to complete the afghan. Complying with the request of one of her grandsons, Mrs. Anderson made a special knitted afghan in the pattern chosen by the grandson.

Mrs. Anderson is also an expert quilter and makes beautiful tatted lace and trimmings. Her needlepoint work and her hooked rugs have received much admiration, and she tries every new handicraft presented in Relief Society work meetings. Early in her married life Mrs. Anderson was widowed. She completed her education and taught school for thirty-one years. In 1951 she was chosen "Mother of the Year" for Tooele County. She helped to educate her children. The daughter has a master's degree in nutrition, and the son is a psychiatrist.

KISS of the WIND

CHAPTER 2

Rosa Lee Lloyd



Synopsis: Luana Harrington, her husband Ben, his mother Tutu, and the children, Philip, Pixie, Bo, and Benjy, who live on a pineapple plantation on the island of Maui, plan to go to Honolulu to meet the eldest daughter in the family, Emma Lu, who has graduated as a nurse in San Francisco, and is returning home.

BENJY ran around the table to Luana and put his head on her shoulder.

"Mama," he whispered. "Did I do something wrong? I didn't know Bo drew the picture. Honest, Mama."

"No, dear," Luana soothed him, holding him closely. "It wasn't draw-

ing the picture of Drucie that was so wrong, although that is a very unkind thing to do. But letting Charlie take the blame is very, very wrong."

Philip looked at his wrist watch. He shrugged his shoulders, significantly.

Pixie said in a soft little voice, "I'll stay home with Bo, if Daddy won't let him go."

Tutu said quickly, "No, dear. I will stay. I have seen the ship come in many times. I don't want you to miss it."

The door opened. Bo followed his father back to the table. Every-

one breathed a sigh of relief as they looked at them. Bo was smiling.

"Bo and I decided that he owes Charlie an apology. Also Miss Carson and his classmates. But we also decided that he will take care of that tomorrow at school. Today, we'll all go to meet Emma Lu when the big white ship comes in!"

"Goodie!" Benjy yelled. "Oh, goodie, Daddy!"

"Thanks," Luana murmured.

Ben looked at Philip. "Bring the station wagon to the side door so Tutu won't have to go down the steps," he said kindly. "We're dining at the Halekulani."

"Hurray!" Pixie jumped to her feet. "The Halekulani is my favorite place. I'll order stuffed fish. No diet for me today!"

"You can climb the ladder on shipside, can't you?" Benjy asked Tutu.

Tutu shook her head. "I'm too old to climb ladders, Benjy. I'll wait on the pier while you all go out in the launch."

"Let's get the show on the road," Phil called impatiently from the doorway. "We have to be at the airport in twenty-five minutes and it's ten miles away. Planes won't wait — even for the Harringtons!"

AT three o'clock, Luana stood on the pier in Honolulu, watching with her family as the great white liner from San Francisco moved majestically across the water near Diamond Head. They were waiting for a launch to take them out to meet the ship.

"Oh, Mama! Just look! The whole world is a fairyland," Pixie exclaimed.

"I am looking, dear," Luana answered. "The color, the music, the laughing, singing people. I love it all!"

"And the leis!" Tutu said gaily. "I have never seen such leis in all my years. And flowers in everyone's hair!"

"It's like seeing the rainbow come to life," Luana said, ecstatically. "I could dance on the waves, Tutu."

Ben drew her arm through his, holding her hand tightly. "I remember the first time you saw all this," he whispered. "It was part of our honeymoon."

Luana could hardly breathe for joy. She put her hands out, reaching upward.

"Ben — it's raining!"

"Why sure!" he laughed. "Who objects to a little liquid sunshine. That's part of Hawaii."

"The Hawaiian girls on that launch will get their ti-leaf skirts wet," Pixie cried.

"They don't care," Phil laughed. "Look — here's our launch. Come on, family!"

All of them but Tutu hurried down the long wooden ramp into the waiting launch. She waited on the pier.

"Here goes!" a passenger beside Luana called out as he tossed several coins into the churning waters surrounding the big ship. Hawaiian boys, their bronze bodies bobbing about, watched the coins strike the water, making bubbles as they sank — dollars, dimes, quarters. Squealing and pushing each other, the boys dived after them, stuffing them in their cheeks as they grabbed them.

"I miss the sea gulls in these

waters," Luana said to Ben. "I thought they were in every harbor in the world."

"Not here," Ben explained. "They don't like Hawaiian waters. They were brought here once, but died of homesickness, folks said. We have plenty of birds, though. Look at those frigate birds sliding across the water now. Aren't they graceful?"

"Well — yes," Luana admitted. "But I love the sea gulls best."

"Of course you do," Ben said. "I love them, too, because they were an answer to prayer when the saints needed help."

A huge plane roared across the sky. Benjy and Bo leaned their heads back, following it with their eyes.

"That's a multi-engine jet," Phil told them. "Boy, is it fast!"

"Faster than a dart," Bo said, his voice awestruck.

"Or this," Benjy said, knifing his hand through the air. "Can we fly again with you and Larry, Phil? Bo says Larry's stuck on Emma Lu, doesn't he, Phil?"

Philip glared at his little brothers sitting opposite him. "Suppose he is," he clipped. "That's his business. You talk too much."

"They sure do," Pixie agreed.

Luana, listening to them, met Ben's eyes. He had heard, too. She knew that he was thinking Larry Brown would have to settle down if he wanted Emma Lu. He was a pilot for Transocean Airlines now. He and Emma Lu had been school-day sweethearts, but she had been away for three years. She would be grown up and professional now. She had not asked about Larry in

her letters for a long time.

"Climb on," Phil yelled as the launch came to shipside.

"Me first!" Bo started up the ladder after Phil. Benjy followed, then Pixie, Luana, and Ben.

THE air was full of music and laughter. Dozens of Hawaiian girls, carrying armfuls of leis were dancing through the crowds, singing and swaying to the music. Luana breathed the odor of a sweet ginger lei as a girl, with flowing black hair, draped it around her neck.

"Aloha!" The girl flashed her white smile. "Happy, happy aloha!"

"Aloha to you," Luana answered. "Thank you very much. I love the ginger flower."

Then they saw Emma Lu pushing her way through the crowds of people with outstretched arms, eyes glowing.

Her brothers were the first to meet her. Phil swept her off her feet in his strong young arms.

Benjy said, "We've got a surprise for you, Emma Lu. We waited for you to name him."

Then she was kissing Luana, hugging Ben and Pixie, and smiling through her tears.

Emma Lu was as tall as Luana, a bright, efficient looking girl, fresh as the morning. Only her dark eyes showed she was capable of deep feeling.

"I'm so glad to be home!" she breathed. "How I love it!" She included everything with a wide sweep of her hand. "My own part of America. Hawaii. And I brought a surprise. Wait right here!"

She rushed into the crowd and came back with a fair-haired, laugh-

ing young woman in her thirties, Margaret Lester, Luana's sister-in-law.

"Margaret!" Luana gasped. "How wonderful! Did Tom come with you?"

He'll come later," Margaret answered. "I've come to paint the town with you, Luana. I mean that. They tell me Hawaii is the most beautiful spot in the world. I want to put it on canvas."

"We'll have a grand time," Luana said, remembering the fine paintings that Margaret had done.

Ben said, heartily, "This is a real treat, Margaret. Luana hasn't seen you since we went to the Mainland when you and Tom were married."

"Ten years ago!" she laughed. "Tom will be here as soon as he can arrange it." Her voice softened wistfully. "We want you and Luana to go through the Temple at Laie with us."

"We'll try to," Ben said.

"Where's Tutu?" Emma Lu asked, looking around. "Why isn't she here?"

"She's waiting on the pier," Ben explained.

Benjy said, "She can't climb ladders. She says she's half dead."

"Benjy!" Ben looked at him, reprovingly. "Your Grandmother is forever young in heart. Think of her that way."

"He doesn't ever think," Bo said, disgustedly. "He just talks."

"No one is ever old in Hawaii," Emma Lu interrupted. "This is the land of eternal youth."

Margaret was looking at the twins with the old yearning in her eyes. Luana felt her heart reach out to her. Margaret and Tom had been

married ten years, and still no babies.

"You are the cutest boys I ever saw," Margaret said as she stooped to kiss each tanned cheek. "Emma Lu is so proud of you. She told me you are both deacons now and pass the sacrament."

"Let's show Aunt Margaret the town," Pixie suggested.

"When do we surf-ride?" Phil interrupted.

"Right away," Ben said. "You can drive us to the beach as soon as we dock."

"Oh, look!" Benjy yelled, "There is Aloha Tower, Aunt Margaret. Look how pink it is."

"It is pink!" she answered, rapturously. "Pinker than frosting on a cake."

"Pinker than a monkey's tongue," Bo said.

"Pinker than the rainbow," Pixie breathed.

The big white liner came slowly to port. They all watched as the sailors threw the heavy ropes that the workmen below fastened to the huge iron stanchions on the pier. Then they hurried down the ramp to where Tutu was waiting for them, holding the Roselani lei she had made for Emma Lu.

"Aloha, my darling," she whispered, as Emma Lu hugged her tenderly. "I have been waiting for this day. It would be more than I could bear to part with you again."

Luana, watching them, saw the sudden shadow in Emma Lu's eyes. She was keeping some secret from them, Luana thought, with a mother's intuition.

Emma Lu swung Tutu's hands as she used to do when she was a

little girl several years ago.

"Aloha to you, darling Tutu," she sang out gaily. "This is my happy day, too. I love the Roselani lei the best of all. And you remembered!"

"This is Lei Day, Aunt Margaret," Benjy told her. "Know how I remember when Lei Day is coming? May Day is Lei Day," he chanted. "Our teacher told us Don Blanding was a poet, and he gave us this idea in 1928. Everybody in all our seven Hawaiian Islands has to wear a lei. All except Kahoolawe maybe, because that island is only a target practice island for the Navy and the Marines. We even have cowboys in Hawaii, Aunt Margaret. They wear leis on Lei Day."

BEN smiled. He patted Benjy's head as they walked along.

"I'm depending on you boys, and Pixie, too, and Philip, to give your Aunt Margaret a real story about Hawaii while she is our visitor."

"I want to show her the Iolani Palace," Pixie said. "It's the only palace on American soil, Aunt Margaret."

"I can hardly wait," Margaret answered.

"Here we are," Ben said, as he opened the door of the big car they had rented. "We always leave our own car at the Maui airport. Phil, you drive. We'll let Tutu and Margaret sit up front with you. The boys and I will take these jump-seats in the middle. Mama and Emma Lu and Pixie can have the back seat all to themselves. All set?"

"You can rent anything over here, Aunt Margaret," Philip told her as

they cruised along King Street. "One big company bought all the war surplus jeeps and rents them out to visitors. One company painted them pink and put fringe on top. They're keen for mountain travel. Look, Dad, we better explain directions here in Honolulu to Aunt Margaret, so she'll never get lost."

"Let me, Daddy," Bo said. "I know how."

Ben nodded, and Bo went on: "Everyone says 'Mauka' if they mean toward the mountains. They say 'Makai' if they mean toward the sea. If they want to go toward the big sugar mill west of Honolulu, they say 'Evoa.' Only it's spelled 'E-W-A.' And if they want to go toward the beach, they say 'Waiki-ki!'"

"Well done!" Ben said. "I couldn't have done a better job, son. You have a very good teacher."

"Tutu taught us," Bo said, smiling proudly at his grandmother.

"She's the best teacher in the whole world," Benjy chimed in.

Tutu turned to look at them. Her faded cheeks pinked up and her eyes twinkled, but her voice was humble.

"I am not informed on the new teaching methods, boys. I am sure you have a fine teacher at your school. But I do know my Hawaii from the tops of the volcanoes to the coral beaches and the blue, blue sea. 'Ask me of Hawaii,'" she quoted, "'I will tell you of islands so ravishingly beautiful it is like living in a flower, though snow may cap their lofty mountain peaks.'"

"I love it already," Margaret told her. "And the people are so friendly

looking, all smiling. See them over there, every kind in the world!"

"That's right," Phil agreed. "In that crowd on the corner, there are Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, Tahitians, and that tall man is Portuguese."

"But they are all completely, passionately American, Margaret," Ben said. "We call the undiluted Caucasians *Haoles*. They are only about twenty per cent of the population."

"What's a Caucasian, Daddy?" Benjy wanted to know.

"You're one, stupid," Bo whispered.

"But I've never seen so many kinds of people all in one city," Margaret said.

"You'll get used to it," Ben told her. "You'll soon realize they are your countrymen. Hawaii is a true democracy."

WAIT until you hear them sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," Tutu murmured. "Then you will be sure they are all Americans."

"Or, 'Come, Come, Ye Saints!'" Luana chimed in from the back seat. "A good many are Latter-day Saints."

"Let's show Aunt Margaret the statue of old Kamehameha on the next corner," Bo suggested. "He was the first big powerful king of all the islands, Aunt Margaret," he went on dramatically, as Phil drove slowly past the statue. "Eight chiefs threw their spears at him all at once. . . ."

"He was super-king," Benjy interrupted. "He dodged two spears, knocked three out of his way, and caught the other three in his hands!"

"Let me tell her!" Bo cried. "Daddy, make Benjy let me tell my own stories. He always butts in."

Ben smiled indulgently at his twin boys.

"I know, Bo. But Benjy is ten minutes older than you are. Forgive him for trying to keep ahead of you. And, remember, we can't tell Aunt Margaret everything at once."

As the conversation and the sight-seeing went on, Luana and Emma Lu were talking together in low whispers.

"I know, Mama," Emma Lu was saying breathlessly. "I should have written home about it. But you know how we Harringtons love surprises."

"But Emma Lu, an engagement is so serious. Your Father should have been consulted before you promised to marry anyone."

"Oh, Mama, I love him so. I'm sure you will, too," Emma Lu protested. "And I've only been engaged since last week. There's hardly been time to consult with you. Look, Mama. . . ."

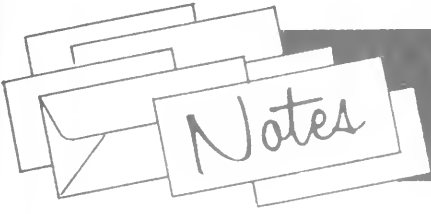
She lifted a gold chain around her throat. A diamond ring dangled from it.

"I won't wear it until you and Daddy approve," she said. "Will you ask Daddy for me, Mama?"

Luana looked at her husband, laughing with his twin boys. He was devoted to his family. There was no sacrifice he would not make for them. But he demanded their respect and obedience in return.

"No, Emma Lu," Luana answered in a quiet voice. "You must tell him yourself. He would expect you to do that."

(To be continued)



FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Tooele Stake (Utah) Honors Visiting Teachers at Convention and Luncheon April 20, 1963

Left to right: Emma Bryant, Tooele First Ward, oldest visiting teacher in the stake; Elizabeth B. Winters, member, General Board of Relief Society; Olive Gordan, Tooele Fourth Ward, oldest visiting teacher in service, fifty-three years; Ann Faris, Tooele Eleventh Ward, who, although handicapped by blindness, is still an active visiting teacher.

Alice Harrison, President, Tooele Stake Relief Society, reports that all the visiting teachers of the stake were honored and presented with corsages, and special gifts were presented to Sister Bryant, Sister Gordan, and Sister Faris. Sister Winters gave an inspirational talk and presented slides on pioneer history.

Huntington Park Stake (California) Singing Mothers Present Music for Many Occasions

Front row, left to right: Effie Wilkinson; Ilah Anstine; Atje Heilkema; Ida Taylor; Merle LeSuer; Cleo Webb, stake chorister; Grace Blackham, stake organist; Willa Mason; Dorothy Warren; Zola Hodson and Dorothy Rasmusson, Counselors, Huntington Park Stake Relief Society; Laura R. Shimp, President, Huntington Park Stake Relief Society.

Other members of the Singing Mothers chorus are seen standing in the second and third rows.

Sister Shimp reports: "The Huntington Park Stake Relief Society Singing Mothers are actively engaged in singing for many occasions. In March 1962 we enjoyed a very successful anniversary party. A dramatic presentation 'The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan' was portrayed. The Singing Mothers furnished three beautiful numbers. Our visiting teacher convention was held in May. The theme was 'Every Latter-day Saint Sister a Relief Society Member.' A short humorous play 'Relief Society Why' was elegantly portrayed. The Singing Mothers furnished the music. The visiting teachers each resolved to bring in a new member during the year.

"The Singing Mothers also sang at our last stake quarterly conference. Much praise was given for the beauty of their renditions. We know that the Singing Mothers added beauty and inspiration through song to each occasion. We love and appreciate them for their service. Much of the success of this group is due to exceptional talents and the untiring efforts and faithful services of our chorister and organist. We are thankful for these opportunities, and feel that our testimonies were strengthened by these experiences. This picture was taken at our visiting teacher convention."

Mount Jordan Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Music for Easter Sunrise Service, Christmas Cantata, and Other Occasions

Front row, left to right: Beth N. Samuelson, First Counselor; LaVerda Lloyd, President; Nina Despain, Second Counselor.

Front row, at the right: Wilma Day, accompanist on the organ for special occasions.

Second row, third from the right: Jean Enniss, director; fourth from the right: Regina Roden, accompanist.

Sister Lloyd reports: "During the last year this chorus has presented an Easter sunrise service and a Christmas cantata. It has sung for stake conferences, various sacrament meetings, and also presented the Christmas program for the stake high priests' meeting. We are very proud of our chorus and feel that the sisters are continually developing their talents and are sharing them with others."

West Central States Mission, Melstone Branch, Yellowstone District, Conducts Successful Bazaar

Left to right: Nancy D. Maart, Secretary-Treasurer; Dorothy K. Hendricks, First Counselor; Rose S. Lear, President; Esther R. Kicker, social science class leader.

Hazel K. Woolley, President, West Central States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Melstone Branch Relief Society, a small organization, has found the secret for holding a successful bazaar: cooperation with the nonmember women in the community. These nonmembers support the bazaars by donating to them, and also buying the items for sale. They especially like the 'Mormon bread' (whole-wheat bread made by the sisters), and the items sewed by the sisters. The four active members of this small branch were able to raise \$185 by hard work and living the golden rule. '. . . whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"



St. George East Stake Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music for Quarterly Conference, March 31, 1963

Front row, left to right: Elva H. Terry, Secretary; Laura H. Ford, organist; Elsie B. Cox, Second Counselor; Alta V. McConkie, First Counselor; Irene C. Lloyd, member, General Board of Relief Society; Roma C. Esplin, President, St. George East Stake Relief Society; Olive L. Smith, member, General Board of the Primary Association; Roene Di Fiore, conductor.

Melba W. Latimer, chorister, is absent from the picture.

Sister Esplin reports: "The Singing Mothers of the St. George East Stake Relief Society furnished the music for the quarterly conference March 31, 1963. Irene C. Lloyd was the representative from the General Board of Relief Society. I am sure that her testimony, love, and enthusiasm for Relief Society will increase our membership. We love *The Relief Society Magazine*, and are working to achieve 100 per cent in our subscriptions this year."

Norwalk Stake (California) Relief Society Friendship Social January 18, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Donna Spence, Secretary-Treasurer; Lida Edmunds, Work Director Counselor; Norma Schauers, President; Helen Maughn, Education Counselor.

Back row, left to right: Jessie Causey; Myrna Anderson; Helen Burt; Betty Fitches; Mabel Rice; Neone Jones; Fern Francom; Manilla Corse.

Sister Schauers reports: "The theme of this social was to show that God so loved the world that he has given his children a path whereby they may be guided back to his presence. We put on the presentation that was given by the General Board at conference by the social science department. We taped background music 'For God So Loved the World,' also taped sound effects to go along as was demonstrated at conference. This took place in the chapel. The women were then ushered into the cultural hall, where they were directed along a path that was to show them the road to eternal life through Relief Society. Refreshments were served, and the women sat in friendship circles to eat, where members of the stake board helped them to feel at ease and get acquainted with new friends. *Relief Society Magazines* were given to those who wished to have one. Each of our stake board members worked hard to make this a most outstanding evening."

East Provo Stake (Utah), Bonneville Ward Honors Former Presidents at Anniversary Social, March 29, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: First Counselor Mada S. Barker; President Stella W. Redford; Second Counselor Erma V. Jacobs; Secretary-Treasurer Ruth B. Farr.

Second row, left to right, former presidents: Thelma M. Anderson; Lenore Kay; Iris McArthur, the oldest living former president; Vera Brumnjak; Mable Kirk.

Third row, left to right, former presidents: Fay Loveless; Elma Couch; Maurine Christensen; Pearl Snarr; Wilma Hawkins.

Florence B. Bird and Julia Wright were not present when the picture was taken.

Fay P. Loveless, President, East Provo Stake Relief Society, reports: "Bonneville Ward Relief Society celebrated a double anniversary, the Relief Society's 121st anniversary and Bonneville Ward's fiftieth birthday. Ten of the twelve living former presidents of Relief Society were honored. It was an evening party to which the husbands were also invited. There was a program and refreshments were served.

"We have had two other nice experiences in our stake in the last week, one, a fellowshiping program on the 25th of April, at which Virginia Cutler was guest speaker. She spoke on the theme of our party 'A World Sisterhood.' She delighted us all. Also, our Singing Mothers sang at stake conference on the 21st of April. For this occasion 102 sisters participated."



El Paso Stake (Texas) Relief Society Presents Special Program
"The Time Is Come," December 14, 1962

Lavinia B. Jackson, President, El Paso Stake Relief Society, reports this unusually effective presentation: "The pageant 'The Time Is Come,' written by Ivie Huish Jones for the El Paso Stake Relief Society Singing Mothers, was presented as a part of the Christmas program. The songs in the drama were taken from the anthem by Sister Jones.

"The drama was prepared to show that the Lord has spoken through his prophets since the foundation of the world; that he has not forgotten the Lamanites, nor the promises made to their forefathers whom he brought out of Jerusalem to this choice land now called the Americas, and that they knew of the coming of the Savior.

"Felipe Lariano, who is Lieutenant Governor of the Sandia Indian tribe, was in attendance. Previously, he had discovered many written records in a wall of a building that was being torn down, and he remembered Brother Lorin Jones and Sister Ivie Huish Jones, who had worked among the Indians in Albuquerque, New Mexico, several years ago. He traveled to El Paso and looked up the Jones family and gave them the valuable records. They proved to be of great worth in genealogical research. After the pageant, the Lieutenant Governor was presented with The Book of Mormon used in the pageant.

"Barbara Jean West, chorister, and Sherron Galbraith, organist with the Singing Mothers, and soloists, presented the musical part of the program and pageant, with harmony and devotion suitable to the sacred occasion."

Parleys Stake (Utah) Relief Society Anniversary Observance
March 1963

Left to right: Mildred D. Porter, First Counselor; Edythe K. Watson, President; Norma Gillespie, Second Counselor; Margaret Brown, Secretary.

Sister Watson reports: "For our annual birthday luncheon this year, Parley's Stake inaugurated a new program, and we are still excited and thrilled and feel stimulated to reach for higher goals next year, because of the enthusiastic response.

"We asked our ward presidencies to extend their personal invitations to include all the women in their ward areas, non Latter-day Saints, as well as Latter-day Saints, the nonmembers to be contacted personally, as well as by their invitations. Special attention was given to the inactive sisters, as well.

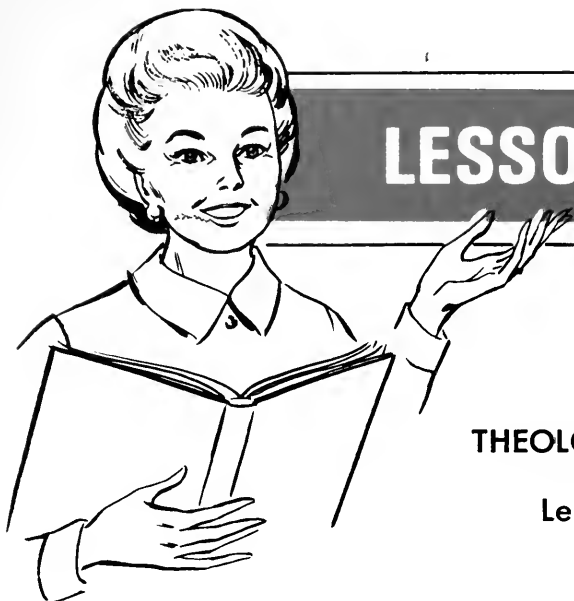
"On a stake basis, we followed the same plan for the working women in our stake area with an evening party. Personal, hand-written invitations were sent to nonmembers and members alike, and the ward presidents followed up with a personal contact.

"Our ward birthday friendship parties were delightful, with a special emphasis placed on the growth and development of Relief Society since 1842, and enumerating its many benefits for all women. Our evening party was most successful, too. A lovely program was given, and our attractive serving table was centered with a beautiful and delicious birthday cake on which was written the theme of our party: 'Love — Sisterhood — Service.' Stake President W. Jay Eldredge, Jr., and his counselors were in attendance, and President Eldredge cut the cake, which was served to all present with love and friendship.

"Some 630 sisters were in attendance at the six parties, and were touched by the wonderful spirit of Relief Society, and of this number, thirty-six were nonmembers who seemed most pleased to be included."



LESSON DEPARTMENT



THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 50 — “Ye Are on the Lord’s Errand”

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Section 64:15-43)

For First Meeting, November 1963

Objective: To suggest ways in which the saints of 1831 were on the “Lord’s errand” and what this term means to us.

INTRODUCTION

FROM the last lesson we learned that Section 64 of the Doctrine and Covenants was received so that certain elders who were preparing to leave for Jackson County, Missouri, might understand the purposes of the Lord concerning themselves and the glories to be received by the faithful.

Because some of these elders lacked a forgiving spirit, the Lord revealed anew his law of forgiveness with a warning that members of his kingdom who would not repent would lose their citizenship in that kingdom by disobedience to the commandments.

EZRA BOOTH AND ISAAC MORLEY

As if to present an object lesson in the principles that had just been made known, Section 64 continues by referring to two individuals — Ezra Booth and Isaac Morley. The

former is known as one “who was my servant,” while the latter retains his membership in the Church, for “I have forgiven my servant Isaac Morley.” Both of these men “kept not the law, neither the commandment. . . . They condemned for evil that thing in which there was no evil . . .” (D & C 64:15-16). It is evident, from the counsel concerning forgiveness in this revelation, that Brother Morley repented of his sin, while Ezra Booth decided to leave the kingdom of God. At the time of this revelation Isaac Morley was counselor to Edward Partridge, Presiding Bishop of the Church, and remained so until 1840 when Bishop Partridge died.

An indication of the depth of their conversion to the gospel and of the character of these two men is plainly apparent from the Lord’s acceptance of one and his rejection of the unrepentant. Isaac Morley

accepted the meaning of “Ye are on the Lord’s errand.” When Brother Morley accepted the gospel in 1830, his life thereafter was dedicated to the furtherance of the cause of Zion. One can believe that he accepted the commandment to sell his farm, as mentioned in verse 20 of Section 64. He is described as a man of loyalty to God’s servants who was willing to consecrate all of his wealth to building up Zion while participating in numerous Church positions. (ROMNEY, THOMAS C.: *The Gospel in Action*, pp. 113-118.)

On the other hand, Ezra Booth lives in infamy in the annals of the Church. He is sometimes mentioned as an example of one who was converted by a miracle. The wife of Father Johnson was unable to raise her arm for two years. As a friend of the family, Ezra Booth, a Methodist priest, was present when the Prophet Joseph Smith and the elders administered to her, restoring her arm to instant use. Soon after this healing, Booth was baptized. President George A. Smith said that when Booth had to preach without purse or scrip, he felt that there were better ways of “earning” a livelihood. The Prophet reported that when Booth learned,

. . . that faith, humility, patience, and tribulation go before blessing, and that God brings low before He exalts; that instead of the “Savior’s granting him power to smite men and make them believe,” (as he said he wanted God to do in his own case) — when he found he must become all things to all men, that he might peradventure save some; and that, too, by all diligence, by perils by sea and land, as was the case in the days of Jesus — then he was disappointed (DHC I:216).

Under these circumstances Booth

apostatized and, as is true with many apostates, he sought to justify himself by publishing a series of lying letters as evidence against the Church. His apostasy contributed to the organization of a mob that tarred and feathered Joseph Smith, and caused the death of one of his adopted children. (DHC I:260-265.)

Edward Partridge at this time was guilty of “unbelief and blindness of heart.” “‘Unbelief,’ in this case means ‘weak faith’ (as in Mark 9:24), and it was, perhaps, the cause of the blindness of heart” (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 339). Again, the faithful, diligent member who errs, corrects his life, and learns that the Lord is merciful and forgiving. (D & C 64:17.)

A STRONG HOLD IN KIRTLAND

During this period the establishment of the Church in two general areas was begun. Kirtland, Ohio, became the headquarters of the Church. With the designation of western Missouri as Zion, and the dedication of the land and the temple site, that area began its part in the growing Church. Many saints felt the urge to assemble in Missouri. Sidney Gilbert was commanded to establish a business in Zion (D & C 64:18), while Frederick G. Williams was to retain his holdings in Kirtland that a strong hold might be maintained there. (*Ibid.*, verse 21.) This verse is a prophecy that was literally fulfilled by subsequent events. In verse 26, Newel K. Whitney and Sidney Gilbert are counseled to retain their store and their possessions so that

the Lord's purposes for Kirtland might be fulfilled. After five years "any with an open heart" was free to assemble in the land of Zion. (*Ibid.*, verse 22.)

What did the Lord have in store for Kirtland in five years from then? On April 3, 1836, the Kirtland Temple became the most important edifice on the earth at that time. By the labor of the saints, amid poverty and persecution, the Lord had commanded that this holy house should be reared to his name, that he might visit his people in that structure. It was there that the capstone of Priesthood keys was received by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery from personages from beyond the veil. (Section 110.) The events of April 3, 1836, brought a turning point in world events by the restoration of keys of Priesthood pertaining to the gathering of Israel from the corners of the earth. As a result of this authority, Latter-day Saints have come out of the world into a life of "being on the Lord's errand." The gathering includes the restoration of the Jewish people to their homeland, long predicted by Bible and Book of Mormon prophets. (Jer. 30:3; 2 Nephi 30:7-8.) The great missionary movement of the Church began its world-wide activity after Moses restored these keys. The bringing of the gospel of Abraham with the keys of the restoration of all things (D & C 110:12), and, finally, the keys of sealing powers for the living and the dead, with the important work of salvation for the dead by Elijah, began a tremendous activity for the salvation of man. (*Ibid.*, 13-16.)

The Lord Jesus Christ visited his

temple at that time to accept it as his house with the message that this would be the beginning of the blessings to be received for the benefit of his people. (*Ibid.*, verses 1-10.) When one considers the impact of these events upon the future of the Church and the world, one can easily understand why some of the saints were commanded to continue their daily activities in Kirtland. Their work was also to help the saints "obtain an inheritance in the land of Zion" (D & C 64:30).

COUNSEL ON DEBT

The members of the Church mentioned in Section 64 (and the other saints) were counseled to keep out of debt to their enemies. (Verses 27-28.) For the Church to be in debt to those who were unfriendly might have brought failure to the cause of Zion in that area. The instructions given about retaining material possessions and keeping out of debt remind the Latter-day Saint that the Lord provides his people with counsel in their temporal affairs. As to individuals, the authorities of the Church have advised our people against the burden of debt. Elder Marriner W. Merrill told a general conference of the Church that a financier gave him the key to getting out of debt. "It was simply this: 'Stop immediately from going into debt. Don't go into debt another dollar until you get out and are free'" (*Conference Report*, April 1899, page 15).

"YE ARE LAYING THE FOUNDATION"

As one studies the beginning of this dispensation, he sometimes wonders if the membership of the

Church realized the full significance of these words:

And behold, I, the Lord, declare unto you, and my words are sure and shall not fail, that they shall obtain it.

But all things must come to pass in their time.

Wherefore, be not weary in well-doing, for ye are laying the foundation of a great work. And out of small things proceedeth that which is great (D & C 64:31-33).

In 1833, Wilford Woodruff met the Prophet for the first time. He attended a meeting where many of the brethren bore testimony of the restoration. Brother Woodruff said at a general conference in 1898:

... when they got through the Prophet said, "Brethren I have been very much edified and instructed in your testimonies here tonight, but I want to say to you before the Lord, that you know no more concerning the destinies of this Church and kingdom than a babe upon its mother's lap. You don't comprehend it." I was rather surprised. He said "it is only a little handful of Priesthood you see here tonight, but this Church will fill North and South America — it will fill the world." Among other things he said, "it will fill the Rocky Mountains. There will be tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who will be gathered in the Rocky Mountains, and there they will open the door for the establishing of the Gospel among the Lamanites, who will receive the Gospel and their endowments and the blessings of God. This people will go into the Rocky Mountains; they will there build temples to the Most High. They will raise up a posterity there, and the Latter-day Saints who dwell in these mountains will stand in the flesh until the coming of the Son of Man. The Son of Man will come to them while in the Rocky Mountains."

I name these things because I want to bear testimony before God, angels and men that mine eyes behold the day, and have beheld for the last fifty years of my life, the fulfillment of that prophecy. I never expected to see the Rocky Mountains when I listened to that man's voice,

but I have, and do today (*Conference Report*, April 1898, page 57).

It was not only the brethren of 1831 who were laying the foundation of a great work, but the Priesthood of 1833 and 1836 and of the entire period of this dispensation, even in our time of 1963. Each Latter-day Saint who accepts the "Lord's errand" is building a foundation of a great work which will eventually fill the whole earth. Every program of the Church participated in, every contribution given, every work performed with a willing heart and obedient spirit will find rich rewards in assisting the new generation to carry on in building for the ultimate victory of eternal life. Should not every Latter-day Saint feel encouraged that out of small things proceedeth that which is great? The contribution may appear small but in the aggregate it builds for the future.

"FOR THE TITHING OF MY PEOPLE"

We have learned that the Lord instituted the law of consecration for the benefit of the poor among the saints in the early part of this dispensation. (*Lesson 28, Relief Society Magazine*, October 1960.) Although it was lived in Thompson, Ohio, and the saints were later commanded to practice it in Missouri, the apparent failure of the saints to live that law was foreshadowed in Section 64. The law of tithing is known as a schoolmaster to bring people to the greater law of consecration. Elder Francis M. Lyman pointed out in a general conference that,

... any person who is not able to observe this law [tithing] faithfully and well will never, worlds without end, be

able to observe the law of consecration. The law of tithing is a stepping stone, and it is a law that will abide forever, because a great majority possibly of the children of God will not be able to reach the higher law (*Conference Report*, October 1899, page 34).

It was in July 1838, that the Lord commanded his people to observe the law of tithing. Yet, in 1831, the saints were informed that certain judgment would come upon those who did not observe this law when it was introduced. Tithing also has the connotation of sacrifice as suggested in verse 23 of Section 64.

On the law of tithing and obedience, President Joseph F. Smith said:

“Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.” It is the heart and the willing mind that the Lord requires of His people, and not so much their substance. He does not need our obedience. But we need to be obedient; for it is through obedience that we will receive the reward.

So I come to the conclusion that the principal thing about tithe paying is obedience to the law, and that more good will come to us through that obedience than to anybody else. We may be worth our tens of thousands, and pay an honest tithing on our income, making our tithing a large amount; yet the good that will come to ourselves by being obedient to the law of God will be far greater in the end than the good which our substance may do to the poor (*Conference Report*, April 1899, page 69).

“THE HEART AND A WILLING MIND”

The heart is associated in scripture as the seat of emotions, and when applied to this scripture it probably means that only those who love the Lord intensely will reap the blessings.

Behold, the Lord requireth the heart and a willing mind; and the willing and

obedient shall eat the good of the land of Zion in these last days (D & C 64:34).

The saints of 1831 were no different from the saints of 1963 in the Lord requiring whole-souled devotion to the labor of the kingdom.

Those who are “on the Lord’s errand” all the days of their lives will not come under the condemnation of the rebellious who shall be cut off from the land of Zion, for these are not of the chosen blood of Ephraim and must be plucked out. (D & C 64:35-36.) In commenting upon the context of these verses, President George Q. Cannon said:

From the beginning of this Church until the present the men and women who have been obedient to the counsel of God’s servants have always been the most favored. President [Brigham] Young, during the lifetime of the Prophet Joseph, was always noted for his strict obedience to the prophet. Brother Joseph never made any requirement of him that he did not strictly comply with. The same may be said of the other faithful men who, during his lifetime, were associated with him. But the disobedient and rebellious have been, as the Lord said they should be, cut off. Oliver Cowdery was with Joseph when John the Baptist came to them and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood. He was the second apostle in the Church also, and a witness of the Book of Mormon, the angel of the Lord having shown him the plates. But he was disobedient to the prophet and he could not stand. It might be thought that he was so near to Joseph and so favored of God that it was not necessary for him to do exactly as the prophet told him; but not so. There is an order in the church of Christ which all must observe, and no one can be disobedient without bringing the displeasure of the Lord upon him. This is a principle which all should learn (*Juvenile Instructor*, Vol. 10, 1875, page 222).

In the historical content of Section 64, verses 34 to 36 are prophetic. When the saints were ex-

pelled from Jackson county in 1833, they had not fully subscribed to the law which the Lord had given, due to carelessness, neglect, and wickedness. Therefore, they were “plucked out” of the land, and were “sent away.”

FALSE PROPHETS TO BE KNOWN

The principle laid down in verses 37 through 39 — the children of Zion shall judge all things pertaining to Zion — is consistent with verse 5, because Zion’s inhabitants know how to detect the deceivers. False prophets are known by Latter-day Saints because of the keys against deception which the Lord has provided for their use. First, their spurious revelations are to be judged by the criterion given in Sections 28 and 43; namely, there is only one person at a time who is empowered to receive revelation for the Church. (Lesson 18, *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1959; Lesson 49, July 1962.) Second, the false teachers may be judged by the standard set forth in Section 52:9, 36 — by the teachings of the ancient and modern apostles and prophets in the true Church of Jesus Christ. (Lesson 36, *Relief Society Magazine*, October 1961.)

The Lord declares that all things pertaining to Zion will be judged by the Church, and, eventually, the nations will be judged by the Church. In the due time of the Lord judgment will be meted out to all.

“YE ARE ON THE LORD’S ERRAND”

As the early saints were told not to be weary in well-doing for they were laying the foundation of a great work, so also they were told

that their work would eventuate in the building of a Zion upon this continent that would be the admiration of the world. (Read D & C 64:41-43.)

To the brethren mentioned in Section 64, the Lord said that, as his agents, they were “on the Lord’s errand” (Verse 29). We are all agents of the Lord and are all on his errand. By covenant we are committed through faithful, loyal devotion to build on the foundation laid in the past, eventually to terminate in the Zion that shall flourish, where the glory of the Lord will be there.

But how shall we measure up to being on the Lord’s errand? Elder George Teasdale of the Council of the Twelve, suggested this idea:

We are the redeemed of the Lord. We have accepted of the principles of redemption, and consequently have been sanctified in the precious blood of Christ. Those who love God and keep his commandments represent Him and the Lord Jesus Christ. They love one another, and they are known by their works. Their faith is manifested by their works (*Conference Report*, April 1898, page 52).

Questions for Discussion

1. What benefit did the Church receive by maintaining a strong hold in Kirtland?
2. Give reasons why keeping out of debt is good advice.
3. How does “ye are laying the foundation of a great work” apply to us?
4. What does the payment of tithing have to do with the fact that we are on the Lord’s errand?
5. What does “the Lord requireth the heart and a willing mind” have to do with the meaning of “Ye are on the Lord’s errand”?
6. In what ways may one apply in his life the truth that we are on the Lord’s errand?

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 50 — “Wherefore, If Ye Believe Me, Ye Will Labor While It Is Called Today” (D & C 64:25).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Meeting, November 1963

Objective: To demonstrate the fact that belief in the Savior motivates prompt, productive action.

PEOPLE of action — those who get things done — are invariably individuals who have fixed and settled beliefs. These people are dedicated, devoted, determined, because of unwavering convictions of the importance and necessity of that which they are doing.

When the Lord said, as recorded in the D & C 64:25, “Wherefore, if ye believe me, ye will labor while it is called today,” he was emphasizing two important, closely related facts. First, genuine belief is the motivator of action. Unless we have strong convictions we are likely to postpone actions and not do those things which we should do at the time they should be done. The Savior said, “He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also” (John 14:12). Belief then is the important essential. If we would follow the Lord’s counsel we will do all of the things which he has commanded us because believing, we will know that by following his counsel and commandments we can find joy and happiness in this life. The second fact emphasized in this scripture is that if we truly believe the Lord we will labor (act) today — not in some indefinite future.

One of the most important things to remember about action is that it is “no action” until it is taken — until something is done. In other words postponed, procrastinated, and just dreamed-about action, is no action.

The trouble with postponing until tomorrow the things we should do today, is that tomorrow may be too late. In fact, tomorrow really never comes. Life is made up of a succession of todays.

Someone has said, “Every day is a new life to a wise man.” Thomas Carlyle expressed the thought this way when he said, “Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.”

The importance of laboring today is expressed beautifully by the Indian dramatist Kalidasa,

Look to this day
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course
Lie all the verities and realities of your
existence;
Yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well lived makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!

The ancient psalmist also advises us, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it" (Psalms 118:24).

Our application of these thoughts consists in strengthening our beliefs so that they become real motivators of action. Let us ask ourselves, do we really have faith that Jesus is our Lord and Savior? Do we really have faith in his teachings? If we do we will do the things he has told us to do.

We will today perform those little acts of neighborly kindnesses which should be done today, but which we so often postpone. We will today overcome those little personal weaknesses and habits which we are always going to overcome but which we never quite seem to accomplish. We will today express gratitude and appreciation for those deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness performed to us and for us by others.

In The Book of Mormon, the

Prophet Samuel the Lamanite told of the predicament in which the people of his time found themselves because they had procrastinated the day of their salvation until it was everlastingly too late. They had sought happiness too much in worldly material things, and had failed each day, through postponement, to overcome and repent of their weaknesses and imperfections. They had failed to perform those acts of kindness which are the essence of the Savior's teachings. Samuel told the people that their days of probation were past and their exaltation lost because of their procrastination. (See Helaman 13.)

Surely the counsel given to us in this scripture in The Doctrine and Covenants 64:25 is both timely and pertinent. Today is the day of our salvation. If we are truly wise we will heed the Lord and believe him, and do the things he instructs us while it is yet today.

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 10: Planning for the Future

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, November 1963

Objective: To examine long-time family goals and plan for a training program consistent with them.

DID you ever hear the statement that Mormonism is based on history? This is an observation of an historian from Southeast Asia who

started analyzing the gospel plan. "Why, it goes back even before the beginning of the world!" said he, and we could add, "Yes, and it con-

tinues on through eternity, and each one of us has a part in the long-time plan.”

It is well to see our earthly experience in this historic perspective and to be conscious of the fact that our stay here is relatively short but extremely significant. This is the time of testing and training and preparation for greater responsibilities. One way to look at it is to divide the possible life span of 100 years into five periods. It takes at least twenty years to become prepared to assume the responsibilities of parenthood. A second twenty is needed for accumulating — accumulating a family and possessions to enhance family living. Twenty years are then required for launching the offspring and helping them to stand on their own feet. It then takes twenty years for recovery, and another twenty for rediscovery.* It is easier to plan for the future if you see your life in units with definite responsibilities and assignments for each unit.

Then it is well to make some predictions. Prayer and thoughtful meditation are important in this. Predict your own future, and don't be modest. We are here to get the most from our earthly experience and learn to be of service to others. Don't shortchange yourself. Be in tune for inspiration and make your plan reach the ultimate; then all you have to do is work to bring it about. Of course, you must learn to be flexible so that modifications can be made as unforeseen circum-

*Discussion leader might prepare five charts and list some of the major responsibilities for each twenty-year period.

stances arise, and you must learn to be patient and remember that it takes a century to raise an oak. Winds and storms and dry seasons will come, but, as the old adage goes, “Good timbers do not grow in ease. The stronger wind, the stronger trees.”

Now examine your predictions or lifetime goals. As parents are you looking toward baptism and confirmation for each child? Are you planning for auxiliary and Priesthood training? Does your plan include missionary work and temple marriages? What are your educational objectives? What kind of home do you want? What about developing special skills and aptitudes? What special services do you want to render for your fellow men? In what way do you hope to leave the world better than you found it?

You may smile at all this planning and say, “Why, if I do all this, I'm writing my own obituary!” And that is exactly right; you are seeing the end from the beginning and writing your own obituary in everything that you do today and tomorrow and until the years are gone.

You ask, “Does each individual make his own plan, or does the family as a whole make the plan?” Both are necessary. The husband and the wife work together in a way that will bring the greatest development for each individual as well as strengthen the bond of togetherness. Children share in planning as they become mature enough to participate, and, eventually, each will be able to help with the family plan and also be able to begin making his own plan.

Learning to plan and to carry through the plan is a process of development and requires working together as a team. Anyone can learn to do this. During courtship the process begins by thinking in terms of "our" instead of "my," and gradually the direction for the first twenty years of living and sharing together becomes clear. From then on, following tested rules of "teamship" will facilitate progress. Each family can set up its own rules, but here are some suggestions:

1. No major decision will be made until all the facts are in and examined to see advantages and disadvantages of this action or that.

2. Once a decision is made, the team will pull together with all its might to accomplish the objective.

3. When mistakes are made, there is no blaming one or the other, but there is a reappraisal of the whole situation, and a new direction is charted.

4. The role of each team member is determined on the basis of special interests, talents, and abilities as well as upon the needs for certain jobs to be done.

Step-by-step training and disciplining to see work plans carried through to completion provide a sound approach to making the plans for the future come true.

Note: Refer to "Values Become You," *The Improvement Era*, April 1963, for other suggestions on training.

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The Last Hundred Years

Lesson 42 — Huck Finn's Initiation Into Truth

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 617-651)

For Third Meeting, November 1963

Objective: To understand and experience Huck's progression from innocence toward moral maturity.

IN 1876, the year *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was published, Mark Twain began writing what he intended to be its sequel. When the book finally appeared eight years later, in 1885, its identity in Twain's eyes had not changed, since the title page read, "*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (Tom Sawyer's Comrade)." But within itself the

book had changed a great deal. In the first section of the novel, even though Huck is allowed to tell the story in the far more intimate and "real" first person "I," Samuel Langhorne Clemens is definitely the controlling author. It is in the large, rich center section of the book when Huck is entirely free of Tom, the restraints of "civilization," and in-

deed the restraints of Mark Twain himself, at least on the surface level, that its sensitive, large and vigorous heart surges and swells the novel into its unquestioned greatness and vitality. Just as did Geppetto's *Pinocchio*, Huck miraculously turns himself from a rather inconsequential stage prop into a "real live boy." Once Huck found himself created and alive on the page, almost literally he wrenched the pen from Twain's fingers and wrote his own story himself.

Twain never seemed to realize the significance of what had happened. His 1876 burst of initial creative energy took him through chapter XVI; then, after at least three years' hesitation, during which his deep well of the unconscious flowed full once more, he continued writing; but now Huck himself was fully aware of his own identity, the moral dilemma which faced him, and how he would resolve it. This informed sureness of the great middle section never seemed to impress Twain to any recorded degree, for he felt his greatest work was his documented, wooden *Joan of Arc*, which he wrote more than ten years later.

The novel *Huckleberry Finn* is very loosely organized. It consists of a series of episodes or adventures which happen to Huck and Nigger Jim. The two strongest unifying elements are *Huckleberry Finn*, who tells the story, and the Mississippi River, which symbolizes the peace and freedom which Huck and Nigger Jim seek, at the same time providing the physical means for escaping from one adventure to the next.

HUCK'S "AMERICAN LANGUAGE"

The major source of this novel's power is its extremely successful "illusion of reality," its ability to make the reader become Huck by absorbing Huck's world through his eyes and ears and, more intimately, through his untrammelled conscience and sense of values. The miracle of Huck's creation is the spontaneous zest for life which Twain has caught through his use of words alone. Huck is so vital, so throbbing with life, that we become him. Through the magic pronoun "I" we are transmitted out of our own present selves and "popped" inside Huck's skin. From inside Huck we hear through his ears, peep out through his eyes, and above all tell ourselves through his mouth.

Yet it is not merely the pronoun "I" which creates this sense of reality. Twain endeavored to make his fiction an exact transcript of life, and it is what and how the "I" speaks that makes the character of Huck so authentic.

The following account of a child's loneliness as he fights to maintain his own identity under a deluge of attacks from that incomprehensible world which is dominated by adults, rings as true in its tone as in its revelations of the patterns of Huck's mind. Miss Watson, "a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on," is attempting to "sivilize" the homeless waif for his own good.

. . . Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry"; and "Don't scrunch up like that Huckleberry — set up straight"; and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry — why don't you try

to behave?" Then she told me all about the bad place and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. . . .

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome. By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle, and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead, and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me, and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me . . . (*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, World Publishing Company, 1947, pp. 19-20. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Row, Publishers).

This same authentic world-reality pervades Huck's description of his bullying, drunken father, now returned to dominate his "accepted" castoff son, even while revealing his own sense of inferiority, and the conversation between them. Such words had never before been written down; they were almost too true, too immediately from life ever to be stiffened into "literature":

When I lit my candle and went up to my room that night there sat pap — his own self! . . .

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his

eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl — a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes — just rags, that was all. . . .

I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at me, with his chair tilted back a little. I set the candle down. I noticed the window was up; so he had clumb in by the shed. He kept a-looking me all over. By and by he says:

"Starchy clothes — very. You think you're a good deal of a big-bug, don't you?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I ain't," I says.

"Don't you give me none o' your lip," says he. "You've put on considerable many frills since I been away. I'll take you down a peg before I get done with you. You're educated, too, they say — can read and write. You think you're better'n your father, now, don't you, because he can't? I'll take it out of you. Who told you you might meddle with such hifalut'n foolishness, hey? — who told you you could?"

". . . You lemme catch you fooling around that school again, you hear? Your mother couldn't read, and she couldn't write, nuther, before she died. None of the family couldn't before they died. I can't; and here you're a-swelling yourself up like this. I ain't the man to stand it — you hear? Say, lemme hear you read" (*Ibid.*, pp. 40-42).

Twain is equally skilled at using the right words and images which enable us to experience the peace and freedom and security which Huck and his soulmate, the runaway slave Nigger Jim, find as they hide and sleep by day and float by night down the vast majesty of "Mother Mississippi." Not excluding Thoreau, there exists in the language no lovelier lyric poetry in praise of nature's rewards to those who love her

and trust her than that found in Huck's prose sentences of Chapter 19:

Two or three days and nights went by; I reckon I might say they swum by, they slid along so quiet and smooth and lovely. . . . Not a sound anywhere — perfectly still — just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-cluttering, maybe. . . . We would take some fish off of the lines and cook up a hot breakfast. And afterwards we would watch the lonesomeness of the river, and kind of lazy along, and by and by lazy off to sleep. Wake up by and by, and look to see what done it, and maybe see a steamboat coughing along up-stream, so far off towards the other side you couldn't tell nothing about her only whether she was a stern-wheel or side-wheel; then for about an hour there wouldn't be nothing to hear nor nothing to see — just solid lonesomeness. Next you'd see a raft sliding by, away off yonder, and maybe a galoot on it chopping . . . you'd see the ax flash and come down — you don't hear nothing; you see that ax go up again, and by the time it's above the man's head then you hear the k'chunk! — it had took all that time to come over the water. So we would put in the day, lazying around, listening to the stillness. . . .

Sometimes we'd have that whole river all to ourselves for the longest time. Yonder was the banks and the islands, across the water; and maybe a spark — which was a candle in a cabin window; and sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two — on a raft or a scow, you know; and maybe you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them crafts. It's lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made or only just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could 'a' laid them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course, it could be done. We used to watch the stars that fell, too, and

see them streak down. Jim allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest (*Ibid.*, pp. 163-165 *passim*).

THE STORY OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Towards the end of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* Huckleberry Finn, vagabond son of the village drunkard, and envy of all the village boys because of his unrestrained freedom, is adopted by the Widow Douglas who, with her sister, Miss Watson, intends to give him the "mothering" and civilizing influences he has never had (and never submits to). In the closing chapter of *Tom Sawyer*, Tom and Huck are given the gold found after the death of Indian Joe. Early in the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* Huck's father returns after another of his lengthy absences, to get the fortune. Unsuccessful, he captures Huck and imprisons him in a lonely cabin along the river. In a drunken seizure he almost succeeds in killing Huck who determines to escape. Stealing a canoe, he sets up camp on isolated Jackson Island, where he finds Nigger Jim, Miss Watson's slave, who has run away in an attempt to find his wife and children who have been taken from him. Reared under the moral code of the South, Huck knows full well he should turn Jim over to the law, since he is stolen property worth \$800, but he becomes so attached to him that he decides to go against his social conscience and "go to hell" by helping Jim escape.

Two itinerant frauds and fakers, The Duke of Bridgewater and the Dauphin, self-styled heir to the throne of France, come aboard the raft, and by virtue of their feigned royal station, trick Huck and Jim

into becoming their servants while they plot new methods of exploiting the trusting gullibility of the inhabitants of the next village. When they learn that a local farmer, Peter Wilks, has died, and that his brother is expected momentarily to claim his fortune, they pretend to be the long-lost brother and his attendant, bilk the innocent daughters of their rightful inheritance, sell Nigger Jim for cash, and are about ready to escape when Huck exposes them and in shame at the disgraceful levels to which humans will stoop, witnesses their capture by indignant citizens who ride them out of town on a rail. Huck goes to the Phelps farm to help Tom Sawyer "rescue" Nigger Jim, which they manage to accomplish in a most elaborate and extended intrigue, only to discover that Miss Watson freed Nigger Jim in her will just before she died. Realizing that Mrs. Phelps intends now to civilize him, just as the Widow Douglas and Miss Watson had intended before, Huck states his intention of running past the frontier into free territory "because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before."

HUCK'S EMERGING DEFINITION OF MAN

Because Huck had no one to force him to conform to the rules of society and culture, he wore no shoes, attended no school, and spent his days doing what pleased him most. He could thus stand outside society and evaluate it, using as his sole basis for judgment his own common sense and his own spontaneous moral values. Though Huck

himself runs away from the Widow Douglas to escape from her world of artificiality and the demands of society, he still has to learn from Nigger Jim the human compassion and love which ideally bind human beings together.

In an effort to relieve the peaceful monotony of life on the raft, Huck tries to persuade Jim that they have not been separated, when, in actuality, a fog had caused Huck to become lost in the canoe while Jim, bucking rough water, almost went down on the raft, sick with worry that Huck was lost or drowned. When Nigger Jim finally sees that Huck had been teasing him about a matter so grave as his own death, he says to him,

" . . . When I got all wore out wid work, an wid de callin' for you, en went to sleep, my heart wuz mos' broke be-kase you wuz los', en I didn' k'yer no' mo' what become er me en de raf'. En when I wake up en fine you back ag'in, all safe en soun', de tears come, en I could' a' got down on my knees en kiss yo' foot, I's so thankful. En all you wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie. Dat truck dah is trash; en trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren's en makes 'em ashamed."

Then he got up slow and walked to the wigwam, and went in there without saying anything but that. But that was enough. It made me feel so mean I could almost kissed *his* foot to get him to take it back.

It was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger; but I done it, and I warn't ever sorry for it afterward, neither. I didn't do him no more mean tricks, and I wouldn't done that one if I'd 'a' knowed it would make him feel that way (*Ibid.*, page 126).

Thus Huck is shamed out of his own falseness in his relations with

Jim and never again betrays the mutual trust which the two share henceforth. More fully than ever before, Huck now knows how precious a virtue is moral honesty. Having survived his own moment of weakness, he is ready to endure witnessing various examples of man's cruelty and harshness to his own kind. For the first time seeing such human weaknesses realistically, Huck sees fraud and murder and cowardice for the evils they are. At the same time he feels toward the perpetrators a pity and compassion which better enable him to understand human flaws without denying them, while passionately wishing such human hardness and suffering could never again exist.

THE GRANGERFORD EPISODE

One of the episodes in the story tells of Huck's being taken in to live by the feuding Grangerford family. Fear, suspicion, and force dominate his entrance into the Grangerford home. Cast ashore after the raft has been wrecked, Huck approaches the door of the darkened house only to be surrounded by howling dogs. After he is questioned from within by someone who does not show his face at the opened window, the voice continues:

... "What did you say your name was?"

"George Jackson, sir. I'm only a boy."

"Look here, if you're telling the truth you needn't be afraid — nobody'll hurt you. But don't try to budge; stand right where you are. Rouse out Bob and Tom, some of you, and fetch the guns. . . .

"Snatch that light away, Betsy, you old fool — ain't you got any sense. Put it on the floor behind the front door. Bob, if you and Tom are ready, take your places."

"All ready."

"... Now, all ready. Step forward, George Jackson. And mind, don't you hurry — come mighty slow. If there's anybody with you, let him keep back — if he shows himself he'll be shot. Come along now. Come slow; push the door open yourself — just enough to squeeze in, d'you hear?"

I didn't hurry; I couldn't if I'd wanted to. I took one slow step at a time and there warn't a sound, only I thought I could hear my heart. The dogs were as still as the humans. . . . When I got to the three log doorsteps I heard them unlocking and unbarring and unbolting. I put my hand on the door and pushed it a little and a little more till somebody said, "There, that's enough — put your head in." I done it, but I judged they would take it off.

The candle was on the floor, and there they all was, looking at me, and me at them, for about a quarter of a minute: Three big men with guns pointed at me, which made me wince, I tell you . . . (*Ibid.*, page 139).

In such scenes as the above we have really been *there*, thanks to Twain's narrative skills. With him we suffer in apprehension; our hearts thump with his as these mysterious humans terrorize him. But when they see he is only a boy with no malice in his heart toward them, they instantly change into gentle, solicitous friends, capable of love and warmth both to each other as to strangers in need.

HUCK AND THE "ROYALTY" EPISODE

In the romantic Victorian age, when Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" symbolized the vast popularity of the idealized past, realist Twain was ever the militant foe of paying undeserved homage to royalty as such, be it present or past. He attacks royalty by introducing the Duke of Bridgewater and the Dau-

phin (referred to above). With increasing awe and contempt for such unashamed skulduggery as the two exhibit, Huck watches the operations of his guests as they violate poor, untutored, untamed Huck's high regard for public decency, religion, and the worth of human dignity. Their supreme act of exploitation comes to a climax just before the funeral, as they pose as heirs to the \$6,000 left by Peter Wilks. In a moment of sheer intuition the pair decide to give the money to the three daughters, correctly guessing that, in return for such "trust" they will return it to the uncles for them to invest.

When we got up-stairs everybody gathered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile — twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into the bag again, and I see the king begin to swell himself up for another speech. He says:

"Friends all, my poor brother that lays yonder has done generous by them that's left behind in the vale of sorrers. He has done generous by these yer poor little lambs that he loved and sheltered, and that's left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed him knows that he would 'a' done more generous by 'em if he hadn't ben afeard o' woundin' his dear William and me. Now, wouldn't he? . . . Well, then, what kind o' brothers would it be that'd stand in his way at sech a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that'd rob — yes, rob — sech poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so at sech a time? If I know William — and I think I do — he — well, I'll jest ask him." He turns around and begins to make a lot of signs to the duke with his hands, and the duke he looks at him stupid and leather-headed awhile; then all of a sudden he seems to catch his meaning, and jumps for the king, goo-gooing with all his might for joy, and hugs him

about fifteen times before he lets up. Then the king says, "I knowed it; I reckon that'll convince anybody the way he feels about it. Here Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money — take it all. It's the gift of him that lays yonder, cold but joyful."

Mary Jane she went for him, Susan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them frauds, saying all the time:

"You dear good souls! — how lovely! — how could you!" (*Ibid.*, pp. 222-223).

Rarely have hypocrisy and greed for gain been satirized more effectively. Huck's attitude toward humankind very nearly approximates that of Twain: tenderly he loves the human good which he sees and does, but bitterly he abhors man's inhumanity to man. And once having assessed these most questionable "blessings" of civilization, it is not surprising that wiser, enlightened Huck finally returns to the peace and security of his original self — to a distant land so far away both in place and in time that it exists most really in the spirit and art of Mark Twain, one of our central probers into the morals and hopes and fears of his countrymen.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. How can language as ungrammatical and crude as Huck's ever be classed as great literature?
2. Many critics feel that, while Tom Sawyer is a child's book, *Huckleberry Finn* is for adults. Do you agree or disagree? Why so?
3. Do you feel that Huck turned to nature for truth or for escape?
4. Discuss *Huckleberry Finn* as a moral book.
5. Can a great writer ever be unaware of what he is doing, or of what he does best?

Church Government: Its Organization and Structure

Lesson 9 — The Organization of the Church, Its Purpose and Principles

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, November 1963

Objective: To emphasize the divinity of the organization of the Church and the obligation this places on the membership of the Church.

THE CHURCH TO BE REESTABLISHED

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever (Dan. 2:44).

And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him (Dan. 7:27).

For in mine own due time will I come upon the earth in judgment, and my people shall be redeemed and shall reign with me on earth (D & C 43:29).

1. The Prophet Instructed. In the first vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith, he was instructed by the Son, in the presence of the Father, that no church then existent upon the earth had divine approval.

My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. . . . I asked the Personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right — and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong . . . (SMITH, JOSEPHS P of G P 2:18-19).

2. "Ask and Ye Shall Receive." From the experiences of the Prophet Joseph Smith we are aware that

revelation came to him as a result of his petition. As the problems of organization, administration, or development of the Church arose that he could not solve, the Prophet presented them to the courts on high and received the enlightenment necessary for the progress of the Church and the welfare of mankind. This method insured the restoration of the kingdom no faster than the leaders were able to understand and apply the instruction.

After the first vision there followed years of inquiry and answers. Heavenly beings were the informers, and Joseph received enlightenment and maturity in Church doctrine and organization.

THE AUTHORIZATION OF THE CHURCH ORGANIZATION

As has been pointed out in Lesson 1, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery prayed for instruction upon the subject of baptism. The result of this inquiry was the restoration of the Priesthood. The Priesthood had to be restored before the Church could be organized. Through a revelation in 1830 we are informed that the Prophet was instructed to organize the Church.

The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April —

Which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was called of God, and ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first elder of this church;

And to Oliver Cowdery, who was also called of God, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the second elder of this church, and ordained under his hand (D & C 20:1-3).

Thus, in restoring the Priesthood, the Lord gave Joseph and Oliver, the first and second elders of the Church, the authority by which his Church could be organized and, as we have seen, instructed them to organize the Church. Later he confirmed the name of the Church in revelation, "For thus shall my church be called in the last days, even The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (D & C 115:4; see also *A Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 392-393).

The Priesthood Functions Again. Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, the first two apostles of this dispensation, were so ordained in 1829 by Peter, James, and John. (See D & C 18:9; 20:2-3; 27:12.) In June of the same year (1829) authorization was given to select the first Quorum of Twelve. (D & C 18:26-27.) Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer were appointed to "search out the twelve" (*Ibid.*, 18:37).

At the beginning of this dispensation, the Church was organized with

a first and second elder. On the day of organization others were ordained to different offices in the Priesthood.

The Presidency was established in 1833, and the twelve apostles selected in 1835. From then until now, under the basic principle of continual revelation, the structure of Church government has continued to develop to meet the needs of an expanding membership and the establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth.

THE NEED OF CHURCH ORGANIZATION

Sometimes the question is asked, "What is the need of Church organization?" Dr. John A. Widtsoe in his book, *Rational Theology*, fourth edition, page 89, says:

The Church, the community of persons with the same intelligent faith and desire and practice, is the organized agency through which God deals with his children and presents his will. Moreover, the authority to act for God must be vested on earth in some one organization and not independently in every man.

We are reminded in modern scripture that,

Behold, mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering . . . that is not made in my name? Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law . . . ? (D & C 132:8-11).

The mission of the Church is to establish peace, insure progress, and coordinate the action of those holding the Priesthood toward the welfare and perfection of mankind.

It is through the structure and organization of Church government that the plan of salvation will be

accomplished. In the Social Science lessons last year, emphasis was placed on divine law being the counsel, guidance, and encouragement for the perfection of the children of God and thus the accomplishment of the plan of salvation. The plan leads to the exaltation of man through obedience to divine law. It has already been pointed out that the Church is the Priesthood in action and Priesthood is the authority to act in the name of God. It, the Church, therefore becomes a means of communication between man and God.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

In sacred literature, both ancient and modern, there is obviously a related meaning in the concepts of Church and kingdom. The meaning the two terms have in common refers to Christ's reign personally upon the earth. (Tenth Article of Faith.) This will require a kingdom. The Savior was responsible for the restoration of the Church, with full power and authority in the Priesthood leadership, that his kingdom might be prepared for his coming.

The Old Testament heralds the coming of the King of Glory in great power and majesty. The Jews, in accepting this idea, expected military might with which to re-establish their earthly kingdom. During Christ's ministry on earth, he informed his followers that a sign of his second coming would be when "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24:14).

Today, in the more common or

general usage of the concepts *Church* and *kingdom*, reference is made to the followers of Jesus Christ. A more specific meaning and usage of the concept *kingdom* is in reference to the actual kingdom over which Christ will rule in the last days. In this meaning the concept *Church* is regarded as an essential part of the kingdom.

Christ has delegated his authority to man and commissioned him to set up Christ's kingdom on earth. At the proper time, he will come personally to take the reins of government. The Prophet Joseph reminds us,

It has been the design of Jehovah, from the commencement of the world, and is His purpose now, to regulate the affairs of the world in His own time, to stand as a head of the universe, and take the reins of government in His own hand. When that is done, judgment will be administered in righteousness; anarchy and confusion will be destroyed, and "nations will learn war no more" (DHC V:63).

The Prophet goes on to say that the purpose of divine government is to "promote peace and happiness among the human family" (*Ibid*). The benefits of a perfect reign under the Supreme Ruler will be extended to all who live upon the earth, but only those who honor the Priesthood will function in the government of the kingdom.

THEOCRACY OR DEMOCRACY IN THE CHURCH

The government of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Church being the foundation of the kingdom of God upon this earth, is a theocratic form of government. This means that the operation of the Church is run by God the

Eternal Father. Instruction comes down from above.

Theocracy does, however, provide an abundance of democratic expression. In the various offices and callings of the Church, ample provision is made for counsel and advice in the operation of each assignment. Discussion is a standard procedure in Church administration, and contact with every family is a directive given to each set of officers in the Church. Discussion and contact with members, stimulated by the Spirit of God through the Holy Ghost, provide an ideal situation for the development of consensus, a vital democratic procedure.

In the Doctrine and Covenants 20:65 we read, "No person is to be ordained to any office in this church, where there is a regularly organized branch of the same, without the vote of that church." This is an important element in the operation of the Church. Any person being sustained in an office must stand the scrutiny of the body of the saints; such scrutiny should be done in righteousness, without the elements of jealousy, discrimination, or personal animosity. Any member of the congregation may raise his hand for or against the sustaining of any officer.

Theocracy Requires Perfection. When the members of the Church and the leadership are living the principles of the gospel and are thus in tune with the Spirit of God, they can then receive divine guidance and the Church of God becomes his kingdom on earth. The function of a theocracy is to provide inspiration and revelation as to the right way

for the saints of God to go in order to realize their full potential. (See D & C 121:34-37.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

The purpose of the Church, then, is to prepare the human family for membership and participation in the kingdom of God. It is to provide opportunity and direction for the development of the whole individual. The real objective is the perfection of man.

There is much evidence to support the statement that God's major concern is the perfection of man. In the first place, as intelligence, we existed co-eternally with him. The sacredness of the personality is supported by the fact of the spiritual parenthood of God the Eternal Father. Each person, then, is important to him. This makes clear the continual effort put forth by the Creator to bring all his children back to his presence. The Prophet Joseph tells us that "the mind or the intelligence which man possesses is co-equal [co-eternal] with God himself" (*DHC* VI:310). God provided the spiritual body and thus all men became his children, and spiritual brothers and sisters. Earthly parents become co-partners with God* in bringing his spirit children into this world.

The Call to Repentance. Whenever the Church of God has been upon the earth its duty has been to inform man of the purposes of life, his relationship to God, and his own potential. The Church has established, through divine law, the step-by-step process of achieving the

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full realization of man's divine heritage.

We are told in the scripture (John 3:16-17) that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son" as a sacrifice so that all who believed in him could have everlasting life. The mission of Jesus was not to condemn, but to bring salvation to the children of men.

The instructions to all of the prophets have been to teach people how to gain the most out of life's experience. The people have been taught that repentance and baptism are essential and to recognize that the wisdom of God is a first step to eternal progress and perfection.

The Lord has reminded us that "The worth of souls is great in the sight of God" (D & C 18:10). To bring people to an acceptance of the true way of life will mean great joy with the repentant person in the kingdom of God.

Teaching people at home and abroad to accept the pattern of life that will assure them of their greatest accomplishments in life and exaltation in the celestial kingdom, is the perpetual assignment to the membership of the Church.

It must be remembered that the children of Latter-day Saint families must be taught the gospel also, and the responsibility of teaching them has been placed squarely on their parents. (See D & C 68:25-28.)

Because of the close association with her children, the mother frequently carries the greater share of that joint responsibility. But if she and her husband both understand and honor the Priesthood they will plan together to teach their children to "walk uprightly before the Lord."

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Thoughts for Discussion

1. What prompted the boy Joseph Smith to seek the Lord in prayer — religious nature, inspiration, confusion?
2. What is necessary on the part of human beings to receive guidance from God?
3. Where and when was authorization given to organize the Church of Jesus Christ?
4. Why is it necessary to have a definite Church organization?
5. What is the true meaning of the brotherhood of man? Does this meaning apply to all members of the Church?

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So suddenly there I was lonely;
So sudden were the tears that burn,
Seeing the artist's painted wagon,
Her painted wheels that seemed to turn;

The dappled team, the hay load swaying,
Driver becoming my father there,
And all of youth and past returning
Back to me from the other-where. . . .

It was so suddenly I saw them,
Framed in gold at the gallery,
So long after the field was sold,
That her brush gave them back to me.

Sunset Art

Pearle M. Olsen

Crimson velvet mountains
Brushed with blues in
Shadowed indentations;
Nature's varied markings —
Valley, vale, and crevice.
Time for evening meditations.

Bergundy the velvet —
Indigo the blues, as
Color-throwing sunset rays
Hurl deepest hues
On plushy eastern mountains.
Page the artist and the muse!

Minutes quietly beget
Slumberous peaks in silhouette;
Velvet of the darkest jet.

Street Lights

Vesta N. Fairbairn

At night
Valley cities
Are a pirate's treasure cache —
Rubies, emeralds, diamonds,
And gold.

Summer

Leora Larsen

The sun's a still alarm clock
That stirs the trees alive
And lights the satin roses
And calls bees from the hive.

I love cooling shaded dawns
When noisy small things sleep;
I approach my writing pool
Ready to plunge in deep.

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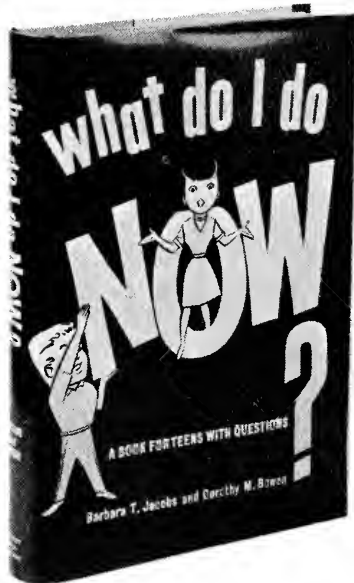
To My Dear Friend

Lottie H. Singley

It isn't so much what you have done
That makes me love you so;
Or your good advice that spurred me on,
Or the faith you always show.

There were others who served me well,
Advice was gladly lent.
When living life seemed hardest
Your listening was intent.

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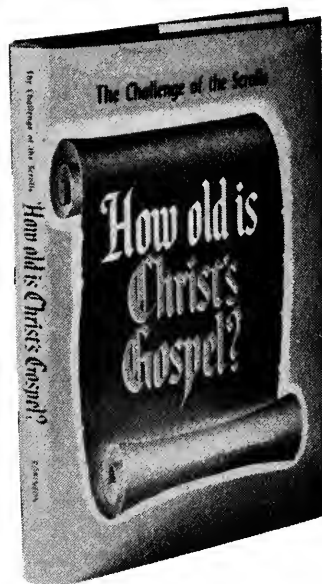


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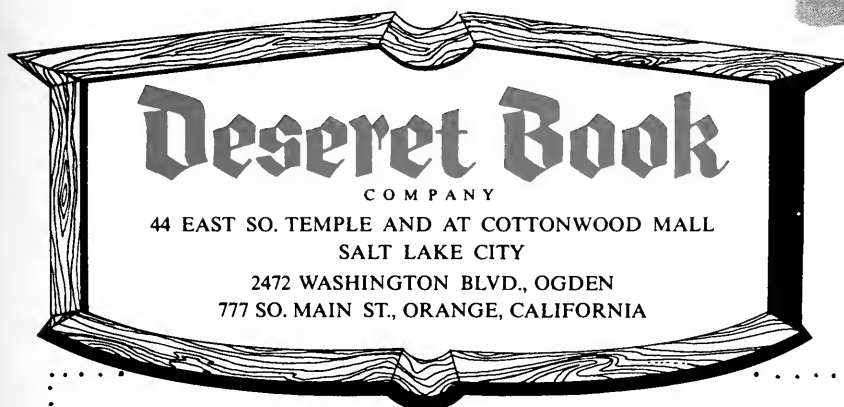


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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR



Yesterday's Gold

Dorothy J. Roberts

Yesterday her childhood
And the trembling leaves were there,
But the amber carpet scattered
And the tree above grew bare.

The limbs no longer hold
The warmth of child and leaf,
And I have learned at length
How subtle, time, how brief.

Could child and leaf pour gold
Upon my heart today,
Grown wiser, I would know
How soon they slip away,

And reaching back, enthralled,
Would drink my brimming cup
Till weary as a leaf
She held her small arms up. . . .

But night has stripped the bough
And footsteps cannot find
The gold of yesterday
That fell on earth and mind.

Today I hardly know
Just where I paused and stood,
Since gold no longer lights
This corner of the wood.

- The Cover: Autumn in American Fork Canyon, Utah
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Photograph by L. Paul Roberts
- Art Layout: Dick Scopes
- Illustrations: Mary Scopes

From Near and Far

If you want to take a very enjoyable trip, read the article in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* written by Claire Noall, "A Road by the Sea." To make the trip more interesting, were those lovely pictures, so vivid and colorful. Surely Claire has some more articles which are worthwhile, and more pictures she can tell us about.

—Olive Sharp
Salt Lake City, Utah

In the unusually splendid *Relief Society Magazine* for June, I especially appreciate the article on Norway, with its beautiful color pictures, the result of careful planning and artistic study, by Claire Noall. I hope we have more of such articles by such a gifted writer.

—Hortense Y. Hammond
Salt Lake City, Utah

As a result of *The Relief Society Magazine* Birthday Congratulations column published in May to Sarah Benjamin, age ninety-one, she received a letter on her birthday from the man who baptized her in Providence, Rhode Island, sixty-six years ago - in 1897. As a young woman, she had traveled all alone from her home in England to this country. One of the young missionaries who taught her the gospel was Willis K. Johnson now living in Springville, Utah, with his wife Eva. It has been a joyous reunion for these lovely people after all these many years — thanks to the *Magazine*.

—Mabel B. Liddell
San Francisco, California

I have been taking the *Magazine* for a long time and have enjoyed every issue. The size is designed for convenience and beauty, and the lessons and many articles and features have been improved for easier reading and understanding and better teaching and class rapport, but the gospel truths, genuine love and interest, and faith-building are the same now as when I was first introduced to the *Magazine*.

—Esther C. Riggs
Payson, Arizona

How many times I have received inspiration from the magnificent *Relief Society Magazine*. As a young mother, I have found the May issue to be especially uplifting. Such worthwhile hints for good homemaking as in Elna P. Haymond's story about her mother give remarkable insight into our duties as mothers. And what mother could help but be touched and grateful for her children after reading "Early Years Are a Mother's Glory," by Leona Fetzer Wintch, and "Too Busy?" by Annella Barnes? Another outstanding article in this issue is Leola Seely Anderson's "As the Heart Grows."

—Sue Jane Alvord
Glendale, California

We would all from the Coventry Ward like to tell you how much we enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. We like the new look very much — it makes the *Magazine* more interesting. Also, we like the photographs of our sisters from our lands.

—Eveline Austin
Coventry, England

After reading and enjoying the *Magazine* for the past several years, I would like to thank you for the most complete reading material I have ever read. It teaches and guides; it inspires, comforts, and reprimands. It is all things pleasurable in reading and learning. I also thank my mother-in-law who first introduced me to *Relief Society* and the *Magazine*, and has provided me with this most precious gift for eight years.

—Alice Stoddard
Auburn, Washington

We are so very proud of each issue of the *Magazine*, and feel that it is one of our great tools in the missionary program here in Hawaii.

—Louise F. Brooks
Former President
Hawaii Mission
Relief Society
Honolulu, Hawaii

The Relief Society Magazine

SEPTEMBER 1963 VOLUME 50 NUMBER 9

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Associate Editor: Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager: Belle S. Spafford

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Birthday Greetings to

President David O. McKay

President Belle S. Spafford

RELIEF Society members join with other members of the Church in extending to President David O. McKay best wishes for a happy ninetieth birthday on Sunday, September 8, 1963. May the love and esteem felt for him by members of the Church, as well as by countless nonmember friends, help to gladden the day for him as he meets with his loved ones in the intimate family circle. May his glorious past accomplishments, coupled with his magnificent present leadership, serve as an encouraging indication to him of future growth and expansion of the Church under his inspired guidance.

Nearly two million members of the Church residing in many parts of the world revere President McKay as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and God's chosen servant to preside at this time as President of his Church on the earth. To President McKay have been given all the keys of authority of the Priesthood and of the Church upon earth. By the word of the Lord he is President of the High Priesthood of the Church, and, as such, he presides over the Priesthood, and every office in the Church is under his direction while he himself is directed of God.

As the Prophet, he is the one

chosen and inspired by God to speak in his name regarding future events and happenings pertaining to the Church and mankind. As the Seer, he is the one who, with divinely inspired discernment and insight, foresees that which is necessary for the onward movement of the Church and the righteous progress of its people. As the Revelator, he is the only one on earth at this time authorized to receive revelation for the Church. He is the living oracle of God to whom the Lord reveals whatever is necessary for the conduct of the Church. The Prophet Joseph Smith declared this to be "the order of the Church" (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 111).

In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 107, verses 91-93 we read:

And again, the duty of the President of the office of the High Priesthood is to preside over the whole church, and to be like unto Moses —

Behold, here is wisdom; yea, to be a seer, a revelator, a translator, and a prophet, having all the gifts of God which he bestows upon the head of the church.

As the chosen one of the Lord for this day to be head of the Church, serving in the office of President, accepted and upheld as such by vote of the Priesthood and laity of the



Church assembled in a General Conference, President McKay holds an extremely taxing and responsible office. Office within the Church is not part of the Priesthood, but it is from the Priesthood that the office derives its authority and power. Office is the service or duty to be performed; the line of work to be followed.

As we consider the rapid growth and expansion of the Church today, the duties incident to the office of President are overwhelming, and the responsibilities resting upon the President are beyond comprehension to most of us. One almost wonders how mortal man can meet the end-

less requirements. Yet, President McKay meets the duties of each day with poise, graciousness, wisdom, and diligence, coming to his office in the very early hours of the morning and often remaining past the ordinary working day.

The General Presidency of Relief Society has been favored in having frequent opportunity to see President McKay impressively exercise the varied functions of his calling — Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and President of the Church — in behalf of Relief Society and the sisters who comprise its membership. We have stood awed by his insight and understanding, his counsel and direction;

and we have rejoiced in the blessings that have come to us through him. We know of a surety that he holds the keys to the kingdom of God on earth.

As we contemplate the greatness of his position as Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and President of the Church, we are led to contemplate how one comes by such an exalted position. It is not by chance, nor by the whims or machinations of men. The Lord has told us that he rules in the heavens and in the earth beneath in all wisdom and prudence. He showed unto Abraham

. . . the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones;

And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born.

Certainly President David O. McKay was one of these noble and great spirits chosen before the world was for his great earthly calling.

But this is not enough, for the actions of his earth life have had to enter into his present greatness and exalted calling. He has had to prove himself here, continuing in diligence and righteousness from day to day. Born a choice spirit of goodly parents, he has devoted his life to the service of his fellow men, and the work of the Master. He has been tireless in his efforts to build the kingdom of God on earth. He has traveled far and wide, carrying the

gospel message by precept and example. He has sat in the highest councils of the Church, being ordained an apostle by President Joseph F. Smith on April 9, 1906. He was called to office in the First Presidency as Second Counselor to President Heber J. Grant in October 1934. He served as President of the Council of the Twelve from October 1950 until April 1951. He has magnified every calling that has come to him.

President McKay is by nature tender, kind, considerate, and gracious, at the same time he is firm and unyielding in upholding right. So penetrating is he in his judgments and so fair that one does not question, but accepts. So understanding and wise is his counsel, given always with sensitivity to the feelings and position of another, that one is honored to receive it and joys in following it.

He has elevated the position of womankind. He has ennobled the designation "mother" and "wife," and has engreathed the role of homemaker. He has recognized woman's compassionate nature and honored her in her service. His great heart is continually evidenced in his thoughtful considerations of the sisters of the Church.

At this birthday season for President McKay, we express gratitude for his life and labors and also for Sister McKay, his beloved and devoted companion and helpmeet through the years. May our expressions of love, esteem, and gratitude for our President be daily evidenced by our obedience to the commandments of the Lord, whose leading representative he is upon the earth.

The Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Conference of the International Council of Women

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

It is seventy-five years since Emily S. Richards, Relief Society General Board member, journeyed to Washington, D. C., as a delegate of Relief Society for the Territory of Utah. She went to attend a meeting which resulted in Relief Society, at the instance of President Wilford Woodruff, becoming a charter member of the National Council of Women of the United States and the International Council of Women. In anticipation of the event, the *Woman's Exponent* said, "The union of women in this work will be a strong lever to lift them from comparative obscurity to a much higher and loftier plane, and will give to the various departments of woman's work and industries an impetus not before apparent" (March 15, 1888).

The 17th Triennial Assembly held in Washington, D.C., June 19-30, 1963, reemphasized the original concept declared by the members in 1888 that "We . . . do hereby freely band ourselves together into a federation of all races, creeds and traditions, to further the application to

society, custom and law of the Golden Rule." Madame Lefaucheux, International President, in her opening address pointed out that the Council works for the benefit of humanity in general and, in particular, for the category of individuals who do not yet have equal rights.

There were representatives of fifty-one countries having national council organizations located in Australia, New Zealand, the Western Hemisphere, Africa, Asia, Europe, and the Middle East. Seven new councils were admitted at the closing plenary session, bringing the total to fifty-eight countries. Observers from additional countries were also present.

Among the many women of international reputation who took part, were Princess Prem Purachattra of Bangkok, Thailand, who has started many welfare projects in her land, with special interest in the crippled and mentally retarded; Rachel Carson, author of *The Sea Around Us*, who was given a special citation by the National Council of

Women of the United States "because she has shocked men and women into an awareness of their responsibility to protect future generations." This was the first citation of its kind to be given to "a woman of conscience." It was presented by Dr. Janet Travell, White House physician. Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, twin sister of the Shah of Iran, was called upon to give the first report of a national president in the first plenary session, in recognition of the inauguration of the new Iranian constitution which places Iranian women, for the first time, in a position of civil and political equality with men.

Two languages were recognized in all sessions — French and English; however, before another triennial meeting, Spanish translation may be added.

Madame Marie-Hélène Lefaucheux retired as president at the conclusion of the conference, having presided for six years, the limit of time set by the constitution. The incoming President, Mrs. Erwin Schuller of Great Britain, has recently served as a United Nations liaison officer and has a great deal of experience in international work among women.

THE work of the International Council of Women is carried out through a board of officers headed by the president. The executive committee consists of members of the Board; presidents of national councils; and international conveners (chairmen); and vice-conveners of standing committees.

The fifteen standing committees represent interests in Arts and Let-

ters; Child and Family; Cinema; Education; Finance; Health; Home Economics; Housing; Laws and Suffrage; Migration; Peace and International Relations; Press and Publicity; Radio and Television; Social Welfare; Trades and Professions.

Five plenary sessions were held at which time needed business was transacted: hearing summarized reports from each of the national councils; reports from standing committees; voting on resolutions submitted by the standing committees; reports of (International Council of Women) representatives of other international bodies; announcements of election returns; formal affiliations of new councils; and the outgoing President's opening address and the address of the incoming President.

It is informative, interesting, and enlightening to sit in meetings where opinions, discussions, and reports are made from countries of such varying economic and social conditions. As an example, the education committee met four times. It first reported on the carrying out of its program initiated in Istanbul, Turkey, at the last Triennial Meeting. A resolution was then introduced, sponsored by Great Britain, with an amendment by Southern Rhodesia, to encourage qualified persons as a part of their professional training to accept positions in the developing countries. This was discussed and modified and finally adopted in a plenary session. Representatives of twenty-nine countries were present at the first educational committee meeting. A member of UNESCO of the United Nations reported on a survey that it had



Courtesy Washington International Press

**RETIRING PRESIDENT AND INCOMING PRESIDENT OF THE
INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN**

Retiring President Mme. Marie-Hélène Lefauchaux of France (right), and incoming President Mrs. Erwin M. Schuller of Great Britain (left).

**OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE
UNITED STATES**

Mrs. Sophia Yarnall Jacobs, President (right), and Mrs. Louis J. Robbins, First Vice-President (left), seated at a plenary session. The pole at the right holds the standard of the United States National Council delegation.

Courtesy Washington International Press





Courtesy Washington International Press

**RELIEF SOCIETY REPRESENTATIVES AT THE MEETING OF THE
INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN**

President Belle S. Spafford (right), and Counselor Marianne C. Sharp (left) taking notes through instant translation at a plenary session.

made on illiteracy, to find that forty-four per cent of the world adult population is illiterate and sixty-five per cent can do no more than write their name — are not able to read and write. There is an increase of twenty to twenty-five million a year of illiterates because of the children not being taught to read and write. An adult, it was stated, learns five times faster than a child, but forgets in two weeks if not given suitable reading material.

IN THIS connection, Turkey told of the printing of a book of ABC's which pertained particularly to women's interests instead of a child's. The Indian representative suggested that other countries could profit by the mistake India made in reverting to many languages when it received its independence. They are now trying to have Eng-

lish as the number one language, since they cannot have enough teachers, books, or classrooms to teach in a multiplicity of languages. Instead of more than one thousand languages they now have three, and English is making a great comeback.

Great Britain voiced the great lack of teachers they have; and they are beginning to get over the point to their government, that money spent on education is an investment. There is a greatly increased interest in education in England. New Zealand reported that Maoris living far from schools are now being reached by correspondence courses.

Australia spoke of the great work done there with lessons on the radio. This opened a discussion on the effect of solitary learning on the personality of a child. In the plan for the next Triennium the slogan "Decade of Development" is to be

implemented in education through continuing to decrease illiteracy and to work for the eradication of discrimination in education, with particular emphasis on girls and women being given the same curricula as boys and men, and for women to seek for administrative positions and policy-making ones.

The Nigerian delegate received a laughing response when she declared that "if women want to hold office, then it is up to us to vote for women, instead of the majority voting for men."

One problem which was stressed by delegates of many countries was the need for vocational training for teenagers not able to keep up with their classes in secondary schools. If they can continue on and learn a trade, being given a diploma for it which will give them status, the delegates felt they will not join the ever increasing ranks of dropout delinquents.

IN AN effort to implement further the work of the Council during the three-year interim of meetings, "regional councils" are being set up as were provided for at the Istanbul meeting. There are European, Scandinavian, a group of the Americas, an African program, and a Middle East group. There is also projected a "twinning" grouping in which a so-called "developed" country twins with one which is not so well developed. An example of this is Australia "twinning" with Thailand.

THE delegates in Washington had in mind the international meeting of women which was being held in

Moscow at the same time (International Democratic Women's Federation — IDWF), probably the reason why the Russians sent up a woman in space as a publicity measure.

As the days of the Washington council passed, however, the communist meeting made headlines over the disagreement of delegates, some of whom walked out. In contrast, although tense issues came before the International Council of Women, there was a pervading spirit of helpfulness and friendliness. One smiled at every other delegate and many spoke of the sisterhood of the assembled women.

At the last meeting, African delegates sent a letter stating that they expected racial discrimination on their Continent to change in three years, or they would consider withdrawal from the Council. In reply, the South African delegate quoted the words of past President Lady Aberdeen "Let us look to the things that bind us and not divide us." She then stated that their Council was not their government and plead for tolerance, reminding the African Councils that she had voted to accept the African Councils which had just been admitted to membership. The matter was then dropped in good spirit.

It was a matter of regret to many that no meeting was opened by prayer. It was noteworthy, moreover, that whenever gratitude to Deity or an expression of his goodness to his children was expressed in a talk or report, applause followed.

Of special interest to Latter-day Saints was a resolution which was sponsored by the Health Commit-

tee and accepted in a plenary session that "The International Council of Women's Health Committee urges the Health Committees of the National Councils of Women to intensify their educational efforts to inform the public in general and young people in particular regarding the health hazards of cigarette smoking." The few women who smoked during the sessions were in marked contrast to other Triennials.

Delegates from all over the world expressed appreciation to the National Council of Women of the United States for all the Council had done to make possible this meeting, assisting delegates financially and providing excellent housing for the Triennial meeting. One delegate expressed her thanks for the "United States' warm and sisterly welcome, which has taught tenderness, delicacy, beauty, sensitivity, and sacrifice."

MRS. Sophia Yarnall Jacobs, President of the National Council of Women of the United States, provided outstanding, gracious leadership. She was tireless in planning and carrying out desired activities, from visits to enrich professional interests to purely enjoyable functions. The opening buffet dinner was tendered by the National Council of Women of the United States. A tour of public rooms in the White House, with the delegates being received by Mrs. Auchincloss, mother of Mrs. Kennedy, was of great interest. Visits to art galleries; urban housing developments; artist studios; hospitality in Washington residents' homes; an address by Esther Peterson, Undersecretary of

Labor, and a slide presentation of a few fields of employment for women in the United States at the Labor Department; and music entertainment were among the many scheduled affairs. A woman's touch was noted in the artistic arrangements of beautiful flowers provided for the meetings.

The closing event was a reception and buffet dinner given to the delegates by the State Department in its building. Mrs. Rusk, wife of the Secretary of State, received in the long drawing room. Three crystal chandeliers highlighted the green of the walls and rare pictures and furniture of the Colonial period. The buffet supper was served in the great dining room overlooking the Potomac River, with the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials standing out among the sea of treetops. In the dining room six exquisite crystal chandeliers highlighted the colorful, lustrous dresses of five hundred women of many nations and shone on the gleaming marble walls with black marble pilasters. The Great Seal of the United States, in gold, adorned the far wall. Golden draperies at the high windows and a golden-hued, deep-pile carpet accented the elegance of the room and the elegance of the occasion.

One came away from this Seventy-fifth Anniversary Triennial feeling the sisterhood of all women, and with an enhanced awareness of the world situation and the problems facing women world wide, many of which are common to all. There also came to one a reaffirmation of the inherent goodness of women and the God-implanted virtue of service to fellow beings.



Dusk Gold

Christie Lund Coles

The day has almost spent its gold,
And yet, there is enough to make
My wondering, lifted heart behold
The gold-sequinned aspen trees and break.

He Knew the Prophet Joseph Smith

IV — President Lorenzo Snow

Preston Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

LORENZO SNOW, the fifth President of the Church, was born in Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, April 3, 1814. He was the son of Oliver and Rosetta Snow.

Lorenzo's sister, Eliza R. Snow, joined the Church when Lorenzo was a youth; when he reached the age of twenty-two, he also allied himself with the organization.

He went to Kirtland and became a close friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith; he also filled a mission in Ohio, Kentucky, and Missouri.

In 1840 he filled a mission for the Church in England, which continued for nearly three years.

After the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, in 1844, Lorenzo followed the leadership of President Brigham Young in the move to the West. In 1849 he was made a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. He then filled a three-year mission for the Church in Italy.

In 1853 Lorenzo moved to Brigham City, Box Elder County, Utah, where he made a permanent home. He remained there until he was called to be president of the Salt Lake Temple in 1893.

After the death of President Wilford Woodruff, in September 1898, Lorenzo Snow became the President

of the Church. He presided until his death in October 1901.

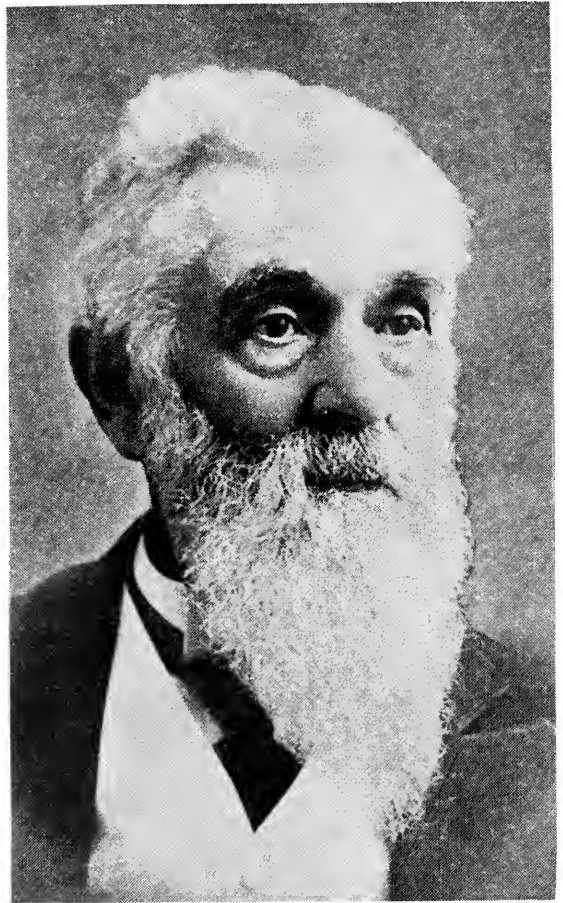
In a sketch of the Prophet Joseph Smith, which Lorenzo Snow wrote in 1850, when he served as president of the Italian Mission, there is a brief description of the early life of the Prophet, as follows:

“Joseph Smith, Junior, whom it pleased the Lord to select and appoint to restore the primitive gospel, and apostolic priesthood, was born in 1805, in Vermont, United States. When about fifteen years of age, being seriously impressed with the necessity of seeking the Lord and preparing for a future state, his mind became much perplexed through difficulties thrown in the path of his researches by the multitude of religious sects and parties with which he was surrounded. Each system required belief, and gave hope, but none could communicate a knowledge of its divine authority. In comparing them, one with another, there seemed to be too much confusion; the same appeared in looking at each separately.

“Turning therefore from these clashing systems, and being encouraged and inspired with the following passage in St. James, ‘If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God,’

he retired to a grove a little distance from his father's house, and in fervent prayer besought the Lord to communicate with him and reveal the way of salvation. While thus engaged, a light brilliant and glorious appeared in the heavens, gradually descending towards him till he was enveloped in it and wrapped in celestial vision; when he beheld two glorious beings, similar in dress and appearance, who informed him that the religious sects had all departed from the ancient doctrine of the apostles, and that the gospel with its gifts and blessings should be made known to him at a future period. Many important things were manifested in this vision which the brevity of this work will not permit to notice.

"On the evening of the twenty-first of September 1823, having retired to rest, his mind became filled with anxious desires to receive the information which he had been previously promised. While engaged in prayer and striving to exercise faith, the room became filled with light far surpassing that of noonday, but in the midst thereof appeared an additional glory surrounding a person whose countenance was as lightning, yet so full of goodness and innocence and of such a glorious appearance as to banish all apprehension. He announced himself as an angel of God, commissioned to inform him that the covenant with ancient Israel touching their posterity should soon be accomplished — that the great work preparatory to the second coming of Messiah should speedily commence, and the plenitude of the gospel be made known to all nations. He also in-



PRESIDENT LORENZO SNOW

formed him that the aborigines of America were a remnant of Israel who, when they first inhabited that land, enjoyed the ministry of inspired men; that records of the most important events in their history had been preserved from their first settlement down to the period of their national degeneracy; that these records had been concealed in the earth by one of their last Prophets, and a promise of the Lord given that they should be revealed in the last days.

"The following day the angel returned and instructed Mr. Smith to go to the place where the sacred records were deposited" (*The Biography and Autobiography of Lorenzo Snow* by his sister ELIZA R. SNOW, pp. 136-138).



Dorothea J. Neilson

The Restyling

ANYONE who might have seen Hildy Carlson as she marched resolutely down Main Street that morning would have thought, now, there goes a woman with a purpose. And they would have been right about Hildy. They also would have thought her younger than the sixty years she was. In fact, this morning Hildy herself felt so new, she was almost reborn. She had a spring to her step, and she breathed in the fresh, clean air with new savor. She enjoyed the familiarity of Main Street even though she saw it now with greater clarity and observation than before.

Hildy slowed her step as she rounded the corner to the Elite Beauty Salon. She paused for a moment before the window and peered in at the neat row of hair dryers. It was still early and no one as yet sat under them. They reminded her of cocoons — a shell

into which something unlovely withdrew only to emerge later much improved. Then she entered the shop and stepped up to the desk.

“Good morning. I’m Hildy Carlson. You have a nine o’clock appointment for me.”

Looking at her appointment pad and up at Hildy, the receptionist smiled. “Yes, we do — it’s a restyling job, isn’t it?”

Hildy nodded in agreement and smiled back.

“Jane, your nine o’clock appointment is here,” called the receptionist.

Hildy waited until Jane appeared and was pleased to find that she looked to be an agreeable young lady. She followed Jane to her booth and sat down in the chair that was held out for her in front of the vanity table.

“You wished to have your hair restyled, Mrs. Carlson. Is there any-

thing particular you have in mind?"

"Well, not exactly," hesitated Hildy. "But I do want it arranged so that I'll be able to dress it myself." The firm determination was back again as soon as she had spoken. "You see, I'm somewhat troubled with arthritis in my shoulder and find it difficult to hold my arms up to set my hair. A neighbor has been doing it in pin curls for me for years, but I'd like to relieve her of this job, so if you could style it so I could. . . ."

While Hildy had been speaking, Jane had been studying her face and her hair, and now she interrupted, "There are lots of ladies in your predicament, Mrs. Carlson, and I know just how we can help you. You have lovely thick hair, and there is also a nice natural wave to it. I think we can cut and style it for you so that a few wave clips will be all you will need to set it with. I really believe you'll be quite pleased with the results. Does that sound all right?"

"That sounds just wonderful. I really do want to be able to fix it myself."

While the work was in progress, Hildy had time to reflect on the chain of circumstances that brought her to the beauty shop. It had begun years ago. She supposed it really began with George's illness. He was sick for so long before he died that she had lost most of her optimism and high spirits in those sad years. When her husband finally died, she felt as though she, too, was no longer alive, but the necessity of making a home for her two sons transcended the grief, and Hildy did what she had to do to

keep the little family together. Uncle Leo was so good to help them and the Church had given a helping hand, too. When the boys were able they had worked hard, unselfish of their own desires. Their mother always came first. Hildy had been so proud of them — she still was! And so it went through the years, until the boys were now away from home — George, Jr. was married and in college, and Mike was in Europe with the army, but they still faithfully sent her money each month for her needs. Hildy busied herself around the house and worked in her garden. Many said it was the prettiest in the neighborhood because of her artful color arrangement in placing the plants and flowers, but Hildy wasn't happy.

LAST Saturday while she was at Fay Ellis', as usual, getting her hair set, she had unburdened herself to Fay. Goodness knows, Fay had enough to think about with her five little ones and her husband gone so much of the time, but Hildy had to talk to someone. She had told Fay that she felt so purposeless and also rather hurt that George, Jr. and his Edie didn't come to visit more often. She knew how busy he was with school and all, and Edie working to help him through, but they really didn't live so many miles away.

Fay was thoughtful as she set the neat rows of pin curls in Hildy's hair. Then Fay's brow furrowed.

"Hildy, do you mind if I ask you a question?"

Hildy felt a vague uneasiness. She knew how forthright Fay could be.

"No, of course not."

"What do you talk about when

George and Edie are visiting?"

"Why . . . I . . . I don't know, nothing special."

"Do you tell them how your shoulders hurt after you've worked in the garden" (Hildy's mouth began to open in surprise, but Fay went on), "and that your arthritis is acting up again, and that if only their father were still alive. . . ?"

Hildy's mouth opened and closed in surprise.

"Do you?" Fay really wanted to know.

"Why, yes, I guess I do . . . sometimes."

"Sometimes?" It was Fay again.

"Well . . . but how did you . . . ?"

Fay broke in again, "Hildy, you and I have been neighbors for ten years. I guess I've heard the same thing quite often."

"Oh!" Hildy felt crushed.

"Now, don't go and feel hurt. I love you, you know, and really want you to be happy." Fay was now in her lecturing position, one hand on her hip, the other hand, holding the comb, was pointed directly at her, the comb like a great white extension of the pointed finger. Hildy was glad to know Fay loved her. It helped.

Fay went on, "Honestly, now, Hildy Carlson, you could do so much more with your life. Here you are only sixty" (Fay was young and she said sixty as though she thought that was still young, too) "and you act like you're an old, old lady! What do you do with your talents?"

"I don't have any talents," said Hildy quietly.

"Oh, bosh. Everybody does. They may be underdeveloped, but they are there. You have a good sense

of balance and color. How many times has Ferris Crowther tried to get you to go to that community art class with him?" (Hildy remained silent, as she knew Fay well enough not to interrupt her while she was getting her mind spoken.) "He's lonely just the way you are since his wife died, and he's such a fine man." (Hildy silently agreed to that point. Ferris was a very fine man.) "And, furthermore, what have you done to help yourself? There is Edie, working to put George, Jr. through college and to send you some money each month, and you let them!"

THIS time Hildy spoke up, "But, Fay, what could I do, at my age, and with no formal training?"

"You'd find loads of things to do once you got started on the possibilities, and you know what — I'll bet you'd feel lots better, too — being busy keeps your mind off of lots of things, including discomfort."

Apparently Fay was finished for the moment because she again began working on the pin curls. Hildy was glad she had the back of her head to Fay. She wouldn't want her to see the hurt in her eyes and the tears that wanted to come.

A painful silence followed before Fay broke it. "Hildy, you're not hurt, are you?"

Hildy tried to explain with conviction, "No . . . I'm just thinking, Fay."

When the hair dressing was finished, Fay had said, "Just a minute, Hildy, I want to get you something." She returned with a recent issue of a national magazine. "There are some very interesting things in this

issue. Perhaps you'd enjoy reading them."

They parted at the door, Fay saying cheerily, "See you in the morning, about eight." (That was when Fay would comb out and arrange her hair for church.)

Hildy's steps were leaden as she walked home. Too upset by their conversation to eat supper, she had gone immediately to bed, taking the proffered magazine with her. Scanning the table of contents, one listing an article on geriatrics caught her attention and she turned to it. Many of the words blurred before her eyes as she was still thinking about her conversation with Fay, but some of the phrases stood out from the pages as if they had been outlined in bold type . . . "pre-occupied with their aches and pains . . . not prepared for old age . . . allowing minds to become stagnant."

Was she like that? Did her children feel like that about her? Hildy tossed in her bed restlessly, examining her thoughts. *Stagnant*. A terrible word. Everybody knew what a stagnant pond was like — its inhabitants not much appreciated. Could a mind become like that, *truly*? Such a contrast to the clear crystal stream where fish darted like quicksilver arrows in its ripples. Work. The Church leaders often said something about re-enthroning work, and idleness being a curse. Was it hers? Self-respect. Independence. Had she been, or was she like these people she had read about? Was Fay right? I want to be happy, thought Hildy, I want to be respected, useful, giving of myself, but how . . . how? Hildy ached

— not with pain this night, but with regret for the wasted years of the past that could have been better — with wanting for greater personal happiness.

Finally, still unable to sleep, Hildy had crawled out of bed again and down on her knees. "Heavenly Father, please help me. Show me the way to brighter horizons. . . ." Sleep came easier after that, and in the morning she had made the beauty appointment first thing.

Now she was brought up quickly to the present by Jane's query, "Mrs. Carlson, how about a slight blue rinse to your hair? It would give the gray some lovely highlights."

Well, why not? This was going to be the new Hildy. "Yes, I think that would be very nice."

The hair styling completed, Hildy was amazed and pleased with the results. It was very becoming and she knew she could do it herself at home almost as well. Wouldn't Fay be surprised?

Hildy spied Bishop Jenkins as she was going down the block on her way home. She hurried her step in order to catch up with him. "Bishop!"

"Oh, Sister Carlson, I almost didn't recognize you. How good of you to stop me."

"Bishop, I've heard there is a real shortage of Primary teachers. I know I'm not as young as most of them are, but would you . . . do you think I could be considered for a job in the Primary?"

"Why, Sister Black will be delighted to hear about this. I'm sure you will be hearing from us. Thank you so much for volunteering."

Hildy hurried home, her heart already lighter. She proceeded to the next step of the plan she had worked out in her turmoil two nights before. She dialed Betty Williams' home. Betty was a recent widow with a three-year-old child. She had been looking for weeks for someone to care for little Carol so she could go to work part time to help to support them.

"Betty, this is Hildy Carlson. Have you found anyone yet to tend Carol while you work?"

"No. And there is a job opening with good pay that I can qualify for. I'm almost desperate. Do you know of anyone?"

"Yes. Hildy Carlson!"

"You? Why I thought your arthritis . . . would you really? I'd be so relieved to have Carol with someone like you."

"It's all settled then. You go ahead and get your job and let me know the arrangements when you're ready." As she hung up, Hildy again experienced the glow that came from making someone else glad. She wouldn't earn a great deal, but it would certainly help, and she planned to take some of her handiwork down to the Craft Shop to see if they would buy it. People were always saying that Hildy Carlson did beautiful work. Perhaps the people at the Craft Shop would think so, too. Wouldn't George, Jr. and Edie be surprised one of these days when she returned their check?

Two days ago Hildy had wondered if Fay really did love her — after all, that was quite a Scotch blessing she had received! Now she knew Fay had meant what she said,

or she wouldn't have wanted to help, and she had helped! Hildy decided it was a good time to relax, now that her hair was done and the arrangements made with Betty Williams. She went out on the lawn and surveyed her little domain. She really did have a nice home and yard. Today she saw this more clearly than ever before and yet nothing had really changed. "No, there's where you're wrong, Hildy," she told herself. "You have changed." The air smelled so good, Hildy stood straighter to breathe more deeply. H'mmm. Had her shoulders ached yet today? She had to admit she really hadn't noticed. Too busy so far.

Ferris Crowther just then came down the walk and studied her. "Well, Hildy, what have you done to yourself? You look different today."

"It's my hair. Do you approve?"

"I'll say. Listen, I'm going to town in a few minutes. Is there anything you need to get? You're welcome to ride along."

"No, thank you." Hildy stopped short. "Wait! Yes, there is! I do believe I'd like to try painting — just for fun — to see if I can mix colors on paper as well as in my garden. Would you be willing to help me pick out some beginners' supplies?"

Ferris Crowther said, "I'd be delighted. You'll love painting. A whole new horizon will open up to you."

Hildy thought happily, as she went into the house for her purse, it already has — that brighter horizon I prayed for. That was quite a restyling I got!



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ETHEL PERCY ANDRUS, President of the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of Retired Persons, in June at an area conference in Salt Lake City, Utah, presented a citation for "significant and valued contributions to the enrichment of retirement living," to the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. President Belle S. Spafford received the citation for Relief Society. In addressing the conference, Mrs. Andrus declared that older people should be recognized as constructive citizens who have much experience, knowledge, and pioneering spirit to give to their communities.

A RECENT ISSUE of the *Saturday Review* devoted a special section to "The Education of Women," with articles by a number of male and female educators. Statistically it was noted that women in the United States receive thirty-six per cent of all bachelor's and first professional degrees, thirty-one per cent of all master's degrees, and eleven per cent of all Ph.D. degrees. However, it was pointed out, only six per cent of the medical doctors in the country are women, and two and one-half

per cent of the qualified lawyers are women. This is a much lower percentage than the ratios of women doctors and lawyers in Canada and several European countries.

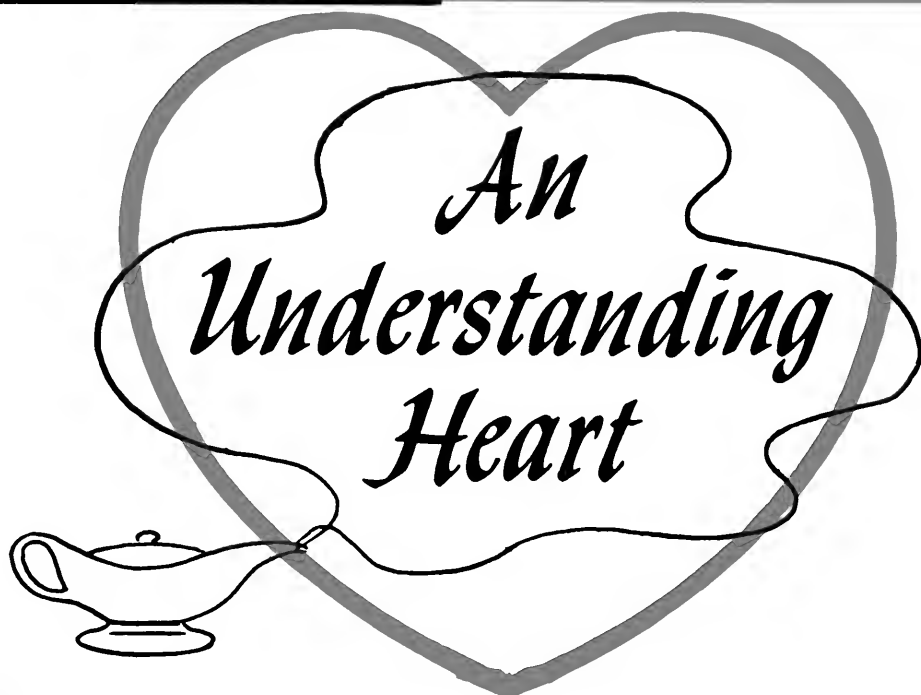
MRS. LEONA HUBER, Mesa, Arizona, received the "Mesa Artist of the Year" award in May 1963. Mrs. Huber is a noted violinist and a former member of the Women's Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles, California. Her musical activities in Mesa have included participation in organizing a musicians' club, being a partner in a music store, and playing violin solos for church meetings, community events, and wedding receptions. Mrs. Huber is a Latter-day Saint, and her string ensemble has played over the Church radio program in Phoenix for over two years.

LRITA VAN DOREN, eminent literary critic, who has been editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* section on Books, since 1926, has now become Editor Emeritus, and has joined the publishing firm of William Morrow and Company as editorial consultant, where she will continue her lifetime role of encouraging good writing and good writers.



EDITORIAL

VOLUME 50 SEPTEMBER 1963 NUMBER 9



A FOND dream of childhood is to be allowed to have one wish granted. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and fairy tales of many other countries hold forth this tantalizing promise. But one learns that care must be exercised in making the wish, for the fisherman's wife was so dissatisfied and greedy that after her wishes were granted she ended up with just what she had in the beginning.

Holy Writ teaches a lesson to everyone who would have one wish granted. In a dream Solomon was asked the gift he would seek from the Lord. The wish he made indicates that he had evaluated his strengths and weaknesses. He had carefully considered his position as the new king of the numberless people making up the kingdom his father David had left him.

As Solomon began to state his wish to the Lord, he first expressed his filial piety, and then pleaded with the Lord, "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge the people, that I may discern between good and bad"

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This wish was one of selflessness, one to help Solomon assist others in truth. We read “the speech pleased the Lord,” and he gave to Solomon, in addition to a wise and understanding heart, riches and honor and long life if he would walk in the path of the Lord, all of which wishes Solomon had not asked for himself.

A wish cherished by a Latter-day Saint mother would also be to have an understanding heart to guide her in the rearing of her children — to see below the surface of their words and actions, to know when apparent rebelliousness needs curbing and when it manifests a hurt within the child which cries out for an extension of love and appreciation and encouragement. An understanding heart will lighten the service of a Relief Society officer who will overlook any weaknesses and failings of those whom she is called to serve, and who will appreciate their strengths and struggles instead. An understanding heart will encourage a Relief Society sister to be a better neighbor, to dismiss hurt feelings, to look for the good and never expose the weakness of another.

Christ possesses the perfect understanding heart. In his ministry he condemned the evil but not the sinner, holding forth forgiveness through repentance. When Peter denied knowing the Christ, the account reads, “And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.” What a depth of love and sorrow and understanding must have been in that glance, for the account continues, “And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.”

How can a Latter-day Saint woman gain an understanding heart? Solomon showed forth humility, prayer, and a desire to serve. He “loved the Lord.” He said, “I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.” Too often today one does not know “how to go out or come in.” An open mind, a prayerful spirit, humility, patience, and love are all to be found in an understanding heart — a precious gift of the Lord to the dedicated seeker.

—M. C. S.

Thoughts of a New Member

Rosina Victoria Risley

VERY shortly after my family joined the Church, I was met in the hall one Sunday morning after Sunday School by Sister Mary Collins, President of the Columbus Ward Relief Society. Sister Collins introduced herself and invited me to attend the Relief Society meetings. I answered with all the pet excuses at my command: "I have small children, you know." "My husband's work takes him out of town frequently, and I have no one to leave the children with." "Your meeting day is a bad day for me anyway, since my Girl Scout troop meets that afternoon, and by evening I'm just too tired to attend a meeting."

Sister Collins was undismayed by my excuses and invited me to come any evening that I was free to do so.

Then, one meeting evening, the opportunity presented itself, and I attended a meeting. I came with foreboding; I left with joy. I spent a delightful evening in the company of good-hearted, friendly sisters. I was surprised to learn that the lesson for that evening dealt with the life and poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Every sister present joined in the discussion which followed the lesson. Here, unbeliev-

ably, I had found an ideal women's organization.

But my surprises were not over. As I continued to attend the meetings, the story of the Relief Society unfolded before me. I learned of the work of the visiting teachers; at testimony meeting I saw sisters rise and thank each other for the helping hands extended to them during illness, childbirth, and bereavement. I soon learned that I could strengthen my faith by the theology lesson, return to my college days with the literature lesson and the beautiful poetry that had once meant so much to me, but had since been forgotten in the rush of mothering two children. The social science lesson, the lessons on Attitudes and Manners — all seemed to be devised to help me become a better person — a better Latter-day Saint.

This then is the Relief Society, named with the most appropriate of names. For if you look up the word *relief* in the dictionary, you will see that it means ". . . the lessening of, or freedom from, a pain, burden or difficulty; something that makes a pleasing change or lessens strain."

All of this is the Relief Society to me. To the meetings I bring the cares and worries of the day — but

I leave them at the door. Here my burdens seem lighter, as I join with my sisters in working together to aid a less fortunate one. Here I make that pleasing change from a housewife to the relaxing and stimulating environment of a theology, literature, or social science lesson. Here I lessen the strain of the modern-day life I lead.

The Relief Society has meant a great deal to me in the past few months, but of greater importance to me are the years that lie ahead yet to unfold for me, wherein I may, with my sisters of the Relief Society, serve those who need our help, while we learn, while we listen, while we grow — as women, as wives, as mothers, and as Latter-day Saints.

The Stars Are There

Grace Barker Wilson

Across the desert sands will break the dawn,
 The silver moon fade out before the day;
 But beauty in my heart will linger on
 Of shining lights across the far sky way.
 The Pleiades and Milky Way hang tall,
 Polaris never leaves his ancient post;
 Though sun shines now, I know when shadows fall
 The stars are there when I shall need them most.

I Wait and Wonder

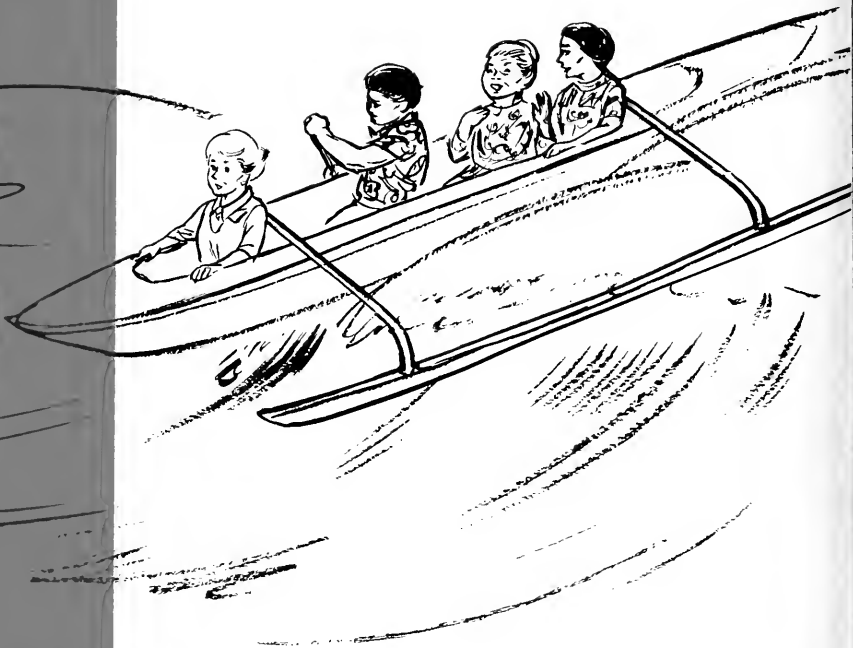
Caroline Eyring Miner

You were so eager to be out the door —
 The minutes dragged for you on leaden feet.
 My last born, others have been six before,
 But with a difference, for you, my sweet,
 Are now my last. Alone I'll wait for you.
 But you will linger longer as the days
 Go by; the ties will stretch as shadows do
 As thin as mist, still there in evening's haze.
 Yet I was born for this to train you so
 To walk with help, and then to walk alone,
 Straight as a flint-tipped arrow free to go.
 And yet I hold to you in thoughts, my own.
 As Mary waited for her Son's return,
 I wait and wonder with my own concern.

KISS of the WIND

CHAPTER 3

Rosa Lee Lloyd



Synopsis: Luana Harrington, her husband Ben, and his mother Tutu, and the children Philip, Pixie, Bo, and Benjy, who live on a pineapple plantation on the island of Maui, go to Honolulu to meet the eldest daughter Emma Lu, who has graduated as a nurse, and is returning home. Emma Lu tells her mother that she has two surprises. Margaret, Luana's sister-in-law, a childless woman who has achieved success as an artist, has arrived with Emma Lu for a visit at the pineapple plantation. The other surprise is that Emma Lu has become engaged to a Sherman Grant in San Francisco.

"THIS is Waikiki," Ben explained to Margaret, as they all walked toward the dazzling white beach. They had rented a room at the Princess

Kaiulani Hotel so they would have a place to change into their bathing suits.

Philip led the way, his eyes eager and excited.

"Look, Aunt Margaret," he exclaimed, waving his arms. "This beach goes from the War Memorial in the lee of Diamond Head to the Yacht Club Harbor."

"Such white sand!" Margaret answered. "Like glistening crystal."

Pixie tucked her arm under Margaret's, as they hurried along.

"We call it the mile of romance," she added with her cute little smile. "Fun, laughter, and music. You can hear every kind of rhythm on

Waikiki from old Hawaiian to shuffling hula. Just listen, Aunt Margaret."

She rolled her eyes heavenward, lifting her arms, too.

"I love Waikiki," she said. "The sun is brighter, the moon is bigger, the sky is bluer, the waves are higher than anywhere else in our islands!"

Tutu, who was holding Ben's arm, clicked her tongue reprovingly.

"That is not quite fair, my Pixie," she said, gently. "Each of our islands has its own magic. None of them can claim to have more beauty or allure than another. You have only to stop and listen on any island to hear music. Always music. Even from the land-shells on the trees in some places."

"But, Tutu, dear," Philip said, his eyes twinkling, "you have to admit that Waikiki has a magic all its own. Daddy permits us to come here only once a year, but that's something. We dream about it for the next twelve months. I'd like to live right here on Waikiki. One holiday here isn't enough."

Luana looked at Ben. His eyes grew serious.

"Once a year is quite enough," he said. "You know, Margaret," he added, "most people on the Mainland think that life in Hawaii is all fun. All play and no work. Nothing could be further from the truth. The workaday world of a real Hawaiian family is just as demanding as anywhere else, and Latter-day Saint parents uphold a high standard for their children."

"They certainly do!" Philip agreed. "And we try to live up to it."

He flung an affectionate arm around Ben's shoulder. "Look, Dad," he coaxed. "Let's have fun today. Tomorrow we can worry about the pines and the payroll and next year's crop. Okay?"

"Okay, son," Ben said, smiling again. "Where do you want to surf-ride? You choose the spot for yourselves, Pixie, and Emma Lu. I'll take your mother, Tutu, Margaret, and the boys with me. We'll go canoe-surfing."

"Let us ride with Phil!" Benjy wailed. "I don't want to ride this sissy old surf in front of this sissy old clubhouse!"

"Neither do I!" Bo echoed. "We want to go up toward Diamond Head, Daddy. The waves are faster and trickier up there."

BEN turned around, facing his family. "Now, listen," he said. "Aunt Margaret is our guest. Surf-riding is new to her. We want her to enjoy it, but we must show her the easy way first. That means surf-canoeing. Even that is quite an experience for a newcomer."

"Please let me watch," Margaret protested. "Really, Ben I'd rather. . . ."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "You'll love the canoe. Tutu always goes."

"Tutu used to be an expert," Benjy said. "One time she could even ride Thundering Castle, and that's only for experts. But now she's old she likes a canoe. That's for old people and sissies."

"Benjy!" Ben's voice was reproving. "I like to canoe. I'm neither old nor a sissy."

Everybody laughed. Emma Lu, standing beside her mother, reached

for Ben's hand.

"Listen, Daddy," she coaxed. "Let Phil and me take charge of the boys. They love the higher waves. We'll take care of them."

Ben looked at the heavy, surging waves for a few minutes before he answered. Luana could see they were higher and faster than usual, and they would be even higher further up the beach. But Emma Lu and Philip were expert surf-riders, and Pixie could do very well by herself.

"We can ride behind Phil," Benjy pleaded. "Please, Daddy."

Ben shrugged his shoulders, as he turned to Luana.

"What do you say, Luana?" he questioned. "Think it's all right?"

Luana nodded her dark head. "Yes, I do," she said, "if they do what Phil tells them to do."

Suddenly Philip, who had been watching the breakers as they rolled in, let out a loud yell.

"Hurray! There he is. Look, everybody!"

The Harrington family took a long, deep breath together. A stalwart surf-rider was coming in on a high wave. It was Larry Brown!

"He's my surprise for you, Emma Lu!" Phil said, turning to his sister. "He asked me to bring you to this very spot."

Larry Brown was a magnificent surf-rider. He rode the huge splashing waves like a master sportsman. Even Tutu's eyes sparkled with admiration.

"He does cut a figure!" Emma Lu murmured. "As if riding a white stallion."

Luana glanced quickly at Emma Lu. Pink roses were in her cheeks,

and stars glistened in her eyes.

Oh, no, Luana thought, her heart sickening. Emma Lu has promised to marry another boy. It's not right that she should still feel this way about Larry Brown. How could a daughter of hers be so disloyal? Luana bent her head and closed her eyes. She could not bear to watch them.

Benjy yelled, "Whoopee! It's Larry Brown! Come on, Bo. Let's run to him."

LUANA looked at Ben. He seemed quite pleased about everything, even that Emma Lu was so elated to see Larry again. But Ben did not know that his daughter was engaged to another boy, because no one had told him.

Ben welcomed Larry in his big, heartwarming way, then he introduced him to Margaret. Tutu's voice was softly praising, as she told Larry that his surf-riding would have charmed old King Kamehameha himself!

"Hello, Mrs. Harrington," Larry said when he stood before Luana. His voice had a fascinating quality as though he had a special hello for her. "It's good to see you again. It's like old times."

"Hello, Larry," she answered, forcing a smile. She couldn't blame any woman for thinking Larry Brown was someone special. His eyes were as blue as Hawaiian skies.

The top of Emma Lu's brown head came just to his shoulder, and she was a tall girl. She looks so plain beside him, Luana thought. Her mother-heart knew instinctively that if Emma Lu married Larry, she

would live only in his shadow. He was the kind of man who took the spotlight wherever he went.

Emma Lu was a lovable, capable girl, but she was not beautiful. How could she compete with the girls she had seen Larry with in pictures in the newspapers, in swimming contests, skin-diving, and airplane stunts. Why did he pursue a girl like Emma Lu, she wondered, as she watched them talking together.

Then her heart answered. Maybe he loved her. Maybe they really loved each other. They had been schoolday sweethearts. In that case — Luana's breath caught in her throat. What about Sherman Grant in San Francisco? What of his diamond ring Emma Lu was wearing around her neck?

Her only answer was Emma Lu's gay laughter and the roar and swish of the waves as they broke on the white sand.

Ben called to them as they ran up the beach. "Now you folks get back here by dinnertime!"

"Okay!" Philip yelled, as they raced away, leaving Ben, Tutu, Margaret, and Luana looking after them longingly.

Only Benjy turned to wave and throw her a kiss.

"Goodbye, Mamma," he called. "Here's a kiss, everybody."

It was always Benjy who never forgot to express his love.

"Come on, Dope!" she heard Bo yell to him.

"Well!" Ben said, squaring his big, easy shoulders. His grave, wise eyes were wistful. "Makes a man wish he were a boy again, when his children rush off to the big breakers."

Then he turned to Margaret, smiling again.

"You'll like canoe-surfing," he said. "It's a great sport."

"I'll love it!" Margaret laughed. "I know I will."

Margaret's enthusiasm was always a joy, Luana thought, gratefully.

BEN selected a glossy black canoe from the row of canoes lying on the beach. It was a long koa log hollowed out with a rail line of bright orange. It rented for two dollars for three rides.

"It has to have at least three persons in it," the owner told them. He was a bright-faced Hawaiian boy.

"There are four of us," Ben said. "I can guide it myself," he added proudly.

"I'll help you paddle out toward the big breakers," the boy offered.

On the way out to meet the waves, Tutu explained canoe-surfing to Margaret.

"Canoes here in Hawaii," she said, "are the offspring of the peleleu or war canoe. The Portuguese used to take a seventy-foot log, hollow it to a depth and beam of three feet. It could carry from sixty to eighty warriors."

"How fast can a canoe go?" Margaret asked. "I always thought they were the slowest kind of travel."

"You'll see!" Ben laughed. "The speed of a surfboard or a canoe is the speed of the wave. I'll wait for a little, easy wave for the first ride."

Even though Ben waited until a shallow wave came along, it was a wonderfully exciting ride. The oncoming wave caught the canoe at exactly the right angle, and up it went, then down again in a rollick-

ing, roller-coaster fashion. There was a glorious cloudburst of spray that showered them all over.

Tutu tossed her head back, laughing and clapping her hands as the foaming water roared around them.

"What fun!" she cried when they reached shore again. "You caught that one just right, Ben."

"I sure did!" he agreed. "Hope I do as well next time."

Margaret mopped her face with the towel the canoe attendant handed to her.

"I loved it," she gasped. "I wouldn't have missed that ride for anything."

"Sometimes we tip over," Luana said. "If the wave doesn't catch us just exactly right — flop! We're in a somersault. But it's all fun. We took the children even when they were babies."

"It's part of our Hawaii," Tutu murmured. Her voice was weak and trembled slightly.

"One ride is enough for you, Mother," Ben said kindly.

"I've had enough, too," Margaret said.

"All right," Ben agreed. "You and Tutu can stroll over to the hotel and rest awhile. We'll meet you there later."

AFTER they were gone, and Luana was alone with Ben, she wondered if she should tell him about Emma Lu's engagement. But the roar and swish of the waves made serious talking almost impossible. She couldn't shout a confidence like that. Anyway, Ben would be hurt and angry if Emma Lu did not tell him herself. And he would expect Sherman Grant to ask permission

to marry his daughter, even though some couples in these modern days overlooked that important occasion.

Ben was having such a good time, she thought as they paddled the canoe out again. His head was tossed back in a boyish carefree way and his eyes and face were radiant in the bright sunshine. He had forgotten his cares and worry for this one short time. She could not bear to disturb him.

Later, when they were all in the dining-room, dressed in their best clothes and ready for dinner, she wished with all her heart that she had taken advantage of that opportunity, because Ben, unknowingly, had invited Larry to have dinner with them.

In spite of her worry about Emma Lu, Luana looked around at everyone at their table with a mother's pride. Ben always insisted that they dine at the best places. Even their twin boys, hungry as little wolves after their strenuous day, were acting like little gentlemen. They were adorable in their new suits and white shirts that had been their presents when they became deacons. Pixie's brown hair was still damp from sea water. But it was quite pretty tonight, Luana thought, noticing the little tendrils that curled around her chubby, sunburnt face. Philip, very correctly dressed in dark trousers and white coat, was seated between Ben and Tutu. He is such a gentleman, she thought. He would be a credit to his family and his Church anywhere in the world. Tutu, revived after her rest, was as gay as an armful of flowers.

Luana's dark eyes shadowed, as she watched Emma Lu and Larry.

He hummed along with the orchestra, tapping his knife against his water glass. He whispered to Emma Lu, and her cheeks pinked up. They radiated a sort of lilting joy — it was in their tinkling laughter. And they laughed at everything. Larry was now the twins' hero. Pixie's, too. They would all love to have Larry for their brother.

WHEN the waiter, a courteous, slender-faced Oriental, served their stuffed fish, surrounded by braised vegetables of every variety, Luana felt suddenly sick. Quietly she excused herself and hurried to the ladies' lounge. Tutu followed her.

"What is troubling you, my Luana?" she questioned. "My heart tells me there is something wrong."

"There is, Tutu," Luana answered. "Our Emma Lu told me she is engaged. To a man in San Francisco, Sherman Grant, an architect. She expects to be married in the Temple at Laie sometime this summer. Her father does not know about it."

Tutu was very quiet. Luana saw her swallow and wet her lips, but her eyes did not flinch. At last she spoke in her tolerant way.

"I am willing to trust my Emma Lu," she said. "I will not doubt her judgment nor her discretion un-

til I have more reason to do so. I have been young, Luana. I have heard music in a man's voice that made my heart sing with joy. And yet — I waited for wisdom to tell me when I had met the right one. Emma Lu has had wonderful parents, a good home, religious training all of her life. You should trust her more, Luana."

Luana drew a long breath. "I will try, Tutu," she said. "Thank you for reminding me. But Larry fascinates people. Even Pixie and the boys are carried away with him."

"I know," Tutu nodded, as she smiled wisely. "Even I am carried away, too, Luana. But my feet are still on the ground."

When they returned to the dining room, Larry and Emma Lu were dancing together as though they had forgotten everyone else in the world. Ben, leaving his dinner untouched, was watching them with a resigned expression in his dark eyes. He held Luana's chair for her.

"We must accept him, dear," he said in a low voice. "If he is our daughter's love, we must try to find the good that she sees in him."

Luana could not answer him. She sipped her mint and pineapple punch. Her mother-heart was heavy with apprehension.

(To be continued)

Slow Weather

Gilean Douglas

Now is the slow time of autumn weather:
 Days made for dreaming, nights made for sleep.
 Here is the mist and a leaf and a feather;
 Here is the river, darkling and deep,
 With the gray cords of rain to bind them together.

From the Palace of a Princess to a Place in Normandy



Claire Noall

Scenic Transparencies by the Author



Fa . . . la . . . mi. . . . So sing the bells of Corneville.

After the excitement of Paris, how my husband and I enjoyed the leather-apron atmosphere of a country inn in Normandy! In the city our hotel had been the former palace of a princess. The contrast between the hotel and the inn was enchanting. Before we retired in this half-timbered house on a knoll drenched with the perfume of cress and appleblossoms, we not only heard the bells, we saw them played in an Arcadian tower. The next day we would pursue our way to the sea to find the far-famed tapestry of Matilda, at Bayeux. In eight colors, the story of the Conquest of England by William, husband of Queen Matilda, is embroidered on a 231-foot long panel.

On a morning of June, as we drove away from the heightened heart-beat of Paris, we sought the valley of the Seine. The river had been the first line of travel to central France. At the Ile de la Cité, it intersected the north-south land routes of tribal peoples.

As we drove down the valley, we visited in Rouen the Square of Joan of Arc, with her lovely statue, and with our memory of her visions, of her voices. Again, in the timbered houses that face her square, we felt the march of time.



Market Place on the Way to Rouen

As the day passed, I saw my husband's shoulders commencing to sag. I must say, however, that the fun of taking a car is that one may stop for the night whenever he finds the shadows lengthening. He may also get acquainted with the people of the country. I began to look around.

"How is this?" I asked, glancing over my shoulder at an ancient-looking house above the highway. The upper walls were cobbled. A squat tower rose, time-seasoned and square, from one corner of the building. There seemed to be an atmosphere of quaint and charming hospitality.

We drove up the slope of the embankment to the Hotel of the Bells, but we found no one around.

Below the mound where we stood, separating the road from the field, an apple orchard in bloom cast its perfume. The descent of the land toward the tributary to the Seine was grass-green, fresh with uncut hay and unripened wheat. The porch of the hotel overlooked a lawn and a few small flower beds. Thatched umbrellas were open above half a dozen red-painted tables. We caught the sound of a brook and its marshy odor. Even the silence of the house seemed inviting; but where was our host?

IN rough dress and leather apron, a farmer ran up from the fields. In scant French, on my part, we conversed. He promised dinner, along with a room. On the third story, we found things even more “ruffled-curtain” in style than we had expected. We also found cleanliness, our own washbowl, and hot running water.

While we were still abovestairs, two German girls took two rooms on the same floor. The intermediate floor must have been given over to the family, but downstairs again, I saw no one. Our host had disappeared. I could not smell the first flavor of dinner. I peeked into the indoor dining room. There was no sign of life, and so I entered the kitchen. There I discovered a lovely cheese; but the only inhabitants in that shining room were three or four red ants that seemed to be longing for the Camembert. It was screened.

I heard the girls come down. I said, “Did you see any place along the road where we might eat?” They had arrived from a direction opposite to ours.

They looked surprised. I spread my hands, indicating there was nothing here. The splendid copper pans and skillets in the kitchen were as bare as Mother Hubbard’s cupboard.

At this moment our master of the inn bounded up the steps of the porch. “Oui, oui, oui!” Yes, yes, yes, he assured us; but certainly we should have dinner.

On the Crest of the Hills Above the Seine



Hotel of the Bells, Corneville, Normandy



“How?” I asked, with only half a smile. “Where, when?”

“But now,” he replied brightly. “Sit wherever you wish, indoors or out.”

My husband and I chose the garden, a little dubious, perhaps. The girls took their table. We chatted across the lawn from beneath our respective umbrellas, as we sat in the yellow chairs. Evening was falling; the air was gentle, neither too cool nor too damp. Our host appeared, transformed in a white jacket. He brought a large pitcher of cider. “*Le cidre, le cidre!*” He fairly glowed as he filled our tumblers. I glanced at the apple trees; I recognized the secret of this absolutely delicious, unfermented beverage.

The soup also struck the palate as something only the Normans could concoct. From where had it come? Who had prepared this creamy essence? What herbs had seasoned it so delicately? This I did not know. There was no one to ask. Our host had vanished again.

But here he came again, quick as ever! This time he appeared from behind the hedge that concealed the brook. The sound of the running water had given its course away, but not its fruit. That was reserved for the host. “*Les truits, les truits!*” our man boasted, with a rare smile. The trout, the trout! His triumphant note was supported by the leaping fish within the net.

The wait for the entrée did not seem long as we listened to the stream

Detail From the Tapestry of Matilda





The Countryside — Bread Basket on Wheels

and smelled the perfumes of the evening, as we compared notes with the girls on our travels in Normandy. They, too, were headed for Bayeux and the tapestry of Matilda, the Queen of William the Conqueror. But hush, here came the fish, browned in butter and served with new potatoes and green peas right out of the garden. We spread the French bread with sweet butter. We felt triumphant.

To close the evening with a special courtesy, our host took us with him when he went to the tower to play the bells. They had been forged in a nearby foundry to commemorate the legend of the primitive bells of Corneville. These had been drowned in the Seine when being removed from the abbey during an invasion of the English in the Hundred Years' War. Legend declares that if one listens carefully, he may catch the sound of those first bells, where it rises today through the ebb and the swell of the waves of the Seine.

Our host played his keyboard with felted hammers, like a marimba. In answer to his touch, we heard a deep-throated tune, altogether musical: *fa . . . la . . . mi . . .* it commenced. High, low, up, on a long pause.

THE next evening we were at Bayeux, almost within sound of the sea, on the River Aure. We had lunched at the inn of the Golden Lion in Pont l'Eveque. Again our meal was like a miracle. We arrived late. We were served, piping hot, an unforgettable sole with cream sauce and fresh mushrooms heaped against parsleyed new potatoes and green peas. Another miracle of France!

Toward evening we again stood hand in hand with history. In Bayeux the Romans had also built. But let us skip a thousand years and go to



Poppies Accent the Landscape with Color

the glory of the Normans in 1066, Duke William's day. Around three walls of a museum built for the purpose, runs the 231-foot tapestry. The linen, brown with age, is twenty inches wide. Borders at both the top and bottom depict a series of fables quite apart from the Conquest. We even see Haley's Comet, as if the inevitable round of the seasons must take its planned course.

The saga of the tapestry itself begins with the crowning of Harold the Saxon and his betrayal of William's trust. Infinitesimally fine, in eight colors of worsted thread, the details of the mission are vividly shown. In the battle for England we find archers with long bows, and those with short arrows. Horses plunge and rear. Palaces, cottages, rivers, bridges, courts are realistically pictured. Through individual earphones, in the language of one's choice, he may listen to the story as he moves slowly forward along the length of the incredible work.

From this linen is taken the only known portrait of William the Conqueror. Legend says that Matilda herself took up the needle after the duke's death in battle. Legend is tricky, but the tapestry prompts the thought, what is history really for but to create works of art? The linen suggests the inevitable turning of conquest upon itself. England returned to France, victorious for a time. But time passes, while art remains.

I should like to repeat that journey down the Seine from Paris to the sea. I sometimes see the Eiffel Tower at night, rising in luminous splendor for nearly a thousand feet. I see the tapestry of Matilda. I taste the food at Pont l'Eveque. I hear the bells of Corneville: *fa . . . la . . . mi. . .* So sings their bronze on the quiet of the evening air.

The Eating Club

Louise S. Davis



Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Left to right: Louise S. Davis; Lia Barendregt; Inga Johnson; Corry Z. DeMille; Annetta S. Mower. Food in the picture, left to right, front to back: Cherry Tarts; Lemon Snow; Ui Ansjè; Rice Bavarian, with Sauce; Corry's Croquettes; Kai's Soy Chicken; Erwtèn Soep.

“. . . and when we're through rehearsing, I'll make croquettes for us like we ate in Holland." Thus, was formed, from this simple statement, "The Eating Club."

My sister and I had decided to ask three girls who had recently moved into our ward, one from Holland, one from Denmark, and one from Sweden, if they would like to come over and sing together one evening. We knew they liked to sing from talking to them at our ward choir rehearsals, and thought this a good way to become better acquainted. At first we confined ourselves merely to singing (even entering the

MIA All-Church Quartet Festival two years—and winning both times), but, after awhile, the hostess for the rehearsal began to prepare a little food. Soon the food became the highlight of the evening, much as we loved to sing, so we dropped the pretense and began calling ourselves "The Eating Club."

The object of the club is simple and contained solely in its title. Others have remarked on what a wonderful way to receive and exchange recipes and, it is true, it is. But our purpose has been and is primarily eating. The meetings are held approximately once a month,

and each person brings a dish which is something especially good — a new recipe she has been wanting to try or a tested favorite. The menu is rarely planned (despite furtive attempts on the part of some members), and enough is brought so each can have all she wants of everything. Sometimes we have mostly desserts, and sometimes mostly main dishes, but we have all had enough to eat by the time we go home.

Once in awhile we have "Request Night," where we request each other to bring our favorites. High repeaters are Corry's Croquettes (which are sold and eaten in Holland as we eat hot dogs), Erwtten Soep (Split Pea Soup), Citron Fromage (Lemon Snow), and Rice Bavarian. In making Rice Bavarian in Sweden an almond is included, and the one who receives it, is the next one to be married.

Often others attend the Club and are asked to contribute some dish. In this way we have obtained Kai's Soy Chicken from a Chinese student, Cherry Tarts, and Ui Ansjè (Onion Stew). About once a year we have an "Invitational," where guests are invited, without bringing food, and each member brings two or three dishes, so there will be plenty for all. This is the only time some sort of a menu is planned. After the dinner is over, the evening is usually spent copying recipes and singing.

During the years the Club has met, some have married, some have moved, some have moved back, and new ones have been added (the only membership requirement being to cook good things). Through it all the Club has remained and has become an unending source of forming new friendships and cementing old ones.

RECIPES

Corry's Croquettes (Dutch)

3 tbsp. butter
 ½ c. flour
 1 can (12 oz.) corned beef
 1 c. milk
 1 tsp. curry
 ¼ c. fresh parsley, chopped, or
 1 tbsp. dried parsley flakes
 ½ c. flour
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 1 c. bread crumbs
 parsley to garnish

Melt butter in large, heavy skillet. Add flour and blend until smooth. Stir in milk gradually and cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until thick, pasty consistency. Add corned beef. Continue cooking, stirring constantly until well mixed and bubbly. Add curry and parsley. Cover and place in refrigerator and chill very thoroughly. Approximately 20 minutes before serving, form into cylindrical shapes, roll in flour, then in

eggs, and then in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat at 375°F. until golden brown. Remove to hot platter or keep hot in slow oven. Garnish with parsley. Makes approximately 15 croquettes.

Erwtten Soep (Split Pea Soup) (Dutch)

1 ham bone with a good amount of ham on it
 3 qts. water
 1 pkg. (12 oz.) dried split peas
 6 celery stalks
 2 medium carrots
 2 bunches green onions
 2 beef bouillon cubes
 ½ tsp. nutmeg
 salt and pepper to taste

Put bone in soup kettle and cover with water. Cook over high heat until water boils. Lower heat, cover, and simmer approximately 1 to 1½ hours. Add peas and simmer about 2 hours or until peas are

mushy. Chop celery, carrots, and onions, and add to soup. Add bouillon cubes and seasonings and let simmer 1 hour. Soup increases in flavor if allowed to stand overnight. Serve hot with homemade or Dutch bread. Serves 6-8.

Ui Ansjè (Onion Stew)
(Dutch)

4 tbsp. butter or substitute
6 large onions, sliced
2 lbs. cubed stew meat
6-8 bay leaves
salt, pepper

Season meat with salt and pepper and brown in butter which has been melted in skillet. When brown, remove meat and add onions and brown. Return meat to skillet and simmer 45 minutes. Add bay leaves, simmer 45 minutes. When ready to serve, remove bay leaves and ladle over rice or boiled potatoes. Serves 6-8.

Kai's Soy Chicken
(Chinese)

One 2 or 3 lb. chicken, cut up
2 green onions, chopped
½ tsp. black pepper
1 tbsp. sugar
5 tbsp. soy sauce
½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
½ tsp. salt

Place chicken in pan, add water, and cook on medium heat for ½ hour. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for about 1 hour or until it becomes almost dry. Remove bones and serve with rice. Serves 3-4.

Citron Fromage (Lemon Snow)
(Danish)

3 eggs, separated
1 c. sugar
1 tbsp. (1 envelope) unflavored gelatin
½ c. cold water
juice from 1 orange and 1 lemon
1 tsp. (scant) lemon rind, grated
½ pt. whipping cream

Beat yolks and sugar until lemon colored. Soak gelatin in cold water and put over hot water until melted. Combine with egg yolk mixture. Add juice and rind. Let stand until it begins to thicken. Fold in whipped cream and egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Pour in bowl or 4-cup mold and place in refrigerator until set. Serves 8.

Rice Bavarian
(Swedish)

1½ qt. milk
½ c. rice
small piece cinnamon stick
1 tsp. vanilla (optional)
1 c. sugar
2 tbsp. (2 envelopes) unflavored gelatin
2 eggs, separated
1 pt. whipping cream

Cook 1 qt. milk, rice, cinnamon, and vanilla together in double boiler until rice is very soft and mushy. Remove cinnamon. Meanwhile, heat ½ qt. milk with sugar and add gelatin when hot. Stir until dissolved. Add to rice mixture. Beat egg yolks until thick and add to rice. Cool. When cool add whipped cream and egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Pour into bowl or mold and chill. Serve with sauce. Serves 8.

Sauce

1 pkg. currant-raspberry Danish dessert
3 c. water
juice from small bottle of maraschino cherries
or
2-3 drops almond flavoring

Make Danish dessert according to recipe on package with 3 cups of water instead of 2. Add remaining ingredient and cool. Serve with Rice Bavarian.

Cherry Tarts

Crust:

1 c. graham cracker or vanilla wafer crumbs
¼ c. sugar
½ c. butter or substitute

Combine and press into 9" x 9" pan. Add filling.

Filling:

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
½ c. sugar
2 eggs

Set out cheese at room temperature until soft. Cream it, add sugar, and cream until smooth. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Pour on top of crust. Bake 350°F. for 25-30 minutes. Cool, then cover with

One 1-lb. can cherry pie filling.

Cool several hours and garnish with whipped cream. Cut in squares. Makes 9 tarts.

Rock Gardening

Dorthea N. Newbold



Transparency by Willard Luce

LILY POOL IN A ROCK GARDEN

Informality is the keynote of this lily pool-rock garden combination. The borders and center pieces of early spring bulbs have given way to pansies, violets, and forget-me-nots. The stones which make the rock garden are porous, thus helping to hold the soil and moisture.

Rock gardening is a hobby demanding much of the gardener in time, effort, and knowledge. If the beginner is willing to work with plants, and study their needs, beginning with the more easily grown plants, then, as the gardener gains experience, progressing on to the more difficult and demanding plants, she soon becomes expert in her hobby. Much satisfaction is realized through the knowledge gained, and great pleasure from the beautiful pictures created through the use of plants, soil, and rocks.

A rock garden, patterned from nature's own way, appears deceptively simple. But, if we will take the time to observe a natural rock garden carefully, then we can avoid many mistakes. First, the site for the garden is very important. And if you possess a natural stony site on your home grounds — then you are fortunate. If that area slopes to the west, east, or north, you are twice blessed. A southern slope presents more problems, due to the rapid drying during the summer months and too much sun during the winter months.

Rocks, large ones, are used to create the garden. Selection of rocks should be made from those that are native to your neighborhood. To import rocks can be very costly. Sometimes the gardener wants to stand those expensive rocks on end — in a manner that one never sees in a natural rock garden. Rocks so placed will resemble a pile of rubble left over from the building process. Instead of creating a rock garden, the garden becomes an assemblage of rocks. The gardener becomes unhappy and is defeated before the project is even well launched. Avoid placing the rocks in a regular pattern.

If the site chosen is flat, then the soil will have to be dug out to a depth of from one to three feet, or even deeper, depending somewhat on the size of rocks used. Rocks should be large, some should be so large that it will be necessary to use crowbars to shift them to the desired location. Rocks should be placed so that they slope *inward* and *downward*. The slanted rocks will guide water to the roots of the plants. If there is any doubt about drainage, then a good layer of coarse gravel should be spread out before the rocks are shifted into position. Spread a layer of sand over the gravel, then shift rocks into the desired locations. Correct placement includes the strata or grain of the rocks sloping at the same pitch. (Here, again, we are copying nature's rock gardens.) Bury the rocks two-thirds to three-fourths in the soil. Use medium-sized rocks as well as the large ones, enabling the gardener to create pockets for soil.

After the rocks have been moved into position, a layer of soil, at least six inches deep, should be spread out over the area. Use a shovel handle to ram the soil into the pockets between the rocks. When all the soil has been spread to your satisfaction, then a layer of stone chips should be scattered over the surface. The chips will slow down evaporation of water and will help keep foliage and blossoms off the ground.

The soil used in rock gardening is usually made up of three parts, consisting of one part good top soil, one part vegetable fiber, such as leaf mold or compost, and one part rather coarse sand. If you garden in an area where the soil is quite acid, then you will need to add limestone to the mixture. Avoid using fertilizers other than leaf mold or compost or other rotted vegetable matter.



Transparency by Josef Muench

CASCADE OF COLOR

A flowering cascade, on a beautifully planted rock wall, designed in steps, uses phlox for brilliance of color and saxifrage and other plants as background.

When the hard work of making the rock garden has been finished, the pleasures of plant selection and then the planting can begin. Selection of plants is a personal matter, but one finds an amazing wealth of alpine plants from which to select. Planning the plantings is interesting and fascinating. Here we use the principles of good composition: balance, harmony, and unity.

The colors in a rock garden may be quite vivid; they should harmonize together, unless, by chance, some of the pinks are used beside the orange colors. There are many lavenders and blues, and these colors are enhanced by using some of the softer tones of pinks and yellows nearby.

Low growing shrubs, broad-leaved evergreens, or other evergreens may be used in a rock garden if a careful selection is made of dwarf and low-spreading varieties. If you live in an arid region, perhaps you will prefer using native cacti in many varieties. The rock garden can become a spot of beauty the year around, instead of an area having a great splash of beauty in the springtime.

Some of the plants that will give a later blooming period are the dwarf asters, blooming in late summer and fall. *Aster Alpinus* will bloom continuously from May until July. Many of the *Campanulas* will bloom from June until October, the soft lavenders, blues, and whites of their flowers providing a spot of color at the time most needed. In the *Dianthus* family, that large and growing family of pinks, will be found many different varieties and, by experimenting, blooms can be had from June until well into October. Don't forget the *Sedums*; there are many varieties to select from and they, too, have a long-blooming period.

Iris can be used in the garden, but avoid using too many. In fact, always keep in mind that to ruin a lovely rock garden is easy — just over-plant one variety of flowers, then it will predominate, and the balance and proportion of the garden will be lost.

Weeds have a habit of springing up overnight and should be removed as soon as spotted. Trim off spent flowers. This helps the appearance of the garden, and yet, at the same time, encourages the plants to put out another crop of blossoms. Keep the plants pruned to the spot which you intend them to occupy. Some varieties of rock garden plants will spread rapidly, usurping areas belonging to less rampant growers.

Most alpine plants are natives of high mountainous regions, used to low temperatures and short growing seasons. Little thought need be given to wintering over the plants. The alternate freezing and thawing may heave some of the plants out of the soil, and loosen some plants. However, it doesn't take much effort to replant them on any open, sunny winter day. The layer of stone chips placed on top of the soil helps to overcome this problem.

Bazaars

are wonderful!

Counselor Louise W. Madsen



JACK AND JILL

Distinctive, well-made children's clothes sold readily. The pictures shown were framed pages from storybooks, enhanced by putting real clothing on the characters.

In the foreground may be seen several robes made of quilted material and knitted in a darker shade of pink and trimmed with bunnies.

Coverall aprons and shift dresses are seen hanging in the background. Stuffed toys, such as the "percale animals" at the left proved to be appealing items. The hangers at the left have felt or knitted coverings. They are decorated with felt cutouts and knitted motifs.

Transparencies by Hal Rumel — Displays from Monument Park Stake

Captions by Velma N. Simonsen

QUILTS



QUILTS

At the right on the table are two crib quilts attractively decorated with applique designs. The red, white, and blue quilt at the extreme right was especially designed for a boy's room. The full-size quilts were made long enough so they could be used as bedspreads. The quilt hanging at the right has a border of the same pale blue percale as is used for the lining. The center is printed percale. The quilt in the middle (with matching pillow cases) is made of border-print percale and the effective design is obtained by a special method of cutting the material. The beautiful white cotton quilt at the left was one of the outstanding features of the bazaar. Its unusual design and exquisite stitching appealed to all who value expert craftsmanship. The Burgundy colored quilt hanging at the left is lined with ecru-colored rayon satin.

The fancy pillow at the left is made of styrofoam cut to resemble a many-petaled flower. It sold readily.

RELIEF Society bazaars are wonderful occasions! The talents and skills of large groups of women are utilized to achieve these significant events.

One of the most attractive aspects of a Relief Society bazaar is the originality of many of the articles. The creative talents of many women are used to produce new items and refurbish old ideas, to create something no one has thought of before as well as to put new and original touches on such ordinary things as aprons.

Various kinds of things are featured: from handmade clothes to loaves of bread, from house plants to "white elephants," from knitted sweaters to children's toys, from aprons, party and practical, to quilts too beautiful to be hidden so they become bedspreads. Quality items, handicraft and cakes and pies, homemade candy and decorated soap, delicious preserved fruit and sparkling Christmas decorations, embroidered dishtowels and dainty doll clothes — all are part of a ward Relief Society bazaar.

APRONS



APRONS

Monument Park Stake literature class leader Velma N. Simonsen, a former counselor of the Relief Society General Board, holds one of the many beautifully embroidered aprons. The apron is made from red percale and embroidered in white to resemble an original Swedish design. Hanging in the background are several shift dresses and coverall aprons. Some of these are variations of one pattern. Several of the aprons are beautifully decorated with hardanger embroidery. An elderly sister from Denmark instructed the women in this ancient and lovely art. Hardanger embroidery was also used to trim a number of summer dresses. The striped coverall apron on the right may be used also as a shift dress. The yellow-flowered dress at the right was made from the same pattern.

Bazaars are fun!

No occasion brings more delight to the whole membership of a ward or branch than a beautifully presented bazaar, with articles and activities to please everyone. Frequently dinner is served at bazaars and families have a night out together.

The sisters find joy in working and learning together through the months of preparation. Each one contributing to the success shares a feeling of satisfaction and happiness in being part of an important work.

What fun to choose from tastefully displayed, attractive worthwhile articles! What fun to find just the right presents for just the right prices! What fun to buy something you have wanted or needed, and at the same time support your Relief Society.

Some bazaars have a theme, and booths, tables, and wall displays are keyed to this theme. There have been Holiday Bazaars, Harvest Fairs, Spring Homemakers Festivals, Christmas Sales, Back-to-School Round-Ups, and many, many others.



The tent at the left of the picture was a popular item with mothers of young children. It was made to cover a card table. Four triangles sewed together make the roof of the tent. Plain-colored material was used for the roof and printed material for the walls. A commercial pattern for the tent may be purchased.

The forsythia branches in the vase at the right are decorated with bluebirds made of tie-tie ribbon. They made a lovely and effective display.

The two candle holders (one on each side of the forsythia) were made from compotes sprayed with gold paint, although plain white compotes (or flower pots) could also be used. They are decorated with cloth flowers (such as are used in trimming hats), and the flowers are glued on to the compote, giving a beautiful and airy effect. The candles for placing in the holders were made by pouring melted wax into a round ice cream carton and inserting a smaller candle with its own wick.

The yellow laundry bags (at the right and on the table) are made of gingham.

The wall hangings in the background are made from colored burlap. There are fringes at the bottom of the hangings and a hem at the top in which is inserted a dowel rod with a wooden bead on each end to make a finished effect, and a cord is attached for hanging. The nursery-rhyme characters decorating the hangings are cutouts made from felt. The flowers and other decorative motifs on the hangers are also made from felt of various colors and are glued to the burlap.

The lovely miniature wedding veils at the right were popular items. They were designed as make-believe dress-up accessories for little girls.

The bag in the center of the picture (above the table) is made from strips of chair webbing material sewed together, and embroidered with wool. The bag can be lined with some type of heavy cloth or with plastic material. It can be used as a shopping bag, a sewing bag, a bag for holding a baby's supplies, or for a travel bag. (See directions for making a similar bag, *THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE*, July 1960, page 456.)

The decorated basket (near the tent) was originally a fruit basket. It is enameled white, with felt flowers glued on for decorative motifs.

The white naugahyde bag on the table at the left (below the pictures) has a base of heavy cardboard covered with naugahyde, and the top of it is closed with a drawstring.

Bazaars are work!

Bazaars are lots of work, but what group of Latter-day Saint women is afraid of work? Many hands make light work, and the achievement is worth the effort.

Bazaars are good business training. They teach money management, wise spending, and wise buying. They teach the great practical arts of organizing, planning, and delegating. They involve large numbers of people working together toward a worthwhile goal. They use the special abilities of some sisters as chairmen of projects, the talents of others as heads of committees making certain articles.

Effective advertising to gain the greatest possible interest and support is necessary. Attractive posters placed in stores, laundrettes, and other public places as well as in the foyers of meetinghouses are helpful. Some sisters have been given some television time to display a few articles. Publicity is necessary.

Techniques of merchandising, packaging, and pricing are employed. The sisters have learned to cater to the wants and needs of those to whom they expect to sell.

Articles attractively displayed are half sold. There must be eye appeal, not only in the individual articles but in the whole arrangement. Artistic displays, well designed, with a flair for color and convenience of customers are characteristic of most Relief Society bazaars.

Bazaars are traditional!

Bazaars are traditional with Relief Society. Relief Society has always had the privilege of raising its own funds and much of the money raised has come from bazaars.

Relief Society sisters, through long years of experience, have become expert in this undertaking. The art, the know-how, have been passed from generation to generation, from one group of officers to another. Each society may learn from and build upon the foundation laid by others, yet each may add original ideas and practices.

One of the great traditions of Relief Society is teaching the women to produce beautiful handwork. Another is to keep the lovely old arts, such as quilting, alive. Both of these traditions are maintained in bazaar preparation.

Relief Society bazaars have purpose!

They are successful because they have been carefully planned and have used the creative talents of devoted homemakers. Most Relief Societies have won such a reputation for beautiful articles, reasonably priced, that their bazaars are eagerly anticipated whether they take the form of street sales in Australia, are held in a rented hall in Europe, or are an annual event in a cultural hall of a ward meetinghouse. A successful bazaar is much more than a money-making venture.



Charlotte B. Richards—Keeper of Records

CHARLOTTE Baker Richards, Mendon, Utah, has enriched her own life and contributed greatly to the temporal and spiritual welfare of her family by keeping accurate and beautifully arranged records. Mother of three children, and grandmother of twelve, she has kept illustrated life histories of each of her children and grandchildren from birth to the present time. She has made two family record books and many scrapbooks containing such items as notices of birthdays and birthday observances, family obituaries, poems, and choice selections of prose. She has served as ward Relief Society secretary for twenty-seven years, serving under five presidents. The Relief Society of Mendon Ward is proud of the remarkable record Sister Richards has kept of this organization from 1868, when it was first organized, to the present time. The record contains pictures, names, and dates of the work of the officers and class leaders, and gives resumes of their most outstanding accomplishments. She has worked in the Logan temple for eight years and has held many positions in the auxiliary organizations of the Church. Her enthusiasm and devotion have endeared her to her family and her many friends who have also become happy and efficient keepers of records.

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Brazilian South Mission Relief Society Conducts Two-Day Conference, Curitiba, Brazil
March 15-16, 1963

Sara Paulsen, President, Brazilian South Mission Relief Society, reports this successful and inspiring occasion: "Women traveled from all the branches in all parts of the mission to attend this conference. Through their own participation and observance of the well-planned programs, they were able to learn the various steps necessary to put their respective Relief Societies on the path to perfection during 1963.

"The theme of the conference was 'Step to Perfection,' and the picture represents a suggestion for an opening social 'Sail on to Perfection,' cleverly portrayed by the sisters of the Curitiba, Pelotas, and Ponta Grossa Branches, with a vocal quartette from the Joinville Branch.

"The president of each of the twenty Relief Societies in the mission and members of the Florianopolis Branch participated in the closing event of the conference entitled 'The Anniversary Program.' The program, which was written by Iliana de Silva and Aline Seigrist, portrayed the growth of the Relief Society from the beginning in 1842 to the steps which have been taken to perfect the Relief Societies in the Brazilian Mission.

"We were thrilled with the wonderful spirit of love, harmony, and unity which was present during the conference and grateful for the participation and cooperation we received from every branch in order to perfect this conference."

North Sacramento Stake (California), Arcade Ward Unveils Painting At Anniversary Social,
March 23, 1963

Rose Smith, right, President, Arcade Ward Relief Society, is seen congratulating Elva Nelson, who painted the lovely mural in the background.

Kerma D. Jensen, President, North Sacramento Stake Relief Society, reports that this painting and two others were unveiled at the ward anniversary social held March 23, 1963. Sister Nelson was asked by Sister Smith to portray The Book of Mormon in an unusual way. "This is indeed a worthy creation for their Relief Society room. The painting shows the talents of Sister Nelson, who also enjoys wood carving and ceramic sculpturing."

Willamette Stake (Oregon) Relief Society Conducts Fashion Show
April 6, 1963

At the left, Patti Flower modeling a hand-knit wool jumper, and at the right, Mirial Gardner, wearing a beige linen sheath dress with a hand-knit sweater.

Dora I. Hines, President, Willamette Stake Relief Society, reports: "The stake board of Relief Society felt a challenge last fall while attending conference and listening to the talks by President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen. The stake board of the YWMIA was also interested in a project where modesty in dress might be stressed and joined the Relief Society in sponsoring a fashion show where the sisters of the stake might model clothing of their own making.

"A committee headed by Miriam Lee of Relief Society and Juanita Allen of the YWMIA formed committees for modeling, publicity, decorations, and music, and designed a special type 'Pattern for Living' which was printed and given to each one attending the fashion show. Special decorations with sewing ideas built around 'Patterns for Living' made a perfect background for the sisters as they modeled their fashions for an audience of about 275 people, of whom about twenty-five were non-member guests.

"There is no doubt but that each one who participated was impressed with the thought that we may be smartly dressed in modest attire, and we feel richly rewarded by the results of this activity."

**Granger Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Who Present Two Concerts Annually —
A Thanksgiving Service and an Easter Cantata**

Virginia Paulk, chorister, stands in the center; Carol Lehman, stake organist, is seated left at the piano; seated at the organ, Idell Larson, guest organist; standing behind Sister Larson is Jenna B. Holmberg, President, Granger Stake Relief Society; second row left is Val Jean Jones, representing the Statue of Liberty; second from the left is Faye Royer, author and reader.

Sister Holmberg reports: "For the past six years the Granger Stake Singing Mothers have presented two concerts annually — a Thanksgiving service and an Easter cantata. The five wards in the stake have participated in the concerts, which have been under the direction of the stake Relief Society presidency, with Virginia Paulk, chorister, and Carol Lehman, organist. These concerts have been a wonderful cultural and spiritual experience for the singers and have been a means of bringing some of the nonactive members into activity. Also, those of the membership of our stake who have attended have felt the true spirit of these special days through the music of the chorus. An outstanding feature of our Thanksgiving program this past year was the patriotic theme carried out with Val Jean Jones portraying the Statue of Liberty. A medley of patriotic hymns was rendered by guest organist Idell Larson."





**South Ogden Stake (Utah), Ogden Fourteenth Ward Relief Society
Honors Presidents Who Have Served Since the Organization
March 13, 1963**

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruth K. Gladwell, 1947-1949; Pearl H. Saunders, 1942-1947; Claribel Harper, January to June 1942; Frances O. Saunders, 1938-1941; Martha B. Lindstrom, who served the longest period of time, 1928-1937.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nelda T. Jenkins, present President, 1961-; Amanda Hincks, January 1958 to September 1958, now visiting teacher message leader of South Ogden Stake; Cleo C. Quist, 1956-1958; Leyonna Wolthuis, 1953-1956; Stella Beutler, 1950-1953; Aurette G. Manwaring, 1949-1950, now South Ogden Stake Relief Society President.

Insets at bottom of picture: Mary E. Morriss, 1919-1924, deceased; Rose M. Wheatley, 1924-1925, deceased; Celia A. Harper, 1925-1926, deceased; Nancy B. Stephens, 1926-1927, deceased; Margaret Anderson, 1927-1928, deceased; Mary M. Hatch, January 1928 to July 1928, deceased; Bertha Anderson, 1937-1938, now living in California; Olive M. Christansen Corry, 1941-1942, now living in California; Lenna R. Singleton, 1958-1961, now serving a mission in Florida.

Sister Manwaring reports: "On March 13, 1963, at the annual anniversary party, the Ogden Fourteenth Ward Relief Society honored all twenty presidents of the organization since the ward was organized May 14, 1919. There were eleven presidents in attendance, six are deceased, two live in California, and one is serving a mission in Florida. Each president in attendance gave a brief talk and was presented with a corsage in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold. The program was followed by a lovely dinner. There were seventy persons in attendance. The luncheon room was beautifully decorated in a spring motif, with blue and gold colors predominating. Favors of miniature bluebirds seated on gold nests were given each sister. First Counselor Dorothy H. Martin was in charge of the program, and she was assisted by the literature class leader Nina J. Langford. Many hours of preparation went into planning for the event. Pictures of the deceased presidents were shown, and short sketches of their terms of office were given. It was a day that will be long remembered by those in attendance."



Tacoma Stake (Washington) Singing Mothers Present Music for Quarterly Conference
February 17, 1963

At the left of the picture, from top to bottom: Augusta Langdon, director; Peggy Nielson, First Counselor; Jennie Wheeler, President (in lighter skirt); Mary Abney, organist.

Seventh from the left, in the front row, wearing glasses, Geraldine Haney, Second Counselor.

Sister Wheeler reports that Fawn Sharp of the General Board of Relief Society attended the conference, and gave much help to the sisters, and they learned to love her during her short stay.



Oquirrh Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Concert in Commemoration of the Anniversary of Relief Society
March 16, 1963

Helen W. Jeppson, President, Oquirrh Stake Relief Society, reports: "Under the inspirational guidance of Joan Ogden, conductor, and Hilde Luckau, organist, this concert did much to stimulate our sisters. It was one of the loveliest programs given in our stake in recent years. We began rehearsing in October of 1962 and enjoyed a full five months of music. The wards and stake worked as one in this endeavor, and we all felt divine guidance throughout the entire undertaking. In addition to the varied selection of offerings presented by the Singing Mothers, the poem 'Portrait of Freedom,' by Alberta H. Christensen of the General Board of Relief Society, was read by Leola Green Merrill."

Sandy East Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Music For Stake Quarterly Conference,
April 14, 1963

Front row, left to right: Roxie Rich, assistant organist; Betty Peirson, chorister; Marilyn Moffatt, stake organist; fifth from the left, Arlene Walters, President, Sandy East Stake Relief Society.

Sister Walters reports that the first performance by this group of Singing Mothers was at the morning session of the first quarterly conference of the newly organized Sandy East Stake. Two numbers were presented by the eighty-five members of this chorus.



North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society Conducts Unique Opening Social and Inter-Faith Social

Front row, seated, left to right: Mary L. Wilding, President (formerly Education Counselor); Opal Clayton, former President (who was killed in an automobile accident February 11, 1963); Melba Parkinson, Work Director Counselor; Alice Christensen, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Renee Olson, theology class leader; Donna Leonardson, visiting teacher message leader; Sandra Park, former chorister; Kathryn Price, social science class leader; Lucy Bingham, Magazine representative; Faye Andrus, former organist; Betty Lou Rhodes, literature class leader; LaRue Bell, work meeting leader.

Shortly before her death, Sister Clayton submitted a report of the lovely opening social held in the North Idaho Falls Stake, excerpts from which follow: "We chose for our theme 'Love Bridges the Way.' We chose different facets of love for the theme of each table which was presided over by one of our board members. Some of these were 'Love of Service'; 'Love of Home'; 'Love of Country'; 'Love of God'; and 'Love of Music.' Across the stage we had a large white bridge which depicted our main theme. One of our ward presidents read a script written by Opal Clayton, which introduced each new board member and gave a preview of all the lessons for the coming year. Our former board members were special guests, and as each new member was introduced, the past member walked across the bridge and in a handclasp of friendship led the new member across the bridge, and the new member presented the former member with a gift of appreciation for past service. Then the new board members sang a double sextette, written by President Opal Clayton and organist Faye Andrus.

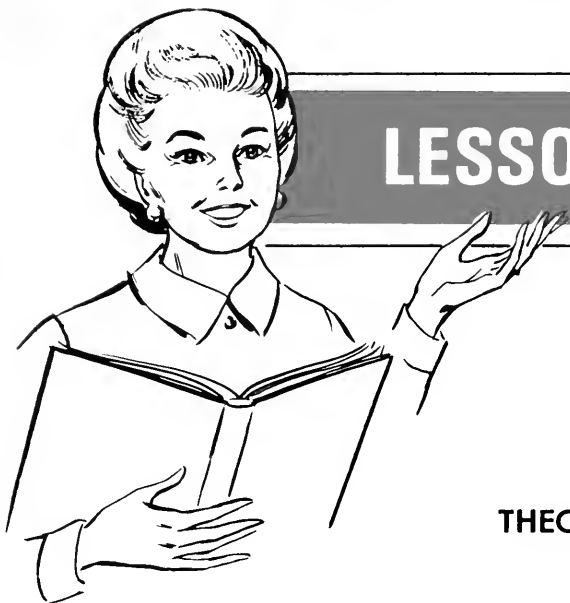
"The luncheon was lovely (all recipes from *The Relief Society Magazine*), and the table decorations were interesting, as well as beautiful."



Portneuf Stake (Idaho) Singing Mothers Present Third Annual May Music Festival
 May 2, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Pearl Davis, Portneuf Stake Relief Society organist; Belva Hadley, stake chorister; Norma Armstrong, director, Garden Creek Singing Mothers; Gladys Brown, director, McCammon Ward Singing Mothers; Vera Hall, accompanist, McCammon; Wanda Wilson, accompanist, Lava Ward Singing Mothers; Sylvia Symons, director, Lava Ward; Erma Abbott, director, Swan Lake Ward Singing Mothers; Counselor Dora Christensen, Portneuf Stake Relief Society; Counselor Esther Bishoff; President Fern T. Hartvigsen; Fay Merrill, accompanist, Swan Lake Ward Singing Mothers; Faye Gambles, director, Downey Second Ward Singing Mothers; Dorothy Allsop, accompanist, Downey Second Ward; Ona Whitaker, director, Downey Ward Singing Mothers; Ruth Jones, Downey Ward accompanist; June Hall, Arimo Ward accompanist; Blanche Olson, director, Arimo Ward Singing Mothers.

Sister Hartvigsen reports: "One hundred two Singing Mothers from the 133 enrolled in the stake participated in this festival. Because of circumstances that arose in two of the wards, Lava and Virginia, their groups were not represented, although some members from these wards were included in the combined chorus. The entire production was under the direction of stake music director Belva Hadley and organist Pearl Davis. Ward groups under their respective directors presented two numbers each. The groups were combined for the last two numbers. Sister Hadley welcomed all those who had come to hear the singing and paid a lovely tribute to the singers. Opening and closing prayers were offered by Stake President James A. Criddle and President Willis L. Brim. Sister Hartvigsen gave brief remarks of appreciation. The sisters presented an inspiring sight in their white blouses and dark skirts. They sang from their hearts, and all were touched by their devotion. Many hours of practice went into preparation for the festival."



LESSON DEPARTMENT

THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 51 — The Kingdom of God

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Section 65)

For First Meeting, December 1963

Objective: To learn that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the kingdom of God that was prophesied will stand forever.

INTRODUCTION

THE Prophet Joseph Smith records in his history that on the 12th of September 1831, he moved his family to the township of Hiram, Ohio, to live at the home of John Johnson, a member of the Church. Hiram was about thirty miles in a southeasterly direction from Kirtland. From the time of his arrival until the forepart of October, the Prophet made preparations to “recommence the translation [revision] of the Bible” (DHC I:215). He wrote that Section 65 of The Doctrine and Covenants is a prayer received through revelation. This is the first time in this book of scripture that a revelation is so designated. When the Kirtland Temple was ready for dedication, the Lord gave the dedicatory prayer by revelation. (Section 109.)

“PREPARE YE THE WAY”

An authoritative source has pointed out that the expression “Hearken, and lo, a voice as of one sent down from on high” in verse 1 suggests that like John on Patmos (Rev. 1:10-12) Joseph Smith heard a voice described as:

... a voice as of one sent down from on high, who is mighty and powerful, whose going forth is unto the ends of the earth, yea, whose voice is unto men — Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight (D & C 65:1).

This same source refers to “Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight,” also found in Isaiah 40:3, as having meaning in Oriental imagery. Anciently, an Eastern ruler would send his messenger to announce his coming which would give notice to his loyal subjects that crooked paths were to

be made straight and the roads to be made level. The comparison with this revelation seems clear. The Lord's messengers have been sent in this dispensation to make preparations for his second coming. Loyal subjects of his kingdom will make necessary preparations to receive their king. "When we comply with His commandments and prepare for His advent, our prayers are acceptable to Him" (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 398).

"THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM"

The Lord reminded Joseph Smith that the keys of the kingdom of God had been given to man upon the earth. (D & C 65:2.) Apostles of the meridian dispensation foresaw the time when the gospel would be restored to the earth following a long period of apostasy from the true principles and ordinances of the gospel, as given by the Savior and continued by his apostles. Peter describes that time as a period of "refreshing" from "the presence of the Lord," which would result because of a "restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began" (Acts 3:19-21). This prophecy is significant because it reminds one of the numerous words of the prophets concerning our times — the coming forth of The Book of Mormon (Isa. 29; Ezek. 37:15-28); the gathering of Israel. (Jer. 3:14-18; 31:31-33; Isa. 11:10-12); the building of a house of the Lord in the mountains (Isa. 2:2-3); the building of a temple to which the Lord would come suddenly (Mal. 3:1); and other prophecies that have been fulfilled or are in the

course of fulfillment.

Paul the apostle foresaw the time when all things would be gathered together in one in the last dispensation — the fulness of times. (Eph. 1:9, 10.) The gospel would be restored by an angel to usher in that dispensation as a part of the restoration of what the prophets saw. (Rev. 14:6, 7.)

The keys of the kingdom of God were a necessary part of the restoration of all things. Without the authority of the Priesthood to administer the laws and ordinances of the gospel, there would be no validity to the plan of salvation. (John 15:16; Heb. 5:4.) The necessary keys (power to direct the work of the kingdom) had been given to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by John the Baptist (D & C Section 13; Mal. 3:1-3), and by Peter, James, and John. (D & C 27:12-13.) In the last scripture, notice the reference to the committing of the keys of the dispensation in which the Lord would gather together in one all things as prophesied.

Later on in the dispensation still additional authority was to be restored that specific activities of the dispensation might be carried out. Elijah was to come, as foreknown. (Mal. 4:5, 6; D & C 2; 110:13-16.) Moses and Elias were also to be sent that functions necessary for our times might be accomplished. (*Ibid.*, 110:11-12.) Still others would bring their authorities, rights, powers, and glories to bless those who want the riches of eternity. (*Ibid.*, 128:21.)

THE PROPHESED KINGDOM

One of the remarkable prophecies of the Old Testament relative to the

setting up of the kingdom of God in the last days is found in Daniel, chapter 2. The expression in verse 45, "the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands" is also found in verse 2 of Section 65, which reads as follows:

The keys of the kingdom of God are committed unto man on the earth, and from thence shall the gospel roll forth unto the ends of the earth, as the stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands shall roll forth, until it has filled the whole earth.

An interesting statement from the Prophet's remarks concerning this prophecy in the book of Daniel was made not long before he was martyred:

. . . The ancient prophets declared that in the last days the God of heaven should set up a kingdom which should never be destroyed, nor left to other people; and the very time that was calculated on, this people were struggling to bring it out. . . .

I calculate to be one of the instruments of setting up the kingdom of Daniel by the word of the Lord, and I intend to lay a foundation that will revolutionize the whole world. I once offered my life to the Missouri mob as a sacrifice for my people, and here I am. It will not be by sword or gun that this kingdom will roll on: the power of truth is such that all nations will be under the necessity of obeying the Gospel . . . (DHC VI: 364-365).

THE GOSPEL, A LEAVEN

Asael Smith, the grandfather of Joseph Smith, was inspired to say: "it has been borne in upon my soul that one of my descendants will promulgate a work to revolutionize the world of religious faith" (SMITH, JOSEPH FIELDING: *Essentials in Church History*, page 29). The influence of the restoration of the

gospel and its promulgation throughout the world has been very great, and the future will see a greater influence upon the people of the world. Some of our leaders have pointed out the leavening effect of the true gospel in the world. Men's ideas of religious concepts have undergone some changes since the spring of 1820.

There may be, and probably are, other reasons for changes in the minds of men on religious principles, but if their ideas become more congenial to the fulness of the gospel then contention on these points will lessen. Before the Church was organized, and in reference to the bringing forth of The Book of Mormon, the Lord revealed that it was his purpose to decrease contention by this means. (D & C 10:61-63.) Certainly, the leavening influence of the restored gospel was not felt immediately. It takes a long time for change to come. The last sentence of the Prophet's remark quoted above suggests that the day will come when the power of truth will bring the nations to obey the gospel. That day, however, will not be in the time of wickedness (*Ibid.*, 1:11-16), but nonetheless, it is prophesied that the time will come, and it will probably be in the millennium, when "every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world" (*Ibid.*, 1:19-20).

DANIEL'S PROPHECY

Many of our leaders have referred to Daniel, chapter 2, especially verse 44, which sets forth the application of King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, as interpreted by Daniel

the Hebrew prophet, but it is probably Brother B. H. Roberts in the Introduction to Volume I of the *History of the Church* (Documentary History) by Joseph Smith, who has given us the fullest account.

Briefly, the dream of the king as interpreted by Daniel (Dan. 2:37-45) indicated that Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom, Babylonia, was the first world power (the 6th and 5th centuries B.C.) mentioned, to be replaced by the Medo-Persian empire (from 538 B.C. to about 330 B.C.), followed by the Greco-Macedonian kingdom (from about 330 B.C. to 160 B.C.), with the Roman empire immediately following and ending in the fifth century A.D. (If you read Brother Roberts' explanation, keep in mind that he quotes a Protestant writer who believed that the kingdom of God mentioned in verse 44 was set up in the days of Christ. Brother Roberts shows very clearly that such an interpretation is incorrect, one reason being that the kingdom of God would be established in the days of the fifth phase of the dream, at the time of the breaking up of the Roman empire into many small nations or kingdoms, and not during the Roman period when Jesus ministered. (DHC I:XXXIV-XL.) Each one of the foregoing kingdoms was symbolized by a part of the great image; the golden head — Babylonia; the silver breast and arms — Medes and Persians; the brazen belly and thighs — the Greco-Macedonian kingdom; the legs of iron — Roman empire; and the feet of iron and clay which eventually were broken to be replaced by the kingdom of God.

Elder Roberts points out that the kingdom of God would be a material kingdom as other kingdoms on earth and not a spiritual kingdom of Christ only, and that it would be organized in the last days.

THE FULFILLMENT

The prophesied kingdom of God represented as a stone cut out of the mountain without hands was formally organized on April 6, 1830, and is known as The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That Church has as its head the Savior with the President of the Church as his representative to guide and direct its destiny by revelation. As the Church of Jesus Christ in his day was composed of officers and organizations, so, by the restoration of the gospel and the Church as prophesied, the Church today performs its many purposes through a tangible organization. (Lessons 13 and 14, *Relief Society Magazine*, November and December 1958, respectively.)

A PURPOSE OF THE CHURCH

In the beginning of this dispensation, the Lord revealed that due to the apostate condition of the world he had established his organization upon the earth that man might have the means of salvation. This restoration was to prepare those who would accept his Church for the glorious coming of the Savior. The world would also, by the preaching of the gospel, have an opportunity to know of the Lord's intentions for man if he did not repent. (D & C 1). Section 65 carries this same message of preparation for the second coming of

Christ. (Read verses 3 and 4.)

It is worthy of note that this and other admonitions emphasize the charge given to the kingdom of God to make known its principles and ordinances through missionary work. The first commission given to the Church was to preach the gospel. In the days of renewed emphasis upon "every member a missionary," it is well to remind ourselves of this primary responsibility of the citizens of the kingdom.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Call upon the Lord, that his kingdom may go forth upon the earth, that the inhabitants thereof may receive it, and be prepared for the days to come, in the which the Son of Man shall come down in heaven, clothed in the brightness of his glory, to meet the kingdom of God which is set up on the earth (D & C 65:5).

The Lord commanded his disciples to pray for the coming of that kingdom. (Matt. 6:9-13.) This counsel reminds one that by prayer the disciple is kept in remembrance of the need to further the purposes of the kingdom, as indicated above.

The kingdom of God set up on the earth will be prepared to meet the Savior as it discharges its purposes for the salvation of the living and the dead. The faithful citizens of his kingdom will perform the functions of true followers of the Master by demonstrating their love in keeping the commandments of their King. (John 14:15.)

Wherefore, may the kingdom of God go forth, that the kingdom of heaven may come, that thou, O God, mayest be glorified in heaven so on earth, that thine enemies may be subdued; for thine is the honor, power and glory, forever and ever. Amen (D & C 65:6).

Elder James E. Talmage wrote that the expressions "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven" are frequently used interchangeably. In the latter-day scriptures, particularly the one above, there is a distinctive meaning. "The kingdom of God is the Church of Christ; the kingdom of heaven is that system of government and administration which is operative in heaven, and which we pray may some day prevail on earth. The kingdom of heaven will be established when the King shall come, as come He shall, in power and might and glory, to take dominion in and over and throughout the earth. . . . The kingdom of heaven shall come, and then shall justice rule in the earth" (TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Conference Report*, April 1917, pp. 65-66; see also *Articles of Faith*, pp. 365-368).

IT SHALL STAND FOREVER

Probably the most quoted part of Daniel's prophecy is verse 44:

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.

The Prophet Joseph Smith said of the Lord's work:

No unhallowed hand can stop the work of God from progressing. Persecution may rage, mobs may combine, armies may assemble, calumny may defame; but the truth of God will go forth boldly, nobly and independently, until it has penetrated every continent and visited every clime, swept over the country and sounded in every ear till the purposes of God shall be accomplished and the great Jehovah shall say the work is done (*Scrapbook of Mormon Literature* 2:18-19).

As early as 1831 when Wycom Clark and others broke away from the Church and organized their own church, Satan attacked God's work by influencing men to set up counter movements to the kingdom of God. As that attempt failed so will all other efforts to overthrow the kingdom of God, even though some of the offshoots may persist for a time.

Individual apostasies will not deter the kingdom. President Charles W. Penrose once said:

If you or I, or any of us, should leave the Church, the Church would still go on. Do not let us think, any of us, that the Church owes us anything. We owe a great deal to the Church, for light and truth and every principle and ordinance and authority and organization of the priesthood and of the helps and gifts that are in the Church for our comfort, our blessing, our union, and the continuation of power in the Church. They have come to us from God through the appointed authorities of the Church, and they will abide, no matter what we may do (Conference Report, April 1913, page 64).

CONCLUSION

In the revelations of God to Joseph Smith there is clear indication

that the Church organized in 1830 is the kingdom of God that will continue to remain God's Church, for as Daniel said, it will never be destroyed, or given to another people, but it will stand forever. The present increase in membership with the material gains of the Church in its building program, and the vitality of the convincing power of God to make people better, are indications of the progress of this work to fulfill its divine destiny. The keys of the kingdom are on the earth to bless and benefit all who want to receive the benefits of its powers for happiness here and eternal life in the world to come.

Questions for Discussion

1. In what ways may the Latter-day Saint "prepare the way of the Lord"?
2. Discuss Bible prophecies concerning the last dispensation.
3. What is meant by the idea that the gospel is a leaven?
4. How does missionary work fit into a purpose of preparing for the second coming of Christ?
5. Distinguish between the expressions "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven," as used in modern revelation.

Autumn Beauty

Zara Sabin

Autumn has come so suddenly —
 The pyracantha bushes bear
 Bright berries and the sumacs wear
 A blush upon their leaves. To me
 It brings face lines — strange beauty there —
 And silver snow-dust in my hair.

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 51 — “Continue in Patience Until Ye Are Perfected” (D & C 67:13).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Meeting, December 1963

Objective: To teach the value of continuous patience in striving for perfection.

IN his incomparable Sermon on the Mount, the Savior gave to us a great yet also a most difficult commandment to obey. He said, “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect” (Matt. 5:48). Ever since that time, some 2,000 years ago, conscientious followers of the Lord have been concerned about this commandment and have wondered if it is possible for imperfect human beings to become as perfect as their Father in heaven. One answer which has been given to this age-old question is, that so long as one is doing everything possible to become perfect he is on the road to perfection and, therefore, doing all that he can to fulfill the Lord’s commandment.

Another answer to this question is found in this passage of the 67th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants. The entire verse states, “Ye are not able to abide the presence of God now, neither the ministering of angels; wherefore, continue in patience until ye are perfected.” The importance of exercising patience in reaching perfection is also stated by the great apostle Peter when he, in his second epistle to the saints of

his day, admonished them to “add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness” (2 Peter 1:5-6).

Could it be, then, that if we diligently practice the qualities which incorporate the attribute of patience we may arrive at perfection?

What are these qualities? Some of the more important of these are gentleness, calmness, self-control, long-suffering.

Briefly let us consider each of these as they relate to patience.

Gentleness is a basic characteristic of patience. Patient people are gentle, understanding, thoughtful, and kind. When we practice these traits we exhibit patience.

Calmness is another characteristic which incorporates patience. A calm person is one who bears the everyday small trials and annoyances quietly and with equanimity. Experience in meeting these small problems this way builds strength to meet and handle the big problems when they come along. All of us can practice this characteristic of patience.

Self-Control is one of the most

important aspects of patience. One cannot control others until first he controls himself. Self-control means controlling our emotions, our angers, and our appetites. Self-control means self-restraint.

Long-suffering is another attribute of patience. Even the most tranquil life must meet disappointments, discouragements, failures, and defeat. The ability to meet these in fine spirits, high courage and good humor is an important part of long-suffering. The courage to get up and try again when one has been knocked down and the ability to endure to the end are essential traits of patience.

Individual patience has played an exceedingly important role in the history and development of the Church. This was particularly true of the pioneer trek westward when with all of their trials, tribulations, obstacles, and disappointments, the

saints bore up patiently and made their triumphant entry into the Salt Lake Valley. During the depth of their discouragement, William R. Clayton composed the great immortal hymn:

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor
fear;
But with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you this journey may
appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive.
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell —
All is well! all is well!

Someone has wisely said, "Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, restrains the hand" (Horn, *Youthful Quotes*, page 453).

"Patience is the soul of peace. Of all of the virtues it is the nearest kin to heaven; it makes men look like gods."

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 11 — Planning the Conservation of Family Resources

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, December 1963

Objective: To view extravagant and wasteful practices in buying and using equipment and to formulate guides for improvement.

TODAY the call is given constantly over radio, TV, and the newsstands to buy or trade in refrigerators, ranges, washing machines, vacuum

cleaners, mixers, blenders, dish washers, automobiles, and appliances of every possible description. The pressure is so great that some families

forget their long-time goals and mortgage their future in order to have the latest chromium-trimmed model. Others may see values and goals more important for family living. It is they who, in the long run, will be more likely to come through successfully. This does not mean that useful appliances are not desirable. Indeed, they are designed to reduce time and effort required for many of the routine tasks and can be a boon to better living. The point is that families should meet life on their own terms and realize that some goals are more important than others, and the entire budget cannot be used for one item.

Careful planning and wise buying will keep a family from getting into extravagant and wasteful habits and help them to achieve some balance in living as well as in their budget. It is not wisdom to trade in any furnishings or equipment that are still in good condition each time a new model appears on the market.

As the children grow, the family that learns to work and plan together may decide, as one family did, that a piano was more important than a dishwasher or a new rug. After buying the piano, they planned a rug project. They searched out some cast-off woolens, washed them, and braided a rug. Each child and the parents had a part in deciding on the colors to use, and in six months they had a finished rug. The piano was a wise investment because of all the family activity that it motivated.

Some families have fun searching in attics, in used furniture stores, or in the newspaper ads for genuinely good old pieces of furniture

which, with imagination, can be refinished and made into lovely furniture that may even become heirlooms.

Regular care of your purchases will extend their life. "Doesn't she know that every time she lets the pot boil over, she is burning out the coil?" asked an equipment dealer who was kept busy replacing coils in a homemaker's electric range. Another dealer said, "I can't understand how anyone could be so foolish as to spend a large sum of money on a washing machine and never read the instruction book. Well, I shouldn't complain, for this is where I make most of my profit, from other people's carelessness." The family that plans for each purchase and saves for it is more likely to appreciate it and care for it than the impulsive buyer.

Every appliance manufacturer includes a booklet of instructions with every model of his product. It is required that these remain with the appliance and become the property of the purchaser. One manufacturer, knowing that most women are prone to overlook or disregard instruction booklets, caused to be printed in large red letters on the front of the instruction booklet a rather facetious statement, *If all else fails, read the instructions*. One of the most important ways of taking care of a piece of equipment is to be thoroughly familiar with its proper operation. Recommendations for placement in the home, care of moving parts, protection of the finish, and other "do's and don't's" are always made.

No one needs to suffer cracked porcelain on her stove if she has

read the manufacturer's instruction to let the appliance cool before cleaning it. No washing machine motor needs to burn itself out from being overloaded if the owner has taken time to ascertain the weight limits of a recommended load. No refrigerator needs to grow old before its time if defrosting rules are followed, if, for instance, its innards have not been poked with a sharp instrument in an effort to aid defrosting.

Many of the commonly used appliances represent a fairly large investment of money. They have been engineered to last and give service for many years. Manufacturers, as well as the companies from whom they buy the materials that go into appliances, do a great deal of research and testing. They know under what conditions their product performs most satisfactorily. Housewives would do well to follow their instructions.

"Clean up after yourself" is a valuable lesson for each family member to learn. After using the washer, it should be cleaned thoroughly and made ready for the next use. After the range is cold,

it should be put in condition for cooking the next meal. The homemaker who never cleans the burners and drip pans, who never cleans the oven, who seldom gives the refrigerator a going over, who runs the vacuum without emptying the bag, will not get the full value from her investment. Dirty equipment never operates efficiently, will soon be out of commission, and require service and replacements.

One can become quite attached to pieces of equipment that are well cared for. An old iron frying pan that has been in the family for three generations still does an excellent job. It was seasoned before its first use and has been used ever since. Even the old treadle sewing machine that sewed the petticoats and dresses and coats and quilt blocks for half a century is looked upon with veneration. A cow was sold to buy that machine, and it has earned a place in the household that no new article can fill. Extravagant and wasteful practices in buying and using equipment can be eliminated through careful planning, wise buying, and regular care.

Shut Out

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I looked into a wide blue sky
 Until a jet went streaking by
 And pulled a zipper like a purse
 That shut me from the universe.

The Last Hundred Years

Lesson 43 — The Quickening Spirit of Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 609-616)

For Third Meeting, December 1963

Objective: To introduce ourselves to Emily Dickinson's mind and heart, first by entering her home, then her poetry.

TODAY'S superlative adjectives are so overused that even "super-colossal" seems unimpressive to many who hear it so often. Thus well aware of the dangers of bestowing exaggerated praise, we are nonetheless justified in calling Emily Dickinson great. Today no one questions her place in the top ranking of American writers. Among American poets only Walt Whitman and T. S. Eliot approach her stature, while among women writing in English she has no rivals. Were one to ask the names of women poets worldwide, through time, who deserve comparison with her, such names come dear. Since World War II, with the first publication of completely reliable editions of her poems and letters, the full scope and depth of her greatness gradually emerge, nor is an ending to such high critical and popular praise in sight. Now, above rumor, prejudice, over-emphasized eccentricities, and bumbblings of editors both friendly and indifferent, she comes into her own. How fortunate we are, that

the criticism and research of recent decades have made possible a larger access to her than before.

A SUDDEN CREATIVE SURGE

During her school days Emily earned the reputation of being a wit, a maker of jokes and pranks, the same relationship she kept alive among her family until long after all the children became adults. During her twenties she wrote less than sixty poems. In 1859, her twenty-ninth year, she wrote almost one hundred, and about seventy during 1860. Then in 1861-62 came her magnificent deluge: over 450 poems, most of them written in 1862. Why this sudden torrent which did not end abruptly? What turmoils arose within her which must have release? Was her new spurt of creativity centered entirely in poetry? Did poetry yield her pleasure or pain? How much did she share with close friends and relatives, how much keep secret? The enticing list grows long.

In the April 1862 issue of the

Atlantic Monthly, the Reverend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, friend to young authors and prominent literary critic, had written an article in which he had invited any aspiring writer, who felt the need, to ask for his help. Almost consumed with the need to ask some competent person to evaluate her recent creations, Emily initiated what was to become one of her life-long friendships. Her initial letter to him was as unique as the four poems she enclosed for his evaluation. Typically, the letter was unsigned, though she enclosed within a smaller envelope a card bearing her name. Imagine Mr. Higginson's astonishment after unfolding and reading the following memorable sheet:

15 April, 1862

Mr. Higginson,

Are you too deeply occupied to say if my Verse is alive?

The Mind is so near itself — it cannot, distinctly — and I have none to ask —

Should you think it breathed — and had you the leisure to tell me, I should feel quick gratitude —

If I make the mistake — that you dared to tell me — would give me sincere honor — toward you —

I enclose my name — asking you, if you please — Sir — to tell me what is true?

That you will not betray me — it is needless to ask — since Honor is its own pawn — (JOHNSON, THOMAS: *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, Harvard University Press, 1958, No. 206, page 403. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

YEARS OF TERROR

It was during 1862, when she was thirty-one, that Emily Dickinson entered into the year of "a terror since September I could tell to none." What this terror was cannot

be determined with full certainty, but events in her life and allusions in her poems do seem to offer a high correlation. At the same time it should be recalled that, merely because the creating poet makes the personal reference which all artists freely do, such "poetic" adventures do not therefore become fact.

Some of her poems, however, seemingly refer to her own life in terms too strong and direct to ignore. For example, poem 1732*, written at some unknown time in her life, but published in 1896, begins,

My life closed twice before its close —
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.

Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell

(JOHNSON, THOMAS, *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Boston, Little, Brown and Co., 1960, page 702).

Such disastrous partings could refer to the deaths of her father, who in many ways dominated her life at home, and her nephew, Gilbert Dickinson. But also she could have "died" with her intellectual mentor and awakener, young law-clerk, Ben Newton, who had died in 1853 after introducing her to Emerson and other "liberating" authors. Or it could refer to the love affair she cre-

*Numbers preceding the poems are those given by Thomas H. Johnson in his definitive three-volume collection, *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, 1955. Miss Dickinson titled only twenty-three of her poems; all other titles have been added by editors. The punctuation above, in contrast to the benevolent guesses shown throughout our text, is exactly as she wrote it.

ated in her own mind for the Reverend Charles Wadsworth. During the twenty-seven years which elapsed from her first seeing him in the pulpit until his death in 1882, they exchanged a few letters, and he called on her in 1860 and 1880, surely as a friend and admirer. Never could the Reverend have dreamed what he had become to her; never does any indication appear, either within his own domestic or professional life, which could cast the least shadow on his distinguished life as a clergyman. Recent research proves, almost beyond doubt, how fully Emily identified herself with him even while he remained innocent of her love. And it might well have been his telling her in September 1861, that he planned on leaving his Philadelphia pastorate for distant parts outside the turmoil of the Civil War, which prompted the terror she could not tell.

It was during this period of great soul-shaking and despair that she began dressing herself only in white, a commemoration she honored until her death. Of further significance, it was also during this period of supreme psychic and emotional crisis that she began considering the writing of poetry as a compensation and release through which she could create for herself a life and identity which might sustain her.

Among other poems produced in the torrent when, in actuality, she was writing for her very life, appeared No. 271, dated "about 1861."

271

A solemn thing — it was — I said —
A woman — white — to be —
And wear — if God should count me fit —
Her blameless mystery —

A hallowed thing — to drop a life
Into the purple well —
Too plummetless — that it return —
Eternity — until —

I pondered how the bliss would look —
And would it feel as big —
When I could take it in my hand —
As hovering — seen — through fog —

And then — the size of this "small" life —
The Sages — call it small —
Swelled — like Horizons — in my vest
And I sneered — softly — "small."

(*Ibid.*, pp. 123-124.)

In the poems above, as in those quoted below, her elemental greatness is apparent. Suffering, hoping grandly, she condenses and selects those images which make the poem itself its own end and fulfillment; we need not go outside the poem, either to author or commentator.

Supporting insights into her resignation and suffering may be gained from another poem:

252

I can wade Grief —
Whole Pools of it —
I'm used to that
But the least push of Joy
Breaks up my feet. . . .

Power is only Pain —
Stranded, thro' Discipline . . .

(*Ibid.*, page 115).

Her withdrawal from association with all save nature, children, a very few choice friends, and her immediate family did not mean that communication with her human-heaven-world stopped; it merely changed form. From the beginning of her withdrawal in 1862 until her death, more than eight hundred letters have survived. These letters are all to kin and friends, none of a practical or routine nature. They soar

in delight, pathos, warmth, puckish wit. Some are nearly as compelling as her poems, and as valuable a proof that Emily, in her unique manner and on her own terms, lived all of life and found "ecstasy in living; the mere sense of living is joy enough."

Space permits only one letter. Next door to the ancestral home lived her beloved brother, Austin, and Sue, his wife and girlhood chum of Emily's, who remained so near her in spirit that she received from Emily 267 poems over the years, more than anyone else. The sudden death of Gilbert, their eight-year-old son, jarred Emily more profoundly than did the death of parents, loved ones, or friends. As usual, soon after Gilbert's death, she communicated with Sue by writing three letters. The first one follows.

October 1883

Dear Sue —

The Vision of Immortal Life has been fulfilled —

How simply at the last the Fathom comes! The passenger and now the Sea, we find surprises us —

Gilbert rejoiced in Secrets — His life was panting with them — With what menace of Light he cried, "Don't tell, Aunt Emily"! Now, my ascended playmate must instruct me. Show us, prattling Preceptor, but the way to thee!

He knew no niggard moment — His Life was full of Boon — The Playthings of the Dervish were not so wild as his —

No crescent was this Creature — He traveled from the Full —

Such soar, but never set —

I see him in the Star, and meet his sweet velocity in everything that flies — His life was like the Bugle, which winds itself away, his Elegy an echo — his Requiem ecstasy —

Dawn and Meridian in one —

Without a speculation our little Ajax spans the whole —

Pass to thy Rendezvous of Light,
Pangless except for us —
Who slowly ford the Mystery
Which thou hast leaped across!

Emily

(JOHNSON: *Letters of Emily Dickinson*, Harvard University Press, 1958, No. 868, page 799. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company).

Thanks to modern scholarship, this letter and hundreds equally poignant and revealing are now available to us, but only since 1958; likewise, the complete poems were published in three volumes in 1955, and in one volume in 1960, edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Before these most carefully edited and unbiased editions appeared, Emily's letters and poems came to the public in spotty and unreliable collections, her priceless literary estate twisted, concealed, hastily edited, victim of a feud between her heirs and her friends which for more than sixty years kept the full and real Emily from her growing public. Only Poe's literary reputation has suffered more than Miss Dickinson's.

HER CHANGING IDENTITY

In the seventy-five years since her death, Time has not been kind to Emily, though the last decade has treated her more fairly. During her lifetime she was "robbed" of seven poems which were published against her will, since each published poem caused her to fear not only the unbearable shock of sharing her most intimate self but the horrifying liberties editors took with her poems to "correct" them. With the exception of William Dean Howells' praise, contemporary literary taste condemned her rough metrical pat-

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..... ABIDE WITH ME; 'TIS EVENTIDE—Madsen.....	.20
..... COME YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER—Madsen20
..... GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR—Berlin25
..... GOSPEL GIVES UNBOUNDED STRENGTH—Schreiner30
..... HEAVENS ARE TELLING—Haydn25
..... LET NOT YOUR SONG END—Cain25
..... LORD BLESS THEE AND KEEP THEE—Madsen20
..... LORD IS MY SHEPHERD—Smart20
..... LORD'S PRAYER—Robertson ..	.22
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terns and her evident inability to write poetry which rhymed. For example, to show how her newness was misunderstood and how editors "improved" her style, poem 214 originally had the following first stanza:

I taste a liquor never brewed —
From Tankards scooped in Pearl —
Not all the Vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an Alcohol!

(*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, page 98).

yet when printed anonymously in the nearby *Springfield Daily Republican* in 1861, it had been changed to read,

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not Frankfort berries yield the sense
Such a delirious whirl.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "improving" was more thorough:

I taste a liquor never brewed
In vats upon the Rhine;
No tankard ever held a draught
Of alcohol like mine.

(Text, page 610)

Once her technical inadequacies were acknowledged and forgiven, Emily was first known as a poet of nature touched with a charming whimsy, as in 328:

A Bird came down the Walk —
He did not know I saw —
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass —
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass —

(*JOHNSON, The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, page 157.)

Space forbids the remaining stanzas. She catches the same tone

in 318: "I'll tell you how the sun rose / A ribbon at a time"; 333: "The grass so little has to do"; 526: "To hear an oriole sing / May be a common thing — / Or only a divine." Perhaps best known is her version of a train. (See "I Like to See it Lap the Miles," text, page 612.)

As more poems of Emily's were published it became evident that she had a fierce contempt for normal human foibles: for those who live on public acclaim (288); and who so fear others' departure from a rigid belief that they persecute non-conformity (435). In such poems it becomes increasingly evident that in Emily Dickinson the New England Renaissance has a true heir and a worthy spokesman.

435

Much Madness is divinest Sense —
 To a discerning Eye —
 Much Sense — the starkest Madness —
 'Tis the Majority
 In this, as All, prevail —
 Assent — and you are sane —
 Demur — you're straightway dangerous —
 And handled with a Chain —
 (*Ibid.*, page 209. See also "Nobody," text, page 611).

She wrote with telling power her awe for life's mysteries, and pain, and death:

764

Presentiment is that long Shadow — on
 the Lawn —
 Indicative that Suns go down —
 The Notice to the startled Grass
 That Darkness — is about to pass —
 (*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, page 374).

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Pain — has an Element of Blank —
 It cannot recollect
 When it began — or if there were
 A time when it was not —
 (Ibid., page 323. See also "The Morning
 After Death," text, page 615.)

While the poems above and numerous others fulfill their own justification for being, it may well be that Emily Dickinson's most lasting fame may be earned by her religious poetry. Though all members of her family finally joined the dominant Congregational Church, she never could. For years she was supposed to experience a guilt which she did not feel, meanwhile alternating between various degrees of faith and doubt. Yet from those who knew her best, as from a mass religious poetry which speaks its own power

and integrity, she might with justice be summarized, not merely as a withdrawn, embittered spinster (as was the vogue for several decades) but as an intense and sensitive spirit ever questing for the highest truth, and honest enough to create in her poems her awareness of both success and failure in this, her ultimate search.

I have perfect confidence in God and His promises, and yet I know not why I feel that the world holds a predominant place in my affections. . . .

I cannot tell how Eternity seems. It sweeps around me like a sea (THACKRAY, D. E.: Emily Dickinson's Approach to Poetry, University of Nebraska Study, No. 13, November 1954, page 15).

823

Not what We did, shall be the test
 When Act and Will are done

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But what Our Lord infers We would
Had We diviner been —

(JOHNSON, from *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, page 399. Copyright 1929, (c) 1957 by Mary L. Hampson, by permission of Little, Brown and Company).

1544

Who has not found the Heaven — be-
low —

Will fail of it above —

For angels rent the House next ours,

Wherever we remove —

(*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, page 644. See also, "I Never Saw a Moor," text, page 614.)

Thoughts for Discussion

1. As proved by her poems, point out specific ways Emily Dickinson lived even though during her lifetime nothing really "exciting" ever happened directly to her.

2. If poetry does not contain rhyme and a regular rhythm, how can it ever be considered great?

3. Compare one of Emily Dickinson's poems with one of her letters as revelations of (a) Emily Dickinson's real self; (b) truth as she knew it.

4. In what ways do her poems resemble Emerson's both in form and content? In what elements does she seem a realist?

5. Few who have paused long enough to hear her voice on its own terms have remained indifferent to Emily Dickinson; many find rare qualities of greatness. For you what elements in her writings are most compelling?

Poems 1732, 271, 252, 214, 328, 435, 764, 650, 823, 1544 are reprinted by permission of the publishers from THOMAS H. JOHNSON, editor, *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Cambridge, Mass. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, Copyright 1951, 1955 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Divine Law and Church Government

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

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Forever

Florence S. Glines

If skies were always blue and fair
And life forever free from care,
Could trees stay green and strong
And birds trill out a song
Forever?

We need the ups and downs;
We need life's changing rounds
Of heavy work and care-free play,
Of wondrous night and rugged day
Forever!

Forever we must grow and feel
The throb of life fulfilled and real,
Accomplishment, and sometimes loss,
The joy of good, the pain of dross,
Forever!

“STRETCHING THE FOOD BUDGET”

The Part II article “Evaporated Milk” will appear in the October issue.

Mothers' Hands

Linda Clarke

What can be said of mother's hands
can also not be said,
For who can count the vast drudgeries
performed each day —
And who can surmise if drudgeries are
really joys, because it is their pride. . . .
And they also minister kindness.

Pathway

Catherine B. Bowles

We walk the path of life but once
As we journey down the way;
We do not pass this way again
As we travel day by day.

Shall we plant seeds of happiness
Or strew the path with flowers
And sow the seed of gratitude
For rich blessings that are ours?

Send a song along the highway,
Push a stone from off the road,
Make a beaten path for others
Help them carry a heavy load.

If we have helped, in some small way
To give another a brighter day,
Then life has not been lived in vain;
Blessings will come back again.

The fragrance of a life well spent
Smooths the pathway we have trod
That will bring us richest blessings
In our pathway back to God.

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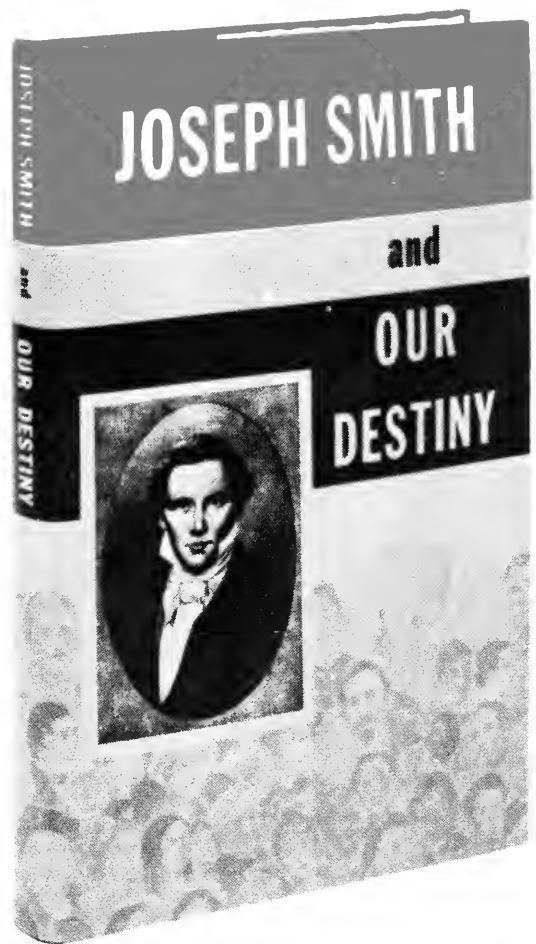
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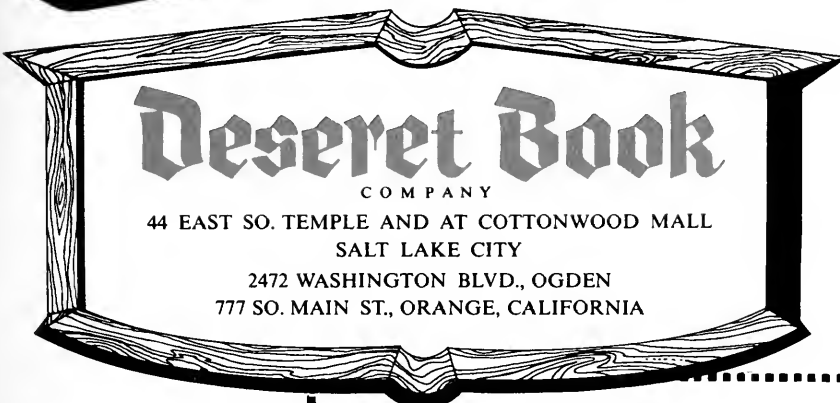
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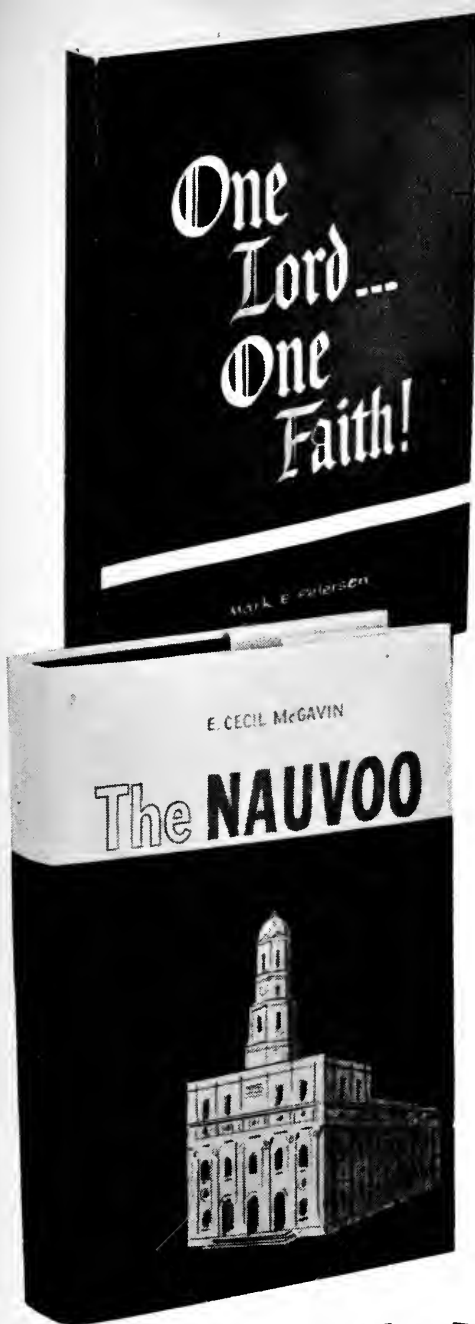
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 10 OCTOBER 1963 LESSONS FOR JANUARY



Lingering Autumn

Dorothy J. Roberts

Autumn has stretched warm and wide in the sun
And fingered with gold the willowed bend
Where the river winds along the meadow's length,
And amber stubble burns across the land.

Autumn has lingered all coral and blue,
Although the time for sodden rain is past.
The lambs are still limned silver in the sun,
The plowed field, slow to crumble, waits the frost.

Autumn slumbers in the bonfire's haze,
In meadows slow to brown, in cloudless air,
In Persian slopes above a ribboned road,
And in the hungered watcher, pausing there.

Scores of other autumns have come and gone,
Some swiftly and flamboyantly as spring,
But only this one, step by lagging step,
Has made its way, reluctant, up the hill.

Not to flare, a conflagration, bright —
And swift as banfires leap before they die,
But leaf by leaf and branch by golden branch,
Slow waves ascending to the timberline.

The Cover: Autumn Leaves on a Pool, Mill Creek Canyon, Utah
Transparency by L. Paul Roberts
Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

Frontispiece: Autumn Tapestry, American Fork Canyon, Utah
Photograph by Hal Rumel

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

Illustrations: Mary Scopes

The beautiful lithographed covers of the *Magazine* are wonderful. The June 1963 issue, with its picture of the Salem Pond, brought joy to my heart, because that is the pond I grew up with. That pond is a delight to the people of the town and all who visit it. Claire Noall's pictures of Norway were a specialty to me. My parents were both born there, and their children were reared with stories about the beauties of their native land.

—Bessie Iverson Jenkins
Salt Lake City, Utah

I enjoy the *Magazine* and make use of many of the ideas presented in it. I followed the ideas given in the article "Let's Have a Bake Party" (by Mary S. Kemp in the March issue), and gave a party for my five-year-old daughter. The children were delighted with the idea, and the parents thought it was the cleverest idea they had ever heard of. Thanks so much for the idea.

—Mrs. Ernestine Sanford
Socorro, New Mexico

I have been a member of the Church since last November, but only just started to take the *Magazine*. How thrilled I was when I discovered the Sydney Stake, Parramatta Ward picture in the *Magazine* (July 1963). My eldest daughter, now almost four, was born in the Parramatta Hospital, and my husband and I and our two daughters hope to return to Sydney within the next two years. No doubt we shall be meeting the sisters whose picture was in the *Magazine*, for we shall be hoping to live in Parramatta.

—Mrs. Viv Jackson
Haney
British Columbia

I like *The Relief Society Magazine* very much, especially the lovely poetry, and I appreciate the opportunity of receiving the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Bessie Williams
Winston, Oregon

The Relief Society Magazine is truly grand and holds a wealth of knowledge to suit all members. In the June issue, I especially enjoyed "Norway — A Road By the Sea," by Claire Noall. Having traveled there three years ago with my husband, the article had great appeal to me. I liked all the artwork in the *Magazine*, and the article on growing African Violets, by Irene Dunford was practical and beautiful.

—Olive Hingston
Taranaki, New Zealand

Congratulations on your beautiful, modern July number. I have found the colorful cover of the pioneers at South Pass most interesting. The fine family sermon; the sketch of my great-uncle, President John Taylor; the picture of the handcart; the fresh, life-like stories; the musical poems; the sewing, cooking, and cultural articles all combine to inspire and improve our lives.

—Mary Porter Ober
Alhambra, California.

Congratulations on the Fiftieth Anniversary of *The Relief Society Magazine*. May I say that our *Magazine* is one of the finest. The story "Kiss of the Wind," by Rosa Lee Lloyd (serial, beginning in July 1963) brings the Hawaiian people back to my mind. The Near and Far page gives a glimpse of the feelings and expressions of other members of the Latter-day Saint family.

—Mrs. Frank Ashley
Roseburg, Oregon

Just lately I have been receiving *The Relief Society Magazine*, and in it I am finding wonderful material for lessons. We missionaries are always thankful for extra help in our work. I find the lessons especial helpful in teaching the saints here in the mission.

—Elder Kent Lyman Stevenson
La Paz, Baja California

The Relief Society Magazine

OCTOBER 1963 VOLUME 50 NUMBER 10

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Associate Editor Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager Belle S. Spafford

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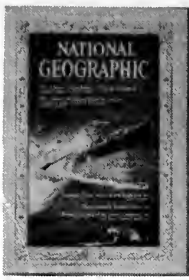
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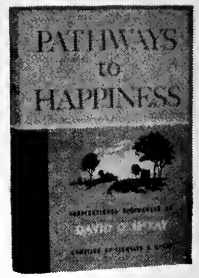
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The Power of Books

Elder Spencer W. Kimball
of the Council of the Twelve
and Camilla E. Kimball



SINCE time immemorial men's thoughts have been directed, their emotions swayed, their lives influenced, and their actions stirred or curtained by the expressed thoughts, and experiences lived by others.

Real thinkers are the small minority, and the followers in thought and act are the great majority.

People are changed by what they hear and what they read. Alexander Smith says: "Books are a finer world within a world." And we heartily agree if he refers to the "best books."

While there have been books and records all through the ages, they are far more abundant today, and even a person of moderate means may have an adequate library in his own home and have access to numerous books and magazines through public libraries which boast millions of copies. There is little excuse for even the poorest folk in our day to be without good reading material.

In pioneer days written material was at a premium. It is recorded that Abraham Lincoln, the American Emancipator, was so hungry for reading material that he walked long distances to borrow a book and then to return it; and he used charcoal to write on smooth wood and a knife to whittle off the writing. In those early days when men were fighting the natural elements, trying to get a foothold in the soil and to establish themselves in virgin territory, their long hours were spent in manual labor, and they had

neither the time nor the books. But today what an opportunity! Laboring hours have been reduced and leisure time increased! Numerous leisure hours have been made available to men. It is noticeable that many use these extra hours for fun and pleasure. Certainly an increased part of it could profitably be used in gaining knowledge and culture through the reading of good books.

Numerous people fail to take advantage of these opportunities. Many people spend hours in planes with only cursory glancing at magazines, and in the train or bus, time is spent "sitting and thinking," and in many cases, "just sitting," when there could be such a constructive program of reading. People in beauty parlors, professional offices, waiting rooms, and elsewhere waste precious hours thumbing through outdated magazines when much valuable reading could be done in these islands of time. For example, the Bible can be read in a year's time with but a little time each day.

Good reading habits should be formed in early childhood. Since women, generally, have the greater responsibility in training the children they should make a study of their facilities.

We might ask each mother: Is there a dearth of good books in your home? Is there sufficient reading material of good quality and high standard for each child, so that each will read the appropriate books as he grows up — those books which will whet his taste for good things,

stimulate his ambition, properly stir his emotions, and increase his love for the beautiful and proper things, and develop his faith and build his character?

Do you mothers read to your children to start them in their hunger for the good things? There are mothers who read the stories of the scriptures regularly to their children who look forward to this delightful family experience.

ARE you careful in the selection of the books which go into your home library so that only the clean and the good are available to the children? Are you as careful with the diet of reading material for their minds as you are of the food which goes daily into their bodies? How few children would get a balanced diet if left to their own fickle appetites. And it is in these homes where parents are careless that there is found pornographic reading material and salacious pictures and stories to stuff the minds with lewdness and filth. If children establish their standards from either rude persons or crude books and pictures, society has suffered an irreparable loss, whereas it has a right to expect from each of its members a worthwhile contribution toward peace, joy, and progress.

Out of the vast amount of reading material available there is something exactly to fit the needs of every child at every age from the slightly retarded to the most brilliant child, and all in between at their own vocabulary level. The wise parents will supply the proper books and stimulate their reading.

Someone has said: "I no more

remember the books I have read, than the meals I have eaten, but they make me what I am."

Every person we meet makes a contribution to our lives, good or bad. Every book can influence the life of the person who reads it. The parents' responsibility, then, is to make certain that the influence is good. While the body is sacred and vital, the mind and spirit are of greater importance. Even in the beginning there was the written word, for Adam and Eve were conscious of the need for the development of the mind, "And by them their children were taught to read and write, having a language which was pure and undefiled" (Moses 6:6).

The prophets were faithful in recording their predictions and warnings, and the patriarchs in making accurate accounts of the movements of the people, their human events, their genealogies, their biographies, and the world events. Their smaller world was limited in communication and transportation, but, coming from them, we have the precious records of the ages with their lessons of life accurately depicted.

Whether they wrote on paper, papyrus, clay tablets, on stone or on metal, the political and spiritual leaders made faithful records and, to them, we are indebted for the great mass of worthwhile information that is available to us today.

IN THE museums of London, Cairo, Bagdad, Paris, and elsewhere are numerous clay tablets and metal records preserved from the antiquities.

Far down in the bowels of the

earth in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor in Egypt, the walls of the tombs are covered with colored writings preserved through the ages.

From the earth in New York came precious metal plates of gold recording histories and biographies and events in the old and new worlds for about 2600 years. How fortunate we are to have all these records!

In our own day, the printing presses of all the more developed countries run incessantly pouring out new reading material. We are advised that books are published in the United States, alone, at the rate of more than a thousand per month. With the millions already in libraries and new books every few minutes, there is little justification for one in our enlightened groups being unread.

Most people, and especially children, need guidance as to what they should read. Children will generally follow the patterns of their parents. The Lord has indicated this when he said:

And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books, words of wisdom, seek learning, even by study and also by faith (D & C 88:118).

Happy is the family whose members have learned to make good books their companions. The need of guidance by parents, teachers, and Church organizations is apparent, that the minds of children be properly stirred and fed. One is literally what he thinks, and his thinking is greatly influenced by what he reads. Someone gave us this:

Thought in the mind hath made us. What we are

By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him,
as comes
The wheel the ox behind. . . .
. . . if one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow — sure.

The Lord would have us know the gospel truths first, but would not limit us to the scriptures. He has said:

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me (John 5:39).

He has also indicated that our reading should be of a general nature, including material in every legitimate field.

As we yearn and plan and program our lives to become gods, it is apparent that we must have full knowledge of all the fields which affect a world. The Lord has made this clear:

And I give unto you a commandment that ye shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom.

Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand;

Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms —

That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify

the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you (D & C 88:77-80).

It would seem from the foregoing that the Lord expected that the people should have access to a wide variety of information to give them breadth and depth in their lives.

“. . . things in heaven” might be the study of astronomy and related subjects. To know and appreciate the wonders of the heavens cannot but increase our appreciation of God and his great wisdom and power. With all the study of the ages, men are but beginning to comprehend this vast science. As parents we should strive to learn about the wonders of the universe and teach our children of them by putting into their hands books suited to their age and development, which will encourage and help them to understand these limitless creations of God.

“. . . and in the earth. . . .” This echoes the commandment given to Adam to replenish the earth and subdue it. The Lord has said also:

The fulness of the earth is yours. . . . Yea, all things which come of the earth . . . are made for the benefit and the use of man. . . . And it pleaseth God that he hath given all these things unto man . . . (D & C 59:16-20).

To understand the soil and the seasons would be a fascinating study, and every home should have a bit of garden even if it can be had only in a window box, as is so often seen in European apartments. This can furnish a limited opportunity for learning in this field and the appreciation of it.

“Subdue the earth” could include

engineering in damming of streams for power, irrigation and flood control, dredging waterways for navigation, bridging of rivers and ocean inlets for better transportation, drilling of wells, and making canals for more beneficial use of water, and numerous other services for the subduing of the earth.

The sciences of biology, geology, and other ologies teach us about the earth and its formation and its inhabitants; oceanography is the study of the elements “under the earth.”

“Things which have been” invites us to delve into history which can be a fascinating hobby and a lifetime challenge. Current events or history in the making should cause us great concern and careful study. The selection of dependable and unbiased reporting should influence our source material.

“A knowledge of countries . . . and kingdoms . . .” will be found in a study of political and physical geography, languages, and customs. This should help us to understand people better, that we may live more harmoniously together. *The National Geographic Magazine* is a good example of many available magazines which furnish excellent, helpful source material about the earth and all its peoples; and one is well read in this field who captures and absorbs the extensive material there afforded. It is not seasonal like a newspaper, but extends its usable life into long years and is dependable as a blueprint or road map of countries one wishes to visit. Television, radio, travel, and countless well-written books of other lands also help. The Lord directs us to study all potentials of the elements

of nature, and all scientific developments.

"*Things which are at home*" might be an invitation to study home building, homemaking, furnishing, child psychology and child training, marital felicity, and such.

"*Wars and perplexities of the nations*" are our great concern since the world is now a single community, and perplexities afflicting one people affect and influence all lives. Newspapers and magazines keep us posted on these matters, and to keep aware of world happenings may help us to avoid entangling alliances and difficulties.

The Lord indicates that "*the fulness of the earth is yours,*" and he goes on, saying:

Yea, all things which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and the use of man, both to please the eye and to gladden the heart . . . and to enliven the soul (D & C 59:18-19).

SOMETIMES one becomes surfeited in reading the difficult subject matter which takes concentration, and he needs variety. There is available a wide selection of books which will give development to the aesthetic and the cultural. Music, drama, poetry, fiction, and other cultural fields are available to everyone. The contributions come to us from great minds and great hearts and great sufferers and great thinkers.

In addition to all the serious study there should be time for just plain reading for pleasure. Here one needs assistance to select that which is pleasurable in a worthwhile way. There are countless works of fiction which help us to understand ourselves and others better, and to

get real pleasure in the learning.

There are great books which stimulate our thinking and help us to establish values. A typical little volume, exciting to read and of wholesome thought, is *Gift From the Sea* by Anne Lindbergh. It could be read many times. She found the simple life reminiscent of Thoreau's *Walden* which influenced the thinking of Relief Society women last year.

The women of the Church should find no difficulty in selecting reading material for themselves and their families with *The Children's Friend*, *The Instructor*, *The Era*, *The Relief Society Magazine*, the *Church Section of the Deseret News*, and all the lessons of the auxiliary organizations.

Mothers have also the well-written lessons in literature, social science, and theology which can give them a liberal education if they are dutiful in their pursuit. The sisters should not be content to hear the lessons only, but should let that lesson be only the appetizer to induce a total reading of the books referred to.

The Lord commanded us to learn by study and by faith and prayer. When the Savior was tempted by Lucifer, he replied:

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God (Mt. 4:4).

It is the spiritual and ethical and religious reading which all should do which will give background for cultural and spiritual growth. Since no amount of knowledge can save or exalt, one must apply his knowledge. Consequently it is necessary

that in the reading habits of men there should be a generous part directed to the spiritual:

. . . that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom . . . and . . . more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand (D & C 88:77-78).

This would imply careful, regular, and systematic study of the standard works of the Church. Herein will be found the material for a lifetime of profitable study. One could not possibly, in mortality, learn all about the Way of Life, consequently these books should be in every home, available for constant reference and reading. Splendid it would be if gifts to children in their early years were book-gifts. How fine if every child could have the New Testament even in early years, and, a little later, his own triple combination of the three books and also his own Bible. Herein are found the “. . . principle, doctrine, the law of the gospel, all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God.”

Emerson said: “There is properly no history; only biography,” and, if children are to grow up with character and intense love and deep-seated faith, let them read the biographies of the great of all time. Every lesson in ethical standards and in proper spiritual living is found in the standard works. Here will be found the rewards of righteousness and the penalties of sin. Here will be the life stories of men who were selfish, arrogant, bold, and vicious, and who came to tragic ends. Here are the histories of nations which degenerated from god-

hood back to beasthood, who with their posterity, suffered untold agonies and death.

“In the history of the world,” said Emerson, “a very large part of what has been achieved can be traced to the influence of a relatively small handful of men — men who were dedicated, enterprising, curious and able to a degree which set them apart from their contemporaries. There is a real sense in which the story of their lives is the history of the world.”

Here are the pictures of people who lived and met all the exigencies of life and overcame meanness, jealousies, envies, hatreds, and became pure of heart and clean of hands. Here are pictures of the winds of disobedience and rebellion and uncleanness and the whirlwinds that enveloped them. Here are men who approached perfection under trials and difficulties, like Job, and who emerged superior beings. Here are the biographies of the prophets and of leaders and of the Lord himself, giving example and direction so that men can, by following those examples, be perfected, happy, full of joy, and with eternity their goal and expectation.

And the Lord required, in addition to the study of these numerous fields of culture and interest, we

“. . . study my word which hath gone forth among the children of men. . . .”
[This would be the Holy Bible said by John Livingstone Lowes to be the noblest monument of English prose, and said by the Lord to be MY WORD.]

“. . . and also study my word which shall come forth among the children of men, or that which is now translating. . . .”
[This is certainly the Book of Mormon.]

“. . . yea, until you have obtained all which I shall grant unto the children of men in this generation, and then shall all things be added thereto. . . .” [And perhaps this includes from the Pearl of Great Price, the Book of Moses]: “The visions of Moses as revealed to Joseph Smith, the Prophet” [and also the Book of Abraham] “a translation of some ancient records . . .” (D & C 11:22).

[And the Lord commanded further]: “. . . seek ye out of the Book of Commandments . . .” [our Doctrine and Covenants, our book of modern revelation].

Among the “best books” to be read are the numerous commentaries of the leaders of the Church, too numerous to list, but which are stimulating and clarifying and written to give a better understanding of the Plan. *The Articles of Faith* is a type of gospel explanation books. *Home Memories of President David O. McKay* is an example of ideal home life and character-building books. *The Way to Perfection*, by President Joseph Fielding Smith is a gospel treatise. *Our Lord of the Gospels*, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., is a comprehensive arrangement making the study of the scriptures easier for the student. It must be remembered that all books published by Church authors are not official Church publications, and the reader must be discriminating and selective. But all these numerous books have much of value in them for the discriminating student. In all the commentaries, good as they may be, it must be remembered that none takes the place of the original source material.

Conditions may have been such that few people could talk to Browning, Shakespeare, Scott, or Emerson, but almost everyone in

our world can profit by their written thoughts. Few of us could travel with Byrd to the South Pole or with Peary into the frozen areas of the North, but everyone can read of their experiences and of the conditions in those desolate areas. Few of us can travel to the Sistine Chapel in Rome and see the great array of masterpieces of the great artists in the great art galleries of the world, nor can we sit in their studios and see them work, but relatively few need be deprived of seeing the works of the masters, for home libraries may have faithful reproductions.

Not everyone may kneel with the Prophet in the Sacred Grove nor on Mount Sinai with Moses, nor on the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter, James, and John, yet nearly every soul in our world may see the pictures of artists and read the true record of these world-stirring events. Few of us may, at this time, fly into space, yet we may do so by proxy as we read the exploits of the astronauts.

Through books we may come to know the kindness of Abraham Lincoln, the devotion of Sweitzer, the vision of Franklin, the faith of Abraham, and the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Few of the billions of earth can walk with God as did Adam and Abraham and Moses, yet, in the world in which we live, the scriptures are available to nearly every soul, and, through them, men can become intimately acquainted with their Heavenly Father, his Son Jesus Christ, and with conditions and opportunities and expectations of life eternal.



Josef Muench

FARM SCENE IN NORTH WALES

Landscape Quilting

Iris W. Schow

Fall plowing forms the lining;
The fleece is fluffy snow;
Contrasting crops
Piece patchwork tops,
And the intense lines
Of all the fencelines
Mark where the quilting stitches go!

He Knew the Prophet Joseph Smith

Part V — President Joseph F. Smith

Preston Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

JOSEPH F. Smith, the sixth President of the Church, was born at Far West, Missouri, November 13, 1838. He was the son of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith.

When the boy was a little less than six years of age, his father Hyrum and his uncle the Prophet Joseph Smith, were killed by a cruel mob in Carthage Jail, Illinois.

When he was nine years of age he drove an ox team across the plains to Utah, following President Brigham Young; when he was fourteen his mother died, and from that time on he made his way alone.

He served as a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands from 1854 when he was sixteen to 1858; his second mission was to England from 1860 to 1863.

On July 1, 1866, Joseph F. Smith was ordained an apostle by President Brigham Young. His work in this important office occupied the remainder of his life. He subsequently served as counselor to three Presidents of the Church, John Taylor (1880 to 1887), Wilford Woodruff (1887 to 1898), and Lorenzo Snow (1898 to 1901).

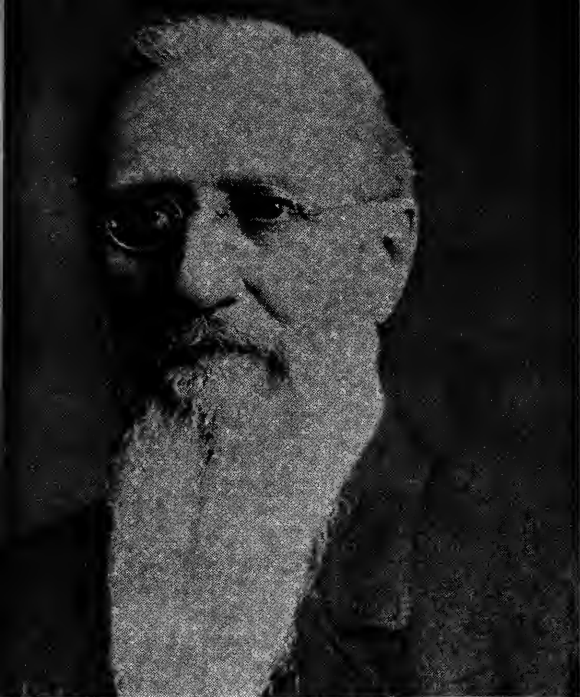
Joseph F. Smith became the President of the Church in October 1901. He served in this capacity with great

fidelity and honor until his death in November 1918, a period of seventeen years.

Following are a few comments which President Joseph F. Smith made during his lifetime regarding his beloved uncle, the Prophet Joseph Smith.

“As a child I knew the Prophet Joseph Smith. As a child I have listened to him preach the Gospel, that God had committed to his charge and care. As a child I was familiar in his home, in his household, as I was familiar under my own father’s roof. I have retained the witness of the spirit that I was imbued with as a child, that I received from my sainted mother, the firm belief that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God” (Sermon in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, July 8, 1917).

“I bear my testimony to you, and to the world, that Joseph was raised up by the power of God to lay the foundations of this great latter-day work, to reveal the fulness of the Gospel to the world, in this dispensation, to restore the priesthood of God to the world, by which men may act in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and it will be accepted of



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

God, it will be by his authority. I bear my testimony to it; I know that it is true" (*The Improvement Era*, Vol. 14, November 1910, page 74).

"To me there is a sweet fascination in the contemplation of his [Joseph Smith's] childhood and youth. I love to contemplate the innocence and the artless simplicity of his boyhood. It bears record that he was honest, that he was led by the spirit of God to perform his wonderful mission. How could a child at his age be impelled by other than honest motives in the accomplishment of his high and holy calling? What he did he was led to do by the inspiration and guidance of his Heavenly Father, of this I feel assured.

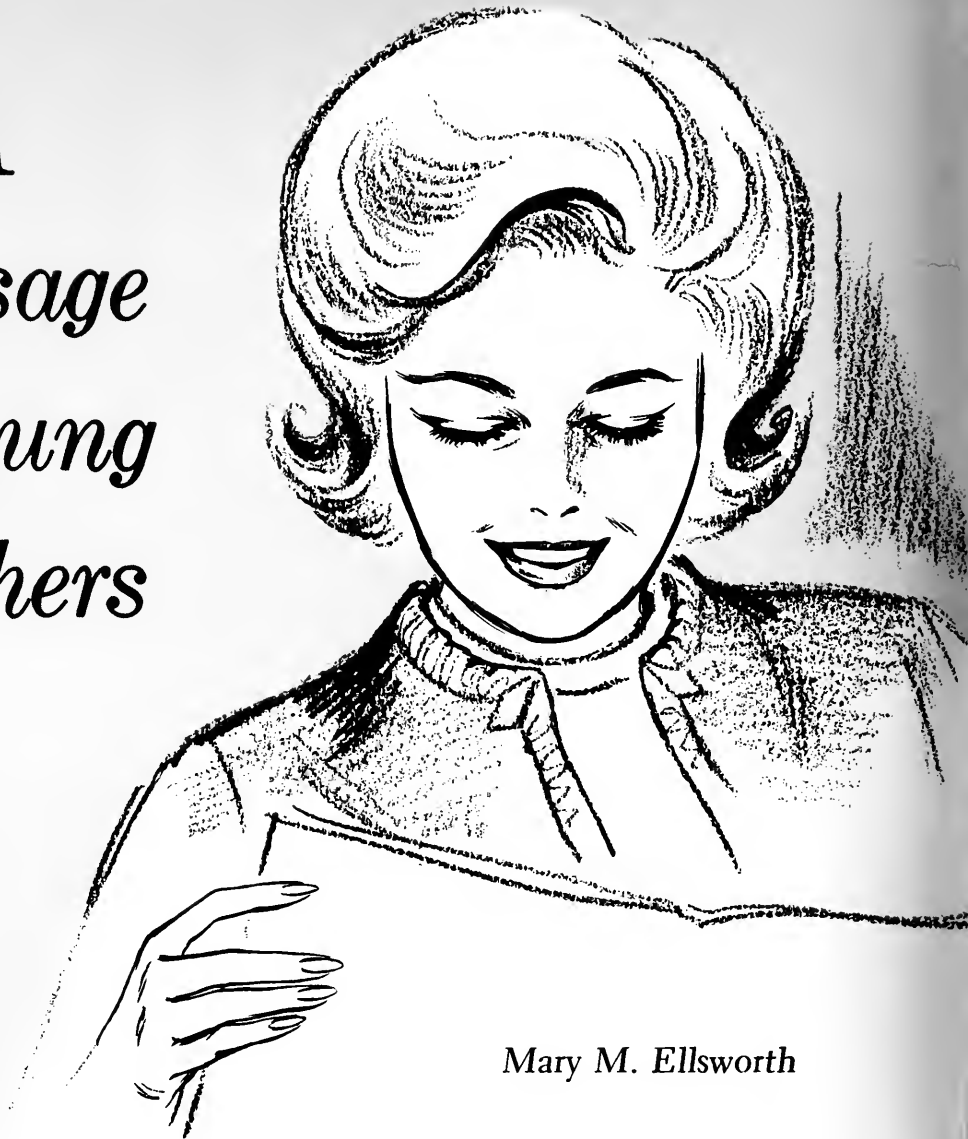
"He was much like other children; his play was like that of his companions; his thoughts like those of most children, were innocent, and consequently he was incapable of the knavery and connivance that his enemies declared he practiced.

"Though poor, his parents were honest and good; they delighted in the truth, and it was their honest

desire to live according to the best light within them. Love and good will to all found expression in their hearts and actions, and their children were imbued with like sentiments. They were firm believers in God and trusted in his watchcare over his children. They had frequently received manifestations of his loving kindness in dreams, visions and inspirations, and God had healed their little ones in answer to prayer when they were nigh unto death. It was in such an atmosphere that the boy was reared. Joseph was a remarkably quiet and well disposed child who gave his parents little or no trouble. At an early age of eight, he gave proof that besides being thoughtful, easily governed and of sweet and loving disposition, he possessed the foundation principles of a good character, filial affection, patience, endurance, courage.

"Concerning his spiritual manifestations, is it reasonable to suppose that there could have been premeditated deceit on the part of the boy, and such a boy, in his simple statement of what he saw and heard? No; neither could the answer which the heavenly messenger gave to him, have been composed in the child's own mind. Joseph Smith's testimony concerning his heavenly manifestation, in later life, was as simple, straight-forward, plain and true, as it had been in childhood; the fidelity, courage and love implanted in and characteristic of his life in boyhood neither faltered or changed, with maturity. His wisdom came in revelations of God to him" (*Improvement Era*, December 1917, page 167).

A
*Message
to Young
Mothers*



Mary M. Ellsworth

YOUR search for a magic, effortless solution, or for a fairy godmother who could lift all your problems from your shoulders, has been in vain. Now it is time to face your situation honestly and realistically. You are no longer a baby living in a plush, self-centered world, having no responsibilities or unfulfilled desires. You are the center of your own very real and very earnest adult world. You must do for yourself what no one else is able to do for you. You must tackle the terribly hard, never-ending, tedious, discouraging job of self-mastery for

yourself and by yourself. Relatives and neighbors can sympathize and advise and encourage, but you must lay the groundwork.

Your finest outside help will come from the Lord, the only person who actually comprehends human behavior patterns in general and your unique combination in particular. Stay close to him through prayer and faith and blessings. Put your trust in him and practice leaving your worries in his hands. Don't take them to him and then bring them away with you, so you are just as worried and unhappy as before.

*Condensed and abridged from "If Not Me, Who? If Not Now, When?"



CHILDREN OF HOMER AND MARY MADSEN ELLSWORTH

Clockwise: Larry, four; Patrice, nine; Sterling, seven; Richard, thirteen; Elise, twelve; Ellen, twelve; Duffy, six. Center: Tina, fifteen; Mary, sixteen.

If the worries come back, take them to him over and over, until at last you have peace.

Give the following self-help pointers a mighty try. And when you fail and are discouraged, give them another try and another:

1. *Don't expect any more of yourself than you do of others.* Be patient and tolerant of yourself. Your goals should be high and challenging — but not impossible.

2. *Take one thing at a time.* Do

not allow your mind to become a whip that races through an endless list of undone jobs. Move through life in "second gear," at an easy, measured pace, taking on just one job at a time and no other. When it is finished, go on to the next. Refuse to be hurried. Actually, you will accomplish more this way and with less wasted energy. A bright, early start after a full night's sleep is a big advantage toward a calm day.

3. *Keep your life simple.* Refuse

to be pushed into more outside activity than you can handle. "The things that matter most should not be at the mercy of the things that matter least." Allowing unessentials or lesser responsibilities to crowd out duties toward family, Church, and basic convictions will invariably lead to guilt feelings. They, in turn, enhance irritations and swell into "blue" moods.

4. *Develop not only simplicity in your way of life, but in your choice of pleasures and enjoyments, also.* Train yourself to appreciate the free, ample beauties and marvels and joys all about you, in nature, for instance. Make a hobby of studying and liking people.

5. *Realize that you can, with prayer and faith and determination, change yourself — if you really want to change more than you want to remain as you are.* For example, a person may wish to become mature, unselfish, uncomplaining; however, she may desire to be pitied, sympathized with, and helped more. She cannot bring herself to give up a clinging, dependent, martyr-type role for an independent, self-sufficient one. Here is the crux of the task of changing oneself: *desire* is the most essential ingredient.

6. *Exercise regularly, or go walking or swimming, when possible.* Often when you feel all you need is rest, systematic exercise will do more good. It will result in fewer aches and pains and weak and strained muscles. It gives a feeling of well-being and vitality. The end product is more energy, rather than less.

Try to get eight hours of sleep each night and fifteen-minute rests during the day, following over-exertion; take leisurely tub baths; deliberately relax each part of the body to complete limpness. Deep breathing, also, is beneficial for a healthy emotional state. Many people find lying on a slant board or in a position which props the legs and feet higher than the head excellent for repose and for increased circulation to the face and scalp. Don't forget that your physical and emotional conditions are so deeply entwined that the one always strongly affects the other. Very often when an illness occurs, it cannot be determined what the initial cause was — the physical or the emotional.

The more distraught you become, the greater is your need to force yourself to exercise, eat three balanced meals a day, stay on a schedule which will keep your mind occupied and off yourself, and get plenty of undisturbed rest.

Most important: picture yourself as being well. This does not counsel you to neglect real health problems. It merely suggests that a person may easily develop the habit of minutely examining herself for possible disorders which, in time, her imagination may accommodatingly provide.

7. *Don't allow yourself to be "carried away" by your emotions.* You can nip them in the bud or let them barrel into a fast-moving avalanche. Don't try to push a thought or feeling out of your mind. This process will only make it stick all the tighter. Instead, force a smile, sing, "play act" the part of serenity,

relax your tightened face and fist muscles — and think of something different, something uplifting and pleasant. This is the highly successful method used on small children — distraction.

8. *Don't fear your condition or burdens.* Take them out in the open and examine them as objectively and calmly as possible. Decide which troubles can be eliminated and take steps to do so. Those which you cannot alter or do away with, you must accept. To make the world over to suit you is a large order. If you cannot have what you like, maybe you can like what you have.

Pray for strength to live with your problems or to overcome them, rather than to have them removed. Troubles of all types will be with you always. Indeed, they may be blessings in disguise. They are your building blocks to character and wisdom. Your Heavenly Father has never promised to keep pain and trouble from you, but he has assured you that you will endure "to the end" and be blessed beyond your imagination, if you keep his commandments to the best of your ability, despite the suffering and tribulations you encounter.

Don't feel guilty when "bad" thoughts come to you. They come to everyone. President George Albert Smith explained once that evil comes in relishing and nourishing and encouraging bad thoughts, instead of banishing them.

9. *Work in daytime compartments.* Think only in terms of today, not the past or the future.

Today is all you actually have. It is eternity. Let the future rest in God's hands, have faith. "Faith is the foundation of all things — including happiness" (PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY). Make each day a happy, successful one, even as if it were to be your last one.

Don't make the tragic mistake of putting off happiness for a future time. Take it as you go along. Build up rich memories for yourself and your family.

10. *Try to have some planned time away from your family.* Do whatever you please with it. It gives you something to anticipate. Change brings renewal. Learn to enjoy solitude; it expands the soul. Have a creative-type hobby.

11. *Welcome work.* Discover the satisfaction of doing things well and efficiently, and use work to "blow off steam." You would be outrageously bored without it.

12. *Don't take yourself too seriously.* You have gained real maturity when you can admit your own blunders and laugh at them.

Keep an open mind. Discuss, don't argue. Small minds are stubbornly closed. Great minds are humble and teachable.

13. *Let your virtues speak for themselves, but take every opportunity to praise another's.* Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about yourself. So live that nobody will believe them.

The worst self-destructive forces in this world are anger, resentment, and self-pity. Don't let them rob

you of your happiness. No momentary satisfaction is worth their terrible price.

14. *Know that you must have self-respect before you can reach out to others.* So live that you can like yourself and live on agreeable terms with yourself. "Love your neighbor as yourself." You can like yourself only when your conscience is at rest.

Lying, for instance, destroys peace of mind and causes fear and inner turmoil, even when undetected. The so-called *white lies* can be avoided by forethought and simple statements. Long explanations are not required.

And, very, very important: Do some act of kindness for someone each day. Reach out to others unselfishly, willingly, kindly in your thoughts and actions. No one will ever find or keep a deep inner happiness who does not grow to this level. When in doubt, always do and say the kind thing.

True friends enrich life. If you would have friends, be one. Be true to those who trust you.

Mrs. Emma Ray McKay, wife of President David O. McKay, suggests that you meet your husband not fifty per cent of the way, but at least eighty or ninety per cent of the way. (Incidentally, she warns, also, not to expect your husband to make marriage his whole life, as it must be a woman's, and not to "cry over spilt milk.")

15. *Keep your mind full of beautiful, encouraging thoughts.* Ruth May Fox used to pin songs, poems, or scriptures in front of her as she washed her dishes or ironed her

clothes or sewed. Thus, she was always memorizing some inspirational message. What a storehouse of help to have ever with you to call up when the need arises!

When the going is good, tell yourself life is wonderful, and allow yourself the delightful feeling of being happy, enjoying the beautiful, believing the best.

16. *Never say or do anything you wouldn't be willing to have your child copy — because he probably will.*

17. *Never overlook the boost a new hair-do and a neat, trim appearance can give you.* Daintiness and attractiveness develop assurance and poise. (Don't confuse neatness with extravagant slavishness to current fashion trends, though.)

18. *Be thrifty.* A most contagious sickness of the day is materialism. Don't race the "Joneses," race your own best potential. Remember the saying, "We spend money we don't have, to buy things we don't need, to impress people we don't care for." No one can feel free under a load of debt. This is true slavery.

19. *Salvage as much of each day as possible.* Don't allow one slip to cancel all your efforts. Each wrong thought checked, each unkind word unspoken is a victory and a step ahead.

Don't attempt to remodel yourself completely all at once. Take one trait at a time. Work on it alone for a week, or a month, or a year. When it is conquered, proceed to the next one. In a few

years, you surely will have weeded out most of your own worst enemies. Don't ever forget the blessed principle of repentance. "A man is far more important to God than the mistakes he has made. The gospel is from now on" (MARION DUFF HANKS).

Isaiah promises that the man who contritely and humbly forsakes his sins and asks for forgiveness will receive it. Then do not go back and dwell on them and probe into them, but rather forgive yourself your own mistakes, as you forgive your neighbors theirs, and gain wisdom through them.

20. *Practice self-discipline in little measures daily until your will power grows stronger.* Soon it will stand you in good stead in big emergencies. For example, force yourself out of bed earlier than necessary or give up a favorite fattening food. Do something difficult like addressing an audience or writing a note of pardon.

21. *Remember escape is impos-*

sible. You are ever with yourself. Relocation of home or job, trips, drugs, housewives going to work outside the home are common escape routes. They do not still the conscience or change the personality, however. You must achieve happiness within yourself regardless of your physical surroundings. Granted, some environments more readily lend themselves to pleasantries than others. But many of the saddest, most dejected people in the world reside in such "ideal" places; and truly joyful, contented, serene people can be found dwelling in poverty, pain, and hunger, even homeless.

By now, you know how to stand squarely on your own two feet, neither clinging to your husband nor depending on your mother for your own emotional maturity. What you do with this information is up to you. Either you can use it and find hidden treasures of satisfaction and peace and happiness, or you can continue to limp through life on your self-made crutches. The decision is yours.

Watchcare

Zara Sabin

In the autumn turn of leaves,
 When the green cat-berries darken
 Near the river bank; when sheaves
 Of garnered grain stand in the fields,
 And all of kindly nature yields
 Her harvest, it is time to hearken
 For the call of southward flying
 Geese, until the cadence, dying
 In the dim distance, calls to mind
 The dear Lord's watchcare of mankind.

The Pendant

Hazel Cheesman

Do you remember those Add-A-Pearl necklace advertisements they used to have in the magazines? That's the way my Christmases have been. Each year another perfectly matched pearl. Every year except one. That was the year my necklace was centered with a beautiful pendant, crystal-clear and precious.

It wasn't just because the children were little and still at home that that Christmas was memorable. Nor had our financial circumstances improved any — we were very poor, as usual. Certainly it wasn't because I had kept my annual resolution to have all my Christmas shopping done by October.

No, it was the same mad hassle as always. Late Christmas Eve found my husband and me struggling to assemble toys from directions which would have baffled a mechanical engineer; and arranging lopsided dollhouses and bowlegged kiddy cars under the fragrant native-cedar Christmas tree, the only kind recognized as authentic by our children.

I moaned for my husband's benefit as we filled the stockings, but he was not deceived. Each year he waged a futile battle to have the long, brown, cotton stockings replaced with nice, hygienic bowls. But the children had inherited my preference for sentiment over sanitation, and would fall back with outraged howls at each attempt to convert them. Nobody could hang a bowl from a mantel!

He tried to persuade them it wasn't necessary to hang the bowls — they could be set out on a table

— but that was the final blow.

After a short nap, which was all the sleep we ever got or expected on Christmas Eve, we were awakened by what sounded like a runaway freight train headed for the living room. Somehow we found our robes and slippers, and led each other through the doorway. The children had turned on the tree lights and were seated in a circle, ready for the present-passing ceremony. The lumpy stockings had already vanished, confiscated in a pre-dawn raid and emptied out on the children's beds.

It took time to pry them out of the welter of toys and discarded wrappings long enough for breakfast. But even though it was very late, nobody had much appetite. Sampling their stocking contents before breakfast was frowned upon, of course, but I had a sneaking feeling the rule had been broken — again.

THIS was the year for spending Christmas Day with my folks — we alternated between them and my husband's family. So while he oversaw and assisted with the children's dressing, I, efficient as always, hurried to wrap my folks' presents.

I always saved the wrapping papers and ribbons, carefully pressed from the year before, which necessitated extreme caution in my gift wrapping. Not only must the package match the personality of the recipient, but also I had to be sure not to use wrappings which had come from that same person last year. (The year before was all right — nobody remembered back that

far.) I had had a very artistic inspiration and had cut scenes from Christmas cards (also saved from previous years) to decorate my packages. This required extra care, so there was double danger involved, but I felt the results justified it.

I remember that was the year they first came out with those fleecy lamb's wool house slippers, and I had bought my Father a pair in a dark maroon shade, which I considered the ultimate in elegance. The sheet of paper and ribbon bow which I had set aside for his package were the most beautiful in my stock, and I lingered over my Christmas cards, searching for just the right one to add the final perfect touch, until I heard my husband calling for me to hurry.

When I came out, he had the children in the car.

We sang lustily as we sailed over the snowy hills toward Grandma's and Grandpa's, except when we were interrupted by a fight in the back seat loud enough to drown us out. Minor — and quieter — skirmishes were ignored.

We had a wonderful day in spite of too much rich food — acres of dirty dishes — and tired, cranky children. Toward evening the younger ones started dropping over like flies, but nobody went home. We just carried the young ones upstairs and placed them across the beds in neat rows.

The survivors, with a startling lack of judgment, gathered around the big table in the center of the kitchen and helped themselves to cold turkey and mince pie, washed down with innumerable cups of cocoa.

We took a long time with the

dishwashing — our last excuse for lingering. But when the older children started going to sleep, we had no choice — they were too heavy to carry upstairs.

Everyone came out to see us off, shivering after the warmth of the house. We could see our breath — everyone was talking at once — and the clean, fresh snow squeaked beneath our feet as we moved around the circle kissing each other good-bye.

My father was laughing at something one of the children had said, and, when I turned to him, he put his arms around me and just stood there for a moment.

I looked over his shoulder at the golden light streaming from the open door, rich and warm as the love which had sheltered me here through all the years. Someone had left the record player on — “O Holy Night” floated clearly on the crisp air. A Christmas tree with delicately colored candles spread its dark branches across the window, and far above us huge stars sparkled in the dark blue sky.

I raised my face for my father's kiss, but he just stood there with his arms around me, looking down and smiling. For a moment, in the uncertain light, I thought there were tears in his eyes.

But then he said, “Didn't we have a nice Christmas?” and his voice sounded so happy I knew I had been mistaken.

A few weeks later they mailed the package back to me, and the beautiful wrappings were hardly mussed at all. He must have opened it very carefully. I still have the maroon slippers. They don't fit anyone else.



EDITORIAL

VOLUME 50 OCTOBER 1963 NUMBER 10

In Time of Harvest

“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest” (Mt. 9:38).

AGAIN comes the interval season between the warm and radiant summer and the long quietness of winter. In this way autumn comes to the Northern Hemisphere, with its blessings of harvest. And in that other Hemisphere where it is now springtime and the days of blossoming, there will come also a time of harvesting according to the word of the Lord, “While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease” (Genesis 8:22).

For harvest is the ingathering of that which may be reaped for the maintenance of the body and the enrichment of the mind and spirit — a time also for sharing all that is given sparingly or in abundance. So it has been throughout the centuries. So it was among the people of ancient Israel, a time for the counting of days and the beginning of a calendar, when it was given to Moses to proclaim a time of rejoicing, “And the feast of the harvest, the firstfruits of thy labours, which thou hast sown in the field: and the feast of ingathering. . . .” So it was in later generations in a wider world when the fields turned to gold and the orchards were laden with fruit. There was also a harvest that first year on the dark New England shore. A harvest followed the first hasty planting that was made in the valleys of the mountains in late July, when the clear mountain waters were turned upon the primeval land, and prayers of hopefulness were mingled with the planting.

Relief Society women, frugal and industrious in their ways, gleaned in the wheat fields in the years that followed, and they were as beautiful and as humble as Ruth of ancient times who “came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.” For the people of many centuries have rejoiced in the golden beaded wheat, the barley fields in rippled waves, and the plumes of oats, expressing gratitude for the grains choice among the plants of earth.

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 LaPriel S. Bunker
 Irene W. Buehner
 Irene C. Lloyd
 Hazel S. Cannon
 Hazel S. Love
 Fawn H. Sharp
 Celestia J. Taylor
 Anne R. Gledhill
 Belva Barlow
 Zola J. McGhie
 Oa J. Cannon
 Lila B. Walch

The harvest as a time of joyful celebration in pioneer times was observed in various ways of gratitude in small and isolated communities and on the lonely farmsteads of the desert. Some families celebrated a time they called "the feast of the green ears," when the corn was brought in from the fields and the best ears were roasted on the embers of bonfire. Friends and relatives traveled many miles to rejoice together. On one such occasion a wife remembered the first meager harvest on the land which they had retrieved from the desert. In contrasting the two harvests, she said, "The first one was really only a harvest of promise, and this one is a gathering in of abundance, but the first harvest also was celebrated with great amplitude of praise. It was a reckoning of the future, which has now become the present."

We have never been given a promise of ample harvests without the intervals of some lean years. We have never been promised rich harvests in every land in every year, and we have not been given freedom from drought or frost or flood or blizzard. It was of our own choosing as a blessing — the great privilege of coming to the earth — to be under the dominion of the laws which pertain to the earth. We rejoiced in this part of the eternal plan, and surely we accepted our responsibilities for the temporal and spiritual harvest promised to the "labourers in the field."

If we can live in harmony with the commandments of the "Lord of the harvest," and follow his counsel for our time of planting and reaping in the fields of earth, then we can develop for ourselves the qualities of gratitude and thanksgiving for every blessing, and a willingness to share our own gleanings, small or great, with others who may be laboring in fields which are sparse and unyielding. In this way our lives may be enriched and become a continued blessing in all seasons and in time and eternity.

—V.P.C.



Notes to the Field

Relief Society Lessons on Talking Book Records Again Available for the Sightless

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Department for the Aid of the Sightless has prepared on talking book records the Relief Society Study Courses for October 1963 to May 1964. These courses include theology, the visiting teacher messages, work meeting discussions, literature, and social science. These recordings have been prepared for the use of the blind only and will be sent free to any blind person desiring them. Requests should be sent to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Department for the Aid of the Sightless, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84111.

Farewell to a House Well Loved

Mabel Jones Gabbott

I shall take the Wedgewood pitcher from the shelf,
And father's desk that stands beside the door,
And this hooked rug that I once made myself,
And mother's maple rocker — nothing more.
Now, I must say goodbye to these stucco walls,
Built by my pioneer father years ago,
Must bid farewell to rooms within, and halls,
And to this garden where the rose and tulip grow.
For just one moment I must sit again
Before the fire in the inglenook,
And dream of winter days and the east wind
That whipped the flames up as we read *The Book*.
And having all these memories to hold,
I shall not mind because the house is sold.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. HILDA ANDERSSON ERICKSON, one hundred and three years old, is the only living Latter-day Saint pioneer woman (one who crossed the plains before the coming of the railroad to Utah in 1869). Mrs. Erickson stood alone at the annual pioneer luncheon, July 24, when hundreds of guests arose and offered her a heartfelt ovation, standing until she smilingly waved them down. Mrs. Erickson has been a business woman, dentist, missionary, rancher, and banker.

ELNORA B. KNOPF is a well-known and highly respected structural geologist. Her specialty is rock structure, and she is an authority on many areas, including the Stissing Mountains of New York State, which she describes in detail in her newest publication "Stratigraphy and Structure of the Stissing Mountain Area."

VALENTINA TERESHKOVA, a former Russian factory worker, became the first woman in space when she was launched on a flight June 16, 1963. She orbited the earth forty-eight times in seventy hours and fifty minutes.

MRS. ALICIA PATTERSON GUGGENHEIM, fifty-six, editor and founder of the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*, died in New York, July 2, 1963. Daughter of Joseph Medill Patterson, famous founder of the *New York News*, she was also a cousin of Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*. She welcomed conflicting ideas in her paper, especially those of her husband, with whom she frequently differed. She was considered one of the "greats" in the newspaper world, giving her paper "vitality, courage, high readability and hard-hitting investigative reporting."

FRENCH MADAME ERNEST (JULIE) ROUART still lives in and cherishes the lovely home built long ago by her parents in Paris, with all its art treasures and memories. A number of the paintings were done by the early impressionists, such as Degas, Renoir, Manet, Monet, and Mary Cassat, with whom Julie's mother Berthe Morisot Manet, was a fellow artist. The beautiful Berthe and her lovely daughter Julie were the subjects of many of the paintings of the impressionist colony, and quite a number of them still hang in Julie's lovely ancestral home.



the Home

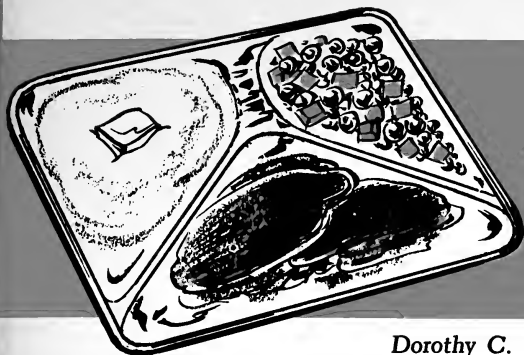
inside and out

Suggestion

Ida Elaine James

Across the street a family moves away
I see the high chair, cake box, davenport,
A crib where a certain tow head lay,
Leaving only echoes of rollicking sport.
More than abandoned tricycle upturned,
More than a Tam o'Shanter's tipsy moon
Have gone away where life's bright signals burned
Like flowers through a windowpane's warm boon

For the seeking wind that nudges an empty swing,
For the puzzled squirrel back and forth at the door,
I ask that another moving van soon bring
(Perhaps for myself I ask it even more) —
A child to ride, slam doors, and pester and play —
One traded back for each one moved away



Dinner in Advance

Dorothy C. Little

MAKING frozen TV dinners is fun and economical. You will discover dozens of ideas for variety once you have tried making them!

When you are in the mood to cook, prepare three or four times enough food for your family dinner, as if you were cooking for a crowd. Just cook three or four roasts instead of one, and plenty of vegetables. It doesn't take any more heat if you fill the oven full. Make your gravy a little thin. Let the extra food cool while you are eating. After dinner, line up six or eight aluminum TV dinner dishes on the counter. Aluminum pie plates may also be used. Work on only six or eight dishes at a time. Daintily slice the meat and place servings onto the dishes, using the prettiest pieces on top and hiding the fragments underneath. Cover the meat with gravy. Serve helpings of potatoes and top with butter. To make it complete you will need one more vegetable. Choose a green one if you have potatoes. These can be put onto the aluminum plates directly from opened cans. Top with butter. If you're really ambitious, make a bread dressing (plenty moist) to go with the meat, and you will have a real feast prepared! Cover each plate securely with a piece of aluminum foil on which you have previously written a label. Seal

carefully and freeze. To use, put the prepared dinners directly from the freezer into the oven, leaving the foil on. Twenty-five to thirty minutes at 350 degrees, and dinner is ready!

Always use the biggest pot you own when you cook chili or navy beans, soup, or goulash. Use what you need for a meal and freeze the rest. (Goulash should be slightly under-cooked to freeze, and partly thawed before reheating.) The oven is the easiest place in which to reheat your frozen dishes, because the heat is more constant and even, and you don't have to stand over the stove to keep the food from burning.

When you make a casserole, double the recipe and freeze half for a later meal. There are few casseroles that will not freeze successfully. Just wait to add any crisp toppings, like crumbs, until you reheat the dish.

Freeze the food in the casserole dish or pan in which you plan to reheat it, then place the container in a pan of hot water for a few seconds. Take out the block of frozen food and wrap it as you would a piece of meat. Label and return it to the freezer. When you reheat it, use the same utensil in which you froze it. Quite handy!

STRETCHING

the Food Budget

Part II - Evaporated Milk

Marion Bennion, Ph.D., Chairman, Department of Food and Nutrition
Sadie O. Morris, Ph.D., Department of Food and Nutrition
Brigham Young University

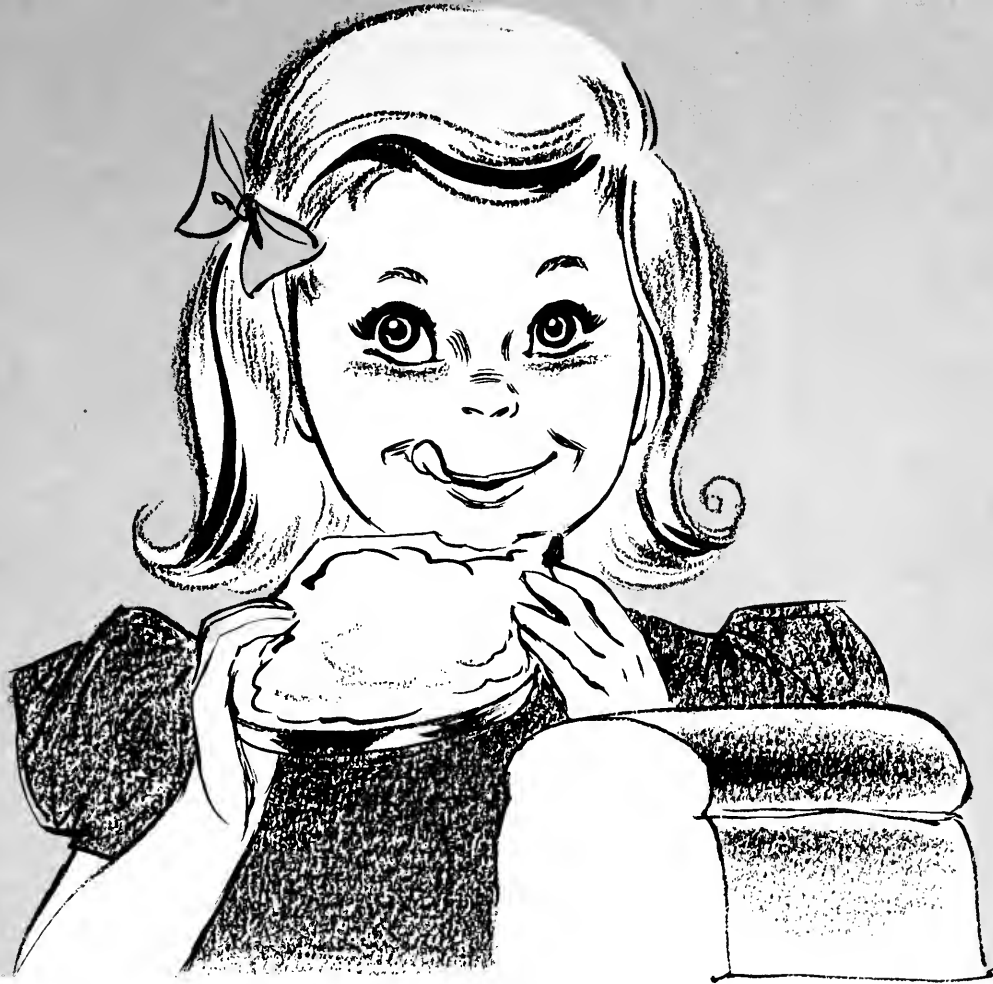
MILK may be concentrated by removing part of the water from it. Evaporated milk is whole milk which has had about half of the water removed, after which it has been sealed in a can and sterilized. Most of the evaporated milks on the market have had vitamin D added to them to increase the nutritive value of the milk.

A similar amount of water to that which has been removed in processing may be returned to the milk, and the milk may then be used in any way that whole milk might have been used, as a beverage or in food preparation. Since the milk has been heated to a high temperature for sterilization, the flavor will be somewhat changed but is still acceptable, even as a beverage. Usually equal amounts of water and evaporated milk are mixed to give a milk about equal to whole milk.

Evaporated milk may be used

without the addition of any water in many recipes. Because it is concentrated, it gives more creamy, smooth characteristics to many foods than does regular milk. Soups, gravies, sauces, casserole dishes, puddings, all have a richer flavor and creamier texture when made with evaporated milk.

As with dry milk, the nutritive value of some recipes may be actually increased by using evaporated milk in its original form. For example, bread may be made with different proportions of evaporated milk and water. The nutrients especially increased by the use of evaporated milk are calcium, riboflavin, and good quality protein. The following chart shows the change in calcium and riboflavin when a loaf of white enriched bread is made with different proportions of evaporated milk and water.



	Calcium (mg.)	Riboflavin (mg.)
½ evap. milk		
½ water	404	1.3
⅔ evap. milk		
⅓ water	462	1.4
¾ evap. milk		
¼ water	524	1.6

The texture, color, and flavor of the bread will be somewhat different from that made with less milk or all water. The color will be more creamy and the bread more moist and less crumbly.

When evaporated milk is chilled icy cold it may be whipped and used in fruit whips, Bavarian creams, salads, refrigerator desserts, and toppings. The addition of two teaspoons of lemon juice for each ½ cup evaporated milk will give a more stable whipped topping and also adds a pleasing flavor.

While evaporated milk may be stored for several months, it is recommended that the cans or cases be turned upside down about every month. This prevents thickening and clotting of the milk. Since evaporated milk has been sterilized, it is a safe food supply. In the unopened can

it may be kept for long periods of time without refrigeration, but as soon as the can is opened it must be kept in the refrigerator like any other milk.

Evaporated Milk Recipes

White Bread

- ½ c. + 1 tbsp. warm water
- 1 ½ tbsp. sugar
- 1 ½ tsp. salt
- ½ pkg. yeast, dry or compressed
- 1 tbsp. oil or soft shortening
- * ½ c. + 1 tbsp. evaporated milk
- 1 ½ c. flour, plus enough additional flour to make a soft dough that leaves the sides of the bowl.

Measure lukewarm water and sugar into large mixing bowl. Crumble compressed or dry yeast into mixture. (Use warm water 110-115° F with active dry yeast.) Stir and dissolve. Add salt, shortening, and milk. Sift flour and add to first ingredients and mix together thoroughly. Add enough additional flour to make a soft dough (approximately 3-3 ½ c.). When dough leaves the sides of the bowl, turn it out onto a lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. It should no longer stick to board. Shape into ball

and place in clean bowl, grease lightly on top, and allow to rise until double in bulk. Bake in preheated oven at 400° F. for about 35 minutes. Turn out of pan when baked and cool on racks.

*For additional nutritive value, the amount of evaporated milk may be increased, at the same time decreasing the amount of warm water and flour as shown below:

- B. $\frac{3}{8}$ c. warm water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. evaporated milk
- $2\frac{3}{4}$ c. flour
- C. $\frac{1}{4}$ c. warm water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. + 2 tbsp. evaporated milk
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour

Oatmeal Bread (no knead)

- 2 pkg. active dry yeast
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. warm water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. boiling water
- 1 c. quick cooking rolled oats
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. molasses
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. shortening
- 1 tbsp. salt
- *1 c. evaporated milk
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 6 c. sifted flour

Soften yeast in warm water. In large bowl combine boiling water with rolled oats, molasses, shortening, and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in 2 c. sifted flour, add eggs and evaporated milk, beat well. Stir in softened yeast. Add remaining flour, 2 c. at a time, to make moderately stiff dough. Beat until smooth and gluten is developed. Grease lightly on top, cover tightly, and refrigerate at least 2 hours or overnight. Turn out onto well floured board, shape into 2 loaves, put in loaf pans. Let double in bulk. Bake about 40 minutes at 375° F. Turn out of pans when baked and cool on racks.

*If nonfat dry milk is used in place of evaporated milk, use $\frac{1}{2}$ c. regular nonfat dry milk (or $\frac{2}{3}$ c. instant nonfat dry milk) and increase boiling water from $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Macaroni Supreme

- 1 c. macaroni
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. margarine or butter

- 2 tbsp. flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. hot water (or liquid off vegetables)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. evaporated milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated cheddar cheese, sharp
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender; drain. Melt margarine in saucepan; add flour and salt and stir. Cook until bubbly. Quickly add hot water, stirring constantly; bring mixture quickly to a boil. Remove from heat and stir in evaporated milk. Return to heat and bring back to boiling and cook about 2 minutes over moderate heat. Remove from heat and add grated cheese. Place over low heat and stir until blended. Place macaroni in greased baking dish, cover with sliced eggs, and add cheese sauce. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over top. Brown in moderate oven, 375° F., for 20-25 minutes. Yield: six servings.

Old-Fashioned Butterscotch Pudding

- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup less 1 tbsp. granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ c. flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. evaporated milk
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water
- 1 tbsp. butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Mix together sugar, flour, and salt. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water and blend until smooth. Add evaporated milk. Place on burner and bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Cook about 2 minutes over moderate heat. Meanwhile, beat the eggs with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water. Add the egg-water mixture to the cooked starch paste and blend. Cook over low heat for 3-4 minutes until egg is cooked. Remove from heat; add butter and vanilla. Pour into serving dishes and chill. Garnish with whipped topping and nuts or a cherry. Or, one egg white may be saved to use as a meringue on top of the pudding. For meringue, gradually beat in 2 tbsp. sugar and whip until stiff. Place meringue on top of each pudding and heat in 400° F. oven until lightly browned. Yield: 4-5 servings.

Ironing Out the Wrinkles

Maxine T. Grimm

WHAT are you thinking about when you wash your dishes? What are you thinking about when you iron the wrinkles out of your husband's shirt, when you scrub the floor, when you make the beds?

I have a habit of making up sermons. Some may not be too good, but I always take the main theme from my project at hand.

Now this is sort of the pattern of my thinking — ironing out the wrinkles.

As my steam iron tackles the wrinkles of my son's trousers, I think of the many wrinkles we have in our lives to iron out. There is the wrinkle of worry — this is such a waste of time — worrying about the accident that may befall one of the children, worrying about the new dress that has to be finished, worrying about correspondence that is way past due — worrying about a meeting that you should attend — about a lesson that you have to prepare.

This list could go on forever, because there are plenty of things to worry about. However, maybe if you made a list of the things you

are worrying about, posted it at hand in the kitchen, and then, one by one, started chalking them off, the procedure would be helpful. I think perhaps when you start writing some of them you will realize how foolish you are to worry about so many things that you can't do anything about.

Worrying takes energy, and it can cause headaches, chronic illness, and certainly an unhappy home. As a young girl, I always memorized poetry while ironing.

Many of you watch television, but I rather like this idea of philosophizing — I have plenty of wrinkles that need ironing out. Maybe its gossip, maybe selfishness, maybe jealousy — there are endless wrinkles to be ironed out.

I have come to think of household tasks as my best thinking time. Normally, the task at hand that you dislike the most is the one that you don't have to concentrate on — one that gives no real challenge to the mind — so now use this time, which is usually worry time, to iron out the wrinkles in your lives.

Count Your Blessings - Not Troubles

Ursula King Bell

Count your blessings — not your troubles,
Talk about the good things of life to others,
Not your problems, for all have enough to endure.
Endeavor to keep your mind and hands busy,
With useful work and pleasant thoughts.

Check Your Sewing Equipment

Shirley Thulin

ALL set for your important sewing projects? Now is a good time to check your sewing equipment.

There are so many new items on the market, it would be well to check with your department and chain stores to look over the time and work savers they have to offer.

Sewing aids, which today are a far cry from the bare essentials that filled great-grandmother's sewing basket, range from a tailor-tacking device that marks both sides of a fabric simultaneously to a new kind of pin that has no head.

Buttons, which have achieved new heights of decorative beauty, while maintaining their age-old function, should be chosen wisely. Select buttons before cutting the buttonhole.

Sew a shankless button (one which has holes through it) across a pin that has been held in place on top of the button between the holes. This makes a longer, more flexible shank of thread and provides a "give" so the buttons will not pop off so easily.

Buy a good supply of simple buttons to use in replacement and mending jobs, or, to be more thrifty, save for future use, all trimming and utility buttons from worn-out clothing. These reserve buttons may be classified by threading together buttons of like size.

Chalk is a useful addition to any sewing room. Now used in automatic skirt markers, the chalk squirts in a fine stream for accurate marking in response to pressure on a rubber bulb. Tailor's chalk is made of clay and is now available in red, blue, black, white, and yellow.

A well-equipped sewing basket always offers a small store of sequins, ribbons, lace, elastic, rickrack, and other trimming to offer inspiration for a professional finishing touch. Be sure to have varying threads and machine needle sizes to go with fabrics you may be using in the coming season.



There are gadgets such as the bodkin, a large-eyed blunt needle for drawing tape or ribbon through a loop or hem; needle threaders; button gauges, which simplify button sewing by forming a shank automatically; and a sewing bird which holds your fabric firmly in its head, leaving both hands free to hem and baste.

Don't forget to look at the new seam rippers, sewing tweezers, and a dozen other sewing helps. Also, be sure to provide a varied supply of snaps, hooks and eyes, interfacings of neutral colors, mending aids, linings, good scissors to fit each cutting job, and thread, tapes, measuring devices, and zippers. A new product — colorless thread — is now available in some stores, and many seamstresses have found it to be a useful substitute for having on hand a variety of color in sewing thread.

If you take care of all these sewing needs, then you can sit down to sew without any interruptions, or running to the store for one thing at a time.



Farm Cellar of Long Ago

Miriam R. Anderson

AT Grampa's farm, a trip to the cellar, that dim, mysterious region underground, was spine-tingling adventure. Here the gifts of the summer were stored, cool and dry. The good Michigan earth formed the floor, and this pungent, full-bodied aroma was intoxicating fragrance to eight-year-old nostrils.

Grandma's "Do you want to get some potatoes for supper?" was, I am now certain, a cleverly executed ruse perpetrated for my occupation and amusement. Across the wide years, I still remember the twinkle in her eyes that accompanied the words.

While I quivered with anticipation, which was fringed with a delicious awe at the thought of the dark, cavernous depths to which I would soon descend alone, she lighted the kerosene lantern. As always I received grandmotherly warnings and advice as to its use. Then with my Indian-made basket, I started on my adventure.

It really began in the stillness on the stairs. The quiet drifting up from the cellar was not like any other part of the house. The muffled footsteps of an occasional walker overhead and the creak-creak of ancient beams and rafters only mag-

nified it. The stillness here had height, breadth, and body. The infrequent scurrings of a mouse, alarmed at this trespass of her domain, accentuated it. There was the echo of my boots, tentatively trying for the next step down the steep, old-fashioned stairs. (For the house had been built in the "eighties.") There were misty cobwebs in the stair ceiling corners, where I knew spider life was going on, in its own mysterious way.

Then, stepping on the earth floor, there was an enveloping pure quiet. Dark vistas ranged away behind the used part of the cellar; the mingled aroma of lantern and cellar assailed me with lovely excitement.

I drew deep breaths of the tantalizing, acid sweetness of stored fruit, the crisp breath of cabbage, rutabagas, turnips, potatoes, and onions. The apple smell (for this was apple country) was alone worth the venture. Over all was the permeating moist odor of the earth floor. (What Indians might have lived right here — in times gone by?) I would think. I knew they were Chippewas — but what were their names? By deep enough toe diggings with my boots, I might even uncover an arrowhead!

HOLDING the lantern high, the shelves with their orderly rows of shining jars of preserves, fruit, vegetables, and pickles, sat complacently smug, forming a tidy world of their own above the bins of vegetables.

Here, indeed, was a journey into the mysterious and adult world of industry, responsibility, and providence. Well I knew that weeks of toil and expert handling had gone on in the summer kitchen before those jars had come to rest in their appointed places, provision against the bitter northern winter.

I had helped Harry, the hired man, tug in bushel baskets of crimson, succulent tomatoes from the fields. They joined ranks with the baskets of slender green cucumbers, yellow onions, creamy cauliflowers, and red and green peppers.

The tantalizing breath of chili sauce, tomato catsup, and piccalilli had filled the farmhouse for days. Then Grandma and Sarah, Harry's wife, had begun on the apple butter which, it seemed to me, had simmered for days to spicy, bubbling thickness on the wood range. There had been also the aroma of cloves in the pickled peaches, without which no Michigan Thanksgiving or Christmas festivity would be complete.

Looking at the colorful perfection of the jars, I could almost smell the dill, the spices and seasonings that had gone into their making. On these shelves the fruits of the summer just past awaited our pleasure. Trim rows of green and gold pickles made pleasurable contrast to the red richness of tomato preserves. There were butter-yellow peaches, arranged tidily, rounded side out to the jar. There was the pale, oblong luscious-

ness of pears; the purple warmth of plums and huckleberries waiting for their winter pie crusts. There were the coral and green of cool, crisp watermelon pickle segments; the midnight darkness of blackberry jam; the cheery globes of the pink-skinned crab apples, which I knew, would eventually accompany roast duck. There were crocks of pickles, too, for more immediate use, and crocks full of aromatic sauerkraut.

Here was the very heart of summer dressed in brilliant array. Here were July, August, and September — kept for remembrance when silent snow etched field and bush. Here, too, was romance for an eight-year-old; adventure and love of life and living, spiked with the spices of Araby! In awe I regarded the treasure, dawdling; reveling in color, scent, and imaginations which sailed through my mind on the sea of childish fancy.

But I could not tarry much longer, not if there were to be boiled potatoes for supper, dressed with sour cream. . . .

I dived into the potato bin almost regretfully, while the potatoes, pumpkins, squash, beets, and carrots seemed to wink at me. We had achieved a sort of communication in this visit. They were good, honest vegetables, waiting their turn to serve, in their way. I felt a peculiar kinship with them — with the entire cellar.

I reached in to select the last smooth-skinned, knobby potato, and picked up the lantern. On the stairs, I glanced back once. Good-bye, cellar of summer. I'll carry you in a safe place, close to my heart — until another visit.

Quilts That Tell a Story



Delila Boice Asay

For Mrs. Delila Boice Asay, Lovell, Wyoming, each of the many quilts she has made seems to tell a story of the pleasures of gift making and giving. She has made a quilt for each of her ten children, and for each of her forty grandchildren. Her quilts are beautifully designed and expertly stitched and bound.

She knits stoles and afghans, makes rugs, and does beautiful crochet work.

Mrs. Asay, also, is devoted to genealogy work and makes record books for members of her family. She is an expert in growing flowers, and is noted for her skill in telling pioneer histories and incidents.



Nellie Ormond Gibson

Mrs. Nellie Ormond Gibson, Rupert, Idaho, considers quilting her major hobby. In addition to the many quilt patterns commonly used, she creates her own designs in patchwork and in the quilting patterns. She loves radiant colors and is skillful in combining tones and tints of material attractively. Her crochet work is exquisitely made, with many designs of her own making. Mrs. Gibson also makes many useful and colorful braided rugs, such as those illustrated in the picture. She has developed a unique method of fastening the braids together with heavy cord which is so integrated in the material that it cannot be seen. A rug which Mrs. Gibson made for a friend's cabin was braided from wornout blankets in which the colors were still deep and vibrant, and the rug added much interest to the decor of the cabin. Her six children and all her grandchildren have been recipients of lovely gifts carefully made and "interwoven with love," as she explains the process.

KISS of the WIND

Rosa Lee Lloyd

CHAPTER 4



Synopsis: Luana Harrington, her husband Ben, his mother Tutu, and the four younger children in the family go from their home on a pineapple plantation on the island of Maui, to Honolulu to meet the eldest daughter Emma Lu, who has graduated as a nurse in San Francisco and is returning home. Emma Lu brings with her Margaret Lester, sister-in-law of Luana, who has come for a visit. Emma Lu tells her mother that she has become engaged to a Sherman Grant, in San Francisco. However, Luana is concerned when Larry Brown, a schoolday sweetheart of Emma Lu's meets the family in Honolulu and appears to be still in love with her.

THE Harrington family gazed in wonder at the golden letters *Emma Lu* on Larry's airplane. They were at the Honolulu airport and ready

to take off for Maui. Larry insisted on flying them home in his own plane.

"This is my surprise for Emma Lu," he told them, as his fingers traced the letters of her name on his blue airplane. "Every man has a sweetheart that he never forgets," he went on dreamily. "That's why every plane I ever own will be named Emma Lu."

There was a golden silence. Even Ben had a look of enchantment on his strong face.

"Hapazulani!" Benjy breathed, holding his sister's hand. "A plane named for you, Emma Lu! That's better than a monkey. That's better than any other surprise, I'll bet!"

"That's not better than Phil's surprise," Bo objected, "because he brought Larry."

"That's right," Phil laughed. "Don't you boys forget it."

Emma Lu did not speak. Only the soft curve of her lips betrayed her emotion. Luana turned away and stepped into the plane.

"Smile, my dear," Tutu whispered, as they seated themselves. "Do not let the children feel your disturbance. And they will, you know. A mother's thought is so close with her children. Do not disturb their joy at the end of a glorious holiday. We must be gay."

"I will try, Tutu," Luana answered.

"Shall we sing?" Tutu called to everyone.

"Why sure!" Larry called back. "There's a uke in the rack above your head. Here, Phil, strum this old guitar. I always carry these along. You lead, Tutu."

A minute later she was strumming the ukelele, then her low, rich voice hummed an old Hawaiian lullaby. Ben's heavy baritone chimed with hers, and Phil's tenor was high and clear. Even the twins have good voices, Luana thought as everyone joined in.

"Sing, Mama," Pixie coaxed, turning to look at Luana. "You come sit with Daddy — you sing so pretty together. I'll sit with Tutu."

As Luana lifted her voice with Ben's, her heart lifted, too. It was a glorious ride above the moonlit water. The sky seemed made of another blue tonight, a deep lustrous blue with dazzling stars.

She leaned her head against Ben's

shoulder, loving his deep, humming voice. Even though it was an untrained voice, it had power and tone.

What is it, she wondered, tenderly, that brings a man and woman together, even from the far corners of the earth — a touch, a look, a certain knowing, and they are in love. They belong together; from that moment they will find the stars together. So it had been with her and Ben. Sweethearts through storm or shine.

THEY ended that song and began another, and another. Luana knew that Tutu would soon begin the Marine hymn. She never let the children forget their father's bravery during the war.

"From the Halls of Montezuma" soon echoed through the plane. Luana felt Ben's arm tighten around her. He, too, was remembering those long years of hardship and separation.

Gently, reverently, Tutu led them into "Come, Come, Ye Saints." The whole, starry night was filled with melody, and with the courage and strength that song always gives to those who love it. Time and the world stood still. The twins slept peacefully against Phil's shoulders, and Pixie leaned near Tutu who held her, lovingly.

Pixie had been troubled lately, Luana had noticed. Sometimes when she came home from school she was restless and moody. But tonight she had sung gaily, and now she was resting. Tutu can give peace to anyone, Luana thought. She is a peacemaker, and that is a precious gift. It was Tutu,

she remembered, who had calmed her fears when Ben was on the battlefield in the war; it was Tutu who had soothed her when Emma Lu was born, while Ben was still in Guadalcanal; and it was Tutu who had taught her to trust the Heavenly Father in every family crisis. "He is the all-wise, loving Parent," she always said. "He knows what is best for all of us, and the lessons we must learn."

The plane sped quietly through the silver night, like a big bird winging homeward. Luana could hear Larry, Emma Lu, and Margaret talking together.

"How do you like Hawaii?" Larry asked Margaret.

Margaret's voice was ecstatic. "I'm entranced," she said. "I can hardly wait to start painting. Such gorgeous color and setting."

"Say, Margaret!" Larry snapped his fingers. "I just thought of something. Why don't you enter the Andrus McDougal Contest for Hawaiian Art? There's a big prize — ten thousand dollars, I think."

"How wonderful!" Margaret exclaimed. "I can surely try to win it."

LUANA'S heart sank dismally. Oh, no, she thought. No! No! No! That was her contest this year. She had her painting ready to mail. That was her surprise for her family. The prize money would pay to have Pixie's teeth straightened, and send Philip to college, and give Emma Lu an appropriate wedding reception. And it would ease the pressure of her husband's financial burdens on the plantation.

She put her hands over her ears.

She could not bear to hear them talk about it. But thoughts tumbled through her mind. Margaret had won many art contests. She was an established artist. She knew how to paint the kind of picture that won contests. Luana had heard her tell how she searched for a setting or a subject that would intrigue the judges; how she spent days before she ever began to paint, looking for the exact spot, or the right coloring, or the perfect time of day or night. Compared to Margaret, Luana realized she was merely an amateur. The thought of it made her weak with frustration.

Ben was gazing out of the window at the big pearly moon. He was not aware that Luana was upset.

She felt the plane descending. Then she saw the lights of the Maui airport beneath them.

"Fasten your seat belts," Larry called. He dipped the plane and the jolt awakened everyone.

"Make it somersault," Benjy yelled.

"Not tonight, Benjy," he said. "That's only for show. Tonight I have a precious cargo."

He set the plane down with the ease and precision of the professional pilot.

"Right on the nose!" Phil said, with an admiring glance at Larry as they stepped out of the plane.

"Now look," he went on. "Everybody wait here. I'll bring the car."

"Me, too," Bo said. He and Benjy ran after him.

LUANA took a deep breath. The Harrington's were always hospitable. She must show her appreciation for their wonderful ride home.

"Come home with us, Larry," she said. "We'll have bengals and ham and ginger punch. And those coconut cookies you used to like."

Their eyes met. Larry was pleased, but he shook his head.

"Thanks, Mrs. Harrington," he said. "I appreciate your invitation, but I'm due out on a run to Sydney at four A.M. It's been a great day," he added, his voice melting. "Like old times."

He turned back to the plane. Emma Lu was standing beside it, gazing at her name in golden letters.

Ben touched Luana's arm. They stood together, watching Larry and Emma Lu, whose face was upturned to his. Their lips met as his arms went around her in a lingering embrace. Ben saw them, too. The world around them all was suddenly very still. A moment out of time.

At last Emma Lu walked slowly toward her parents, and Larry hurried to the main office. Her face was pale as marble in the moonlight. When she was near enough Luana noticed that the Roselani lei around her neck was crushed and withered. Her hands fluttered to the petals as if she would keep them from falling off.

"My girls," Ben said softly, slipping an arm around each of them, as they followed Tutu and Margeret to the car. Luana glanced sideways at Emma Lu. Her cheeks were wet and shiny with tears.

She is no longer a girl, Luana thought achingly. She is a woman who knows love and must make decisions.

THE Harringtons always had their family prayer, but first they sat

around the big table on the lanai. Ben opened the Bible and read a favorite psalm. Then they knelt beside their chairs for prayer. Tonight, it was Benjy's turn to pray aloud.

Luana followed her twin boys to their bedroom, as she always did. There was never a night that she did not have a quiet moment with each of her children, a moment of understanding, when all little faults and unkind acts were forgiven. But tonight Bo was already asleep, as she tucked the coverlet over him.

Benjy pulled her down beside him. He still wore his lollipop lei over his pajamas.

"I love you, Mama," he whispered sleepily. "You're the best Mother in all the world — even in the Mainland."

Luana smiled. The Mainland had become very important to the children now that Hawaii was the fiftieth State in the Union.

Phil was standing by the window when she went to his room. He was looking up at the moon, his eyes puzzled.

"Are you cross at me, Mom?" he questioned as he turned to her. "About Larry, I mean? I thought you weren't yourself today — not as gay. . . ."

"No — I'm not cross with you, son," she answered, thoughtfully. "But I am disturbed about Larry and Emma Lu. There is another boy in her life, Philip. In San Francisco. You knew nothing about him so don't blame yourself. There was no time for her to tell anyone but me."

"Another boy!" he repeated. "You mean — serious?"

Luana nodded. "Engaged," she told him. "Wouldn't you call that very serious?"

"Yes . . ." his voice caught. "Yes, I would, Mom. How could she do that to Larry, when she knows he's completely gone on her. My sister! I'd like to tell her off!"

Luana put her fingers on his lips. "No, Philip," she coaxed. "It's not your place to tell your sister off. I am trying to let her make up her own mind. You should do the same. I told you because I expect you to be mature about it. Someday you will bring a special girl home to meet your family, and you will want me to be fair enough to see her through your eyes. Shall we let Emma Lu have that privilege, too?"

He flopped onto the bed. His face relaxed in a boyish grin.

"Sure, Mom," he said, lifting his head for her goodnight kiss. "Sure . . . but it's a tough break for somebody."

Walking down the hallway toward her bedroom, Luana noticed the lights were out in Margaret's bedroom and in Tutu's, too. They were asleep, no doubt, after an exciting day. She hesitated by Emma Lu's and Pixie's room, where the door was half open and the light still on. Pixie was fast asleep in her twin bed, but Emma Lu was not there.

SHE opened the door to her own bedroom. Emma Lu was seated on an Ottoman in front of Ben, who was in his armchair. Luana took her place quietly beside him. His big hands were laced together, the knuckles showing white. His dark

eyes looked hurt, but he was listening with quiet restraint.

"I was telling Daddy about Sherman," she said. "I met him at Bishop Hammond's home. You remember I've written about them. They were so nice to me. They had Sunday night suppers after church, and this night Sherman was there. He handed me a glass of punch. We smiled together. I couldn't see anyone else after that. I am so proud to be engaged to Sherman."

She met their eyes with an expression as sweet and honest as a child's first prayer.

Ben said in a tight voice, "You did not act like a girl who is engaged to marry another man when you were with Larry today."

"I know I didn't, Daddy," she answered. "But please . . . try to understand. I had to see Larry again sooner or later. I told Sherman that I had to see him again. I had to know for sure that I am free from his charm. Daddy. . . ." She reached for Ben's hand and held it in both of hers. "There is always a boy like Larry Brown in every girl's life. Even while we are in love with him and fascinated, still . . . we know all along that he isn't the one we want to marry. Today, when I saw Larry again he was part of my Hawaii — part of my girlhood — part of the blue sky and the white glistening sand and the mystic moonlight."

BEN's dark brows drew together.

"I saw you kiss him, Emma Lu," he said. "Your mother and I saw you kiss him."

"I know," she answered. "That

was a goodbye kiss, Daddy. Our aloha kiss. Larry flies to Sydney in the morning. No doubt he has a sweetheart there. I told him about Sherman. That we will be married this summer in the Temple at Laie. Larry and I won't be seeing each other anymore."

Her lips trembled, and she bent her head. They were silent for a moment.

When she lifted her head, her voice was steady.

"Daddy," she said, "I was attracted to Sherman because he is the same kind of man that you are — stalwart and dependable. You have always been my ideal. You and Mama should have trusted me enough to know I wouldn't choose a husband who didn't meet your high standards."

Ben drew a long, relieved breath. He got to his feet and straightened his broad shoulders.

"Good girl!" he said, with his big smile. "You have my blessing."

"Mine, too," Luana said. "If he is like your Daddy, I couldn't ask for a better husband for my daughter."

Emma Lu hugged them both.

Luana noticed shadows of worry deepen in Ben's eyes. Probably thinking of the expense of fitting out Emma Lu, Luana thought.

Ben spoke, "It takes a great deal of ready cash to keep this plantation going. I'm one of the last independent owners. Nearly all of my friends have sold out to the corporation. I'm trying to hold on. . . ."

Luana's heart reached out to him, wanting to help him. She must help him. She must win the artist's contest, she thought, desperately.

(To be continued)

Old Wagon Wheel

Jeanette Swanson

A wheel encrusted in an ironwood tree!
 How came it here, as if a hasty hand
 Had cast it out? Did some catastrophe
 Wipe out a lonely, west-bound band?
 Perhaps the emigrants made camp one night
 Beside the wash, and warriors found them there
 Unguarded and alone. . . . Only the desert moonlight
 Witnessed the deed; heard the cries of despair.
 Perhaps they paused for noontide rest
 In dappled shade, and carelessly threw out
 This wheel we find embedded in the breast
 Of an ironwood, now grown old and stout.

We only dream. No one now can reveal
 How came this alliance of tree and wheel.

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

**Eastern States Mission, Wives of Servicemen in Bermuda
Organize a Relief Society, March 1963**

Front row, seated, left to right: Ened Allen, First Counselor; Sara Nichols, President; Zelma R. West, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society; Opal Sabey, Secretary, Bermuda Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lola Turek; LaVerne Guymon; Beth Mathis, Magazine representative; Patricia Doane.

Sister West reports: "We are so pleased with the Relief Society organization in Bermuda. The first meeting was held in March of this year. All the sisters expressed their happiness at having the Relief Society lessons as a pattern to guide their lives as wives and mothers, and they are thrilled with the opportunity to study and work together. At the social which they gave for President West and me, the attractive refreshment table was centered with a lovely cake decorated with pansies in Relief Society colors, and with the words 'Welcome to the Bermuda Relief Society' written on top."

North Sevier Stake (Utah) Singing Mothers Present Music For Many Occasions

Gladys Johnson, President, North Sevier Stake Relief Society, stands at the right on the second row, with Bernece Mickelsen, chairman, next to her; Wilma Sorensen, director, is seated in the center on the front row, with LaJuana and Rozena Bastian, organists, on each side respectively.

Sister Johnson reports: "We are very proud of our Singing Mothers. They have sung for many occasions. Many hours have been spent in practicing for conferences, concerts, and funerals. We have been very thrilled with the response of our sisters and especially appreciative of the untiring efforts of our chorister and our organists. Our Singing Mothers sing three times a year at quarterly conferences, at our conventions, and on many occasions for civic meetings and for concerts in the surrounding communities. We are very grateful to our Singing Mothers for the time they unselfishly give to bring joy and spirituality to the hearts of others through their beautiful singing."

Provo Stake (Utah), Provo First Ward Relief Society Honors Visiting Teachers at a Special Meeting, March 26, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Gertrude Steel; Dorothy Cassity; Martha Jones; Mary Ward; Elizabeth Phillips; Matilda S. Andrus; Sarah Jones; Millie R. Robinson.

Second row, standing, left to right: Counselor Donna Winkler; President La Von Keith; Counselor Ione Hales; Eva M. Stagg; Emma Rasmussen; Martha Sorensen; Vilate Strong; Henserria Bun; Florence Billings.

Back row, standing, left to right: Bishop Arnold Davis; stake officers: Education Counselor Virginia Keeler; Relief Society President Hazel K. Petersen; Work Director Counselor Mary Day.

Sister Petersen reports: "Eighteen members of the Provo First Ward Relief Society were given special recognition at a meeting honoring the visiting teachers on March 26th. Fourteen of these active sisters, whose totaled ages make more than one thousand years, were present.

"A delightful program, which included tributes to the visiting teachers, was presented. Especially significant, it was pointed out, was the record of one hundred per cent visiting teaching for three years. A corsage was presented to each person present. Bishop Arnold Davis was a special guest, as were members of the stake Relief Society presidency."

French Mission, Paris Military Branch Relief Society Celebrates the Anniversary of Relief Society, March 23, 1963

Seated at the table, left to right: Melba Carlsen, social science class leader; Boneta Mortensen, literature; Sharon Afflect, First Counselor; Carol Heinz, President; Helene Huff, Second Counselor; Dorothy Carter, Secretary-Treasurer; guest speaker, Patricia Draper. Standing fifth and sixth from right: Merlene Mayfield, theology class leader; Ila Jean Nelson, work meeting leader.

Lucilla May Hinckley, President, French Mission Relief Society, reports: "A Fondue Luncheon was served and a visiting American sister from the Versailles Branch, Sister Patricia Draper, told the group of the origin and purpose of Relief Society from the beginning in Nauvoo to the present day. Our Relief Society in the Paris Branch has been blessed this year with excellent teachers to present the wonderful lessons which are provided for us. Our numbers are small, but we are constantly striving to uplift one another and every effort is made to carry out the full Relief Society program."



South Cottonwood Stake (Utah), South Cottonwood Ward Visiting Teachers Complete Thirteen Years of One Hundred Per Cent Visiting Teaching, February 1963

Luella W. Finlinson, President, South Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, stands at the right in the second row; seated in front are the members of the present presidency of South Cottonwood Ward, left to right: First Counselor Inez H. Boelter; President Mary D. Twitchell; Second Counselor Lorraine S. Poulson; Secretary-Treasurer Maxine W. Davies.

Sister Finlinson reports: "The goal of one hundred per cent visiting teaching was set up in 1949 by President Vera D. Matthews and her Secretary Fern Erekson, who were concerned about the record of visiting teaching being done in the ward at that time. With the exception of one district, one month, during that year, they would have achieved a one hundred per cent record for fourteen years. Each succeeding president has continued the good work started. Now it is a fine tradition and an integral part of Relief Society in this ward. Since then, this original ward has been divided until now it is a stake, with each new ward carrying on the same goal, and with only a very few times failing to achieve it. In fact, the South Cottonwood Second Ward has just completed its eleventh year of one hundred per cent visiting teaching. One of the goals of the stake Relief Society is to have every ward in the stake with one hundred per cent visiting teaching. We are well on our way to achieving this."

San Bernardino Stake (California) Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference, March 1963

Front row, at the left: Marilyn Stewart, San Bernardino Stake Primary Association President, and Iris B. Brown, President, San Bernardino Stake Relief Society; at the right in the front row: Catherine Rich, of the General Board of the Primary Association, and Edith S. Elliott, of the General Board of Relief Society; front row, center, in dark dresses: Marietta Walker, chorister, and Vera Millet, organist.

Sister Brown reports: "This Singing Mothers group sang at the March 17th stake conference. They also presented a concert 'Night of Song,' May 2, 1963. This proved very successful, both as a stake affair and as a missionary effort."

Palo Alto Stake (California) Visiting Teachers Honored at Convention February 21, 1963

Front row, left to right: Flora Marshall; Myra Thulin; Susie Beattie; Lillie Anderson; Margaret Dickerson; Erma Clark.

Back row, left to right: Tessie Marshal; Alvina Spicer; Vivian Anderson; Lottie Hansen; Ivy Pearson; Enid Starkweather; Alice Malin; Dean White; Hepsy Burch; Violet Smith; Opal Miller.

Delores Egan, President, Palo Alto Stake Relief Society, reports: "These sisters were honored on this special occasion for their twenty-five years and more of devoted service as visiting teachers. Each was presented a beautiful corsage and bookmark award. The highlight of the program was the presentation 'A Light Shining,' giving encouragement and inspiration to the visiting teacher program. Accompanying the presentation was the beautiful singing of the Singing Mothers. Delicious refreshments were served from a most decorative table. We feel this event was very successful and inspirational for all visiting teachers. New members of the Church in attendance showed great interest. We feel that this was a help to the fellowship program in our stake.

"The meeting was saddened by the absence of Nancy Woodward, a member of the stake board who was killed the previous week end in an automobile accident. Her contributions and capabilities will be greatly missed. She was loved and honored by all who knew her."



East Pocatello Stake (Idaho), Pocatello Sixth Ward Presents Play in Commemoration of Relief Society Anniversary, March 12, 1963

Standing, left to right: Helen Lystrup; Vesta Johnson; Cecille Hendricks; Koye Nielsen; Hattie Davis.

Seated, Elder Claude Bollschweiler of the ward bishopric, who portrayed the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The sisters in the picture represented the officers of the first Relief Society.

Veneta Bollschweiler, President, East Pocatello Stake Relief Society, reports: " 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do' was the theme of the commemoration of the 121st birthday of Relief Society in the Pocatello Sixth Ward this year. An original play, written by social science class leader Renee Wight, depicted the organization of the first Relief Society on March 17, 1842."

Eastern Atlantic States Mission, Cumberland (Maryland) Branch Presents "Relief Society Memory Book," March 16, 1963

Front row, left to right: Mary Ricewick; Connie Reynolds; Helen Spencer; Erma Bentley; Sandra Bower; Annabell Gordon.

Back row, left to right: Gail Brant; Nora Jenkins; Doris Hendershot, President, Cumberland Branch Relief Society; Violet Steele; Helen Henderson; Ruby Landis.

Center, seated: Arvilla Hyer, President, Blue Ridge District Relief Society.

Bernice P. Hutchings, President, Eastern Atlantic States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Cumberland (Maryland) Branch of the Blue Ridge District, presented the program 'Relief Society Memory Book' at a district anniversary party. Each of the nine General Presidents of Relief Society was portrayed in a costume contemporaneous with her period of presidency."

Western States Mission, Clovis (New Mexico) Branch Relief Society Celebrates Anniversary, March 27, 1963

Left to right: Jean Reynolds; Hettie Keyworth; Marjorie Robinson, Second Counselor; Maxine Keck, Secretary-Treasurer; Mary Toyn, President.

Ada S. Christiansen, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Relief Society sisters and guests of the Clovis Branch celebrated the birthday of Relief Society in the home of President Mary Toyn. There were thirty-one present, and all enjoyed a delicious buffet of ham and chicken ring, with all the trimmings, prepared by the executive officers. Sister Toyn conducted the program. We honored two past presidents of the Clovis Branch Relief Society when in its beginning: Hettie Keyworth and Jean Reynolds. It was entitled 'This Is Your Life.' Maureen Holmes gave the highlights of Sister Keyworth's life, written by Lucille Bradburn, and presented her with a scrapbook and carnation corsage. Sister Keyworth related the organization of the first Relief Society in Clovis. She said it started with four or five — 'just enough for officers — no members.' Now she is the only one left of the original group, and she expressed her thankfulness for the chapel and for the Relief Society.

"Dixye Johnson, daughter of Jean Reynolds, reviewed a synopsis of her mother's life and also presented her with a scrapbook and carnation corsage. Sister Reynolds expressed her appreciation of the gospel and of Relief Society.

"The program came to an end by singing 'Happy Birthday' to the Relief Society, and a beautiful cake, baked and decorated by Sister Toyn, was served."



LESSON DEPARTMENT



Design Your Teaching Aids for the 1963-64 Lessons

Anna B. Hart

Member, General Board of Relief Society
Teacher, Brigham Young University

DESIGN YOUR TEACHING AIDS: Use them as an artist uses highlights, as a poet chooses distinctive words, as a traveler chooses his special sights to see. Carefully prepare your Relief Society lesson and then retouch it with just the right teaching aids. Design your lesson as a writer designs his story, as an artist designs his points of interest, as a composer creates his melodies. Design your lesson as a skilled designer fashions a gown of beauty. The teaching aid may be compared to the one gem that makes the dress distinctive or to the strong reinforcement that makes the article last for a long time. Teaching aids, discriminately chosen, may determine just how the finished lesson will wear or be remembered by the sisters who are fortunate enough to participate.

Yes, if you are a wise class leader, you will recognize the essential purposes of each phase of your lesson plan. You will study the factors in each learning situation. You will know the capacities, skills,

and interests of your sisters, the great range of differences in age and experience. You may know how their desires and talents may be directed. Your main interest is in the sisters in your class. Now what can you do to your carefully prepared lesson to add zest, interest, and color to the learning situations?

You will attend Leadership Meeting regularly and will select, with the help of your stake class leader and the other resourceful ward class leaders, the best methods, devices, and Teaching Aids to learning, which, in your best judgment, will give superior results. You may use the visual aids at the beginning of the class to attract attention, or serve as a motivator for a difficult concept. Your teaching aid should communicate vitally to each sister. You may find that only one of the many pictures and ideas which you brought to the Leadership Meeting will add the vitality to the needed learning situation. Simplicity may be the answer. The teaching aid

you choose may be just the one that will enable your sisters to learn faster the spiritual message, learn more in less time, or gain double the accurate information because you re-emphasized it. You may decide to beautify a picture by placing it in an attractive and appropriate frame. You may find just the story spots in the lesson to help solve the problem of going into more detail. It may be that the remark you made when you showed the picture helped the sisters to understand better that delicate concept or hidden meaning.

You, as a class leader, are well aware that there is no substitute for your own warmth, insight, and enthusiasm. You are responsible for creating a favorable learning environment. Yours is the opportunity to plan and organize the lesson, and then to select and adapt teaching aids. Your personality may help make you the capable class leader that you are, but even you might need to highlight your teaching plans, to plan your teaching aids and design them. Even you may need to extend yourself and your planned ideas. Teaching aids may do this for you. Remember again that they are just aids. They are not intended to displace good instructional techniques. They are most effective when employed to supplement the personality and teaching skill of you, the class leader, and to assist in helping your sisters better to assimilate and apply your messages.

It will not be necessary in this brief discussion to list again visual and audio aids and other numerous

teaching aids. Just read some of the articles to which you are referred. You are constantly surrounded by audio and visual aids. Advertisements surround us. Our homes are colored with visual aids. We are involved with various forms of mass communication. Nature gives us a Matterhorn; man's world the architect's spires of a temple.

But take any one of the many aids and see if you can fit it into your lesson in a more distinctive and finished way than you have ever before done. Feel yourself in the place of your class members. Just think of the way you like to have teaching aids used. Have some been too small for you to see? Did they detract from the lesson because you saw all or several of them during the entire class? Did the class leader speak to the visual aid or to you? Did you like the picture that was hidden under the table and brought into view just after the lovely poem was read? Were you aware of the map which had been turned to the wall or placed carefully behind the piano, until the moment in the theology lesson when you wanted to see that place geographically located, after being so effectively described? Were you surprised when the class leader drew the diagram on the blackboard with such apparent ease? Were you aware that she had practiced drawing it eight times before the class met? You may not have seen that she had some tiny dots helping her to space her writing or drawing.

You will find that your resources in the form of teaching aids will help you build information, improve your speaking skill, develop apprecia-

tion, reinforce and amplify your text discussions, extend interests, and improve the sisterhood in your classes.

You are no doubt entirely aware that learning is truly most effective when great messages, insights, concepts, are enriched with concrete things that touch and sharpen the senses — that are heard, seen, felt, smelled, labeled, or discussed. You must know that this enrichment will be remembered with pleasure long after the Relief Society lesson is over. You must also become aware of the fact that the carefully selected teaching aids are not used in isolation, but are carefully inserted and interwoven with the ideas and concepts so that one is hardly aware of them. Yet the glow of satisfaction that they give during the lesson and long afterward is a pleasant memory. You must be careful that your selected teaching aids do not compete with each other or stand out as loud, clashing color. If you choose too many aids, your class may lose the objective or purpose of the lesson, and have the feeling of seeing a gaudy display, thereby forgetting the message.

Your lesson preparation is especially important so that the entire experience will be a carefully designed presentation, allowing for class participation, weighing the proper methods to use for that social science lesson, using the best questions to bring out the objective or the proper way of showing that literature picture to make a lasting impression on the entire lesson, not on the visual aid. How effective will be carefully chosen visual aids in the refreshing work meeting discussions or in theology? A simple

but effective chalkboard drawing may communicate thoughts dynamically in the visiting teacher message presentation at the meeting. The chalkboard and other teaching aids will be very effective in exploring the organization and structure of Church government in the social science lessons this coming year. You, as a class leader, will achieve your purposes if you carefully design your visual aid for a particular lesson.

Class leader, refresh yourself with a brief checklist before designing a Relief Society lesson for presentation. Does your lesson need an extension, a highlight, a map or diagram? Do you budget your time to show the visual aid most effectively? You may wish to be resourceful and make your own teaching aid. Are you using a fresh, new approach? Is your aid suited to your subject matter? Are you planning to use your aid at the climax in the lesson? Do you speak to the teaching aid instead of to the sisters? Have you removed all unrelated aids, even though you especially liked that chart? Does that poster tell your conclusion at a glance? Did you make the effort to obtain that simple, but much needed, easel? It may be the only aid you need to display that picture for the literature lesson. Did you anticipate that hook or hanger or piece of string so that you may hang a painting or chart with just one movement?

Do you make a habit of filing teaching aids? Did you take the time to assist the sister who is displaying a teaching aid? Are you allowing a few minutes to introduce effec-

tively that new literature portrait? Are you using that bulletin board which is already in the room? Did you make a portable one, if none was available? Did you practice using even the simplest aid for the lesson presentation? Will your lesson be enriched by the teaching aid, your sisters benefited by the instruction, and your application made more sure and vital in the lives of your sisters? Are you able to make an appraisal of your plans? Do you know how to interpret, criticize, judge, and evaluate? Do you plan carefully when a teaching aid should be used, what to use, with whom and for whom, for what and with what purpose?

The conclusion of a lesson may be the time when an effective teaching

aid should be displayed for a particular lesson, so that the objective will be long remembered and the application made meaningful, so that action may result in the life of the sisters, making that lesson memorable.

Yes, class leader, carefully design your lesson for participation, for the extended sparkle in visual aids, to provide an overall viewpoint to liven the application. Then you will have the feeling of composure, as does the actor who has learned his part or the director who can watch his production unfold in triumph. Class leaders, *design with distinction your teaching aids*. How blessed you are to be a Relief Society class leader during the year 1963-64!

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Ready for Carnival

Maude Rubin

When corn shakes castanets in each dry husk,
 Each shimmering aspen craves a gypsy shawl,
 So chipmunks shuttle on the loom of dusk
 To weave the orange-striped fabric of the fall.

THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 52 — The Scriptures

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 66; 67; 68:1-6; 69)

For First Meeting, January 1964

Objective: To appreciate more fully the manner in which scripture is made, the preparation necessary to know scripture, and the development of the revelations into a volume of scripture.

REVIEW

In the last lesson, in addition to other items, emphasis was put upon the kingdom of God as the Church of Jesus Christ restored to the earth in fulfillment of prophecy. This Church, or the kingdom of God, will join with the kingdom of heaven to govern the nations during the millennium. The kingdom of God, as such, will eventually fill the entire earth. The first part of this lesson gives us information about those who labor in that kingdom.

SECTION 66 — WILLIAM E. M'LELLIN

On October 25, 1831, an important conference of the Church convened at Orange, Ohio. The conference was highlighted by remarks of those present to consecrate all they possessed to the Lord. The Prophet Joseph Smith said that he did not have material things to consecrate but he was willing to consecrate himself and his family. (*DHC* 1:219-220, footnote.)

It was on this day that William E. M'Lellin, a recent convert in attendance at the conference, requested

that the Prophet obtain the Lord's will concerning him. He was told that he was blessed in turning away from his iniquities and accepting the everlasting covenant. (*D & C* 66:1-2.)

In the first verse of this revelation, we are informed that Jesus Christ is the "Savior of the world, even of as many as believe on my name." (See also Section 42:1.) Also of interest to us is the definition of the everlasting covenant in verse 2. This term means "the fulness of my gospel," the purpose of which is to provide men with an opportunity to "be made partakers of the glories which are to be revealed in the last days," as prophesied. (See Lesson 51.)

Notwithstanding Brother M'Lellin had recently been baptized for the remission of his sins, he is told in verse 3 that he is "clean, but not all," and that repentance should be sought for those things which were not pleasing to the Lord. (*D & C* 66:3.) This evaluation of M'Lellin suggests a message that could probably be addressed to all the members

of the Church. The scriptures aver that everyone is in need of repentance, although we know that some sin more grievously than others. (I John 1:8; Eccl. 7:20.) The goal of the gospel is perfection. (3 Nephi 12:48.) As President Charles W. Penrose said: "We are none of us entirely perfect; but we expect to 'go on unto perfection' by keeping the will and word of the Lord" (Conference Report, October 1923, page 18).

Brother M'Lellin was appointed to preach the gospel in the "eastern lands" [States] in company with Elder Samuel H. Smith, the brother of the Prophet. (D & C 66:4-8.) Promises of healing the sick and of knowing the will of the Lord were mentioned as some of M'Lellin's blessings. (*Ibid.*, verse 9.) Then the Lord reminded him that his weakness was the temptation to commit adultery. To become clean before the Lord, it was necessary that he be free of this temptation. (*Ibid.*, verse 10.) One may be reminded of the truth that the Lord does not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, but he is willing to forgive those who sincerely overcome their weaknesses. (*Ibid.*, 1:31-33; Lesson 49, *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1963.)

Although we are imperfect, and the Lord, therefore, calls imperfect people into his kingdom, he expects that persons called to advance his work will strive to overcome their shortcomings. Effective service that advances the salvation of the individual and the persons with whom he works or serves, requires that the worker have the Spirit of the Lord. (D & C 11:11-14.) Here are the

words of President Lorenzo Snow on this matter:

. . . I feel that it belongs to me, and my brethren here, to be long suffering, kind, always ready to forgive, and to cherish the highest love for every man and woman who is trying to do the will of God. Do not be discouraged, brethren. If you cannot become perfect at once; if you see that you have weaknesses which have brought you into some trouble, do not be discouraged; repent of that which you have done wrong, by which you have lost more or less of the Spirit of God, tell the Lord what you have done, and resolve in your hearts that you will do it no more. Then the Spirit of the Lord will be upon you (Conference Report, October 1898, page 56).

The kingdom of God has imperfect workers in it who, if they are genuinely seeking to build Zion, will strive for the highest possible blessing that the Father has for his faithful children. Expressed in the revelation to William E. M'Lellin, it is achieved in instructions given in Section 66, verses 11 to 13.

BOOK OF COMMANDMENTS

When the Prophet returned from the conference at Orange, Ohio, a special conference convened at Hiram for two days. During this period several revelations were received, including Section 1, known as the "Lord's Preface" to the Doctrine and Covenants. The special business transacted at this November 1831 conference concerned the publication of the revelations which the Prophet had begun to compile in the summer of 1830. In this work he was assisted by John Whitmer, who later became the Church Historian. (DHC I:104; D & C 47:1.) Authorization was given for the

printing of 10,000 copies of the compilation of revelations to be known as the Book of Commandments. On May 1, 1832, a general council of the Church decided that 3,000 copies should be printed. Some of the brethren mentioned in Section 70, verse 1, were appointed to prepare them for printing at the press of W. W. Phelps & Co. in Independence, Missouri. (*DHC I:270.*) In Section 69, received at the November 1831 conference, Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer were appointed to take the revelations and certain money to the printing plant. (*DHC I:229; D & C 69:1-2.*) Further information about the Book of Commandments will be found in Lesson 2, *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1957, pages 547-548. This material tells of the destruction of the printing press, and of subsequent success in publishing the Doctrine and Covenants.

SECTION 67

In the Prophet's history he recorded that due to some conversation about revelations and language, he inquired of the Lord and received Section 67. (*DHC I:224.*) The revelation itself refers to imperfections noted by the elders at the conference, and the desire on the part of some to express the revelations better than in the Prophet's language. (*D & C 67:5.*) Because of these murmurings of discontent, a challenge was issued to the brethren assembled. (Read *D & C 67:6-9.*)

In the group was William E. M'Lellin, the subject of Section 66, a schoolteacher who apparently was the chief critic of the revelations.

In any case, this man felt that he was equal to the challenge and forthwith attempted to write a revelation as challenged. The Prophet's statement of this attempt gives us an insight into the character of M'Lellin as well as Joseph Smith's testimony of receiving communications from God. Here are his words:

After the foregoing was received, William E. M'Lellin, as the wisest man, in his own estimation, having more learning than sense, endeavored to write a commandment like unto one of the least of the Lord's, but failed; it was an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord. The Elders and all present that witnessed this vain attempt of a man to imitate the language of Jesus Christ, renewed their faith in the fulness of the Gospel, and in the truth of the commandments and revelations which the Lord had given to the Church through my instrumentality; and the Elders signified a willingness to bear testimony of their truth to all the world (*DHC I:226*).

In all the world there was not an individual who had the right by appointment of God to receive divine communications except Joseph Smith. The Prophet knew that "it was an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord."

It is true that an educated person might be able to frame words in such a manner that the language would appear to be "suitable" as a revelation, but language itself does not supply the spirit. In commenting upon this thought, Elder Orson F. Whitney said:

It is not so easy to put the spirit of life into things. Man can make the body, but God alone can create the spirit. You have heard, have you not, of the scientist who took a grain of wheat and endeavored to make one just like it? First he separated the grain of wheat into its com-

ponent parts, and found that it contained so much lime, so much silica, so much of this element and that; and then he took other parts corresponding thereto, brought them together by means of his chemical skill, and produced a grain of wheat so exactly similar to the other that the natural eye could not detect any difference between them. But there was a difference, a vast difference, and it was demonstrated when he planted the two grains. The one that God made sprang up, and the one that man made stayed down. Why? Because the man-made grain of wheat had no spirit — only a body, and the body without the spirit is dead. Man cannot breathe into the body of things the breath of life; that is a function and prerogative of Deity. It is not so easy to frame revelations from God. A vain boaster making ridicule of the proverbs of Solomon, said: "Anybody can make proverbs." His friend answered, "Try a few," and the conversation ended (*Conference Report*, April 1917, page 42).

WITNESSES TO THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

Following Joseph Smith's report of M'Lellin's failure and his consequent confession to the conference, the Prophet recorded: "Accordingly I received the following:" The testimony of the witnesses to the Book of Commandments, the title of the first compilation of revelations, followed. This testimony is printed in the "Explanatory Introduction" of each copy of the Doctrine and Covenants. By certifying to this statement, the elders testified that by the power of the Holy Ghost the Lord had borne witness to their souls of the truth that there was no unrighteousness in these revelations because they came from God. Since the revelations come from God, they are of utmost value to the inhabitants of the world. Section 1 of the Doctrine and Covenants states the purposes the Lord had in giving the

revelations and also the benefits that may come to the world by obedience to the revelations. (*Lesson 3, Relief Society Magazine*, September 1957.)

The "Explanatory Introduction" of the Doctrine and Covenants also contains the testimony of the first Quorum of Twelve Apostles of this dispensation. Their witness was given in 1835 when the second compilation of revelations was printed as the Doctrine and Covenants.

A BLESSING PROMISED

Without disclosing the exact nature of the blessing which was offered to these elders in the November conference (D & C 67:3), the revelation continues to show how these elders might receive a knowledge of God by sight. They were told that only by stripping themselves of jealousies and fears and becoming sufficiently humble would this blessing be possible. (*Ibid.*, verse 10.) Reference is also made to the "natural man" as contrasted with the "spiritual." (*Ibid.*, verse 12.) King Benjamin of The Book of Mormon discoursed on the atonement of Christ for the salvation of man, which provides us with an important truth concerning these two conditions. (Read *Mosiah 3:18-19*.)

The natural man is that one who has not been influenced by the Spirit of God to change his life to become spiritual, or a saint. The characterization of a saint as one who is fully obedient to the word and will of the Lord, agrees with the many pronouncements that endurance to the end in righteousness will bring the blessing of eternal life. (*Lesson 38, Relief Society Magazine*, De-

ember 1961.) To come into God's presence requires that the candidate strip himself of pride, hate, cruelty, dishonesty, lying, sex offenses of thought and deed, and of other base sins of commission. Carnality in its many forms must be repented of.

The persons addressed in this revelation (Section 67) were told that they were unprepared to abide the Lord's presence or that of angels; however, if they continued in patience to perfect their lives, they would, in the due time of the Lord, receive the promise of his presence. The instructions given concerning the natural man and the necessary preparation to behold God reminds one of Moses' experience in seeing him with his spiritual eyes. (Moses 1:11; D & C 67:11.)

Men may earn the perfection that warrants the Lord's presence. (D & C 88:66-68.) Perfection in many areas of living is possible in mortality as stated by Elder Mark E. Petersen:

I believe that in many ways, here and now in mortality, we can begin to perfect ourselves. A certain degree of perfection is attainable in this life. I believe that we can be one hundred percent perfect, for instance, in abstaining from the use of tea and coffee . . . paying a full and honest tithing . . . and giving to the bishop as fast offering the value of those two meals from which we abstain.

. . . in keeping the commandment which says that we shall not profane the name of God. We can be perfect in keeping the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." (Ex. 20:14.) We can be perfect in keeping the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal." (*Ibid.*, 15.) We can become perfect in keeping various others of the commandments that the Lord has given us (*Conference Report*, April 1950, page 153).

ORSON HYDE'S MISSION

Verse 1 of Section 68 is a call to Orson Hyde to preach the gospel in many lands, reasoning with the people and explaining the scriptures. This call was prophetic as subsequent events proved. Ten years later he was appointed to dedicate the land of Palestine for the return of the Jewish people to their homeland. As he made his journey to Palestine, he taught in many lands and performed his assignment on October 24, 1841. (*DHC IV*, pp. 456-459.) The world today is witnessing the fulfillment of prophecies concerning the return of the tribe of Judah to that land.

HOW SCRIPTURE IS MADE

The most important message of the forepart of Section 68 is the counsel given to these elders concerning scripture.

And, behold, and lo, this is an ensample unto all those who were ordained unto this priesthood, whose mission is appointed unto them to go forth —

And this is the ensample unto them, that they shall speak as they are moved upon by the Holy Ghost.

And whatsoever they shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost shall be scripture, shall be the will of the Lord, shall be the mind of the Lord, shall be the word of the Lord, shall be the voice of the Lord, and the power of God unto salvation.

Behold, this is the promise of the Lord unto you, O ye my servants (D & C 68:2-5).

It is to be noted that this counsel was directed to elders who would be engaged in a missionary work. Missionaries teaching the first principles to investigators are entitled to be moved upon by the Holy Ghost, for the diligent missionary teaches

by the Spirit, and the investigator is influenced by that Spirit. (*Ibid.*, 50:22.)

There are among the General Authorities brethren who are sustained as “prophets, seers, and revelators,” which gives them a special endowment in teaching the gospel to the people. President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., said that: “They have the right, the power, and authority to declare the mind and will of God to His people, subject to the over-all power, and authority of the President of the Church.” Other members of the General Authorities are not so endowed, nor is any other officer or member of the Church. The President of the Church, as we have already studied, alone has the right to receive revelation for the Church and to give authoritative

interpretations of scriptures that bind the Church. (*Ibid.*, 107:8, 65-66, 91-92.)

Scripture, then, is made by the Holy Ghost inspiring the prophets, seers, and revelators. Just as scripture was made in the past by the apostles and prophets of the Old and the New Testaments, so also is scripture being made today, when the prophets are moved upon by the Holy Ghost.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How does the statement regarding William E. M'Lellin, “ye are clean, but not all,” apply to the members of the Church, and what can be done about it?
2. Distinguish between the “natural man” and the “spiritual man,” and tell how one may become spiritual.
3. Discuss: Scripture has and will continue to be made by the power of the Holy Ghost.

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 52. — “Ask, and Ye Shall Receive; Knock, and It Shall Be Opened Unto You” (D & C 66:9).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Meeting, January 1964

Objective: To emphasize the fact that to obtain blessings which are good for us, we must ask the Lord for them and seek them diligently.

FOR our own happiness, for our own growth and development, there is probably no counsel given to us by the Lord that is more important than that given in this quotation from the Doctrine and Covenants. In order to receive the Lord's blessings we must seek them, for he has told us, “Ask, and ye shall receive;

knock, and it shall be opened unto you” (D & C 66:9). In fact, so important is this counsel, that the Lord has emphasized it repeatedly in all the dispensations of his gospel.

Anciently, through his prophets, the Lord pleaded with his people not to forsake him but to seek him constantly. Moses challenged his

people not to leave the Lord, saying, "Is not he thy father . . . hath he not made thee, and established thee? . . . ask thy father, and he will shew thee" (Deut. 32:6-7). Solomon expressed the same thought when he said, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3:6). Through the prophet Jeremiah the Lord said "Call unto me, and I will answer thee" (Jer. 33:3).

In his Sermon on the Mount the Lord Jesus Christ once more extended to his people the same glorious invitation, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7). And then the Lord added "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? . . . If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" (Matt. 7:8-11).

When the Savior organized his church among the Nephites on the American Continent, he emphasized this same counsel and invitation. (See 3 Nephi 14:7-8.) Then, to dramatize the importance of this counsel further, just prior to his ascension to heaven, the Savior again said, "whatsoever things ye shall ask the Father in my name shall be given unto you. Therefore, ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (3 Nephi 27:28-29).

Why is this counsel or invitation

so important that the Lord has emphasized and reemphasized it so repeatedly?

One of the best answers to this question was given by Isaiah when he described some of the blessings the Lord has in store for those who ask and wait upon the Lord. He said, "Men have not heard . . . neither hath the eye seen . . . what he [the Lord] hath prepared for him that waiteth for him" (Is. 64:4). The apostle Paul restated this same promise in a letter to the Corinthians. He said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (1 Cor. 2:9). Wonderful blessings, blessings beyond our power to comprehend, are prepared by the Lord for us if we will conscientiously seek them. But, to seek them we must ask; to enter into the Lord's house of promise, we must knock. The apostle James told the early Christians, ". . . ye have not, because ye ask not" (James 4:2). However, these blessings do not come automatically. We must be deserving and we must ask in faith, "nothing wavering." (See James 1:6.) The Savior said, "all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. 21:22).

One famous author has set down four requirements necessary when asking for blessings from the Lord. He said, "Test your desire. Is it good for you? Are you ready for it now? Is it fair to all others concerned? Do you honestly feel it is according to God's will?" (ALLEN, CHARLES L.: *How to Get What You Want*, page 79). If we can truly

answer “yes” to these four questions, we can ask the Lord for our desires. But, we must ask him with full, unwavering faith, believing.

There is still another requirement if we are to receive the Lord’s blessings. This requirement was emphasized in an experience shared by the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery while they were working on the translation of *The Book of Mormon*. At one point in that work, Oliver, with the permission of the Prophet, attempted to translate but was unable to use the urim and thummim, and he and Joseph inquired of the Lord the reason. In answer, the Lord said, “Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. But, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must

ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right” (D & C 9:7-8).

As indicated in this experience, the Lord also expects us to work and to exercise our own intelligence and initiative in order to deserve his blessings.

Surely the Lord has prepared for us bounteous blessings. He pleads with us to live so as to deserve these blessings and, deserving them, he counsels us “ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” But let us be wise in that which we request. Let us be sure that we have done what the Lord requires, asking in faith — fully believing — and the Lord will open the doors of his rich blessings and shower them upon us.

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 12 — Planning the Use of Resources

Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, January 1964

Objective: To investigate methods of managing money, to determine their relative merits, and to adopt a method consistent with family goals.

In today’s world one is forced to be awake and on the job every minute as he assumes the responsibility of managing his own affairs, if he and his family are to make the most of their resources.

Since women have a longer life span than men and are likely to have entire responsibility of their affairs some day, it is important that they learn to use money wisely.

Each family should have a plan

for the use of its resources, some training in method, and a clear understanding of family goals. Training in how to make decisions about the use of money can begin for a child as soon as he is aware of the difference in value of coins. He is then old enough to join the family planning session. By virtue of the fact that he is a member of the family and shares in the work of the home, he has the right to share in the money resources. His share will be small to begin with, but he will have the chance to choose for himself how he will spend it. For extra work, a child may receive extra compensation and learn what it means to work for pay. Gradually he can learn to save for items of special importance to him. The only way he can learn to use money is to have some to use, and the only way to learn to save is to have a plan for the saving.

Parents set the savings goals of a mission or college education, but to a small child these goals are too remote to have much meaning. His participation in the savings plan for them will give meaning and motivate their realization. However, he learns through participation in family planning the great satisfactions to be gained through planned giving. He will know the joy of adding his bit to the building of a chapel, and share in the feeling of family security in setting aside the Lord's tenth. He will appreciate the feeling of security the payment of tithes can bring. The contributions planned for community relief will help him become aware of humanity's needs.

Grandparents, too, can be helpful in training children in the use of

money. They can provide the children with extra work opportunities and suggest ways in which the money earned might be used. If grandmother has more time than mother, she might be the one to teach the child to buy fabric for a pinafore and help her make it. Grandfather might provide a small garden plot for a boy in which to grow vegetables, help him buy the seed, plant and cultivate the garden, and advise him on how to find a buyer for the vegetables when ready for the table.

Each family plan will be different, even though basic needs may be the same — housing, food, clothing, etc. How, then, shall we go about making a plan that will fit our family needs and enable us to make wise use of our resources?

First, let us discover what we are actually doing with our money by keeping a record of our expenditures for a month. Envelopes might be labeled food, rent, clothing, health (doctor, dentist, medicines), tithes and offerings, personal care, and other items. Receipts might be put in the envelopes as purchases are made or bills are paid. There would be ready access to the figures which could be tallied up at the end of the month. After listing these items for two or three months, the figures could be used as a base for charting money goals and making plans for the rest of the year.

The checkbook method is another easy way to keep record of expenditures, and this method has the advantage of providing evidence for income tax purposes. It requires having enough money in the bank to do business.*

As you make up your record of

expenditures, you will be made aware of your actual spending practices, and where some seem unwise you will wish to plan changes. For example, if a teenage daughter wanted a new dress and her spending record showed a disproportionate amount spent on personal care, she would readily see where she could plan the use of her money to bring her greater satisfaction.

*Refer to "The Family Dollar," by Robert Daines in the April, 1963, *Improve-ment Era* for further information about this method.

Real savings are possible when one sees the mistakes that have been made and ideas develop for the better use of resources.

Planning together as a family is a character-building activity which brings spiritual strength to the family and helps keep them from thinking only of the materialistic values of this world.

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The Last Hundred Years

Lesson 44 — William Dean Howells, Democratic Realist (1837-1920)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes
Dryden Press, New York, pp. 674-695)

For Third Meeting, January 1964

Objective: To define and exemplify American Realism by studying the life and writings of its prime spokesman.

REMEMBER that wherever life is simplest and purest and kindest, that is the highest civilization." This statement fairly represents William Dean Howells, one of the kindest and gentlest and most affectionate of America's influential writers. For more than sixty years the dominant passion of his life was to defend and enlarge such a philosophy. Nonetheless, he became outmoded and forgotten many years before his death in 1920. Our own generation cannot forget him since we have

never really known his name. Only a few teachers and literary historians remember him, and then, usually, as a literary scapegoat, scorned alike by the once-popular Romantics of the earlier nineteenth century and the "liberated" modern writers for whom he paved the way.

Yet he eminently deserves to be respected, read, and enjoyed. Affectionately known in his decades of literary and critical predominance as the Dean of American Letters, Mr. Howells spoke out courageously

and effectively as *the* literary conscience of the late nineteenth century. That he was read and heard and respected more widely than any other writer of his day, save possibly Twain, is sufficient justification for acknowledging his claim upon our time. Furthermore, those who read him will find in his pages an immediate reassurance and pleasure, provided, of course, they are Howells' type of people, namely the middle-class, average Americans whom he knew best and loved most. Finally, in his message to the young writers of his own day he emphasized the timeless values of integrity and truth when he said,

Do not trouble yourselves about standards or contempts or passions; but try to be faithful and natural; and remember that there is no greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth to your own knowledge of things (KIRK & KIRK, *Representative Selections*, American Book Company, 1950, cxxxiii).

It is such values which comprise the essence of Realism, and of Howells himself.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS

Howells was born in 1837 in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and spent his youth in several Ohio villages where his father ran the local newspaper. Belief in the goodness of all mankind and in the vital need for idealistic living and humanitarian reform were current in the air. His father was blessed with a great love of literature, and during the long, quiet evenings shared his delight in Thomson and Pope by reading their works aloud to his family. Young William grew up knowing with his family that "in every thought and in

every deed they were choosing their portion with the devils or the angels, and that God himself could not save them against themselves" (*Ibid.*, xxiii).

When he was thirteen the Howells family spent a year living in a log cabin wilderness near Xenia, Ohio, where Father Howells and his two brothers had hoped to establish their own communal Utopia. When the experiment failed, the family moved to Ashtabula in the Western Reserve and went heavily in debt to buy the town newspaper. An experienced typesetter since he was nine, William worked in the print shop full time, thus being deprived of any formal education.

Possibly because the eight Howells children were, with some justification, regarded as "different"; or because William was extremely sensitive over a mentally retarded brother; or because he never grew taller than five feet four inches — for one reason or for all of them, William withdrew into the world of books, which he found so satisfying and exciting that all he wanted was more books. Though none of the normal pastimes and delights of a childhood in a typically casual and equally small town were unknown to him, as proved by his warm, mature remembrances of his youth as recorded in *A Boy's Town*, he was so driven by a desire to attain more literary knowledge that in his late teens he experienced a sort of mental breakdown when he could neither sleep nor work. And no wonder. During the day he absorbed from the old journeyman printers their great love of Shakespeare so that nights on end he sat

in his little cubicle beneath the stairs reading until one or two o'clock.

With an old bookbinder he would sit up reading his beloved poetry of Heinrich Heine in the original until the book was worn out. With no other help than a dictionary, young Howells learned Greek and Latin and Spanish, all that he might read Dante's and Cervantes' original words. Thus he drove himself toward a goal which he could not even begin to define, and when his great chance came, he was ready. But when, as a famous author and editor, he was offered professorships of literature at Johns Hopkins and Harvard, he refused them, feeling that he was not qualified since "self-taught is half-taught." Yet he did not refuse honorary degrees from Yale, Oxford, and Columbia, nor need he have done so, for no one more fully deserved them.

As a competent young journalist, he did not hesitate to accept when someone asked him to write a campaign biography for Abraham Lincoln, whom he had never seen. But instead of interviewing him personally, he sent a law student to Illinois to gather material, and thus "I missed the greatest chance of my life." As a reward for Howell's efforts, Lincoln appointed him American Consul in Vienna where he spent the Civil War years getting acquainted with his lovely, understanding wife and, with typical industry, writing poetry and sketches which no one would publish. When after four years of intense diligence he saw only four short poems in print, he told a friend, in 1864, that "to write of literature makes my soul

sick within me." For him this was a long period of "waiting and defeat, which I thought would never end."

LITERARY SUCCESS

In 1860, dedicated Howells, then barely twenty-three, brashly used his earnings from the Lincoln biography to make his long-awaited literary pilgrimage to Boston and Concord. Without hesitation, this unknown upstart from the uncultivated prairies of the Western Reserve called on the retiring Hawthorne, was cordially entertained, and was sent to the august Emerson bearing Hawthorne's abrupt but just summary, "I find this young man worthy." James Russell Lowell, then editor of the newly established *Atlantic Monthly*, was so impressed that he arranged a dinner in honor of Howells, inviting Oliver Wendell Holmes and James T. Fields, who succeeded Lowell as editor, and who offered Howells the position of assistant editor in 1866. He emphasized that the appointment was an economy measure designed to take advantage of Howells' experience and skill at correcting copy. So effectively did he serve that, five years later in 1871, he was appointed editor, a position which he filled most brilliantly for the next ten years, when he resigned to devote himself completely to his writing. How uniquely American, and what a vindication of democratic principles to have an uneducated printer's son from the untamed West chosen to shape the destinies of the new Nation's most sophisticated literary publication!

"DEAN" HOWELLS

Though it might seem foolish to relinquish so influential a position as editor of the *Atlantic*, actually Howells was amply justified. While he had done his job most commendably, he had become frightfully tired of the tasks of editing. Accomplishments of the next decade proved the wisdom of his decision. Though during his sixty-odd years of productivity more than one hundred books were to flow from his pen, he had yet to discover his true powers as a novelist; likewise, the formulation of his critical principles had not even begun. As a literary term, the word *Realism* was unknown. Within the next decade all his best novels were published: *A Modern Instance* (1882), *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885), *Indian Summer* (1886) and *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1890). The next year his *Criticism and Fiction* established Howells as the advocate of a new set of critical values for fiction, and the most prominent critic in the country. It was to William Dean Howells that all the struggling young writers of the new Realism turned for critical direction, moral support and approval, and a congenial sponsor who could get their works published.

But in one sense Howells' greatest accomplishment (and living proof of his impartial versatility) was his ability to maintain intimate and lifelong friendships with such literary opposites as Henry James and Mark Twain. While both were Realists, how completely they differed, in subject, style, and personality. Yet both were eager to acknowledge Howells as a major influence in their lives and work.

Another proof of his great influence was his cosmopolitan literary awareness. It was Howells who first introduced to his countrymen the writings of great Continental authors. He freely acknowledged Tolstoy as the greatest single literary influence of his life as mirrored in his later novels, which exhibit a sharpened social and economic consciousness and awareness of injustices in the strike-torn 1890's.

THE EMERGING REALIST

The mature Howells became the leading advocate of Realism because, as he observed his own changing values and those of the world around him, he came to believe that the Romantic literary form and vision now intruded as an artificial pretense. Early in his career he had promised himself always to "inquire into the facts with unsparing fearlessness"; this, he felt, could be achieved if the sentimentality and over-concern for the ancient, the unusual, and the picturesque were replaced by "the romance of the real and the thrill and the charm of the common."

When first he attempted writing, Howells was convinced that his new, rough homeland offered no fit subject for literary treatment, and he was embarrassed by such a lack. However, as he lived longer and observed life about him, he saw in his fellow Americans innocence, yes, but a strength, a moral courage, a goodness of life and action which had their origins in the common, everyday events which once he had felt were the very defects of American life and art!

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM

Though Howells himself felt *Indian Summer* to be his best novel (and it might well be subtler and more firmly constructed), over the decades, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* has been the general favorite. (See text.) It fairly represents Howells and the Realistic school of writing. Having made a fortune in his rural paint mine, Silas brings his family to Boston where he and his wife Persis hope to become part of "high society." Their daughter Penelope wins the love of Tom Corey, son of one of the best families, but when the rugged Silas is invited to a formal dinner and becomes so ill at ease amid the strange, unfriendly atmosphere that he drinks and boasts himself into discredit in the eyes of all present, the match seems doomed. Silas builds a house in the best neighborhood, but it costs more than he had anticipated. When it burns, without being insured, and when he loses heavily in a speculative venture, rather than compromise his honest principles, the "fall" seems complete and the family returns to Vermont. In fact, his sterling qualities have triumphed over apparent disaster. Penelope finally wins Tom Corey, and the novel ends happily.

The novel is so plain that it becomes real, not by attempting to exhibit a "slice of life," but by revealing the character of a typical American businessman. In contrast to the novels of Jack London, Frank Norris, and Theodore Dreiser, which depict the businessman as a greedy, all-powerful tycoon, Howells depicts his central character as successful, and proud of it, but more nearly an

actual person, neither excessively glamorized nor belittled.

The first chapter consists of an interview in Silas' office between the sole proprietor of the paint firm and Bartley Hubbard, newspaperman. A short excerpt will give the rhythm and tone and characterization which are representative. Silas is explaining why he fought in the Civil War, which had ended his paint business.

. . . I was about heart-broken . . . but m'wife she looked at it another way. "I guess it's a providence," says she. "Silas, I guess you've got a country that's worth fighting for. Any rate, you better go out and give it a chance." Well, sir, I went. I knew she meant business. It might kill her to have me go, but it would kill her sure if I stayed. She was one of that kind. I went. Her last words was, "I'll look after the paint, Si. . . ." So I went. I got through; and you can call me Colonel, if you want to. Feel there!" Lapham took Bartley's thumb and forefinger and put them on a bunch in his leg, just above the knee. "Anything hard?"

"Ball?"

Lapham nodded. "Gettysburg. That's my thermometer. If it wa'n't for that, I wouldn't know enough to come in when it rains . . ." (from HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1912. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. See text, pp. 681-682).

The same straightforward lack of pretense is to be found in the conversation between Silas and his wife after the "Hill Ladies" have called at the Lapham residence, excusing their lateness because their coachman had never before been in their neighborhood. This hint left a barb which only grew larger in the minds of both mother and daughter. When she explains the cut to Silas, he then discloses to her that secretly

he has bought a lot on the Back Bay.

"Want me to build on it?" he asked in reply, with a quizzical smile.

"I guess we can get along here for a while."

This was at night. In the morning Mrs. Lapham said —

"I suppose we ought to do the best we can for the children, in every way."

"I supposed we always had," replied her husband.

"Yes, we have, according to our light."

"Have you got some new light?"

"I don't know as it's light. But if the girls are going to keep on living in Boston and marry here, I presume we ought to try to get them into society, some way; or ought to do something."

"Well, who's ever done more for their children than we have?" demanded Lapham, with a pang at the thought that he could possibly have been outdone. "Don't they have everything they want? Don't they dress just as you say? Don't you go everywhere with 'em? Is there ever anything going on that's worth while that they don't see it or hear it? I don't know what you mean. Why don't you get them into society? There's money enough."

"There's got to be something besides money, I guess," said Mrs. Lapham, with a hopeless sigh. "I presume we didn't go to work just the right way about their schooling. We ought to have got them into some school where they'd have got acquainted with city girls — girls who could help them along. Nearly everybody at Miss Smillie's was from somewhere else."

"Well, its pretty late to think about that now," grumbled Lapham.

"And we've always gone our own way, and not looked out for the future. We ought to have gone out more, and had people come to the house. Nobody comes."

"Well, is that my fault? I guess nobody ever makes people welcomer."

"We ought to have invited company more."

"Why don't you do it now? If it's for

the girls, I don't care if you have the house full all the while."

Mrs. Lapham was forced to a confession full of humiliation. "I don't know who to ask."

"Well, you can't expect me to tell you."

"No; we're both country people, and we've kept our country ways, and we don't either of us, know what to do . . ." (Text, page 687).

Such parental exchanges are the very stuff of life, neither glamorized nor grim, but just solidly *there*. Likewise Howells himself is solidly *there*, for those who might bother to seek him out and permit him to speak of his real world in his own terms. And whether we approach him as a personality in his own right, as social or cultural historian, as literary critic or author, if we grant him the basic privilege of sympathetic reading, judged in terms of what he was attempting to achieve, Howells then achieves a new stature as a courageous pioneer who ventured successfully into new realms of America's literary art to leave abundant proof of his right principles, keen ear and eye, and large heart.

THOUGHTS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In Howells' youth where lay the true reality, in his Ohio village or in books? How does this first reality predict or relate to his later one?

2. As defined by Howells, are Romantic and Naturalistic writers false writers, or do they merely depict another form of truth?

3. Do you feel that democratic art, as exemplified in Howells' theory and practice, can become so common and colorless that it is not art at all? Must art be glamorized or romanticized to be considered art?

Church Government: Its Organization and Structure

Lesson 10 — Priesthood Quorums and Their Function

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, January 1964

Objective: To acquaint Relief Society members with the importance of quorum organization and the obligation of quorum membership.

BECAUSE the women of the Church can and do have great influence on their families, it is of the greatest importance that they understand the organization of the Priesthood quorums to which their husbands and sons belong. They must know the obligations which come with membership in a quorum, if they are to give adequate support and encouragement to the members of their families in meeting their responsibilities. The following quotation indicates the seriousness of these obligations.

Wherefore, now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence.

He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand. Even so. Amen (D&C 107:99-100).

Every ordinance, every step essential to exaltation and eternal life, is included in the power and authority of the Priesthood. It contains the complete formula for the abundant life. These things being true, it should follow that every intelligent person should be interested in and

influenced by the operation of the Priesthood.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THEIR MEANING AND RELATIONSHIP

“The priesthood quorums [Melchizedek] are part of the revealed organization whereby adult brethren are trained and enabled to do their part in helping the Church to discharge its divine mission” (*Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, page 21).

The quorum presents a most interesting social situation in regard to the loyalty of the quorum members. This loyalty can only be achieved by personal conviction as to the reality of God. There is no force that can command or demand this response. So far as human association is concerned, the quorum can be the most effective means of developing group solidarity that human beings can experience. It is built on usefulness to fellow men, based on revealed truth and motivated by love.

1. Called by Authority to Act in Church Government. The responsibility for the operation of the government of the Church is in the

hands of those holding the Priesthood. However, in receiving the Melchizedek Priesthood, other than the personal prerogatives, such as administering to the sick and the performing of Priesthood rights pertaining to his immediate family, each ordained bearer can function therein only as he is delegated to do so by those who preside over him.

As a quorum member, the Priesthood bearer does not possess the authorization to function in the government of the Church though he has been ordained to the Priesthood. He does have the Priesthood calling that will qualify him if he is commissioned by one holding the office of presidency, for herein is seen the exercise of the use of the keys which have been bestowed upon those called to preside.

This appears to be somewhat contradictory and confusing, but, when properly understood, it is really quite clear. The following explanation may be helpful. Membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is open to all people and attained only through baptism and confirmation by one holding the proper Priesthood calling. A priest holding the Aaronic Priesthood may perform baptisms if he is so directed by his bishop — the ecclesiastical line of authority. (Ecclesiastical means relating to the Church or its organization or government.) If a Melchizedek Priesthood holder is appointed by the proper ecclesiastical authority, he has the power to baptize and confirm the person a member of the Church. Either the priest or the elder has the power to baptize, but neither can exercise

this power without the authorization of the proper ecclesiastical officer (bishop, stake president, etc.).

2. Qualifications for Priesthood Ordination. With membership in the Church, male members who are worthy and sufficiently developed spiritually and intellectually may receive the Priesthood. Age limits have been established for the Aaronic Priesthood beginning at twelve years for a deacon and allowing a training experience of approximately two years for each office in this Priesthood. However, more important than age is the worthiness of the individual, his understanding of the gospel, and his knowledge of the duties and responsibilities of each Priesthood calling. Under these conditions, priests, if worthy, are normally eligible to be ordained elders at twenty years of age. However, a priest may be ordained at an earlier age if he is called on a mission or is to be married in the temple. (*Aaronic Priesthood Handbook*, 1963, pp. 31-32.)

Variations of the suggested ages are noted in the ordination of adult converts. In such cases it is the worthiness, knowledge of the gospel, and understanding of the Priesthood responsibility that determine the recommendation for ordination. The suggested procedure for adult male converts is that they have an opportunity to function in each of the Aaronic Priesthood callings before receiving the Melchizedek Priesthood.

3. Quorum Definition. Usually the term quorum refers to a majority of the members of any organized group. To the Latter-day

Saints, however, this term has a special meaning in addition to this. To Church members the term quorum refers to all the members of a specially selected or chosen body — as an elders' quorum, the quorum of the First Presidency. The quorum as an organized body of the Priesthood implies an ideal standard of conduct, a common purpose, unity of decision, and a vital interest in the welfare of each member.

In reference to the quorums of the First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles, and the First Council of the Seventy, the Lord said, "And every decision made by either of these quorums must be by the unanimous voice of the same; that is, every member in each quorum must be agreed to its decisions, in order to make their decisions of the same power or validity one with the other" (D & C 107:27). This instruction was given specifically to the quorums of the General Authorities of the Church. Nevertheless, the pattern for quorum activity and the essential qualities of quorum members should be the same in all quorums of the Priesthood. In actual practice, however, an action by a majority of members in attendance carries.

Aaronic Priesthood Quorums. In the Aaronic Priesthood there are three quorums, deacons, teachers, and priests. There are, however, four offices in this Priesthood, deacon, teacher, priest, and a bishop who is a literal descendant of Aaron. (See Lesson 8.) However, the office of a bishop filled by a high priest appointed to the office of a bishop by the First Presidency cannot be rightfully referred to as an

office in the Aaronic Priesthood.

1. **Deacons Quorum.** The normal number of deacons to form a quorum is twelve; however, a quorum may be formed with a majority of twelve, that is, with from seven to twelve deacons. They are presided over by a presidency selected from their members by the bishopric and sustained by the quorum members.

The deacon's responsibilities are temporal in nature. They pertain to the care of the meeting house and the comfort of the people who come to worship. Passing the Sacrament and collecting fast offerings are two of their assignments. They follow the bishop's direction in taking care of the needs of the members. They are to assist the teacher whenever necessary and always promote that which is good.

2. **Teachers Quorum.** The teachers quorum has twenty-four members but a quorum may be formed with a majority of this number of teachers, that is, with from thirteen to twenty-four teachers. The presidency is selected in the same manner as was indicated for the deacons quorum.

The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them; And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking; And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty (D&C 20:53-55).

Theirs is an eternal vigilance in maintaining proper social relations among the members of the Church. They are to be available to assist the priests and elders in their work — ordinance work excepted. They

may perform all duties assigned to deacons.

3. **Priests Quorum.** The priests quorum normally has forty-eight members; however, a quorum may be formed with a majority of this number, that is with from twenty-five to forty-eight priests. The bishop is their president and presides personally over the quorum. The priest has the power to perform any of the duties assigned to deacons or teachers. In addition, his duties are:

. . . to preach, teach, expound, exhort, and baptize, and administer the sacrament, and visit the house of each member, and exhort them to pray vocally and in secret and attend to all family duties. And he may also ordain other priests, teachers, and deacons (D & C 20:46-48).

4. **Social Implications.** When reference is made to the temporal welfare of the Church, which is the Aaronic Priesthood assignment, we are not only thinking of the physical aspect such as buildings or food and clothing. The temporal welfare includes all of the social relations of the people. In the process of living together in families, wards, and stakes, individual differences may become the source of conflict and antagonism, or they may, under proper guidance, through accommodation and adjustment, be resolved without conflict in a stimulating and progressive environment.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

In Section 124 of the Doctrine and Covenants, verse 126, referring to Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and William Law, we read "that these may constitute a quorum and First Presidency, to receive the oracles for the whole church." This

is the first quorum in the Melchizedek Priesthood. In the same Section the following quorums were designated and became the pattern for the Church: the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, High Priests, Seventies, and Elders.

In addition to the offices represented in the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood, there is the office of a patriarch.

There are differences in the various duties and assignments of the various offices in the Melchizedek Priesthood — in reality, a division of labor that is essential to orderly operation of the government of the Church. This division of labor promotes the efficient advancement of the work for which the Priesthood is responsible.

1. **The General Authorities of the Church.** The quorums that constitute the General Authorities of the Church include the First Presidency, Quorum of the Twelve, the First Council of Seventy, and the Presiding Bishopric. The brethren in these quorums are all ordained high priests (with the exception that not all of the First Council of Seventy have been ordained high priests), but they also have the special office and calling pertaining to the duties and responsibilities of the assignment given to their particular quorum in the administration and operation of the government of the Church. The term "General Authorities" applies only to the members of the quorums listed in this paragraph and to the Patriarch to the Church and the Assistants to the Council of the Twelve.

2. **High Priests Quorum.** "High priests after the order of the Mel-

chizedek Priesthood have a right to officiate in their own standing, under the direction of the presidency, in administering spiritual things . . ." (D & C 107:10). The high priest has the power to act in any office in the Priesthood when properly called and set apart for that office. To the high priest is assigned the office of presidency.

The Quorum of High Priests includes all ordained to this office within a stake. Any number of high priests within a stake are regarded as a quorum. They are presided over by a presidency of three selected from their membership. They hold one quorum meeting a month. However, the quorum members living in each ward of the stake are organized into groups with a group leader, a secretary, and a class instructor. They meet in groups each Sunday morning, a lesson is presented, and they receive instruction and direction from the quorum presidency.

3. The Quorum of Seventy. The Seventies Quorum is composed of seventy members; seven of the members are set apart as presidents. Thus this quorum is unique in numbers and organization. Whereas seventy is the normal number it would be regarded as a quorum if there were at least thirty-six members. Seventies in two or more wards or branches may compose a single seventies quorum. They would meet weekly in each ward or branch as a group, and monthly as a quorum. They are called as special witnesses to preach the gospel to all the world under the direction of the Twelve Apostles. Their meeting pattern is similar to that of the high priests.

4. The Elders Quorum. The elders quorum consists of ninety-six members, three of whom constitute the presidency. Often there are enough elders in each ward to form a quorum. A quorum may be organized if there are forty-nine elders in the ward (the majority of ninety-six). The quorum holds a meeting each Sunday morning. One meeting a month is devoted to quorum business, the others to instruction.

The policy of the Church is to have every elder attached to a quorum, and where a sufficient number are not available in a given area, boundary lines are adjusted to make this possible. Elders in two or more wards or branches may compose a single elders quorum. In such a case, the quorum members of each ward usually meet weekly as a quorum group, and monthly as a quorum much the same as do the seventies and high priests.

In a general sense, the term elder is applied to any man holding the Melchizedek Priesthood. It is often used in reference to an apostle. It is quite generally used when reporting the labors of a seventy or high priest.

THE UNIT

The term unit is used in connection with Priesthood organization in two situations. (1) It is possible in a stake to have less than the required number of seventies to form a quorum. The required number would be thirty-six or more. For example, in the event that there are twenty-five seventies only in the stake, a unit may be organized with a leader with two assistants and a

secretary. (2) In the mission field seventies' units are not likely but elders' units may be necessary. Where there are fewer than forty-eight elders in the mission field or where distance is an inhibiting factor in successful meetings, units may be set up with the same organization as indicated above. Most of the program of the seventy and elder quorums can be carried on in the unit organization.

PRIESTHOOD OBJECTIVES

The mission of the Church and the mission of the quorums is one and the same. It is stated as being threefold: (1) To carry on missionary work — to carry the message of the gospel to all the people of the world. (2) To perfect the saints — to develop a full realization of each person's possibilities under the direction of divine counsel and guidance. (3) To perform temple work — to provide the same opportunity for perfection to the worthy dead as to the living.

Priesthood quorums are part of the revealed organization whereby adult brethren are trained and enabled to do their part in helping the Church to discharge its divine mission.

To accomplish their mission quorums have four primary objectives:

1. To promote gospel scholarship by teaching the doctrine of the gospel.
2. To provide opportunities for Church service.
3. To care for the temporal, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of all quorum members and their families.

4. To provide adequate fellowship and fraternalism through socials, athletics, and the like for all quorum members (*Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, page 20).

POWER IN THE PRIESTHOOD

Standing on top of the Grand Coulee Dam in the State of Washington, one may watch the tremendous flow of water and be truly awed at the power of this man-made waterfall. Inside the dam the harnessed power of this waterfall turns the battery of turbines which turn the dynamos producing an amazing volume of electrical energy. This energy turns the wheels of industry in the northwestern area of the United States at the same time providing light at night for many cities and for hundreds of thousands of family homes. This power is the product of the ingenuity of man. In comparison with the Priesthood of God, this man-made power is insignificant. Yet God has made his power available by conferring it upon man. This power, by which worlds were and are created and man himself came into being, is in the hands of the Priesthood bearer. The Priesthood has been given through divine law for the welfare and perfection of the saints. In the objectives listed above, the major task assigned to the quorums of Melchizedek Priesthood holders is the perfection of the saints through the operation of the government of the Church. This operation deals with people and provides direction for human conduct which will open the way whereby the human family may live together in peace.

The Priesthood is the very lifeblood of the Church and kingdom of God. It is the unlimited knowl-

edge, wisdom, power (force), experience, and love of God for all of his children. The only limitation upon the Priesthood bearer in the use of this power is his application of the principles of the gospel in his life, and his knowledge and understanding of the great plan of salvation. He must learn his duties, and not be slothful.

As has been stated before, man can receive the fulness of the Priesthood only in observance of the new and everlasting covenant of marriage. (D & C 131:2.) The woman thus becomes a full participant in the blessings and glorious promises of the Priesthood covenants. She, therefore, has a challenging opportunity to assist her husband and sons by knowing the gospel, the requirements placed on her husband and sons in the discharge of their Priesthood duties, and by being a

constant source of inspiration to them to fulfill their callings honorably.

REFERENCES

The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 20, 107, 127.

WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Priesthood and Church Government*, Chapters 11, 12, 13.

TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Articles of Faith*, Chapter XI.

THOUGHTS FOR DISCUSSION

1. When and under what conditions were the Priesthood quorums set up?
2. What is the relationship between Priesthood and Church government?
3. What do you think are the essential qualifications for a man to receive the Priesthood?
4. Why is it necessary to have such an extended division or set of offices and callings in the Priesthood?
5. What is the woman's responsibility for opportunity in the operation of the Priesthood? (Refer to *DHC IV*, page 602.)

My Afghan

Pearle M. Olsen

There is more than plain yarn in my afghan. I see
 More than pattern and stitch in its wooled tapestry.
 It meant patience, experience, an artistic dream
 During weeks of crocheting, to create the theme
 Of rare charm in this afghan mother made for me.

She saw loved ones and homes, as though in a parade,
 While her apt fingers fashioned the yarn of soft shade.
 Yes, her thoughts were sweet memories of long ago,
 As her love and affection were hooked in each row
 Of the afghan, so treasured, my dear mother made.

THREE PART CHORAL MUSIC FOR SINGING MOTHERS

- ABIDE WITH ME; 'TIS
EVENTIDE—Madsen..... .20
- COME YE BLESSED OF
MY FATHER—Madsen20
- GIVE ME YOUR TIRED,
YOUR POOR—Berlin25
- GOSPEL GIVES
UNBOUNDED
STRENGTH—Schreiner30
- HEAVENS ARE
TELLING—Haydn25
- LET NOT YOUR
SONG END—Cain25
- LORD BLESS THEE AND
KEEP THEE—Madsen20
- LORD IS MY
SHEPHERD—Smart20
- LORD'S PRAYER—Robertson .. .22
- O LOVE THAT WILT NOT
LET ME GO—Schubert20
- OMNIPOTENCE—Schubert20
- OPEN OUR EYES—Macfarlane .25

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Christie Lund Coles

I peel the yellow peaches
And put the smooth halves
Into the rich, sweet syrup,
In the large kettle.
Then I wait for them to steam,
And slowly boil.
I sniff the pungent aroma,
I remove the sugar scum.

When each peach
Is crystalline clear
And tender to the fork's touch,
I spoon them into
The sweating, sterile bottles,
And seal: the gold of summer,
Caught for a brisk, sun-hungry day
At our winter table.

Some prefer pressure canning,
Or so they say.
Yet, somehow, I still enjoy
Canning my peaches
The old-fashioned way.

Hidden Worth

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

My mother found a cactus shoot
Where ivy tendrils curled.
It seemed too frail to be alive,
Too weak to face the world.

We laughed at her for planting it,
The fragile, thorny thing,
But loving care and nourishment
Produced a cactus king.

Whenever its great blossoms blow
In honey-dripping red,
I wonder how much goodness needs
But to be found and fed.

Two by Two

Arline Cummings

Two by two on a mission of love
To reach out their arms to you,
And we never can count the good they do
As they travel two by two.

Two by two, to the humble cot
Or up to the mansion door —
Does the sorrowing widow need them most
Or the wealthy matron more?

Two by two as friends they come,
And their message is truth and light
To show the way to celestial joy
And teach us the Savior's might.

Two by two on a mission of love
To reach out their arms to you,
And we never will know the good they do
As they travel two by two.

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Picture of an Old Red Barn

Linnie F. Robinson

I may never know the builder
Of this eloquent red barn;
Nor how the artist came to find
Its deep entreating charm.

I only know he must have sensed
Fitness in slope and line of beam;
With swift appraisal of the one
Who wrought his inner dream,
Making it a tryst in grace
Upon a golden autumn hill —
And I am rich because his hand
Moved with such consummate skill.

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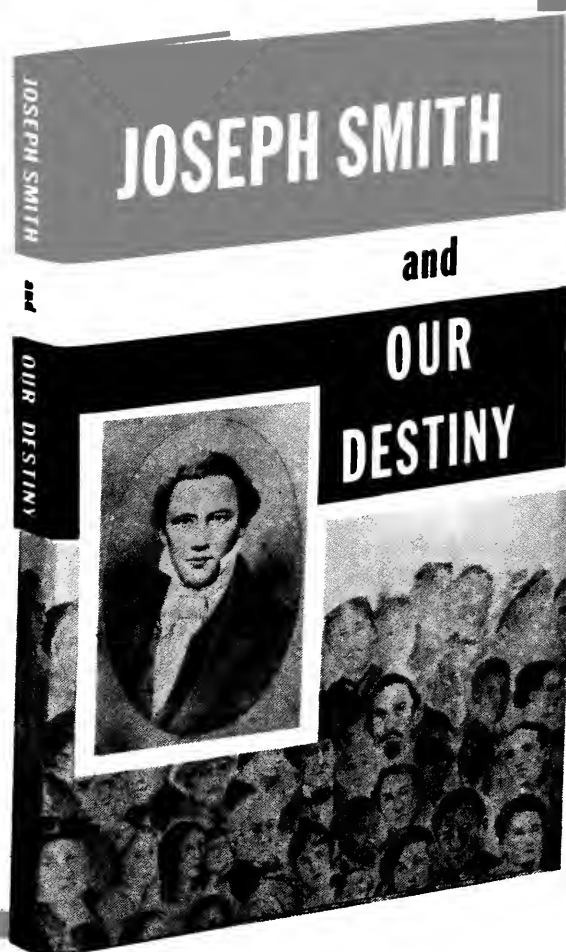
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Betty Isler

Between parked cars I caught the scene —
Three young women, bright and clean,
Greeting their mother (she must have been,
Dressed in deep rose, with soft gray hair).
With unabashed affection there
They kissed; and through the traffic's blare
I missed their words, but saw the gay
Gathering in, as they walked away,
Arm in arm, on the sunny day.
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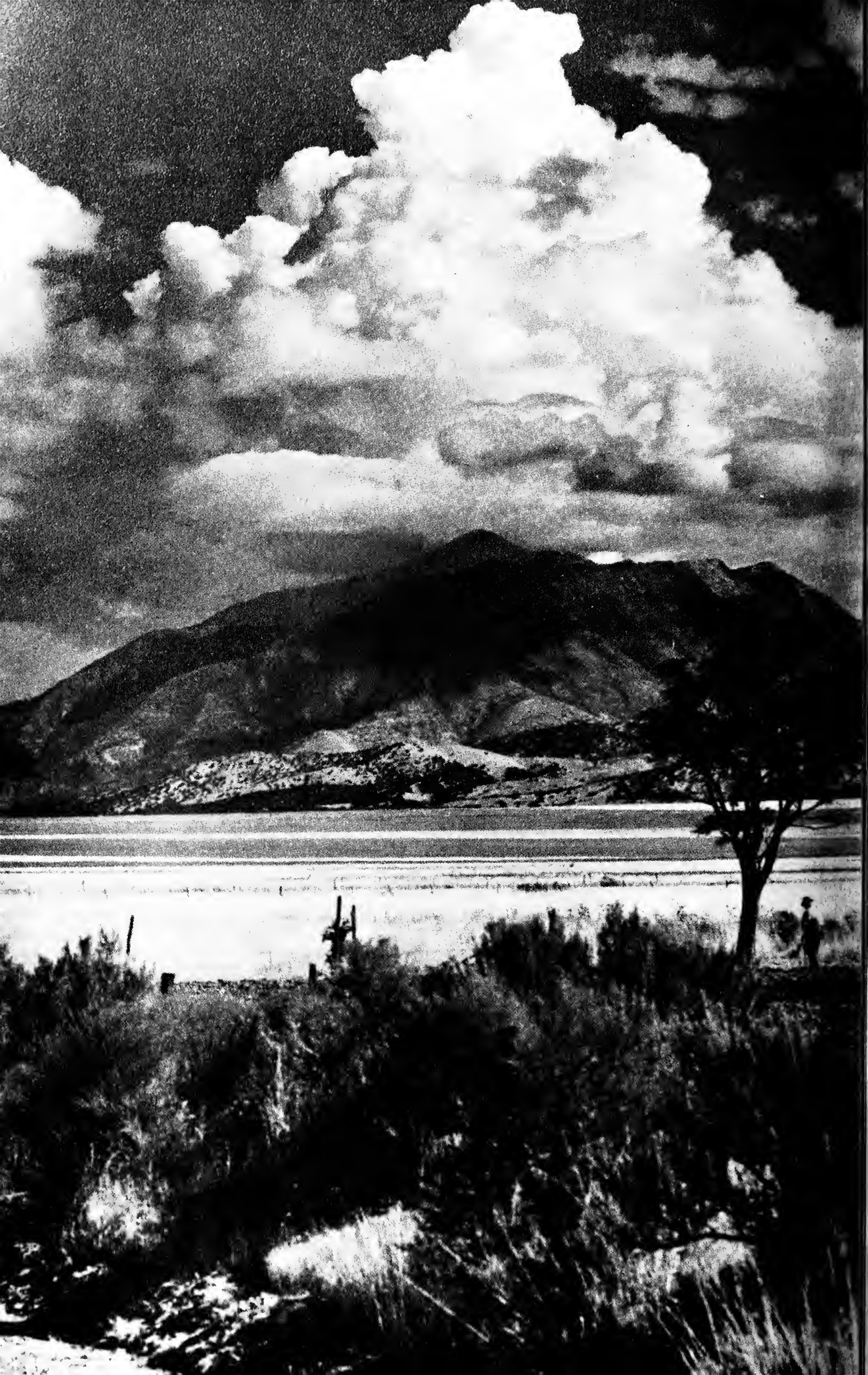
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The
Relief Society
Magazine





Gratitude

Christie Lund Coles

The bright word GRATITUDE is set
Like some rare jewel in the heart;
Always its brilliance is both caught
And shared. It is a basic part

Of all great souls who go their way
Knowing the peace of praise and prayer;
Knowing the simple power of thanks,
For all his mercy and his care.

“For he shall give his angels charge . . .”
Aware of our need before we ask;
Trusting us to depend on him
In every unpretentious task;

Asking our brief acknowledgment,
Humility before all his good;
With steps that walk in simple faith,
And hearts bejeweled with gratitude.

- The Cover: Design by Dick Scopes
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From Near and Far

I have just finished reading "And They Shall Also Teach Their Children," by Elder A. Theodore Tuttle, in the July issue of the Magazine. What a wonderful guide for us parents in the upbringing of our families. As a convert and a mother of fast-growing children, I really appreciate Elder Tuttle's remarks and the wonderful Magazine that brings this message to us.

—Joye P. Muir
Frankton, New Zealand

Since joining the Church my husband and I have had more spiritual blessings than it is possible to tell. I have received the July and August issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* and have received a great deal of food for thought from the many inspirational articles. I was especially impressed by the article "Part of the Fragrance," by Ann G. Hansen, and the visiting teacher message, by Christine H. Robinson, both in the August issue. These two articles made me re-evaluate myself and recall the great number of good intentions, and the equally great number of forgotten good intentions. I have promised myself to stop whatever else I am doing and when I get a good intention to carry it through. I have already kept this promise and have gained more myself than the ones I tried to please.

—Mrs. Marilyn Domroe
Glendale, California

Each issue of the Magazine is a treasure — but when you add all twelve and have them bound together, then you really have a whole volume of beauty and inspiration. The ward Relief Societies in our stake are surely using the many wonderful recipes for their work-meeting luncheons and on other occasions when they want something especially nice to serve.

—Ruth H. Millet
President
Rigby Stake Relief Society
Rigby, Idaho

I am a bride of but a few months, and one of our wedding gifts was a year's subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I enjoy and read many times each issue. Every page gives me wonderful ideas on how to make my marriage an eternal success.

—Mrs. Ellen D. Seedall
Idaho Falls, Idaho

I like the changes made recently in the Magazine. The introduction of color makes it more attractive, and also I like the smaller size. It fits into my purse better. I am amazed and very proud of the talent of so many of our women.

—Myrene R. Brewer
Ogden, Utah

I wish to thank you very much on behalf of my wife for sending *The Relief Society Magazine*, which we receive with thanks.

—Wm. T. Moore
Richmond B.C.
Canada

As usual, I have greatly enjoyed the Magazine during my stay in American Samoa. Recently, when it was necessary for me to go to the hospital in Pago Pago for treatment, I took some Magazines with me. They were the means of my becoming acquainted with the fine supervisor of nursing, an Anglican Catholic from London, England. She was attracted by the beautiful cover, and after she had glanced through the Magazine, she said, "That is the loveliest Magazine I have ever read." Then, after further reading, she said, "No wonder your young people grow up to be so fine." Since then she has attended our Church services, and we have had many fine gospel conversations.

—Arlene L. Anderson
Mapusaga
American Samoa

The **Relief Society** Magazine

NOVEMBER 1963 VOLUME 50 NUMBER 11

Editor **Marianne C. Sharp**
Associate Editor **Vesta P. Crawford**
General Manager **Belle S. Spafford**

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President Henry

IN MEMORIAM

It was with a sense of deep loss that the General Board of Relief Society learned of the peaceful but sudden passing of President Henry Dinwoodey Moyle, First Counselor in the First Presidency, on Wednesday, September 18, 1963. President Moyle was in Deer Park, Florida on Church business at the time of his death. His devoted wife who has faithfully and fully supported him throughout his long and distinguished career was in Deer Park with him.

President Moyle's life has been active and purposeful. He utilized all the advantages offered him as a young man to attain an education and studied in the United States and in Germany in the fields of mining engineering, geology, and law. He served for twenty-five years as a member of the University of Utah law faculty. He lived what he advocated. He took out three years of his youth to fill a mission in Germany. The German people always held a special place in his heart. He was eminently successful in a variety of businesses and open-handed with the means which he acquired. He was extremely generous to Relief Society when the Relief Society Building was being planned, but stipulated that his and his wife's large contribution should not be publicized. He took an interest in the welfare of others and was a driving power in any cause he espoused.

Dinwoodey Moyle (1889-1963)

At the April 1947 Church conference President Moyle was sustained as an apostle of the Lord. This high calling followed ten years of service as president of Cottonwood Stake and visiting the stakes of the Church for eleven years as a member of the General Church Welfare Committee over which he had presided as chairman since 1939.

In his April 1947 conference address, President Moyle made significant forecasts of what he hoped to accomplish in his dedication to the work of the Lord. Now, sixteen years later, one can judge of the selflessness with which he abided by his statements of purpose and belief:

... so far as my Heavenly Father will give me the power to act I shall do so, and all that I have and am belongs to my Heavenly Father. . . .

To me that which the Presidency of this Church have said and say now, is as much the law and the gospel as anything that has ever been said or written before for our guidance. . . .

It shall be my hope and my desire that . . . I may be an honor and a credit to my family and my people and be able to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ and to bear this testimony throughout the world.

On the death of President Stephen L Richards, in 1959, President Moyle was called as Second Counselor in the First Presidency, and, in 1961, on the death of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Moyle was named First Counselor.

The General Presidency of Relief Society has been closely associated with President Moyle over the years through the Church Welfare Program. For a number of years it was their privilege to meet twice weekly with the Welfare Committee over which he served as chairman. President Moyle has been a good friend and wise advisor to Relief Society and has delivered instructional and inspirational addresses to the membership gathered from all over the world at Relief Society Annual General Conferences. He had a great and expansive soul. His desire and practice were to help his brother and, even though his health has not been robust, he never spared himself in filling assignments or meeting requests that came to him in great number to serve his Church and fellow men. He died as he lived doing the work of the Master. Truly it would seem he never tasted death and it was sweet to him.

The Divinity Within Relief Society

President

Belle S. Spafford

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Relief Society Annual General Conference, October 2, 1963]

The *Documentary History of the Church* under date of January 6, 1842, records the rejoicing of the Prophet Joseph Smith over this period of time in the history of the Church as follows: "The new year has been ushered in and continued thus far under the most favorable auspices, and the Saints seem to be influenced by a kind and indulgent Providence in their dispositions and [blessed with] means to rear the Temple of the Most High God, anxiously looking forth to the completion thereof as an event of the greatest importance to the Church and the world, making the Saints in Zion to rejoice. . . . Truly this is a day long to be remembered by the Saints of the last days . . . a day in which all things are concurring to bring about the completion of the fullness of the Gospel, a fullness of the dispensation of dispensations, even the fullness of times" (*DHC IV*, page 492).

Indeed, this proved to be an eventful period in the history of the Church — a period of rejoicing for the Saints. Events transpired which made these days long to be

remembered days. The saints had found at least a temporary resting place in Nauvoo. The Lord had revealed his mind and will, not only for his children living upon the earth, but he had also given to the Prophet the great revelation regarding salvation for the dead. The cornerstone of the temple had been set and the walls were rising. Orson Hyde, one of the apostles of the Lord, had gone forth by assignment of the Prophet to dedicate the Holy Land for the return of the Jews — an event referred to by the Prophet as "involving the interest and fate of the Gentile nations throughout the world" (*DHC IV*, page 112). In January 1842, after reading excerpts from a letter written by Elder Hyde from Trieste, the Prophet declared, "Elder Hyde has, by the grace of God, been the first proclaimer of the fullness of the Gospel both on the Continent of Europe, and in far-off Asia, among the nations of the East. . . . He has reared as it were the ensign of the Latter-day glory. . ." (*Ibid*, page 495).

It was early in the month of March 1842, in response to a re-

quest from Mr. John Wentworth, editor and proprietor of *The Chicago Democrat*, that the Prophet prepared his concise and convincing sketch of the rise, progress, persecution, and faith of the Latter-day Saints, together with a summary of the principles taught by the Church — now known as the “Articles of Faith,” and referred to in the *Documentary History of the Church* as “one of the choicest documents in our Church literature.” It was in March 1842, that the Prophet commenced publication in *The Times and Seasons* of his translation of “The Book of Abraham,” from Egyptian papyrus, which, in its importance as a record of ancient saints, brought to light in this dispensation, has been said to stand second only to The Book of Mormon. Those were days when the missionary program was being expanded and zealously forwarded, the fruits of which were showing in the large number of immigrants coming into Nauvoo.

Among the events of great significance to the sisters of the Church was the founding of “The Female Relief Society” on March 17, 1842. It seems that this was a propitious time for the Lord to give to his daughters, through his Prophet, an organization whereby they might more fully perfect themselves and more effectively serve the Church and its people.

The sisters had evidenced a readiness for this blessing. They had studied the scriptures. They had listened to their Prophet and been obedient to his teachings. They had helped in the work of the

Church, particularly had they endeavored to do the women’s part toward the erection of the temple. So eager were they more fully to do their part that they sought, at the hands of the Prophet, approval for an organization for which Sister Eliza R. Snow had drawn up a constitution and by-laws.

Sister Sarah M. Kimball, relating the circumstances that led to the organization of Relief Society, stated that the sisters wished to form a “Ladies Society” in order that they might combine their means and efforts to assist those who were working on the Nauvoo Temple. The Prophet replied:

... this is not what you want. Tell the Sisters their offering is accepted of the Lord, and He has something better for them than a written constitution. Invite them all to meet me and a few of the brethren in the Masonic Hall over my store next Thursday afternoon, and I will organize the sisters under the Priesthood after a pattern of the Priesthood (*Centenary of Relief Society*, page 14).

We may be sure that it was with eagerness and rejoicing that the sisters — eighteen in number — met at the appointed hour and place on Thursday, March 17, 1842. With grateful hearts they heard their beloved and revered Prophet utter these words long to be remembered by the sisters of the Church: “I now declare this Society organized with president and counselors according to parliamentary usages” (*Relief Society Magazine*, March 1942, page 151).

Elder John Taylor, who with Elder Willard Richards accompanied the Prophet on this momentous occasion, addressed the sisters, saying

that he “rejoiced to see this institution organized according to the law of Heaven” (*Relief Society Magazine*, March 1942, page 151).

Is not the law of Heaven divine law? Then are we not entitled to say that Relief Society was organized according to divine law?

The First Presidency, at the time of the centennial of Relief Society, reminded us:

We ask our Sisters of the Relief Society never to forget that they are a unique organization in the whole world, for they were organized under the inspiration of the Lord bestowed upon that great Prophet who was divinely called by a visitation of the Father and Son, in person, to open up this, the Last Dispensation, the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. No other women’s organization in all the earth has had such a birth (*Centenary of Relief Society*, page 7).

Sister Sarah M. Kimball, in the Relief Society records, credits the Prophet with saying that the Church was never fully organized until the women were thus organized.

Sister Eliza R. Snow, in a speech recorded in the *Woman’s Exponent*, Volume 9, page 167, declared:

A society of this kind has always existed whenever the Priesthood has been upon the earth, and the allusion of the elder to the “elect lady” as recorded in the New Testament, means one who presided over the society in his day.

Without doubt, Sister Snow was referring to the Second Epistle of John wherein the elder speaks unto “the elect lady and her children” of whom he says, “I love in the truth.” He further says, “I rejoice greatly that I found thy children walking in truth.” Then he urges

them to continue walking after the commandments of the Lord.

It is not difficult to imagine the message given in this scripture as being given by one of the leading elders of this day to the Relief Society sisters.

It is noteworthy that the term “elect lady” was used in the revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith to Emma Smith, the first President of the Relief Society in this dispensation. This revelation, recorded in Section 25 of the Doctrine and Covenants, declares: “Thou art an elect lady whom I have called” (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 25, Verse 3).

Documentary History of the Church records the Prophet as saying:

I gave much instruction and read in the New Testament and Book of Doctrine and Covenants, concerning the Elect Lady and showed that the elect meant to be elected to a certain work, etc., and that the revelation was then fulfilled by Sister Emma’s election to the Presidency of the Society (*DHC IV*, pp. 552-553).

The apostle Paul, explaining the organization of the Church to the Corinthian saints, mentions the members which God had set in the Church. He explains that there are “many members, yet one body,” and asserts, “And God hath set some in the church; first, apostles; secondarily, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues” (I Corinthians, 12:20, 28). Paul spoke to the Ephesian saints also about the offices, mentioning apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers.

Elder Spencer W. Kimball, in an article published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, poses these questions with regard to Paul's words to the Corinthians: "What did the apostle Paul mean by helps and governments? Could the governments be the Priesthood leaders who govern and direct all the work in the Church, and could the "helps" mean the helping organizations, such as Relief Society?"

Whether there was a formal organization such as that of our present Relief Society in the early Church remains for the prophets to tell us; but it is not difficult to believe that the sisters were called to do such work as is now assigned to Relief Society.

Relief Society, as founded by the Prophet, is now on the way to its second century of life and service. During the 121 years of its existence, tremendous changes have taken place in the world and among its people. Few changes, perhaps, have been greater than the change in the status of woman and her readiness to speak and act through organized groups. When Relief Society was founded, only a few courageous women dared to speak in public, and fewer still braved the formation of an organization.

In contrast to these conditions, I recently attended a meeting in Washington D.C. where I was one among 300 presidents representing women's organizations of this Nation, none of which had a membership of less than 100,000. These 300 presidents represented a total of fifty million organized women in the United States. They had been invited to meet with high Govern-

ment officials to offer their views on one of the Nation's difficult issues.

It is a marvel that in the face of all this change and growth that the basic organization structure of Relief Society, its governing regulations and original purposes, as set by the Prophet Joseph Smith, have remained constant, and the Society, under the pattern established 121 years ago, continues to function effectively in each succeeding era of time. This alone attests that Relief Society was founded according to the laws of heaven and not of man.

Relief Society was continually under the watchcare of the Prophet during the days of Nauvoo, receiving his counsel and instruction, just as it has been under the watchcare of God's chosen prophets who have succeeded him. In his instructions to the sisters, the Prophet made clear that they were organized under the Priesthood and after a pattern of the Priesthood. He told them, "You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide, and direct the affairs of the Church in this dispensation." He taught the sisters, "If any officers are wanted to carry out the design of the institution, let them be appointed and set apart." (You note he did not say elected by the membership.) He made membership in the Society a privilege, yet he opened its doors to all women "free from censure," who were to be received by vote, according to his directive.

Insofar as a constitution and by-

laws were concerned, which the sisters had submitted to him in the beginning, he said "Let this presidency serve as a Constitution — all their decisions be considered law, and acted upon as such. . . . The minutes of your meetings will be precedent for you to act upon — your Constitution and law" (*Centenary of Relief Society*, page 15). Thus Relief Society was regulated in the beginning; thus it is regulated today.

The Prophet Joseph Smith turned the key in behalf of women of this dispensation. His impressive words are treasured words: "I now turn the key in your behalf and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. . . . This is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads."

Just as Relief Society was divinely founded and regulated by divine inspiration according to the laws of heaven, so it has a divinely appointed mission. Listed simply I would say its mission is:

1. To save souls.
2. To strengthen testimonies of the divinity of the restored gospel.
3. To succor the distressed.
4. To develop the talents and abilities of the sisters.
5. To strengthen home and family life.
6. To serve as a handmaid to the Priesthood in building the kingdom of our Heavenly Father on earth.

President David O. McKay has made reference to the mission of Relief Society in these impressive words:

By divine decree, the women in the Church are assigned the noble mission of

being exemplars and leaders to mankind in the two most worthwhile accomplishments in mortal life; first, the development of character. That is done in the home, principally. Second, willingness and ability to render helpful service — that through the organized Relief Society. These two accomplishments, by the way, are all that we shall take with us when, at the end of our earthly career, we pass through the portals of Death into the realm of the Eternal — Character and Service (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1956, page 807).

Certainly, Relief Society, with a knowledge of God's divine law of free agency, with a knowledge of the sacredness of the individual and God's plan of life and salvation for his children as revealed in these latter days through his Prophet, has a grave responsibility to share this knowledge with women the world over, and to shed its influence in the promotion of freedom and the way of life taught by the Master. There is no other organization of women in the world upon whom this responsibility rests so heavily. There is no other group to whom organized women of the world should be able to look with greater assurance for strong, wise, and righteous leadership. We must work through proper channels, it is true, and as authorized by our Priesthood authorities, but work we must and give to the women of the world the truths we have been given by divine revelation.

Accepting its divine mission, unscathed by time or change, Relief Society must stand a bulwark against the forces of evil striving to engulf women. It must be as a beacon light and a guiding star to women of many nations.

I would like to conclude by read-

ing a statement by Elizabeth Ann Whitney, the wife of Bishop Newel K. Whitney and counselor to Emma Smith in the Relief Society. This statement appeared in the *Woman's Exponent*, November 15, 1878 — eighty-five years ago. Speaking of her residence in Nauvoo, Sister Whitney wrote:

We afterward moved upstairs over the brick store as it was designated. It was during our residence in the brick store, March 17, 1842, that the Relief Society was organized and I was chosen as a counselor to the president of this Society. In this work I took the greatest interest for I realized in some degree, at least, its importance and the need for such an organization. . . .

The Relief Society then was small compared to its numbers now, but the Prophet foretold great things concerning the future of this organization, many of which I have lived to see fulfilled, but there are many things which remain yet to be fulfilled in the future of which he prophesied that are great and glorious, and I rejoice in the contemplation of these things daily feeling that the promises are sure to be verified in the future as they have in the past. I trust that the sisters

who are now laboring and who will in the future labor in the interest of the Relief Societies in Zion will realize the importance attached to the work and comprehend that upon them a great responsibility rests. President Joseph Smith had great faith in the sisters' labors and ever sought to encourage them in the performance of the duties which pertained to the Society.

I, too, have faith in the sisters of Relief Society. I, too, feel assured that great and glorious things lie yet ahead for this organization. Relief Society belongs to the past; it belongs to the present; it belongs to the future. Its work is the Lord's work for his daughters. I, too, trust, as did Sister Whitney, that the sisters who are now laboring and who in the future will labor in the interest of this Society, will realize the importance attached to the work and comprehend that upon them a great responsibility rests. That this conviction, borne of an abiding testimony of the divinity within this Society, will ever abide with the sisters of the Church, I sincerely pray.

A Missionary Says "Goodbye"

Margory E. Green

A time has come for me to say
Goodbye to England, green and fair;
Two years I have known her beauty,
And have loved her people there.

So, I will say farewell for now,
But — I will be back some day —
It may be in the autumn
Or the lovely month of May.

Meantime, I am so thankful
For the blessings from above,
And I shall think of England
As the home I truly love.

“He Shall Prepare a Way”

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

[Address Delivered at the General
Session of the Relief Society Annual
General Conference, October 2, 1963]

As I visited stake quarterly conference this past year I was very surprised with one response which came to me in the stakes. In one of the Relief Society meetings we would discuss qualifications for leadership and list them on the blackboard as suggested by those present. Following this listing, each Relief Society sister, in turn, would name the quality which she felt she needed the most. Except in one stake the answers were “self-confidence.”

I realized again how little we know of the feelings of others. These sisters were all stake leaders and were doing outstanding work in forwarding Relief Society within their stakes. Yet they felt the need of more self-confidence.

Recently a letter came to the General Board from a sister who had been made a ward Relief Society president. She had looked at the position, in the past, as a rather routine matter. Now the position had come to her. Her self-confidence failed her and she wrote to a friend, “I am overwhelmed by the call and my personal inadequacies. I don’t know how I can fill the office.”

As I have thought about it, I have tried to visualize just what we need to give us more self-confidence in our Relief Society callings. Certainly, self-confidence is a necessary attribute of a leader, for who will follow someone devoid of self-confidence? How can we inspire

confidence and the ability to accomplish in another, if we lack it ourselves? What can we do to gain self-confidence? How can we go about acquiring the necessary learning to fill with confidence any calling that may come?

You will recall the advice of the Lord in the Doctrine and Covenants which we are now studying in Relief Society, where we are commanded to “seek learning even by study and also by faith.” These words seem to me to hold the key to gaining self-confidence. Where better could we go to study than to the words of the Lord as set forth in his scriptures, wherein the Lord lays bare the secret thoughts and acts of men, and his dealings with man down through the ages. Is there learning to be gained on this subject of self-confidence from studying the scriptures?

I have never forgotten my almost disbelief the first time I read an example of the lack of self-confidence in the Old Testament. Moses had always stood to me as the mighty leader of Israel, as the performer of great miracles before Pharaoh, of parting the Red Sea, and leading the children of Israel for forty years in the wilderness. Imagine my surprise, then, when I read Moses’ reply to the Lord when the Lord first called him: “Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt,” and Moses’

reply: "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" Then the Lord in his mercy and understanding gave explicit directions. Again Moses said ". . . But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice." Then the Lord worked the miracles of the rod for Moses, and the leprosy of Moses' hand, and instructed him in a third sign he could give. Still Moses answered, "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." And the Lord answered ". . . Who hath made man's mouth?" Yet again Moses plead "O my Lord send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." And we learn that the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses and he gave him Aaron his brother for his spokesman. Could any sister show less self-confidence than did Moses when he was called? And yet he became the mighty leader.

As we strive for self-confidence we are reminded to "seek learning even by study and also by *faith*."

We recall the self-confidence of a young boy who did not offer objections when the Lord told him to perform a hard task, but who showed forth faith to fulfill his assignment by declaring "I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." Nephi had received learning by study

of the scriptures, for after he made this statement he encouraged his brothers to return to Jerusalem by saying ". . . let us be strong like unto Moses; for he truly spake unto the waters of the Red Sea and they divided hither and thither . . . wherefore can ye doubt? Let us go up; the Lord is able to deliver us."

As we acquire learning by study and also by faith, how can we doubt but that the Lord will be with each of his daughters in the calling that comes to her.

Why need we not doubt? Why can we be filled with self-confidence? Because we are called by the Priesthood of God. As we study our social science lessons we realize more truly the power of the Priesthood, and what such a call means to us.

Having accepted a call to a position, then we must study and learn the requirements of that position, for we must magnify our calling. But then in faith, and following the examples that have been set for us, we must rely on the Lord and, if our faith is strong enough, we will gain self-confidence with humility. Then we can take confidence in the words spoken of Samuel, "And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and *did let none of his words fall to the ground.*"

It is my testimony that if we rely on the Lord and seek learning even by study and also by faith, the Lord will let none of our words fall to the ground, and we will grow in self-confidence and serve the Lord in trust and joy.

May this be our experience as Relief Society members, I pray.

Relief Society to Save Souls

Counselor Louise W. Madsen

[Address Delivered at the General
Session of the Relief Society Annual
General Conference, October 2, 1963]

While on assignment to the quarterly conferences of the stakes in England this spring, we visited Sister Vera Hewitt, former president of the Sunderland Stake Relief Society in her home in Whitley Bay on the North Sea. A lighthouse on the bay caught our interest — especially since living as we do in the tops of the mountains we had never been close to one before — and we walked out onto the rocky promontory and climbed the 150 steps to the top to see the huge light and to survey the world about us from that height.

The lighthouse keeper explained that this was one of the few lights still powered by weights on the grandfather clock principle, not yet having been electrified. We were amazed by the exquisite cleanliness of the building. Not one drop of oil or grease from the massive machinery was in evidence. Not one speck of dust marred the surface of the huge prism. All was in constant readiness to go into instant action.

Later in the evening, when we saw that great light piercing the darkness, the symbolism of the lighthouse and the light and Relief Society caught my imagination.

I thought of Relief Society in its purity as a divinely organized Society standing tall as a great lighthouse tower sending out its glowing light and, like the lighthouse, anchored firmly to the rock

so that even the pounding sea could not dislodge it.

I thought of the bright light as the light of the gospel and the light of education illuminating the darkness.

I thought of its strong searching beam making a path of light from earth to sky like the straight and narrow path to eternal life.

I thought of it as a welcome sight to ships navigating the turbulent waters of the North Sea like the welcome which comes when truth illumines the mind.

I thought of the light as a beckoning ray with the message, "Come, here is safety," and the mariner, recognizing the light and the lighthouse, knowing he is on the right course.

I compared the lighthouse keeper upon whose devotion to duty so much depends to officers in Relief Society, keepers of the light, through whom so many sisters in the world are enlightened. I was reminded of the creed of a lighthouse keeper "Mind the Light" — no matter what befalls, *mind the light*.

Then the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith came to my mind, "The Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." This is the divine commission to Relief Society from our Heavenly Father through his inspired Prophet.

"How precious are the souls of men!" the Prophet said to the sis-

ters assembled, on April 28, 1843. "Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God," the Lord said in a revelation to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. This great emphasis on the worth of each individual soul is one of the sublime tenets of the gospel. Our Father in heaven does not look upon his children as "the masses," but as individuals for each of whose salvation his Only Begotten Son gave himself.

To fulfill the divine commission to save souls we must, as President McKay has said, "aid one another in the productive life, a life that tends toward the salvation of the human being. By that salvation I do not mean just a place in the hereafter where all our cares and worries may cease, but a salvation that applies to the individual here and now."

We are encouraged to labor in the spirit of Christ to make our home conditions and environment better and happier. "To permeate each home with the spirit of contentment and peace; to have members of such homes devote the resources of body and mind to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God," this, too, is salvation in this life. Mutual service is expected and Relief Society, known through the years for service, gives one an opportunity to learn and serve.

"The gospel is the power of God unto salvation." Relief Society has been assigned to instruct its members, enabling them constantly to exercise their knowledge of the saving of the gospel. It is the ultimate aim of Relief Society to teach the gospel and to build firm testimonies in the minds and hearts of the sisters so that their lives, their children's lives, and their homes will reflect their

knowledge of the laws of God.

It is a basic doctrine of the Church that each individual must work out his own salvation. We do not believe that a mere statement of belief in Jesus Christ is all that is essential. One's whole life should be spent in increasing his soul growth by continuous work in accordance with his faith. But the Lord does not expect us to work out our own salvation alone. He will help us, the scriptures will help us, our families and friends will help us, the Authorities of the Church and our activities in the Church will help us. No one goes his way alone. The responsibility is upon each of us, however, to be righteous, faithful, and to do our duty by our fellow men.

We are admonished to proclaim the principles of the gospel by our words and by our actions. "Teach one another," we are told, and this the sisters do admirably in Relief Society. "Live the gospel," we hear, and this also Relief Society inspires us to do.

The divine commission to Relief Society to save souls is a commission to Relief Society as an organization composed of almost a quarter of a million sisters, and to each member herself.

Let us take upon ourselves this divine commission, my dear sisters, and labor without ceasing in love and goodness to do the will of our Father. The Lord said to Lehi, "Blessed art thou Lehi, because of the things which thou hast done; and because thou hast been faithful and declared unto this people the things which I commanded thee." If we righteously assume our true assignment the Lord may have cause to say unto us "Blessed art thou."

Report and Official Instructions

President Belle S. Spafford

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Relief Society Annual General Conference, October 2, 1963]

It is with pleasure that I bring to you a report of the status of Relief Society as shown in the 1962 annual statistical and narrative report, together with a few suggestions and instructions related to the conduct of the work of Relief Society.

The year 1962 was marked by growth and expansion, with emphasis being placed on membership building and development of leadership.

Organizations and Reorganizations

At the close of 1962, the Society had a total of 430 stake and mission organizations, twenty-five more than during the previous year, and a total of 5,288 ward and branch Societies, an increase of 366. These figures are heartening in that they evidence growth in number of members, expanded influence for the Society, and increased opportunity for leadership positions among the sisters.

During 1962 there were seventy-eight reorganizations in the stakes and twenty-one in the missions.

Membership

There was a membership increase during 1962 of 16,991, mak-

ing a total membership of 248,166 (almost one quarter million members). During the last five years, Relief Society has had an annual average increase of 12,946. We are grateful to Relief Society presidents for their resourcefulness and diligence in enlisting new members from among both Latter-day Saint and non-Latter-day Saint women.

Reports indicate that personal contact and continuing personal interest in a woman is the single most effective means of enlisting her as a member. Inter-faith socials, however, which have been held extensively, usually on a stake basis, have been extremely helpful in focusing the attention of nonmember women upon the Society, of arousing their interest in it, and of opening doors for follow-up personal contact.

These socials have set new standards of beauty, meaning, and enjoyment for Relief Society socials. (As leaders, we must not lose sight of the fact that dignified, delightful, purposeful social activities are an integral part of the program of Relief Society.) We commend you for the excellence of these programs.

Attendance

In a day when women engage themselves in many activities and when a high percentage of them are employed, it is encouraging that average attendance at regular meetings of the Society increased by 4.9%. There was in attendance at each of the weekly meetings an average of 93,224 women, 4,360 more than a year ago. It is the opinion of the General Board that the attendance increase was influenced by the increased number of two-session ward Relief Societies. You will recall that these were discussed in the Official Instructions last year which were published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, November 1962, page 807.

Copies of the detailed instructions for conducting and recording the activities of two-session Relief Societies are available at the General Board office upon request of stake Relief Society presidents, for distribution to ward Relief Societies desiring to enter into such

an arrangement with the approval of their respective bishops.

Missions

Relief Societies in the missions seem to be taking on new vitality; and tremendous effort is being made by mission Relief Society presidents, fully supported by mission presidents, to bring the branch organizations up to high standards of performance in harmony with *Handbook* regulations. Numerous types of special projects have been conducted to build membership and to teach the purposes, programs, and approved procedures for Relief Society activities. Leadership meetings and mission publications are effective tools in helping with this.

Mission presidents are taking a new look at the visiting teaching program. They see in it, and I quote, "a valuable niche for service and the development of convert members."

Compassionate Services

Compassionate services show a marked increase for 1962 over 1961.

Figures are as follows:

	Number	Increase
Visits to the sick and homebound	365,822	8,488+
Days care of the sick	30,732	521+
Funerals at which Relief Society assisted	9,251	405+
Hours of other compassionate service	498,290	97,150+

Thus, during 1962, Relief Society devotedly fulfilled one of its major assignments.

Church Welfare Participation

There were 97,515 visits made to families by ward Relief Society presidents under the direction of bishops, an increase over 1961 of 3,890 visits. A larger number of

Relief Society members than ever before in our history assisted on welfare projects -- 63,389, an increase of approximately 9,000 over 1961.

The sisters of the Church contributed approximately 900,000 hours on the Church welfare projects. Sisters receiving assistance seemed to sense more than

ever before their responsibility to assist on these projects, actually contributing over 218,000 hours, or approximately 6,000 hours more than during the previous year. Among these sisters, there were more than 4,000 who sewed for themselves, being taught to do so in large measure through Relief Society.

The General Board suggests the advisability of ward Relief Society presidents keeping familiar with welfare produced foodstuffs available for distribution to families through the bishops' storehouses. In planning work meeting programs, these appropriately might be kept in mind and demonstrations be given on the preparation and use of these foods in the family diet. In planning such programs we refer you to the series of articles currently being published in *The Relief Society Magazine* under the title, "Stretching the Food Budget."

Work Meeting

Homemaking arts and skills taught at the work meetings are basic to a well-rounded Relief Society program. Homemaking is close to the hearts of women, and attractive, orderly, thrifty homemaking practices are of vital importance to the well-being of the family.

During 1962 there were 611,591 sewed articles produced in the work meeting, and 275,265 non-sewed articles — a total of 886,856 sewed and non-sewed articles — an increase of 125,842.

Education Courses

The courses of study, including the work meeting discussions, appear to have been well received.

There is excellent preparation on the part of both stake and ward class leaders. More than 22,000 sisters are engaged in teaching, either in a stake or ward capacity.

Courses of study are carefully planned to meet the needs of the sisters and to accomplish the purposes of the educational program. It would seem that a class leader would feel a deep sense of responsibility to adhere to the lessons as outlined. As in all matters pertaining to Relief Society, it is the responsibility of the president to see that only the recommended and approved lessons are presented. Deviations from this, while rare, are occasionally reported. For this reason we call this matter to your attention.

Nursery

The increasing number of mothers enrolling in Relief Society who have young children is making it more and more mandatory upon ward Relief Societies to conduct nurseries. Instructions as to the nature of the nursery program were given at the recent Relief Society meeting held in conjunction with the stake quarterly conferences. We suggest that presidents review these carefully. It is anticipated that further instructions will be given at Relief Society meetings held in connection with the 1964 quarterly conferences.

It is the recommendation of the General Board that the nursery be assigned to the education counselor as one of her special divisions of responsibility.

The nursery leader should be carefully selected in the light of her great responsibilities. She is not a baby sitter as we have come

to regard this service. Rather, she is a leader of a division of the work designed to interest and develop children while their mothers attend Relief Society meeting. Recognition of the importance of this special assignment, appropriately, would lead to a full consideration by the presidency of the requirements made of the nursery leader, and any necessary assistants would be appointed. Appreciation for the service and that of those who assist her would frequently be expressed whether these sisters be paid or volunteer workers.

Visiting Teaching

Visiting teaching continues as one of the very strong and valuable programs of the Society. Not only is it accomplishing the original purpose for which it was established, namely, "to seek after objects of charity," but it is an effective means of exercising watchcare over the sisters in their homes. In addition, it is proving an asset to the Society in its membership-building and fellowshiping programs as well as affording opportunity for new members, particularly new converts and reactivated members, to be participating members of the Society in a very important aspect of the work.

During 1962, there were 4,133,868 visits made to the homes by 107,252 visiting teachers. This was an increase over the previous year of 190,272 visits and an increase of 7,193 visiting teachers. There was an average of 9.35 visits made to each family in the stakes during the year. Maximum visiting would be twelve visits per family. The faithfulness and devotion of the sisters to this program and the quality of work done by them merits highest commendation.

Magazine

Magazine subscriptions totaled 201,570 at the end of 1962, an increase of 18,334 subscriptions. This is the largest annual increase in the history of the Society. The General Board is proud of the wonderful work done by *Magazine* representatives.

Singing Mothers Choruses

Singing Mothers Choruses increased by 125 during 1962, making a total of 2,724 choruses at the close of the year. We feel, however, sisters, that there should be more choruses than this among our more than 5,000 local Relief Societies. We were gratified by the excellence of the choruses which sang at the quarterly conferences during the first and second quarters of this year.

We call your attention to the new book, *Music Leadership in Relief Society*, prepared by Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen. This book offers instruction by Sister Madsen resulting from a lifetime of training and experience in the field of music. The book is available at the General Board headquarters, price, ninety cents per copy. Any woman interested in music will find the book valuable to her.

Indian Relief Society Organizations

Sisters, within many of your stakes there are Indian Relief Society organizations. The circumstances of the sisters enrolled in these organizations vary, and, correspondingly, their needs differ, both as they relate to guidance and training in their individual and family lives, and also as they relate to the conduct of their respective Relief Society organizations. We must recognize that, in some instances, it is extremely difficult for

the sisters to maintain their organizations following all of the *Handbook* recommendations. Some may be able barely to approximate this, while others may be able to do so in large measure, while still others being able to do so almost entirely. The same is true with regard to the programs of the Society. In some instances, for example, the homemaking program might need great modification over that conducted in our long established Societies, in order that the special needs of the Indian sisters, due to their culture, traditions, practices, and facilities, might be adequately met. The same would be true of the courses of study. In some instances, entirely different courses from those outlined for the Society as a whole might need to be used.

We have a responsibility to help these sisters at the point of their needs with patience, intelligence, and understanding. I am sure you recognize that most modifications and adjustments in organization procedures and programs can best be made by the stakes wherein Indian Relief Societies exist because here there is the great knowledge and understanding of the particular circumstances.

Often, the greatest degree of help cannot be given through the stake board functioning according to regular procedures. We, therefore, suggest that in stakes having Indian Relief Societies with special needs, a sister with aptitude in working with the Indians be appointed, with the approval of the stake president, to work under the direction of the stake Relief Society president in promoting the best interests of the Indian sisters and in helping their Relief Society organizations to function as effectively as possible in the light of existing con-

ditions. Such an appointee would be regarded as "a sister with a special assignment." She would not be a stake board member. Authorization may be given her to use special courses of study. Where this is advisable the General Board is prepared to make suggestions, at the request of the stake Relief Society president, for suitable subject matter, and shortly will have available for use some lessons which may be simplified or amplified to meet the special needs of the Lamanite sisters. Authorization may also be given for the conducting of a department in connection with the regular leadership meeting for the Indian officers and class leaders. The sister appointed to work with the Indian sisters would keep close to them by frequent visits to their meetings. She would exercise loving watchcare over them.

We will appreciate being notified of the name of the sister given the special assignment to work with the Indian sisters. We will also appreciate having the special activities in behalf of these sisters reported in the narrative section of the annual report. The Indian sisters are indeed our sisters, to whom we owe special attention, knowing the divine destiny of this race and our responsibility to it as Latter-day Saints. We must be not only helpers, but defenders of our Lamanite sisters.

Fund-Raising

Relief Society takes pride in the fact that it independently maintains itself financially. The judicious raising of funds and their wise disbursement are regarded as important in the training of Relief Society women. The traditional method of earning money for the operating expenses of the Society

has been to engage in fund-raising activities which reflect the interests and regular work of the Society and, at the same time, develop the talents and abilities of the sisters. We are noting, however, that questions are being submitted to the General Board with increasing frequency regarding its attitude toward new types of fund-raising activities. Questions indicate a concern as to whether these activities would violate established fund-raising regulations of the Society or in any way be questionable or unusual.

As a guide to you in judging the acceptability of fund-raising activities, a number of which are identified with advertising of products or services of commercial institutions, we offer the following suggestions:

The Society should not be placed in a position of being used, virtually, as a selling agent of a commercial institution in promoting the sale of its product, in order that the Society might benefit financially in some way from so doing.

Care should be exercised not to place the Society in a position of influencing the sisters to patronize one merchant over another, either as to his product or services, in order that it might benefit financially. In no instance should the names of Relief Society officers or members be released to a commercial institution for solicitation in selling its product or for any other reason.

We again caution Relief Society presidents against entering into arrangements with commercial institutions in the publication of books

— for example, songbooks, anthologies of verse, or cookbooks — wherein the Society must make certain commitments and where both the Society and the commercial institution share in the profits. Before entering into such an arrangement, we urge you to discuss the matter fully with your presiding Priesthood authority.

In addition, sisters, we urge that in planning fund-raising activities, presidents carefully weigh the time, labor, and commodity contributions required of the sisters.

We suggest that Relief Society presidents carefully review the instruction in the *Handbook of Instructions* on "Participation in Advertising Programs," page 108, and also the section on "Funds" in the *Handbook*, pages 114-118, as well as instructions on funds issued in Official Instructions at past general conferences. We refer you to the following issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*: Volume 27 (1940), May, page 297; Volume 36 (1949), December, page 808; Volume 42 (1955), November, page 732; Volume 48 (1961), November, page 732.

Conclusion

Sisters, we are grateful for your wonderful service to Relief Society, for the capable leadership you are giving to the work, for your magnificent accomplishments. We are thankful for your devotion to Relief Society and the righteousness of your lives. May the Lord bless you with happiness and success in your Relief Society labors, I sincerely pray.

Relief Society Supports the Priesthood Home Teaching Program

The inauguration of the Home Teaching program in the Church, as of January 1, 1964, marks a significant step in the implementation of the developing program of the Church Correlating Committee. Relief Society supports the program fully. Being organized under the Priesthood and after a pattern of the Priesthood according to the laws of heaven, as the Prophet Joseph Smith and President John Taylor declared at the organization of Relief Society in March 1842, the work of Relief Society will continue to go forward at any given time as directed by the Priesthood.

The stake and ward Relief Society work will continue, as in the past, to be directed by the respective Priesthood authorities in line with approved practices. Any changes in Relief Society procedures will be introduced in accordance with directives of the General Board at the direction of the General Authorities.

From both the theology course on the Doctrine and Covenants and the social science course on Priesthood and Church Government, Relief Society members throughout the world are receiving a better understanding of the workings of the Church and the power of the Priesthood. They are also learning of their responsibilities as wives and mothers to support and encourage their husbands and sons in their Priesthood duties. They are mindful of the great blessings

of the Priesthood which they share through the Priesthood bearers in their families, and where they have none, of the blessings which come to them from their activities in the Church as directed by the ward and stake or mission and branch Priesthood authorities.

President McKay called attention at an initial meeting for Home Teaching representatives that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only church that has divine authority by direct revelation. He said, "We are speaking to a group of men today whose duties will be to help those who visit to perfect the saints, who will go about teaching 'for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'"

President McKay also said in closing his remarks, "God bless you and give you inspiration in bringing the spirit of this new program, new assignment to the entire Church rejuvenating all our Ward Teaching with this Home Teaching Plan, that every individual will be brought to a consciousness of the Priesthood which comes direct from the Son of God."

The General Board of Relief Society gives its full allegiance to the Home Teaching program and enlists the support and active cooperation of every Relief Society member.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

Dr. Kathleen Kenyon, a famed British archeologist, is directing a five-year program to uncover the remains of the Holy City. It was practically obliterated by the Romans one hundred years after Jesus warned that not one stone upon another should be left of Jerusalem. A wall twenty-eight centuries old has been discovered, and bits of broken pottery tell many tales.

Senator Maurine Neuberger, from Oregon, has written a book on smoking, to be published by Prentice-Hall. She admits having been hard on "the public guardians whose failure to act courageously or decisively has left unchecked the epidemic rise in smoking-connected disease."

Madame Hervé (Nicole) Alphan, wife of the French Ambassador to the United States, is considered a model of fashion and elegance and has been called "the most charming hostess on Embassy Row." Nevertheless, she is a most devoted wife and mother. She says a wife should be a comfort and support to her husband, reassuring him and constantly renewing his faith in him-

self. Such faith, she believes, all men are inclined to lose occasionally in the fierce competition of modern life. A woman's place is at the side of her husband, being a true companion, she avers.

Katherine Anne Porter, author of *Ship of Fools*, *Pale Horse*, *Pale Rider*, and other noted novels and novelettes, as well as many short stories, has been awarded the Emerson-Thoreau Medal by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. She was also given an honorarium of \$1,000, and the awards committee made the comment, "No living American is her equal."

Dr. Eva J. Salber, of the Harvard University School of Public Health, recently conducted a survey of 6,810 students between fifteen and seventeen years of age, in the public schools of Newton, Massachusetts. The survey covered ninety-one per cent of the enrollment in this age group. Dr. Salber found that the intelligence quotient (IQ) and the records of accomplishment were consistently much higher for the students, both boys and girls, who were nonsmokers.



Song for November

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A song I never can forget
Was sung one autumn day,
A poplar's golden lyric set
For sun-lit winds to play.

Small pointed words made up the song,
Pale syllables of sun.
They fell and fell the whole day long
And left no trill undone.

Like turning, twirling discs of fire
Gone cold they floated by
Till there was just the empty lyre
Between me and the sky;

A lyre of bronze against the blue
Where one last bright leaf clung.
But all the hill was goldleaf new
Because the song was sung.



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WE THANK THEE

**"We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet
To guide us in these latter days."**

Latter-day Saint women above all others can be grateful that they are members of The Church of Jesus Christ so that they are led by a prophet; can be thankful when their husbands hold the Priesthood and exercise its power in behalf of their families.

A great to-do is made today of the changing world and, especially, of the changing role of women in today's world. Glib words are spoken of the new qualities and resources a woman needs to fulfill herself. To a Latter-day Saint these statements are loaded with the sophistries of men. It is true that the demands of the present civilization require more education and years of training, but basic qualities and characteristics of the human soul remain the same. The Lord is no respecter of persons and his children, in any of his dispensations, are judged by their thoughts and actions in line with the light of truth vouchsafed to them at the particular time in which they live.

In this dispensation great and high, indeed, are the standards by which the members of the Church will be judged because of the light and truth which abounds. Journeys into space and conjectures as to whether or not a man can be placed on the moon or other heavenly bodies are of interest, but with man's present knowledge, no one, probably, can approach the knowledge which Abraham had of the heavens, for he was shown some of the Lord's handiwork by the Lord himself, and the laws of earth life remain unchanged.

And so it is with the work of women today when economics and other pressures tend to force or beckon women into the labor market. The Latter-day Saint woman knows through the direction of the prophets that her fundamental

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 Jennie R. Scott
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 LaPriel S. Bunker
 Irene W. Buehner
 Irene C. Lloyd
 Hazel S. Cannon
 Hazel S. Love
 Fawn H. Sharp
 Celestia J. Taylor
 Anne R. Gledhill
 Belva Barlow
 Zola J. McGhie
 Oa J. Cannon
 Lila B. Walch

role has not changed. It remains the eternal one of wife and helpmeet to her husband, and mother of men, she who clothes the spirit children of her Father in heaven in a body of clay of this world and rears them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. What has changed since Eve brought forth Abel, and Cain, and Seth? What added qualities of mind or spirit have been given to women today, not possessed by Eve? Her role as wife and mother has not changed, nor her attributes nor understanding.

Eve knew the bitter sorrow of the evil in her son Cain and had at her command the same faith and trust in the Lord that her daughters have today. One cannot believe that the great mother Eve was derelict in teaching light and truth to Cain. Her blamelessness in his wickedness would be her comfort, as it would be to a mother today.

In this world today, the only differences from earlier times are external ones. Women remain the same. Temptations which batter at the fundamental virtues wear different garbs and appeals with which Satan seeks to entice women away from their God-given work as wives and mothers. The same virtues are needed – faith, repentance, prayer, loyalty, guidance, and a knowledge of the truths of the gospel and a living of them. Nothing new is needed to “allow her to fulfill herself.” Washers, dryers, comptometers, furnishings, automobiles, helicopters, airplanes, typewriters, higher education, space travel – all hold out intriguing possibilities and woman’s free agency remains. She may develop her potentialities to the fullest, for the Lord has instructed his children to develop their talents. But, with it all, woman is held to her fundamental role as wife and mother. Whatever else a woman does, nothing will excuse her from the fulfillment, as the opportunity comes to her, to be wife and mother. Joy and exaltation rest upon obedience to the two basic commandments of the Lord to Eve – to be a helpmeet and a bearer of children.

—M.C.S.

What Mormonism Means to Me

Lorinda Tortice

As an activity in the Indian Student Placement Program of the Church, a Youth Conference open to Indian students in the program over fifteen years of age was held in April at Bountiful, Utah, prior to the return of the young people to their parents on the Indian reservations. Leadership abilities in speech, essay, talent, and display were demonstrated and awards of twenty-five dollars each, to be applied on their college tuition, were given to the winners.

Printed below is the speech which won an award for Lorinda Tortice, a fifteen-year-old girl of the Apache tribe (Ed.).

To me Mormonism is a way of life to be lived each and every hour of each and every day.

Why am I a Mormon?

Have you really thought for an answer to that question?

Of course, it is a big one — it can well concern a person during his entire life. The time has come when President David O. McKay has charged every member of the Church with the responsibility of being a missionary, so it is more important today than ever before that we have the question clearly in mind, that we not only work out an answer to satisfy ourselves, but we must be prepared to answer all inquiries.

“What do the Mormons believe?”
“How are their teachings different from those of other churches?” “Are the Mormons Christians?”

I hope if I am ever confronted with these questions, I will not have to stumble about and then say, “Well, I guess I’m up against it.”

Many of us are Mormons because our parents are. This is a good reason, but our parents cannot give us a testimony. We gain a testimony from our Heavenly Father through the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, but we must do our part first, by having a desire to know the truth, then,

through faith, diligent study, and prayer, our Heavenly Father makes the truth known to us.

This is what Mormonism means to me. I was baptized in the same manner Jesus Christ himself was baptized, by immersion and receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands from those in authority, meaning men holding the Holy Priesthood.

I believe in modern revelation. I know that President David O. McKay is a true Prophet as was Joseph Smith. It does not sound logical to me that God would talk to the prophets of old, then seal the heavens and cease to guide men in these perilous times when we need direction as never before.

I am a Mormon because I know that the gospel is God’s plan to save his children, and it more perfectly satisfies all the desires, conditions, and needs of mankind than any other system of ethics or philosophy.

Mormonism explains my origin, and The Book of Mormon is a history of my own people. How dear to my heart are this Book and Mormonism. Without them, my existence would be empty and motiveless.

I know that if I follow the teachings of Mormonism, I will receive untold blessings.



the Home

inside and out

Churning Day

Maude Rubin

Slow-splashing rhythm, steady beat
Of dasher . . . metronome
Of slow-paced music, honey-sweet,
Time riding clover foam . . .
A pantry window toward the creek —
Blue mountain steep beyond;
Green lace of leaves where robins speak;
Mint-freshness; fern-fringed pond.
Cool pantry shelves where shallow pans
Hold yellow Guernsey cream,
Blue-checked gingham apron spans
Grandmother's waist; each seam
Starch-crisp and straight, its strings bow-tied
Her crinkled smiles unfold —
Then fold, as she takes care to hide
Her pride in butter gold!

SATURDAY CHORES

Dora Black

IN MY memories of long ago, Saturday and chores were as synonymous and inescapable as Sunday and church. Requests to visit a friend or go play for Saturday were dismissed with the question, "Have you done your chores?" Mama had four girls and four chores. Which was most important, girls or chores? It could only be surmised.

We heard from Mama often enough to etch it in our memories. "We don't have much, but what we have we'll polish." We did!

On Saturday, Lillian polished all the family's shoes — a dull chore. Venna filled the lamps with kerosene and polished the chimneys — an even duller chore. Zelma waxed and polished the kitchen floor — dullness personified. The polished floor was, however, a proper setting for the big black, nickel-laden monarch of the kitchen, the stove, and my chore — not dull but animated. I secretly believed the stove was proud and enjoyed my loving care. On occasion we even held conversations, usually pertaining to my giving the stove "a lick and a promise." Then, with complete harmony between us, I could skip cleaning the warming oven and have more time for play.

There was a definite procedure to follow in performing my chore. It was important to empty the ashes first, so no ash dust could settle on the polished surfaces. In summer the ashes were emptied "way out back." In winter they were sprinkled along the snow paths.

Next step was to empty any remaining water in the reservoir and refill it with fresh water from the pump. This required many splashy trips and was why I had to do my chore before Zelma could do hers. When the reservoir was filled and closed, I removed all the removable nickel from the stove — like stripping down a Cadillac — and put it aside for a later polishing.

Then to the warming oven. What a collection it held — seasonings, hand irons, lard pail, skillets, and still room for late suppers to be kept warm and space to keep a supply of dry, hard toast on hand. After things were returned to their familiar places I cleaned the baking oven. It was an easy part of my chore, with the aroma of golden, plump loaves of bread seeming to linger there.

Finally, I could wet the long-handled brush, rub it on the cake of stove-black, then on the stove, and polish and polish and polish! It is questionable whether all this diligent polishing was motivated by the stove's proud personality or just because I didn't want to hear Mama say, "A little more elbow grease won't hurt" or ". . . what we have we'll polish."

Polishing the nickel was fun, too, first rubbing a soft, wet cloth on the long bar and then over the surface of the piece. Drawing pictures, writing names, and playing tic-tac-toe in the polishing film before rubbing it off, was all part of my chore. When the last piece of nickel was shining and in place, I felt as proud as the stove looked. My chore was finished. With Mama's nodding approval, I was free for friends or play.

STRETCHING

the Food Budget

Part III—Peanut Butter

Marion Bennion, Ph.D.

Chairman, Department of Food and Nutrition

Sadie O. Morris, Ph.D.,

Department of Food and Nutrition

Brigham Young University

Peanuts are not nuts in the strict botanical sense. They are members of the same family as dried beans and peas. Peanuts and peanut butter contain a large amount of protein, about twenty-six per cent, and this protein is of good quality, meaning it compares favorably with the proteins of meat. In addition to protein, peanuts and peanut butter contain the vitamins thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. They are also high in fat.

Peanut butter was first produced commercially by grinding and mixing peanuts about 1907 and has rapidly gained in popularity since then. It lends itself to a variety of uses in the diet, possibly the most popular being those of sandwich filling and cookies.

Peanut Butter Recipes

PEANUT BUTTER REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 c. shortening
½ c. peanut butter
2 c. brown sugar
3 eggs
4 c. cake flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. cloves
¼ tsp. nutmeg
1 c. salted peanuts, finely chopped
(optional)

Cream shortening thoroughly; blend in the peanut butter, then the sugar. Add well-beaten eggs. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the chopped peanuts, and combine thoroughly with the creamed mixture. Form into rolls, wrap in waxed paper, and let stand in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Slice thin, place on a baking sheet, and bake at 400° F. for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 16 dozen cookies.

SAUCEPAN PEANUT BUTTER SCOTCHIES

- $\frac{3}{8}$ c. butter or substitute
- $\frac{3}{8}$ c. peanut butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar, packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. sifted flour
- *2 tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped nuts

Rub bottom of a 9-inch square pan with shortening. Melt shortening and peanut butter in a saucepan. Remove from heat. Add sugar and blend. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Stir in vanilla, flour, and baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Add nuts and stir lightly to combine. Pour into prepared pan. Bake in a moderate oven (250° F) about 30 minutes. Do not overbake. Cool in pan. Cut into bars at serving time. Yield: 24 bars ($1\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 inches)

*Baking powder may be omitted. If so, the bars will be more even on top and lighter in color.



PEANUT BUTTER CAKE

- $2\frac{1}{4}$ c. cake flour
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. shortening
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. peanut butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ c. regular nonfat dry milk
(or $\frac{1}{3}$ c. instant nonfat dry milk)
- $\frac{7}{8}$ c. water
- 2 eggs

Combine all ingredients above, except the eggs, in a large mixing bowl. Beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Add the eggs, and continue beating at medium speed for 4 minutes more. Pour cake batter into two 8-inch cake pans (greased and floured or lined with waxed paper). Bake at 350° F. for 25-30 minutes. Cool cake in pans 10-20 minutes. Remove from pans and frost.

PEANUT BUTTER KISSES

- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. peanut butter
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. honey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. regular nonfat dry milk
(instant nonfat dry milk cannot be used)

Mix peanut butter and honey together. Blend in dry milk, a small amount at a time. Work into ball and form into roll about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide. Cut into 1-inch pieces. Makes about 24 pieces.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. soft shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. peanut butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar
- 1 egg
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt

Mix shortening, peanut butter, sugar, and egg together thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in. Chill dough. Roll into balls size of large walnuts. Place 3" apart on lightly greased baking sheet. Flatten with fork dipped in flour, crisscross. Bake until set, but not hard at 375° F. for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 3 dozen cookies.

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH SPREADS

Savory peanut-bacon spread: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ c. peanut butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. catsup and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped crisp cooked bacon. Enough for 6 sandwiches.

Peanut butter-apple spread: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ c. peanut butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. honey and add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped apple. Enough for 6 sandwiches.

Peanut butter-orange spread: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ c. peanut butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped orange. Enough for 4-6 sandwiches.

Peanut butter-raisin spread: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ c. peanut butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ c. honey and add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. raisins (which have been softened in hot water). Enough for 6 sandwiches.



Christmas Tot Thoughts

Shirley Thulin

AMID the Christmas planning and promoting, the preschooler gets lost in the holiday shuffle. Everyone is planning, trimming, and tidying, except the three-to-five-year-old. He gets so frustrated that when the big day does arrive, it is a letdown, sometimes bringing on behavior problems.

It is important to keep the youngster busy and let him feel he has an important part of the planning. This helps ease his tensions and makes it easier for him to wait.

The most crucial period is the two weeks just before Christmas. The excitement pitch is almost too high for him to handle. Here, then, are fourteen things for the small child to do and make to keep him happy until he hangs up his stocking and snuggles down with visions of sugar-plums.

Note to mother: Mother can prepare the needed things weeks ahead ready to bring them out as the first of the fourteen days arrives. Let your child put his handiwork in the bedrooms, hallways, or the kitchen, if it doesn't quite fit the decor of your living room, but above all *display his handiwork!*

First Day

This project needs very little help from busy mom, just the time it takes her to light a colored candle and drip, on paper, big drops of wax. (She can do this away from him so he will not see her with a lighted candle.) The child makes beads of the droplets, by rounding them in his fingers. He then strings them on a long string, using a large needle. The wax beads look colorful on the Christmas tree, or hanging from his bedroom light fixture.



Second Day

This one needs supervision, but maybe big sister or a favorite neighbor girl can help. Take a small tin plate (the kind that individual frozen pies come in) and make two small holes near one edge. Tie a string through the holes so as to be able to hang the finished object. Make up some plaster of Paris or patching plaster according to the directions on the package. Let the child help stir it with a popsickle stick. Now pour it into the tin plate, and when it is beginning to set, have the child put his right hand, palm down, into the mixture, leaving his handprint. Write with a toothpick his name and the date, and let it dry. This makes a welcome gift for grandma or doting auntie.



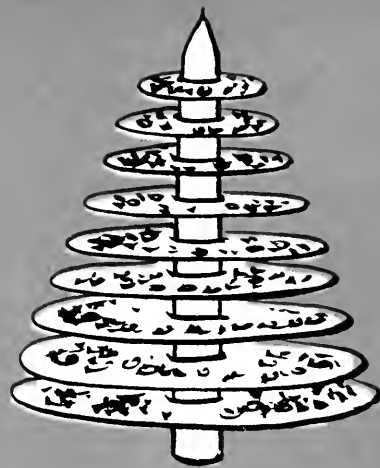
Third Day

Give the child a pair of rounded scissors and let him cut small pictures from last December magazines or used Christmas cards. Make a paste of one tablespoon of flour and enough water for workable consistency, or use packaged wallpaper paste, and attach the pictures to lids, leaving the rim of the lid for a border. Cottage cheese carton lids, the little flat sealing units from home-canned fruit, or any flat lid will do. Now glue three of these colorful lids in a vertical row on a length of wide ribbon, leaving about an inch of ribbon between each lid. Have about two inches of ribbon extending from the top lid by which to hang it. This makes a clever wall decoration.



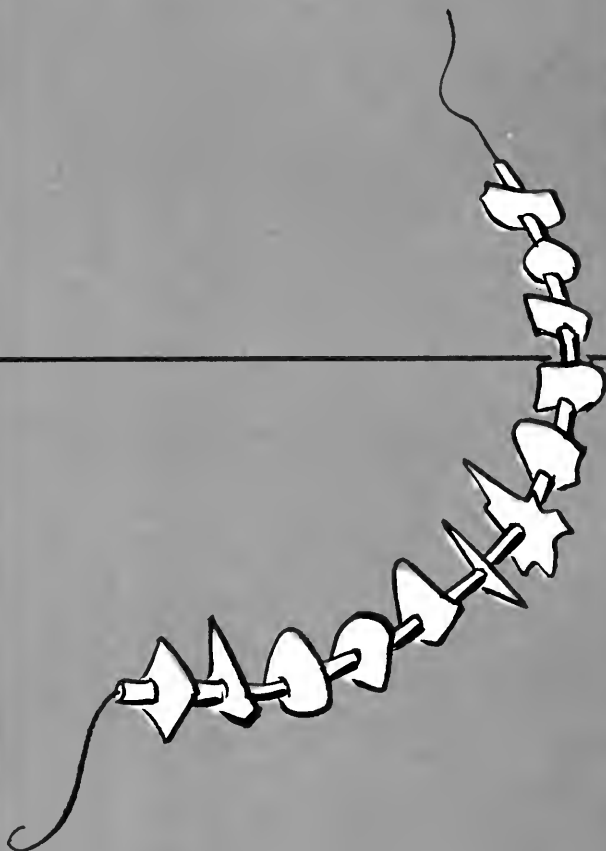
Fourth Day

Give the child an old candle. If the point is worn down on the top, shape another point. Let him cut rounds of colored paper, beginning with one or two inches in diameter. Each one is to be a little larger than the one before. It will take about twelve to fourteen circles, depending on how tall the candle is. A pencil on a string may be used to make the circles. He now cuts a small hole in the center of each circle, a little smaller than the candle is round. This is so the circles will stay on the candle where placed, and not slip down. Now let him glue small beads, or bits of colored crayon, or sequins, or other sparklers on both sides of each circle and slip each circle on the candle, starting with the largest one to go at the base of the candle. This makes a colorful little tree for his dresser.



Fifth Day

Have the child cut small shapes of colored paper. These can be from the scraps of Christmas cards or the colored pages in magazines. They can be any shape, so just turn him loose. Now give him a large needle and thread and some short macaroni pieces and let him string first a piece of paper, then a piece of macaroni. This bright interesting string can be draped on the family Christmas tree, or hung in the child's room.



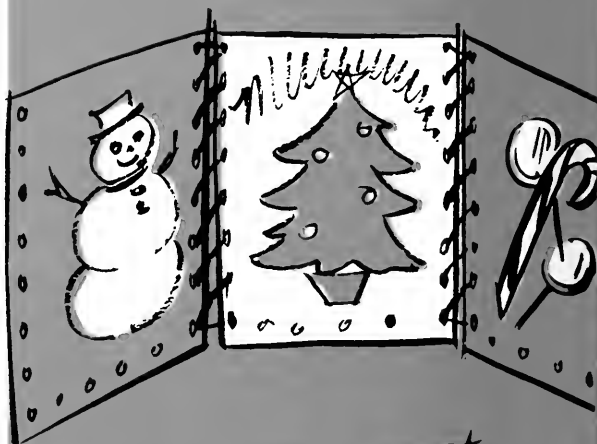
Sixth Day

Let this day be his baking day. Let him help you make gingerbread boys and candy houses, or sugar cookies cut into all kinds of Christmas shapes. You might want to make popcorn balls. Just be sure to make enough to let him take a few to his little neighborhood friends.



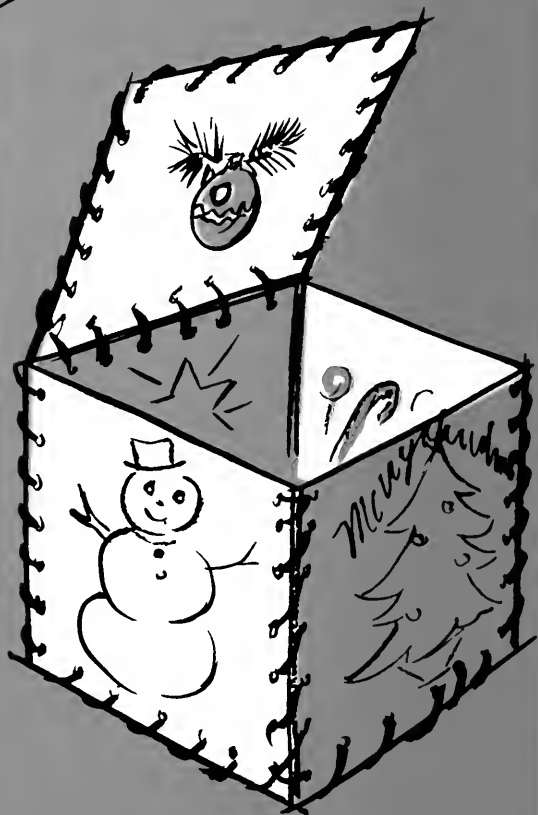
Seventh Day

This project will need your help, but you will be able to use some of these sparkle droplets, too, so your time will not have been in vain. Buy some marbles, the colored glass ones, or raid big brother's marble bag. Put three or four marbles at a time in a pie tin and heat them on the top of the stove, stirring them with a fork. Take old tweezers or ice cube tongs and pick the marbles up one at a time and douse each one into very cold water. This sudden change of temperature crystallizes the marbles and produces a delightful effect. They can be used to garnish a table centerpiece. You can also make a necklace with one attached to a chain. Ask at your jewelry counter for the little metal attachment with which to do this. The child can arrange the silvery little bulbs in dishes with Christmas greens and small and large Christmas balls.



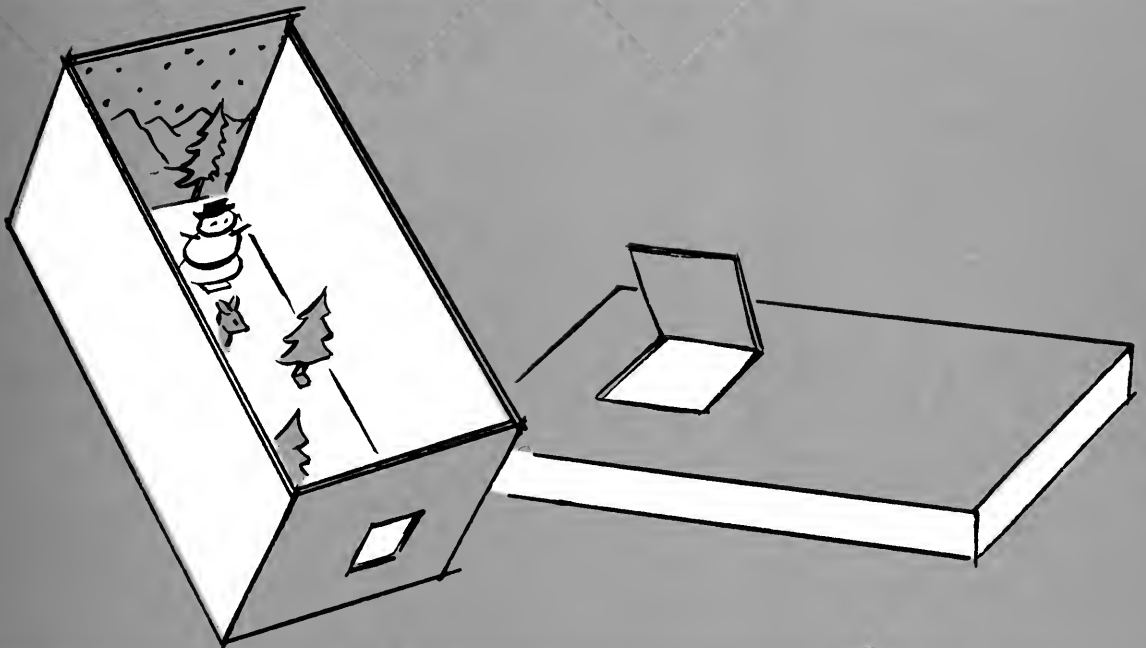
Eighth Day

Let your child help you make a little Christmas box. Pick out six of your largest, most colorful last year's Christmas cards. They should all be of a large square shape. You will also need some colorful yarn. Cut the cards all the same size as the smallest one. Two of the cards are for the bottom and lid. Be sure to use all four thicknesses of each card to give your box the proper body. With a small paper punch, make holes all around the edge of each card. Or you can just punch the holes with a needle. Have the child join the four cards by lacing them together with ribbon or yarn to form a box. Now lace the bottom card in place. Attach the lid card only on one edge so it will open and shut, but lace it all around so it will look finished. This pretty box will hold his little treasures, or mom's bobbie pins. Father may want one in which to keep his cuff links.



Ninth Day

Get a piece of butcher paper about three feet long from your butcher or grocer. Help the child paint or crayon a winter scene with mountains, roads, and, maybe, a river. Now the child cuts small "props" from magazines, and pastes them in the picture. He may want to put small cars on the roads, or an airplane in the sky. Of course, he will put a Santa in a sled in the landscape and houses or trees, or whatever he feels his masterpiece needs. He will enjoy displaying this on his bedroom wall.



Tenth Day

A peep box is the favorite time-passer of all. It is up to mother to make most of the box, if the child is small, but once made, it keeps him busy for hours. Take a small sturdy box. A small shoe box or card box will do. Cut a hole about one inch square in the center of one end of the box. This is the peephole. Cut figures and bend a little of the bottom under so that they will stand up when glued to the bottom of the box, making a three dimensional scene with the winter scene behind. You can use animals, or make the nativity scene. With a pin, puncture about a dozen holes just above the mountains or treetops in the end of the box. These holes become stars. Now, on the lid of the box, and just above the scene inside, cut a hole about two inches square, leaving one side of the square uncut, so you have a flap that will open and close like a door. Have the child hold the box toward the light and slowly open the little door in the box lid, while peeping through the peephole. Thus the scene inside the box slowly becomes lighted, or becomes "daylight," and then have him slowly close it to make it become night again. As it becomes night, the "stars" shine.

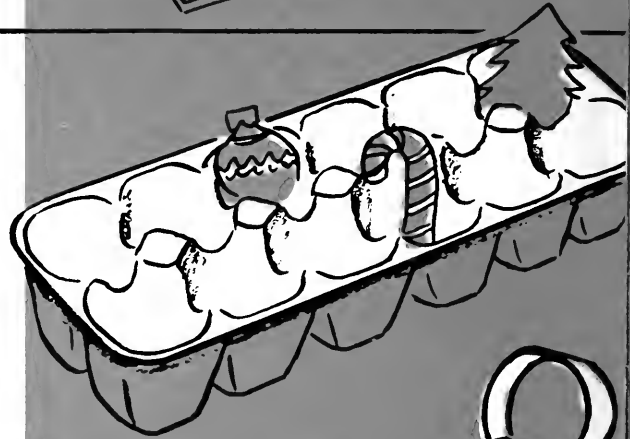
Eleventh Day

Today let him make a scrapbook of all the Christmas pictures from magazines and cards that take his fancy. If you don't have a scrapbook for him to fill, he can paste the pictures in an old magazine right over the ads and the printing. He will take most of the day filling the book, and will spend other days looking at it, as it contains all his favorite Christmas scenes.



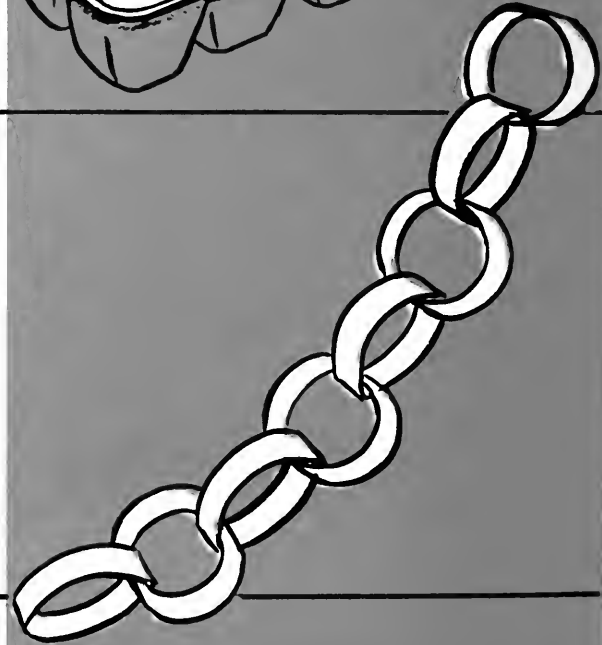
Twelfth Day

This is a fun day. Have the child make a game on this day. Take an egg carton and tear off the lid. Now he pastes four or five paper figures such as a little Santa or a Christmas tree in several cups of the carton. The child places the carton on the floor and stands back. He tosses buttons or beans into the egg carton and tries to get them into the sections where the pictures are. This is fun even when played alone.



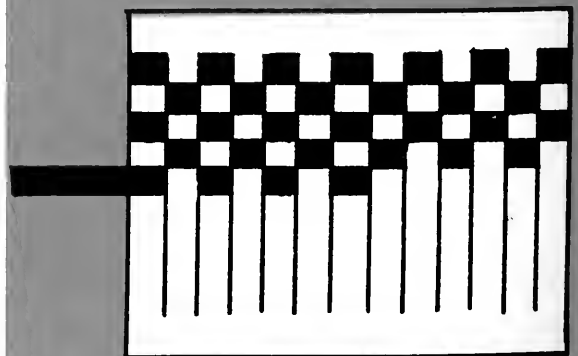
Thirteenth Day

The making of chains is a very old Christmas pastime, but a good one for small children. Let the mother mark the paper and have the child cut the small rectangles about one-half inch wide and three inches long. (Colored construction paper is good for this project.) Now paste one strip into a cylinder, and paste the next one interlocking and so on to make a chain. He can make the chain as long as his patience will hold out. This is also a hang-it-on-the-tree article.



Fourteenth Day

This brings us up to Christmas Eve. Let the child weave place mats to use for your Christmas dinner. Take a sheet of green construction paper and cut slits across lengthwise, about one-half inch apart. Cut them to within one-half inch of the edge of the paper so there is a half-inch border all around the sheet of paper. Now, take red colored strips about one-half inch wide, and as long as the green paper is wide, and weave them in and out through the slits in the green paper. Write each family member's name on a mat.



CROCHET DESIGNS -

Various and Beautiful

Gertrude Talbot Lister, Salt Lake City, Utah, is an expert with the crochet hook. She has crocheted twenty-seven beautiful tablecloths and lace for many pillowslips. Her crocheted doilies have been much in demand for Relief Society bazaars, and Mrs. Lister has found that her handiwork makes lovely and appreciated gifts for weddings, birthdays, and for Christmas. Her fine and even stitches have enhanced the value of hundreds of quilts and have inspired other quilters to excel in this lovely and useful art. She is a devoted and inspirational member of Relief Society, loving and serving the sisterhood.



Gertrude Talbot Lister



Sarah Stevens Farmer

Sarah Stevens Farmer, Monroe, Utah, has spent her lifetime helping others and has always appreciated beautiful handicraft. Wherever she has lived, and wherever she goes, her pathway has been designed in beauty. Not only has she found satisfaction in designing exquisite articles with needle and thread and crochet hook, but her flower gardens have been patterns of beauty for her sisters in the community to emulate. Mrs. Farmer has served for many years as a practical nurse, offering her kind ministrations to those in need, and she is known for her good works in the valleys of her home land.

KISS of the WIND

Rosa Lee Lloyd

CHAPTER 5



Synopsis: Luana Harrington, her husband Ben, his mother Tutu, and the five children live on a pineapple plantation on the island of Maui. Emma Lu, the eldest, has recently returned from San Francisco, where she graduated as a nurse, and became engaged to Sherman Grant. Margaret Lester, Luana's sister-in-law, who lives in San Francisco, is visiting with the Harringtons. She is an artist and plans to enter an art contest in which Luana is also interested.

LUANA awakened later than usual the next morning. Ben had already had his swim with Philip in the lagoon. Now he was dressing in his best dark suit and gray tie, instead of the customary whipcord trousers and aloha shirt, that he wore on the plantation.

"Is there a Church meeting?"

she questioned as she bounced out of bed to help him with his tie.

"I'm off to school with Benjy and Bo," he explained. "This is the day Bo must apologize to his teacher and his classmates. If I go along he'll realize how serious it is. Otherwise, he might make sport of it. You know Bo."

Yes, she knew Bo, Luana thought with a sigh. Bo always climbed the tallest trees, dived after the biggest fish, rode the highest waves, and wanted the most fun out of life. Ben was right. Bo must be made to realize how serious it was.

Ben looked at the clock. "Lazy woman!" he laughed. "On your toes now, or we'll all be late."

"All right, Sergeant," she laughed

back. "You look real handsome this morning."

"I feel real hungry," he answered. "Some cereal and eggs will just hit the spot. I'll get things going."

"I'll bet Tutu has started breakfast," Luana told him. "She always does when I oversleep."

Minutes later, when she went to the kitchen, the table was set, and hot corn meal was bubbling in the double boiler. Ben, with a huge apron around his waist, was cracking eggs in a bowl.

Luana mixed the fruit juice in a large pitcher.

"Good morning, my darlings," Tutu called from the lanai. She was pounding breadfruit for poi. Margaret, fresh and pretty in a bright new muumuu dress, was seated beside her.

"Last week I used taro roots for poi," Tutu explained. "I made three gallons then. It should be ready soon."

"Yes, dear," Luana said. "Don't let it ferment too long. How many gallons do we have on hand?"

"Not many," Tutu answered. "A family of eight eats so much. Now, with Margaret, there will be nine of us to eat poi every day."

"Count me out!" Margaret laughed. "I couldn't eat poi every day. Not even once a week!"

"We use it like bread," Luana said. "When I first came to Hawaii I felt as you do, Margaret. It tasted as flat as wallpaper paste. And that awful grayish color! But after awhile . . ." she smiled again as she shrugged her shoulders, "I accepted it as part of life in Hawaii."

"When in Hawaii," Tutu said, "do as the Hawaiians do." She gave

Margaret a loving wink. "Do we sound smug, my dear?" she asked. "We really don't mean to. Some people never learn to like poi. No doubt Emma Lu is quite weaned away from it by now. . . ."

"Let Emma Lu speak for herself," she said, as she came in from the garden with the monkey perched on her shoulder. Philip came in with her.

Luana was glad he had forgiven his sister for being engaged.

MAMA, do we have bananas and grapes?" Emma Lu asked.

"I think so, dear. Look in the basket on the lanai. There should be some, but I never know. Benjy and Bo eat them every day after school."

"Now, they'll have to share them with Toki," Emma Lu said. "That's what I've named this little chum." She reached up to pat the monkey. "Ouch! He needs his teeth filed. Larry told me to do this first thing. He bites while he's playing."

"That's right," Phil agreed. "Larry knows all about these monkeys. He says they like you to chatter with them and make little clicking sounds with your tongue. . . ."

"Like this," Emma Lu said. "Listen to the cute thing. He needs some baby food. Do we have any, Mama?"

"Not since the twins were babies," Luana told her. "But Millie Togo, our foreman's wife, has a new baby. She will lend you some. They live in the cottage. We used to call it the playhouse. Remember?"

"I'll be right back," Emma Lu called as she ran through the dew-drenched foliage of the garden to-

ward the little cottage in the rear of the big white house. The monkey was still on her shoulder.

"She's crazy about that monkey," Phil said. "Real smart of Benjy and Bo to dream up that idea. Where are those boys, Mom? They'll be late for school."

"Hurry them along, Phil," Luana suggested. "I'll have everything ready."

A minute later Philip called from the boys' bedroom. His voice was alarmed.

"Hey — Mom! Dad — come here!"

Luana dried her hands on her apron as she ran. Ben was close behind her.

Benjy was sobbing into his pillow. Bo was not there.

"He's gone!" Benjy wailed. "Bo ran away. He's never coming back. He won't apologize to any old school!"

LUANA pressed her hand to her mouth. Her stricken eyes met Ben's. They should have been prepared for something like this. Bo had always been unpredictable and stubborn.

Ben sat down on the bed facing Benjy.

"Now listen, son," he said, firmly. "Tears never won any battle. Oh, I remember that I have told you that men cry sometimes. But they don't cry very long when there's a job to do. Here, take Daddy's handkerchief and mop up. There — that's better. I want some straight answers. Where did your brother go? He must have told you."

"But he didn't, Daddy." Benjy met Ben's eyes with childlike can-

dor. "He said he couldn't trust me. I don't know where he went. It was dark. He just sort of disappeared."

"Why didn't you come to us?" Ben demanded. "You knew he was doing wrong."

Benjy's face crumpled again. "He made me promise," his voice broke. "Scout honor. He said I couldn't tell until you missed him — then he would be clear off this old island."

Luana felt sick and dizzy. Margaret, who had come in with Tutu, put her arm around her.

"He can't be far away," she said consolingly.

"I don't know," Luana answered. "Maybe he's hungry somewhere — or wet and tired. Where would he go? Benjy, look at me. Did Bo take something to eat with him. Tell me, dear."

"Two bananas," he answered. "I told him to take Bengals and ham but he said he would have fish baked in the mud. . . . He said he would get a canoe."

Phil snapped his fingers.

"Old Hamana's," he said. "Benjy, have you been riding in canoes? He makes canoes for the native fishermen and for people who travel water between the islands. Tell us."

Benjy nodded. "Well — yes. That's not blabbing on Bo, is it, Phil?"

"Absolutely not," Phil said. "You just answer our questions. How often have you been riding in Hamana's canoes?"

Benjy drew a long tremulous breath. "Every week," he admitted. "On Saturday morning — after we did our chores. He took us for little

rides. But he told us that some day when we had our father's permission he would ride us clear over to Molokai. The Air Force has a big base there now. They send rockets up. Missiles, too."

"Molokai!" Margaret gasped, in a shocked voice. "Now I remember. Isn't that the leper island?"

There was a long silence. Then Tutu answered, kindly. "Yes, Margaret. But that word is forbidden in Hawaii now. We call it Hansen's disease, and we call the Peninsula of Kalaupapa the Settlement. It isn't the place of horror that it used to be. I will tell you of it later."

BEN got to his feet.

"Benjy, get your clothes on. As soon as we have breakfast, you and Phil and I will go to Hamana's. We have to start looking somewhere."

After the boys had gone, Luana sat quietly at the breakfast table. The food on her plate was untouched.

"Some hot coconut milk will help," Tutu said, pouring it into their cups. "Take a few sips, my Luana."

"It does help," Luana told her as she drank it slowly. Tutu always knows what will help, she thought.

Tutu brought her knitting basket and busied her fingers with a bright blue sweater for Pixie, who had hurried off to school. Luana thought it best that she should go as usual.

"Take a piece of toast with your milk, Mama," Emma Lu coaxed. "You can't do Bo any good by starving yourself."

"We must keep strong to help our men," Tutu murmured. "A woman

can wither away with worry and no food. I have found it best to keep my mind on other things when trouble would send it whirling around in a circle."

She looked at Margaret who was sipping milk, too.

"I should explain Molokai," Tutu said as she knitted, "so that when you return to the Mainland, you can tell them of the wonderful progress that has been made on that island, especially on the peninsula that used to be the horror spot of the world."

Emma Lu nodded approval. "I agree," she said. "It's really sad how ignorance and prejudice try to hinder progress. And the world doesn't know of the progress on Molokai."

She smiled at Tutu. "I remember a talk you gave at Relief Society before I went to the Mainland. Tell Aunt Margaret about it. She couldn't hear it from a better teacher."

"Well — maybe part of it," Tutu said, looking at Luana for consent.

"I would like you to talk about it, Tutu," she said. "You have such a soothing voice. It quiets my fear even when I am too worried to think straight."

"Molokai," Tutu began, "is the island between Oahu and Maui. We flew over part of it last night coming home. The island is the result of three volcanic upheavals — our other islands are the result of many more. The western part of Molokai was formed first. It is as bare as the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming on the Mainland. There is a long-dead volcano in the center. The eastern part was formed with a volcano five thousand feet high in the

center. Centuries later the Peninsula of Kalaupapa, where the Settlement is, was formed with the little Kauhako crater. Each part is entirely different from the other parts. The western part has nothing at all to offer visitors. Benjy was right when he said the Air Force is now using it as a base for rocket experiments.

"The eastern part has much to offer those who like to explore. But there isn't much for those who are seeking pleasure and excitement. That is one reason the visitors know very little about Molokai. I want Margaret to know about it. Someday I will take her there myself. She will hear about the beauty of our other islands from visitors to Hawaii, but little about Molokai."

"THAT'S right," Emma Lu agreed. "There is only one real town on the island. That's Kaunakakai, the capital."

"Yes," Tutu went on. "Ben's father and I spent many happy days there when he was a supervisor for the pineapple company. We went there to inspect the pineapple lands. Now there is a nice little seaside inn there, motor courts, and eating places. But in those days we visited good friends who lived high on a mountain slope above the pineapple lands. Here we would visit and sing through the long evening sunset. We had clear crystal wai from their own spring, and wai-u from their own cows and deer, and wai-u-paka made from the wai-u and wai-u-paka-paka. . . ."

Emma Lu's laugh broke in. "Tutu!" she said. "Aunt Margaret is puzzled. Tell her you mean spring

water and goat's milk and butter and cheese made from the goat's milk."

Tutu chuckled. "Sometimes I get carried away," she said. "I like the Hawaiian language. It is music — every word ends in a vowel. It is very easy to learn, Margaret. I could teach you in a short time. I have always been grateful that I learned it so soon after my arrival in Hawaii."

Margaret shook her head. "I'm not good at languages the way you are, Tutu. Each to his own. Give me a paint brush, and I'll tell you a story of Hawaii that I hope the world will love to look at. I can hardly wait to get started."

"How true," Tutu said. "Each to his own talent. You must paint when you get the feeling to do it."

Luana stirred restlessly. She was ashamed of her reaction when Margaret mentioned her art work.

"Tell about the cheese on Molokai," Emma Lu suggested.

Tutu nodded. "My friends on Molokai made many kinds of cheese. One year they had such an abundance they decided to send several cartons of it to some relatives in San Francisco. They went to great pains to pack it and mail it carefully. Months went past, and still they heard nothing about the cheese. At last they sent a letter asking if it had been received. Word came back that the cheese had been received but was immediately thrown away when they saw the name *Molokai* on the address. They were afraid to eat anything from that island."

"That's typical," Emma Lu said. "It shows how suspicious people can

be when they are not informed and don't take the trouble to find out about things."

"I must tell you of the progress of Kalaupapa," Tutu went on. "Only four white people have ever contracted the disease at the Settlement since its founding in 1866. Now it is being brought under control by drugs. It is not communicable to white adults."

"A specialist in this disease has said that a person who has recovered from it is no more to be feared than one who has recovered from tuberculosis or scarlet fever. In 1885 there were one thousand patients on Kalaupapa. Today, there are no more than one hundred. And the number is steadily declining. Of the hundred there are only five white persons."

TUTU sighed deeply. "Still, we must admit," she said, "that some of the suffering is beyond words. But even that is being alleviated as fast as possible. You will be surprised, Margaret, when I tell you that Kalaupapa is now a happy place, with music and laughter. Some of the discharged patients don't want to leave it. We visit there regularly."

"You visit there!" Margaret gasped. "Right on Kalaupapa!"

Tutu's eyes kindled with compassion. "Yes, we visit there, Margaret — a group of women from this area. We take books and picture slides of the outside world. We have taught them how to make beauty blossom on that rock-bound peninsula. We took them seeds and cuttings from our choicest flora. From year to year, I have seen flow-

ers grow where none had ever grown before.

"Our ward gave a bazaar and raised money for many ukeleles. I have taught many to play and sing. The ukelele is like the Hawaiian language, Margaret, easy to learn. Just a single chord will do to sing by. If you know two or three chords, you are an expert. When we first started going there a few years ago, after we were advised by medical authorities that it was safe to do so, I could see how starved the people were to express themselves. We taught them to sew and to weave beautiful baskets from the long grass and willows. We taught them to use wood from the barren trees for figurines."

"My girls, Emma Lu and Luana, have helped there many times. Also Philip and Ben. That is part of our duty. We must leave no stone unturned where help is needed."

There were footsteps on the graveled path outside. Luana jumped to her feet and ran to meet them. A quick glance at Ben's face told her they had not found Bo. His mouth was set in a hard, determined line. His voice was flat.

"Hamana has not seen him. We must search again while it is daylight."

Benjy's face puckered into tears. Luana held him close to her.

"Maybe . . ." he choked, "he might go to the little crater. He always wanted to go. . . . Daddy said we couldn't go alone. . . ."

"That deserted crater!" Ben said fiercely. "No one goes there. I'll call Elder Farnsworth. We'll form a posse."

(To be continued)

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Hamilton (New Zealand) Stake Relief Society Honors
Elderly Sisters at Anniversary Party
March 9, 1963

Standing, left to right: Florence Galbraith, Tokoroa Branch; Raiha TeNgaio, Temple View Ward; Theo Garry, President, Hamilton Stake Relief Society.

Sister Garry reports: "Sister Galbraith and Sister TeNgaio are two of the oldest active Relief Society members in Hamilton Stake. They are seen with the birthday cake on the occasion of the stake Relief Society anniversary party."



Oneida Stake (Idaho) Singing Mothers Present Music for Stake Quarterly Conference
March 24, 1963

Dora Call, chorister, is seated at the right on the front row; accompanists Florence Orme and Clarice Hedin are at the left on the front row; President Pearl J. Beutler and her Counselors, Ellen Gibson and Velda Olsen, are standing at the left in the second row.

Sister Beutler reports: "Each month at Relief Society leadership meeting the Singing Mothers from one of the wards in the stake present the music for the meeting. On special occasions, they combine, forming a stake Singing Mothers chorus."



St. Louis Stake (Missouri) Singing Mothers Present Music for Relief Society
Meetings of Stake Quarterly Conference
March 16, 1963

Standing back to the podium, left to right: organist Kaye Lewis; Mardean Steinmetz, President, St. Louis Stake Relief Society; Winniefred Manwaring, member General Board of Relief Society; stake chorister Patricia Keyes.

Minnesota Stake, Minneapolis Second Ward Make Spring Hats
April 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Fay Dearden, Work Director Counselor; Hazel Rigby; Gwenevere Gwynn; Sharon Norton; Jennie Fisbaugh, work meeting leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Dorothy Mathias; Kay Packard; Joyce Haggen; Ruble Kiessling.

Violet Larson, President, Minnesota Stake Relief Society, reports: "The sisters in the Minneapolis Second Ward had a very good time making hats and felt very proud of their accomplishments. Thirteen hats were made in the April work meeting. The straw braid and other materials were purchased at a wholesale milliner's, and the hats were made with the use of frames and hat blocks, steam, glue, and some sewing."

East Los Angeles Stake (California) Singing Mothers Present
Music for Stake Quarterly Conference
April 20, 1963

Front row, beginning seventh from the left, left to right: Leah Jane Hill, First Counselor; Margaret W. Clarke, President, East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society; Oa J. Cannon, member, General Board of Relief Society; Priscilla Taylor, chorister; Katherine Larsen, organist.

Sister Clarke reports: "We are very proud of our Singing Mothers who presented an outstanding concert on March 23, 1963, at the stake center in commemoration of the 121st birthday of Relief Society. Approximately 450 members and friends were in attendance. Refreshments and a social hour followed the concert. This group also responded to an invitation to sing for the Mark Keppel High School PTA meeting in March. As the stake chorus is made up of ward Singing Mothers groups, we have had the pleasure of hearing from these ward groups at our leadership meetings this past year. They also furnished the music for sacrament meetings in their respective wards when invited to do so by their bishops."

Hawaii Mission Relief Society General Meeting at Hilo, Hawaii
May 22, 1963

Front row, seated, left to right: Pearl Mahi, secretary-treasurer, Hawaii District Relief Society; Abbie Kailimai, President, Hawaii District Relief Society; Chiyo Meyers, First Counselor, Hawaii Mission Relief Society; Lucile B. Fitzgerald; Blanche B. Stoddard, of the General Board of Relief Society; Louise S. Brooks, President, Hawaii Mission Relief Society; Mary Soon, Second Counselor in the Mission Relief Society; Carolyn Kilauuano, Secretary in the Mission Relief Society; Beatrice Bertleman, First Counselor, Hawaii District Relief Society; Annie Taukea, Second Counselor, Hawaii District Relief Society.

Sister Brooks reports: "A wonderful general meeting was held, at which time the Singing Mothers participated, as well as representatives from the different branches to give a report of the activities of the past year, as well as to introduce the program for the coming summer months, which is a study of the Hawaiian language.

"After the general meeting, we adjourned to the cultural hall where every branch participated in setting up its assigned section with its handiwork. Many Hawaiian *kapas* were on display. Some of these, with the Hawaiian coat of arms, are seen in the background of the picture. Also on display were lauhala weaving, cooking projects, the sewing of muumuus, and many other sewing projects.

"It was truly a dream come true for many of us here, and we will long remember the many happy events that have made it so memorable for us. Sister Stoddard's words of wisdom will be long remembered and put into practice by the sisters."



Argentine North Mission Holds Relief Society Seminar in Córdoba
April 12-13, 1963

Patricia J. Stone, North Argentine Mission Auxiliary Coordinator, reports: "The Argentine North Mission held its first seminar in a series of four during the month of April and the first week in May. These seminars were designed especially for each auxiliary organization. On April 12th and 13th, the presidents and secretaries from our district Relief Societies came into Cordoba to the mission home for a wonderful two days of instructions and learning. Since we are a new mission, we stressed mostly the basic structure of the organization and tried especially to stress the proper line of communication and Church procedure. It was a wonderful experience for all, and we ended our seminar with a testimony meeting. The Spirit of the Lord was with us in great abundance. All the sisters seemed thrilled with the experience of meeting one another and sharing ideas and talents together.

"Dorcas T. Barragan is our mission Relief Society supervisor. She has as her secretary, Afton Anderson. Patricia J. Stone is acting as coordinator of the auxiliary organizations in the mission."

Carbon Stake (Utah) Relief Society Singing Mothers Present Music for
Spring Social "Life Is a Lovely Thing"
April 27, 1963

Nola Parry, the chorister, stands at the right in the front row, and the accompanist, Mae Barton, stands at the left in the front row.

Helen E. Bunnell, President, Carbon Stake Relief Society, reports: "The social was sponsored by the Carbon Stake Relief Society board, and was presented in appreciation to all the Relief Society members in the stake. The program depicted the many stages of a woman's life, showing that each period, from babyhood to old age, can be rich, happy, and rewarding. The stage was tastefully decorated with evergreens and spring flowers. Dainty refreshments were served from a beautifully appointed table. All who attended were impressed by the spirit and the message of the afternoon event. The Singing Mothers chorus also presented music for stake conference which was held at the time of the Relief Society convention in January."

Austrian Mission, District Presidencies Meet for Conference in Vienna

Front row, left to right: Margarethe Anna Wallner, West District; Maria Springle, West District; Olga Frühauf, South District; Caecilia Bogner, Vienna District; Paula Polz, Vienna District; Alice Colton Smith, former President, Austrian Mission Relief Society; W. Whitney Smith, former President, Austrian Mission; Helmi Luschin, South District.

Back row, left to right: Gertrude Roth, West District; Elisabeth Elhenicky, Vienna District; Ruth Teml, Vienna District; Marie Luise Rieser, West District; Maria Anna Jankowsky, North District; Theresia Fauster, South District.

Sister Smith reports: "Our mission has recently been divided into four member districts. The picture was taken during a recent conference in Vienna, at which the main feature was a planning session for the coming year's activities. The opportunity to meet as a group once a year has proven beneficial to all districts, since the sisters can discuss common problems and their solutions, as well as share testimonies and enthusiasm for their callings. We all look forward to these conferences as a source of spiritual revitalization. I will miss the saints very much since we are being released." Frieda Marie Huxhold Loscher is the recently appointed Relief Society President.





Cincinnati Stake (Ohio) Visiting Teachers Honored at Convention
April 13, 1963

Front row, left to right: Phyllis Laney (who has served ten and one-half years); Angelina Jerdon (eighteen years); Ann Wells (eleven years); Hazel Stroup (ten years); Rosa Ban (fifty-two years); Adeline Taylor (twenty years).

Second row, left to right: Connie Ban (twelve years); Erma Wolf (nineteen years); Doris Hunt (ten years).

Back row, left to right: Juanita Laurents, President, Cincinnati Stake Relief Society (ten years service as a visiting teacher); Ollie Ferris (twelve years). The total years of the service of this group of visiting teachers is 184½ years.

Sister Laurents reports: "We feel that this convention was very successful in that it inspired the leaders of our ward Relief Societies to make greater efforts in the visiting teacher program. The wards have many problems to overcome. There are many miles between the homes of most of the saints. Some of the visiting teachers have to travel 100 miles total distance to do their visiting teaching. Many of the sisters do not drive, and most of them have small children. There are some wonderful faith-promoting experiences to be learned from those who are faithful to this work, and some of these experiences were pointed out in our convention. One example is the work of Sister Marcella Roberts of the Northern Kentucky Ward. She has walked a distance of from twelve to fifteen miles, for many years, to do her visiting teaching.

"Our convention began with a lovely salad luncheon served by the stake board. It was buffet style. Our tables were beautifully decorated by the sisters of the Cincinnati Second Ward. They used green candle holders filled with yellow daffodils, accented with green satin ribbon, as centerpieces.

"After the luncheon, the film 'Unto the Least of These' was shown, and a program given. The two visiting teachers who have served the longest, and are now serving, were honored. They were presented with Relief Society pins by the stake Relief Society president. Lillie McGee, who has served for twenty-two years, and Rosa Bang, who has served for fifty-two years, were the recipients of these pins. Sister Bang gave a talk on 'The Blessings That Have Come to Me As a Visiting Teacher.' 'The Responsibilities of a Visiting Teacher' was the subject of the stake Relief Society president's talk. An appropriate musical number, beautifully rendered, by one of our visiting teachers, was given."



LESSON DEPARTMENT

THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 53 — The Bishopric; Parenthood

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 68:7-35)

For First Meeting, February 1964

Objective: To examine some aspects of the bishop's calling and also the responsibility of parents to their children.

INTRODUCTION

Four elders, one of whom was Orson Hyde, came to the Prophet Joseph Smith that they might learn the mind of the Lord concerning themselves. With the assurance that Elder Hyde and the other elders named would be sustained by the Lord in their missionary work as they faithfully fulfilled their callings, it was revealed that there should be no fear in their hearts. They were to declare their testimony of Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God who is yet to come in glory on the earth.

MISSIONARY MESSAGE

All the faithful elders of the Church are to teach the testimony of Christ and the way that men may accept him as their Savior — by the first principles and ordinances of the

gospel. As the disciples of the meridian dispensation were commanded to go into all the world with the message of faith, repentance, baptism in water, and the baptism of the Spirit, so also the elders of this dispensation are to carry the same message. (Matt. 28:19-20; D & C 68:7-9.) The promise is given that the elders so endowed with that Spirit would be blessed with signs, and they would also know of the signs of the times that herald the second coming of Christ. (*Ibid.*, verses 10-11.)

The saints will know the meaning of the times because the Lord has been kind to us and to all men who will believe the prophets. He who is wise in being forewarned will follow the path of safety by so living that he shall have the companionship of the Holy Ghost that gives

peace, comfort, and a sense of security. The world may not recognize the signs that announce the imminence of the Lord's second coming, but Latter-day Saints have reason to neither disbelieve nor fail to understand their importance.

In terms of missionary obligation President Heber J. Grant said:

The one supreme thing that devolves upon me, upon you and upon every Latter-day Saint is the preaching of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, in public and in private, and above all to proclaim the gospel in our lives, by being absolutely honest in keeping the commandments of the Lord (*Conference Report*, October 1926, page 6).

THE OFFICE OF BISHOP

The first instruction given that bishops would be a part of the Church organization in this dispensation is found in Section 20:66-67, although these officers are mentioned as officiating in the Church during the time of the New Testament. (Phil. 1:1; Titus 1:7.)

Edward Partridge became the first bishop, his appointment being made at the time of the introduction of the law of consecration in 1831. (D & C 41:9; 57:7.) Other bishops and counselors in the bishopric, as well as agents of the Church such as Algernon S. Gilbert (*Ibid.*, 53:4) were appointed as the need arose. At this early period Bishop Partridge presided in Missouri while Bishop Newel K. Whitney officiated in a similar capacity at Kirtland, Ohio. (*Ibid.*, 72:8.)

As Paul said anciently, he who serves as bishop is in a good work. (I Tim. 3:1.) President George Albert Smith said this about such a call:

... There is no position in the Church that will bring a greater blessing to any man than the office of a bishop, if he will honor that office and be a real father to the flock over whom he is called to preside.

... I have followed them and seen what their experiences were; they have a very great responsibility, and it takes a lot of their time. But I want to say to you that there is no bishop, nor has there been a bishop in the Church, who has given the time that the Lord expected him to give in looking after the flock and teaching his people and preparing them to do the work, that has not received one hundred percent of the blessings that he labored for, and they will extend to him throughout the ages of eternity.

He may not have had wealth, may not have had distinction. He may not have had the honor of presiding over clubs and things of that kind, but if he has done his duty as a bishop, he has been hand in hand with the Father of us all, and everything that he has done to bless his kind is laid up as a treasure in heaven and nobody can take the blessing from him (*Conference Report*, October 1948, pp. 186-187).

BISHOPRIC APPOINTMENTS

The office of bishop and calls thereto are stated in Section 68 following the missionary call of the elders mentioned in verse 7. As the Church grew, additional workers were called to take care of the temporal concerns of the members and the Church. (*Ibid.*, 68:14.) These brethren were to be worthy high priests and appointed by the First Presidency. (*Ibid.*, verse 15.) It is explained that a high priest has authority to officiate in all lesser offices of the Melchizedek Priesthood including that of bishop which holds the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood. (*Ibid.*, 107:13-15.) Since the Aaronic Priesthood is an ap-

pendage to the Melchizedek Priesthood, the elder or high priest may officiate in the offices of that Priesthood. (*Ibid.*, 107:10.)

Thus a ward bishop presides over the Aaronic Priesthood of his ward by reason of his ordination and setting apart as the president of the Aaronic Priesthood, and, at the same time, he presides over the Melchizedek Priesthood members of his ward, but not the quorum, because he is a high priest.

LITERAL DESCENDANTS

From the time of Adam into Moses' period the Higher Priesthood functioned. In the days of Moses, however, Aaron and his sons were set apart as priests in the Aaronic Priesthood which was named for Aaron. This Priesthood was conferred upon Aaron and his descendants for all time. (D & C 107:13.)

We learn in Section 68 that the seed of Aaron have a legal right to the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood, provided the individual is the firstborn among the sons of Aaron and thus by birthright has the right of presidency. (*Ibid.*, verses 16-17.) When no literal descendant can be found, and up to this time he has not been found, a high priest officiates as the Presiding Bishop of the Church. In the event a lineal descendant were available he would have to receive the requirements set forth in this revelation; that is, he would have to receive the same kind of a call as all other officers in the Church. The claimant to this presidency would have to be designated by the First Presidency and ordained by that Presidency, if he was worthy. A further limitation is put upon

such a person in that it would be necessary for him to prove his lineage or to ascertain it "by revelation from the Lord" under the hands of the Presidency of the Church. (*Ibid.*, verses 19-21.) These provisions again remind us that the Lord's house is one of order. It would be impossible for the membership of the Church to be deceived in accepting a deceiver who would lay claim to this Priesthood. Subsequently, the Lord revealed that the literal descendant, properly appointed, could act without counselors. (*Ibid.*, 107:76.)

Another item concerning the Presiding Bishop given in Section 68 concerns the trial of that officer. Verses 22 through 24 specify that the First Presidency may try him for his membership. The ward bishop is not in the same position, since he may be tried by the presidency of the stake under whose jurisdiction he serves, because he does not hold the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood for the Church as does the Presiding Bishop.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTHOOD

Marriage and parenthood are commanded of the Lord as necessary to fulfill the purpose of man's creation and also that of the earth. Those who maintain that marriage is not intended by God are not of him. In the foreordained plan of salvation, the spirit sons and daughters of God were destined to come to the earth and receive the experiences that an earth life offers. (D&C 49:15-17.) The assumption of parenthood by husband and wife entails an obligation of the most sacred kind. When one contem-

plates in what measure the blessings or punishments to be received by children in the eternities to come depend upon the training and teachings given by the parents, the tremendous responsibility of parenthood is better realized.

OFF-QUOTED SCRIPTURE

Because of this responsibility the General Authorities throughout this dispensation have given emphasis to these verses:

And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized.

And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands.

And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord.

And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy (D & C 68:25-29).

A summary of this commandment concerning parents and children includes the following: Parents are obligated (1) to teach their children the first principles and ordinances of the gospel; (2) to have their children baptized at the age of accountability — eight years of age; (3) to teach prayer; (4) to teach children to walk uprightly before the Lord; and (5) to teach observance of the Sabbath day.

What do these admonitions mean?

FIRST PRINCIPLES

Although faith is one of the first principles of the gospel, it is a gift that may grow as the person develops in understanding and practice of gospel principles. To nurture faith in the child, preparation must be made early when the greatest development comes to the individual. Accordingly, the parent teaches the fundamental principles of faith in Christ, of repentance, of baptism in water, and of the necessity for the Holy Ghost in the person's life. Although the Primary Association has some responsibility to prepare children for baptism, and the Sunday School assists, the first principle remains — the parents are responsible and are never relieved of this responsibility.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN

Section 68 sets forth in plain language that eight years is the age of accountability. Before this time the child is blameless before the Lord (*Ibid.*, 29:46-47), and is saved in the kingdom of heaven. Before the age of eight, the child is of that kingdom. (Mark 10:13-16.) The two main purposes of baptism are to receive entrance into the kingdom of God, and to receive remission of sins. In the case of the child, baptism insures full membership in the kingdom, and the opportunity for the remission of sins upon repentance. (D & C 68:27.) If the person at eight or later does not accept the atonement of Christ for individual sins committed after that age, he remains in the bondage of sin. (*Ibid.*, 84:49-53.) By baptism of the water and the Spirit the door is opened for the person to have the

benefits of the atonement of Christ for personal sins through sincere and genuine repentance. (Lesson 49, *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1963.)

There is a class of children and adults who do not require baptism. These are the mentally deficient, for the atonement of Christ satisfies the demand of justice and redeems them without baptism. (D & C 29:49-50; Moroni 8:22; Lesson 20, *Relief Society Magazine*, October 1959, page 689.)

TEACH PRAYER

Fundamental to belief in God and the restoration of the gospel through Joseph Smith is daily prayer. There is probably no one thing that will destroy reverence for Deity and a spiritual life more than to neglect the opportunity to pray. The investigator of the gospel is requested by the missionary to pray that he might learn the truth. The indoctrination of children in the habit of prayer will, in a large measure, keep them from error and give testimony growth. Prayer must, however, be meaningful in words and sincere in thought. The whole heart is demanded of him who seeks for divine guidance as well as the offering of gratitude for blessings received.

If you pray for your needs, then, as President Joseph F. Smith said,

. . . You pray with intelligence; you pray with understanding; you approach the Lord with a knowledge of what you should do, and how you should approach Him, and how you have a right to ask Him for the blessings you need, even to the laying on of hands upon the sick, praying for them, and rebuking disease, that they may be healed under the blessing of the Lord; and that the world does

not possess (*Conference Report*, April 1912, page 8).

"TO WALK UPRIGHTLY"

Who should teach the children right and wrong, of the blessings that follow virtue, honesty, respect for authority, honor, loyalty to Church and country, attendance at Church meetings, the doctrines of the gospel, faith in the standard works of the Church, obedience to the law of tithing, Word of Wisdom, and temple marriage?

Here is what President David O. McKay says that bears upon this question:

You may think me extreme, but I am going to say that a married woman who refuses to assume the responsibilities of motherhood, or who, having children, neglects them for pleasure or social prestige, is recreant to the highest calling and privilege of womankind. The father, who because of business or political or social responsibilities, fails to share with his wife the responsibilities of rearing his sons and daughters, is untrue to his marital obligations, is a negative element in what might be and should be a joyous home atmosphere, and is a possible contributor to discord and delinquency (*Gospel Ideals*, page 477).

SABBATH DAY OBSERVANCE

As always, the best teaching is by example. How can the parents expect the child to observe the commandments, including the keeping of the Sabbath day holy, and at the same time desecrate that day themselves? The importance of observing this holy day is given emphasis in Section 59 (Lesson 43, *Relief Society Magazine*, September 1962) and also in this section, verse 29. Although given about the instruction of children, the admonition is for all the inhabitants of Zion.

THE RICHES OF ETERNITY

The condition of some of the saints in Zion (Missouri) in 1831 is depicted as idle, greedy, and with their children growing up in wickedness. (D & C 68:30-31.) We cannot put ourselves back in 1831, but there was a need for the instructions given then concerning parents and children as outlined in this revelation. With the stepped-up opportunities for wickedness resulting from the automobiles, movies—in and out of the home — false philosophies and theories, the youth of today and the parents may now have greater need for attention to this revelation than in 1831.

The counsel of the Lord based upon the perspective of the eternities is: seek earnestly for the riches

of eternity (D & C 68:31), and you shall find joy and peace in this life and eternal life in the world to come, for I “shall lead thee by the hand, and give thee answer to thy prayers” (*Ibid.*, 112:10). Remember, “These sayings are true and faithful; wherefore, transgress them not, neither take therefrom” (*Ibid.*, 68:34).

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In what way can the member of the Church sustain his bishop?
2. Name the five things brought out in Section 68:25-29 concerning the obligation of parents to children. Briefly tell something about each one of them.
3. Why should the Latter-day Saint take the attitude that there is no need to fear in this world of uncertainty and unrest?

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 53 — “And They Shall Also Teach Their Children to Pray, and to Walk Uprightly Before the Lord” (D & C 68:28).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Meeting, February 1964

Objective: To emphasize the basic fact that children reared in righteousness are among life's choicest blessings.

CORNELIA, daughter of the famous Roman leader Africanus who lived during the second century B.C., was renowned for her great beauty, her wealth, and her priceless jewels. On one occasion when distinguished visitors came to her home, a request was made that they might see some

of her most valuable jewels. She excused herself for a moment and returned with her two small sons saying, “These are my most precious jewels.”

Cornelia reared these sons so well that they both became revered leaders in their country. When a monu-

ment was being erected for Gaius Gracchus, one of her distinguished sons, he was asked what inscription should be engraved on the statue for future generations to remember. He responded, "Simply inscribe 'Gracchus son of Cornelia.'" "

Without doubt, the gift of children constitutes the richest blessing, and at the same time, the greatest responsibility, that come into parents' lives. From Adam's time onward our Father in heaven has reminded us of this great blessing and responsibility and has repeatedly admonished us to teach these children, "to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord." To Adam the Lord said "Therefore I give unto you a commandment, to teach these things freely unto your children" (Moses 6:58).

Although teaching our children "to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord" has always been of great importance, it probably has never been more urgent than it is today. We live in a fast-moving, complicated world full of pressures, which tend to pull parents and children apart and to encourage children to depart from righteous principles. Satan has never worked harder to enslave and to ensnare. With perverse advertisements and enticements he is working overtime on our youth.

Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6). Undoubtedly, as stated in this scripture, if a child is taught righteousness from birth, he will most likely be a follower of righteousness always.

In the teaching of our children we

should remember that they learn best from example and experience. The example we set for them is, without doubt, one of their most forceful motivators to action. If we expect our children to live uprightly, we must set the example of upright and righteous lives. "A father and a little son crossed a rough street one stormy day. 'See, Father,' said the little one, 'I stepped in your steps all the way.'" "

Experience, too, is a great and effective teacher. If we want prayer to become a fundamental part of our children's lives, we should give them regular opportunities to pray as they grow up. We should kneel with them regularly morning and night, so that prayers will become a part of their very lives. Let us give our children continuous opportunities to express thanks for and ask blessings upon the food. By all means let us all kneel regularly with our children in family prayer. If we are really wise parents we will, through example and experience, teach our children to have faith in our Father in heaven and to counsel with him constantly in all of their hopes, desires, and problems.

Love is a fundamental part of righteous teaching. The love, consideration, understanding, and interest we consistently show our children, will do much to help them set righteous foundations upon which they will build their lives. Also, as a fundamental part of upright training, we should teach our children to be good citizens and love their fellow men.

No effort or activity in our whole lives will bring us such rich dividends as the teaching of righteous-

ness to our children. In the words of Solomon, "The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice: and he that begetteth a wise child shall

have joy of him" (Proverbs 23:24). Surely, one of the greatest joys in life is to see our children walk uprightly before the Lord.

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 13 — Planning Exterior Upkeep of the Home

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, February 1964

Objective: To make the home a beautiful setting conducive to various types of family activities.

THE ancient Israelites wrote signs on the posts and gates of their houses to let everyone know that people who believed in God occupied these dwellings. Our forebears of the last century didn't write word signs for this purpose, but there were many signs in Mormon villages where fences were mended, wood was piled up neatly for the winter, houses and barns, no matter of what material — log or stone — were in good repair. There was usually plenty of family activity to indicate that planning extended beyond the needs of this day, this month, or this year. Belief in God and in eternal values was evidenced in the training of children as families worked together to make their homes a heaven on earth.

Today the "remnant" of ancient

Israel is scattered throughout the world, with nonbelievers on every side. In some areas, multiple housing and suburban living are replacing the family farm. Our problem is: how can the family work together to take care of today's needs and provide a setting conducive to the development of each individual — a setting so strong in its influence that without words written on gates or posts, it will tell the world what manner of people live inside?

If you follow the great tradition of the past, you will answer this question by putting your roots down in any place you may live, no matter for how brief a stay or whether you own or rent, leaving it better than you found it. You may have heard people apologize for the bad condition of their living quarters by

saying, "We are only renting, so we don't want to spend any money, time, or effort on this place because it belongs to the landlord," or "We plan to move in a few months, so there is no point in doing anything to the house or yard." One can become so conditioned to squalor, ugliness, filth, disrepair, and disorder that the eyes no longer see and the mind no longer perceives anything better. To save yourself from this sad plight, it is important to stand off away from where you live and look at what you call "home" critically. Does it express your ideal of an appropriate setting for your family? Is there anything about the place that lifts your soul? Do you sense order, cleanliness, integrity, fair dealing, kindness, and reverence from the appearance? Is there a certain individuality about the place that bespeaks your way of life? After your critical appraisal, make a list of what should be done and plan to involve the whole family in making improvements.

One family decided that the house needed paint, so a project was planned that required the help of all six of the offspring. The small children cleaned up and painted the screens. The older children, who could use ladders, helped with scraping off old paint and put on the primer. The adults did the finish coat. The work could have been criticized by a professional painter, but if the family had had to wait until they had money enough to hire it done, they would have missed the excitement of bringing about the transformation and the fun of working and planning together. Other projects followed. Books about

landscaping were borrowed from the library, and a plan for some trees, shrubs, and flowers was developed. Cuttings were obtained from neighbors and relatives, and it wasn't long until the house became more rooted to the site, and, through the loving care of each member, it started to express the ideals and aspirations of the occupants. The children took turns in taking care of the garbage and each was responsible for putting play equipment under cover after use. A swing was hung in the back yard. A sandbox was provided. A picnic table was constructed, and so many new projects grew out of what had thus far been accomplished that no longer was there the problem of children always wanting to go some place else — to them, there was no place quite like home.

A young couple just starting out in marriage went to Tokyo to serve in the Armed Forces. They had imagined their home as a picturesque Japanese house and garden, but found that they were to be housed in the ugly gray of army barracks. Instead of bemoaning their plight, they did something about it. They painted their front door green and put out a welcome mat. Some trailing vines and other potted plants were grouped on either side of the doorway. A low bench with a gay cover tacked on provided a place to sit down and take off one's shoes before entering. There was promise of something even more interesting inside, and the lucky ones who had the privilege of entering were not disappointed. A Japanese fish net, shells from the seashore, some Japanese prints, and seasonal flower ar-

rangements made one forget completely the ugly army barracks seen from the outside. This was the setting for the birth of their first child, and the setting where they learned to plan and work together to make

a place better than they found it. Here was a Latter-day Saint home that had its label written on the doorway through other symbols than words. What label do you have on your doorway?

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The Last Hundred Years

Lesson 45 — Robert Frost, Modern New England Classic (1874-1963)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes
Dryden Press, New York, pp. 825-833)

For Third Meeting, February 1964

Objective: To discover Robert Frost through a sympathetic understanding of his poetry.

The poems included in this lesson are from *Complete Poems of Robert Frost*, Copyright 1923, 1928, 1930, 1939, by Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, Inc., Copyright 1936 by Robert Frost. Copyright renewed 1951, (c) 1956, by Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rhinehart and Winston, Inc.

THE death in February 1963 of the poet Robert Frost, a four-time Pulitzer prize winner, removed from the list of living American literary artists, a man of no mean accomplishment. He, together with Carl Sandburg and T. S. Eliot, supplied the extreme diversity in poetical composition which reflects the American image. It is found complete in no one writer alone. While Eliot has enjoyed by far the greatest influence as nucleus of the sophisticated "modern" school of criticism and poetry, by comparison Sandburg and Frost have come to be considered

as old-fashioned affirmers who write of the people and to the people — literary outlaws they are, more bluntly stated. Yet, pervasive and fashionable though the Eliot school has been for over thirty years, it is Sandburg and Frost whom many have loved and honored, possibly because these two old-fashioned "moderns" have written poetry which is more understandable, and because, in turn, they have loved and championed the virtues of plain, average Americans.

"Ends and beginnings — there are no such things." The best proof

that this Frostian statement is an enduring truth lies in Frost himself. Most fittingly he exemplifies the timeless qualities in which he placed his trust, both as man and as poet. And, in complete independence of both well-wishers and scorers, he ignored contemporary literary patterns and fads as he carefully built his poems to contain the form and tone which he felt were true to themselves as poetry, as well as to the stony integrity of their maker.

"The land is always in my bones," wrote Frost. And, he might have added, so are poetry, puckish wit, and a sustained high regard for the simplicity of greatness as exemplified in his companions, Homer, Theocritus, Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare. He shared these masters in his stimulating talking and teaching which was frame to his body, as light to his mind, and hope to his soul.

INTRODUCING FROST

Descendant of nine generations of staunch New England folk, Robert Lee Frost was named in honor of General Robert E. Lee, his father William Frost's personal hero. Robert was born in San Francisco March 26, 1874, less than a decade after Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

When his father died he left a wife, two children, a life insurance policy with its last premium recently unpaid, and a request that he be buried in New England soil. His request was honored by his resourceful Scotch wife. Having no money nor near kin of her own, she took her children to Lawrence,

Massachusetts, where the grandfather, a foreman in the textile mills, reluctantly welcomed them ("We were the hole in the bucket," Frost recalled as an adult). At once his mother put her excellent classical education to good use by becoming a teacher while Robert went to work in the mill, always carrying Shakespeare or Virgil in his back pocket to read during his lunch hour. After being co-valedictorian with his future wife and after seven years of odd jobs, Robert attended Dartmouth college for two months, but so disliked the methods and content of formal education that he quit. After his marriage, he attended Harvard University for two years before he abandoned all hope of ever getting an education and returned to farming and teaching, but really to writing poetry, his full, real love. When his grandfather advanced the \$1,800 to buy him a one-horse, one-man farm of thirty run-down acres, he said to young Frost, "I know what you're up to [he meant poetry]. Will you settle down if I give you a year to try this out?" Frost struck a great auctioneer's pose and dared him with, "Give me twenty, give me twenty!" And that is just what it took.

THE EMERGING POET

During his restless college years, Frost frequently took solitary walks in the woods, which disconcerted his classmates. "What do you do on your walks?" they asked. "I gnaw wood," Frost replied. Thus, the poet Frost ever felt the need to renew himself in solitude, that his inner voice might sing truly and that he might be alert to his own

“innerness” and record it. In Vermont he felt he was getting nowhere. He had published but a few poems and had no association with other poets or professional literary persons. Although at thirty-eight he was described by the State superintendent of schools as the best teacher in the State, Frost wanted to be the best poet. Staking everything on his dangerous experiment, Robert sold his farm in 1912 and moved his wife and four children to a peaceful farm not far from London, England. In England he met other young poets who believed in him, predicting the quiet but substantial success of his first slender book of poems *A Boy's Will*, which was published in London the following year. In 1914 his publication *North of Boston* was praised by eminent critics both in England and in the United States. In 1915 he risked the hazards of submarine attack to bring his family home to a new farm at Franconia, New Hampshire. Frost was already famous. From then until 1949, when his *Complete Poems* appeared, he published several books of poems, four of which received the Pulitzer Prize for literary excellence, the only American to be so honored. In addition to being given almost forty honorary doctorates by distinguished universities in his own country and the British Isles, he was the only poet ever to have participated in the inauguration of the President of the United States. This occurred on January 20, 1961.

FROST, THE TEACHER

In 1915 his success as a poet became assured, and he still hoped to

make his living solely from poetry; however, it became apparent that royalties from his book sales would not be enough.

It was in 1917 that President Alexander Meiklejohn of Amherst College took the daring step of making Robert Frost a full professor and the first Artist in Residence in any university — all without Frost's even having graduated from college. In addition to founding the Breadloaf School of English in 1920, Mr. Frost lived and lectured intermittently at Amherst, Michigan, Dartmouth, Harvard, and, before the exertion became too great, read his poems on the campuses of the great universities of the Nation. But whether lecturing to an audience or in the classroom, he was always a great teacher in action. Seeking always to influence and excite rather than to persuade, he defined himself as a “sort of poetic radiator.”

Acting on his solid conviction that “courage is the human virtue that counts most” he had the regular textbooks stored in the basement while he led his students in the lifelong activity of discovering new relationships between books of Plato, Gibbon, and the myriad phases of life surrounding a growing boy. To be “daringly good” as a teacher, he strove to teach his students the supreme import of “two minimal things: taste and judgment,” these being dependent upon imagination, initiative, enthusiasm, inspiration, and originality, first in the teacher, then by infection, in the students. A man of fire who vastly preferred an informal discussion in the front room of his home to stiff class sessions, he constantly

forced his students to defend things as they are, and to question why a change wouldn't be better.

Gentle, kind, and understanding, nevertheless he was always careful not to let the routines of teaching submerge his untrammelled, poetic self. He preached as earnestly as he practiced. An English teacher has three prime duties: first, duty to self; second, duty to books; third, duty to students. For example, in several instances during his teaching career, Frost entered the classroom to find his desk piled high with required themes.

"Anything here anyone wants to keep?" They shook their heads "no." So I asked them again and they said "no" again.

"All right. If you don't value them enough to keep them, I don't value them enough to want to read them," and I threw them all into the wastepaper basket.

"I'm no perfunctory reader of perfunctory writing" (SARGEANT, ELIZABETH S.: *Trial By Existence*, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, page 71. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

Of such stuff are great teachers made, whether it be in 1912 or 1982.

FROST, THE CRAFTSMAN

For Frost, poetry was nothing if it was not true. He never wrote a poem which was not based on actual experience. "A poet must lean hard on facts, so hard, sometimes, that they hurt." Though generally credited with the ability to capture in his poems the actual speech of rural New England, Frost aimed at far more than merely mirroring actuality; for him the rhyme of phrase and sentence must have the

"sound of sense." If the words rang right, the form then fit its contained subject matter and the poem, as an organic whole, "begins in delight and ends in wisdom."

FAVORITE POEMS

In June 1922, Frost returned to his Vermont farm after a long teaching session at the University of Michigan. In one of the great poetic experiences of his life, he stayed up all night composing his long philosophical poem, "New Hampshire." Stepping outside to stretch and greet the dawn, Frost wheeled back inside and in "one stroke of the pen" wrote one of the loveliest lyrics in the English language, a poem in which form and content seem perfectly suited to each other:

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bell a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
(*Complete Poems of Robert Frost*, page 275).

As do many of Frost's poems, this one exemplifies the classic graces

which Frost esteemed: an easy gentleness, both of word and structure; the simplest of words and subject, all flawlessly contained within a traditional rhyme scheme and stanza pattern. Yet, at the poem's end, all we know for certain is that the poem is not merely about a momentary pause of horse and man in an empty wood before driving on. Frost believed in the great importance of permitting every person to get from a poem whatever he can, and that it is far more important to learn to enjoy a poem than it is to analyze and criticize it almost to pieces, until the magic which is poetry is bedraggled, if not destroyed.

Nor does the above poem relate to any specific region or folk. Though we may feel in our bones how completely Frost has absorbed the New England scene and idiom in his, rarely if ever do his characters speak in a peculiarly New England cracker-barrel dialect. He "speaks New Englandly" only to recall a subject incident or conversation, then, by giving it the sound-sense and form which make it into poetry, he makes it speak universally, not regionally. What is more of one place, yet of no certain place than the poem he chose to be first in his *Complete Poems*? It appeals as strongly to a preschool child as to the city-bound adult longing for the pristine beauties of a country boyhood:

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I
may):
I shan't be gone long. — You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so
young
It totters when she licks it with her
tongue.
I shan't be gone long. — You come too.
(*Ibid.*, page 1).

Though increasingly through the years Frost's growing concern was with the crushing impacts big cities, industrialization, science, mass communication and mass government, education and religion were exerting on himself and the people of his time, his "lover's quarrel with the world" was less the enduring Frost than his expressions of love and trust. "We love the things we love for what they are" represents him as do the poems which radiate such a love: "Tuft of Flowers" (text, page 826); "Death of the Hired Man" (page 827); "Mending Wall" (page 829); "Birches"; "The Road Not Taken" (page 831); "Two Look at Two"; "There are Roughly Zones" (page 832); "The Runaway"; and many many more. Nor should we forget that he is master of humor, and sometimes a rather grim irony, as seen in "Out, Out"; "Home Burial"; "Not to Keep"; "Fire and Ice"; and "Departmental."

Two of Frost's poems particularly deserve to be better known. The first is one of the very few poems Frost wrote which admits he has lived a city life along with many of us.

ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain — and back in
rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his
beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to ex-
plain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound
of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-by;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong
nor right.

I have been one acquainted with the
night (*Ibid.*, page 324).

The second poem, "Desert
Places," is saturate with the tone
colors which are peculiarly Frost's
own.

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth
in snow,

But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it — it is theirs.
All animals are smothered in their lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less —
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty
spaces

Between stars — on stars where no hu-
man race is.

I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.
(*Ibid.*, page 386).

Restrained yet lyrical, simple yet
profound, set in his own tone and
sentence cadence, and yet belonging
to none, to all, provincial yet tran-
scending itself into universal — in
sum, poetry which penetrates us we
know not how — this is Frost's
"Tree at My Window," which final-
ly represents him:

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream-head lifted out of the
ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But, tree, I have seen you taken and
tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and
swept
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather.

(*Ibid.*, page 318).

THOUGHTS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Discuss Frost as a poet, old-fash-
ioned yet modern.
2. Do you feel Frost to be more a rep-
resentative New England or an American
poet?
3. How do you account for his wide
popularity? In your opinion what quality
or qualities in his work are most enjoyable,
most valuable?

Church Government: Its Organization and Structure

Lesson 11 — Quorum Relationships to Wards and Stakes

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, February 1964

Objective: To clarify the working relationships of Priesthood quorums to the operation of Church government.

When the men holding the Priesthood live up to the ideals of the Priesthood, the Church advances rapidly; when they falter in their duties the progress of the Church lags” (RUDGER CLAWSON, quoted by JOHN A. WIDTSOE, *Priesthood and Church Government*, page III).

. . . The Lord never did anything that was not essential or that was superfluous. There is a use for every branch of the Priesthood that he has established in his Church. We want every man to learn his duty, and we expect every man will do his duty as faithfully as he knows how, and carry off his portion of the responsibility of building up Zion in the latter days (SMITH, JOSEPH F.: *Gospel Doctrine*, 1956 edition, page 177).

**THE BEGINNING OF
ORDERLY DEVELOPMENT**

From the time Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery received the Priesthood in 1829, they had the responsibility of developing an organization that would meet the requirements of the revealed gospel. The effectiveness of the operation of the plan of salvation required an efficient organization.

1. For the Perfection of the Saints. From time to time, upon the petition of the Prophet, revelation was received that opened the way for the establishment of the essential structure of Church government. In the 107th and 124th Sections of the Doctrine and Covenants the Lord revealed, among other things, the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood and their place in Church organization and government. In the 143d verse of Section 124 the Lord said, “The above offices I have given unto you, and the keys thereof, for helps and for governments, for the work of the ministry and the perfecting of my saints.” In this statement we are again reminded that the divine program has as its purpose the welfare of mankind. Every revelation, every office established, and every operation of Church government is designed to help carry out this purpose. The Lord’s wisdom, knowledge, and love are exercised eternally toward the exaltation of his children which is his glory.

When Section 124 was given, the

leadership of the Church was struggling with many of the most serious problems in its short history. Persecution of leaders and members was common. The exterminating order of Governor Boggs of Missouri had been issued on October 27, 1838 (see *DHC* III:175), and the new city of Nauvoo was being planned and constructed.

At the same time, the organization and government of the expanding Church membership had to be given strength and development. As the Church population grew, the number of men receiving the Priesthood grew. These two conditions, growth of Church membership and increasing numbers of Priesthood holders, required the development recorded in the 124th section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

Recognizing that the Melchizedek Priesthood is the power to act in God's stead upon the earth and, also, recognizing that in order to lead or participate in Church government a man must be called of God by official action of the proper authority, it was necessary to organize Priesthood holders into functioning units. In so doing the relationship between Priesthood calling and the operation or function of a Priesthood quorum member as an authorized officer in the Church was clarified.

2. Differentiation of Authority. In the 107th and 124th Sections of the Doctrine and Covenants directions are given for organizing the quorums, and specific duties are set up that a quorum member could be directed to perform. It was necessary for quorum members to know that while they had the power to act in

God's stead as elders, seventies, or high priests, they could not function in the government of the Church except as they were called by proper authority and sustained by the membership of the Church to minister in a particular office. However, a man may, at any time, exercise the power of the Priesthood for himself and the members of his family, such as administering to the sick.

LINES OF AUTHORITY

The Priesthood line of authority is that authority which authorizes another to ordain an individual to a calling in the Priesthood (elder, etc.); the ecclesiastical line of authority refers to the officers in charge of operations of Church government beginning with the President of the Church and including every sustained officer in the government of the Church.

Each of the officers in the ecclesiastical line of authority, including the First Presidency, stake presidency, and bishoprics, all function in their offices and receive the keys of their offices by the laying on of hands by those having proper authority.

1. Priesthood Line of Authority. Both lines of authority combine in the President of the Church. He, with his Counselors, constitute the Presidency of the High Priesthood. Peter, James, and John were ordained apostles by Jesus Christ. They, in turn, restored the Melchizedek Priesthood to this earth by ordaining Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. The Priesthood was conferred upon Joseph and, through him, to the others who were called

to serve with him in the organization of the Church, and, through them, to all the others who have held, do now hold, or who will hold the Melchizedek or Aaronic Priesthood in this dispensation of time. Each male member of the Church can trace his Priesthood line of ordination back to the Savior.

2. Ecclesiastical Line of Authority. The President of the Church is called of God to be the Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In order to receive this office, he must hold the Melchizedek Priesthood with the calling of High Priest. He selects his Counselors who are High Priests and the three constitute the Quorum of the First Presidency. This quorum guides and directs the Church, with the help of the Quorum of the Twelve, having as their first responsibility the welfare of the members of the Church both spiritually and temporally. The Lord, speaking to Moses, said, "This is my work and my glory — to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Pearl of Great Price, 1:39). The Church government, under the leadership of the Prophet, is set up to accomplish this purpose.

The authority to preside and conduct the organization of the Church is in the hands of the First Presidency, who operate the over-all government of the Church through the General Authorities. This group operates through the stake presidents and counselors. The stake presidency functions through the bishops of the wards and presidents of branches. The operation of a branch is similar to a ward. The

branch president may be an elder, but functions similarly to a bishop.

Branch is the title given to the smaller units of Church organization. Independent branches have a presidency and function similarly to a ward. Dependent branches are part of an independent branch with authorized officers who carry out as much of the program of the Church as is practicable because of the scattered condition of the membership. All records and reports are made a part of the record of the independent branch to which the dependent branch belongs.

The bishopric is the head of the Aaronic Priesthood in the ward in addition to being responsible for every member of the Church within the boundary of the ward. This basic unit of the Church is the center of growth and development of the membership.

By a commandment of the Lord (D & C 133:8-9) missionary work began with the organization of the Church and has continued to be a vital part of Church activity. Our discussion would not be complete without relating the administration of the missions to the government of the Church.

The First Presidency select and set apart the mission president, and he receives his instructions from them and reports to them. The mission president has two counselors whom he selects with the approval of the First Presidency. The first counselor assists the mission president with the supervision of the saints (mission board, auxiliaries, districts, branches, Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthood, and part-time missionary program), and the sec-

ond counselor assists in the proselyt-
ing activities (missionary proselyt-
ing and training, teaching elders, super-
vising elders and missionaries).

THE ORIENTATION OF PRIESTHOOD AUTHORITY

The title of the leadership of the
Priesthood line of authority is the
Presidency of the High Priesthood
of the Church. (The ecclesiastical
line and the Priesthood line of
authority are combined in the
Quorum of the First Presidency.)

On the stake level, the members
of the stake presidency are the pre-
siding high priests of the stake. They
hold the Priesthood line of author-
ity in the stake and have direct
charge of the Melchizedek Priest-
hood quorums in the stake. The
stake Priesthood committee, com-
posed of the stake presidency and
the high council, are assigned to the
supervision of the various quorums
within the stake. The Seventies
Quorum has a dual allegiance to the
stake authorities and to the First
Council of Seventy.

1. Quorum Members and Their
Relation to the Bishop. The ward
bishopric have the responsibility of
the welfare, spiritually and other-
wise, of each Church member with-
in the ward. They do not have
charge of the Melchizedek Priest-
hood quorums or Melchizedek
Priesthood groups within their ward
boundaries. This, as has just been
explained, is a function of the stake
presidency carried out through the
stake high council. But every
quorum member is a member of a
ward and, as such, is accountable to
his bishop.

2. Quorums and Leadership. The



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Priesthood quorums are the training centers for Church leadership. Beginning with the deacons, the quorum activity provides experience in leadership, training in the principles of the gospel, and an experience in fraternalism that gives real significance to the idea of brotherhood in the Priesthood. Quorum membership, therefore, provides the most significant and specific opportunity for the training and preparation of the lay leadership in the Church.

3. The Challenge to the Family. Too often this unit of training leadership (the Priesthood quorums) does not live up to its potential. It may be because the quorum program is taken for granted and, therefore, no effort is put into it, or it may be indifference on the part of the leadership, or it may

be that boys are without the basic home teaching regarding the sacredness of their Priesthood callings.

The strength of family influence is in evidence in every phase of Church government. Truly, the family is the basic unit. It is literally the foundation upon which effective and enduring organization depends.

Dictators, recognizing the important principal of dedication, go to every extreme to cultivate their ideas of government in the minds of children. Youngsters schooled long enough and intensively enough in communism usually become dedicated to the principles and ideals of communism.

The minds of children will respond equally well or better to training in righteousness. The family in the Church must be dedicated to the idea of training their members in the divine pattern of life beginning in early childhood, interpreting the Lord's way of life through parental leadership.

OPERATION OF THE AUXILIARIES

The title designating the ecclesiastical head of the Church is the First Presidency. Under their direction, but through the personal attention of members of the Quorum of the Twelve, the General Boards administer the auxiliary programs of the Church. These programs are set up under the inspiration of Priesthood leadership and are designed to help meet the needs of the various age groups in the development of effective members of the Church. Auxiliary means a help, an aid, or assistance. As the Church grew and expanded its organization.

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specific assignments were given to each of the auxiliaries as they were created.

1. The Function of General and Stake Boards. The General Auxiliary Boards present the programs within their assignments to the membership of the Church. The programs are given to a stake auxiliary board which is limited in authority to act within the geographical boundary of the stake and under the direct supervision of the presidency of the stake. The line of ecclesiastical authority is from the stake presidency to the stake auxiliary officers.

2. The Ward, the Base of Operation. In each ward there are auxiliary organizations to work with the Church members in putting into

operation the auxiliary programs. This is the area of direct contact with the people of the Church. The ward auxiliary organizations are set up by and under the direct supervision of the bishopric. The bishop, knowing his people, their abilities, strengths, and weaknesses usually provides activity for them according to their preparation.

All direction and instruction from the General Auxiliary Boards come through the stake organization to the ward auxiliary workers. There is a stake high council member assigned to each stake auxiliary board having the specific responsibility to know the programs of that auxiliary and to keep the stake presidency properly informed of the progress of its program.

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In the ward, the members of the bishopric are assigned to supervise the auxiliary organizations.

THE FUNCTION OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

In the development of his ward organization, the bishop can call to action any and all members of record in his ward. Every Priesthood holder is subject to the call of the bishop to fill the offices or to perform the necessary committee work of the ward.

1. **Willingness to Serve.** Every office in the ward, including that of bishop, is filled with voluntary leadership called by proper authority. The duty of each family is to teach its members to be willing to accept opportunities for service whenever called upon. They should be taught that it is a privilege as well as a duty to accept a call whenever it comes. Any worthy person who is humble in accepting a calling, willing to work, and who strives for enlightenment and knowledge to assist in the carrying out of the assignment, can, with the help of the Lord, fill successfully the office to which he has been called. Activity is the evidence of faith and responsibility is the generator of loyalty.

The President of the Church, the Twelve, or the president of a stake have the authority to call any member of a ward to a Church or stake position.

ACTIVITY IN A GOOD CAUSE

Membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints requires activity in a good cause. It calls for an applied testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. "But be

ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James 1:22).

There is unlimited opportunity for activity in the Church. There are, among others, four areas of activity in which each member can participate. (1) Spiritual activity, giving expression to the divine influence in the everyday life of an individual. It is the degree of influence of the Spirit of God that is in our hearts. It is expressed in devotion, meditation, prayer, kind deeds, etc. (2) Intellectual activity, through a constant effort to obtain knowledge of God, of man, and of the world in which we live. The Church has always provided opportunity for learning and has encouraged and stimulated its members to take advantage of it. The concept of perfection as the goal of man is constantly held before the members of the Church. (3) Activity in a material sense, making our time, talents, and wealth available to the Lord for the building of his kingdom. (4) Service — the word itself implies activity — fulfilling a regular assignment in the Church organization. It means doing one's assignment to the best of one's ability; being mindful of the welfare of others; dedicating one's self to the purposes of righteousness, such as relief of suffering and sorrow; sharing one's blessings with those less fortunate; recognizing all men as the children of God, and treating them as brothers.

The active person is the happy person and no matter how much is done for others, which includes the Lord, the doer receives the greatest benefit.

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the quorum is the unit for training leadership in the Church. The first and most important lesson in leadership is how to be a good follower. Quorum membership implies a desire to prepare to improve one's ability to do something for others and do it very well. Ward membership is the place where this preparation is put into action.

The ecclesiastical organization provides every person in the Church with an opportunity for service. The Priesthood leadership must be of the standard that impels both men and women to attain a degree of perfection in each assignment they receive.

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- Doctrine and Covenants, Section 124.
TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Articles of Faith*, Chapter 10.
WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Priesthood and Church Government*, Chapters 10; 11; 12.

THOUGHTS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the difference between ecclesiastical authority and Priesthood authority? How are they related?
2. Why did the Lord arrange for so many different quorums of the Priesthood?
3. Is service to the Church an essential part of quorum training? Explain your answer.
4. What is the importance of the family unit to the success of the Priesthood organization.

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Tuning In

Ida Elaine James

My heart that was a shuttered dark
Uncovers to the sun again
And worships heaven for the lark
That rose the morning after rain.

Joy takes the world with rush and leap
There is no thing that is not glad;
Light floods the morning, after sleep,
The frowning wood no longer sad. . . .

I will lift my eyes above the sill
Where song is soaring, breaking through
Where wings are lifting over the hill
To teach my heart to carol, too.

Indian Summer

Caroline Eyring Miner

Sumac reddens the hills,
Blushing that it comes so late,
But every weed and flower is burgeoning
To fulfill its destiny, its fate.

It is some inner call
That each thing knows:
There must be blossoming, seeding,
Before the summer goes.

At Thanksgiving

Mildred B. Hall

Across the valley floor the sun
In golden rays is streaming.
The harvest in, the loved ones home;
The house with fragrance steaming

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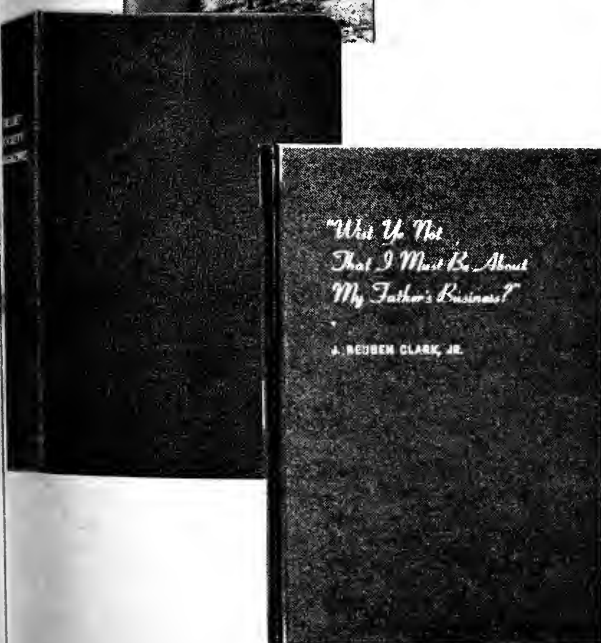
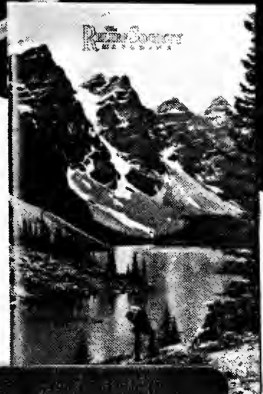
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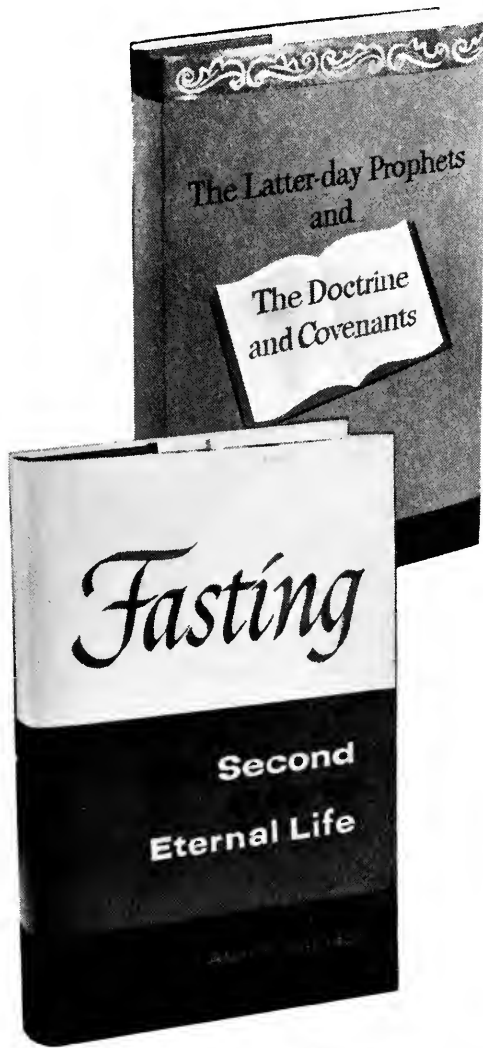
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*Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some sould eat and want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Oae let the Lord be thankit.*

ROBERT BURNS

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The
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MAGAZINE

10th
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Volume 50
Number 12
December 1963
Lessons for
March





Song of Shepherds

Leslie Savage Clark

They look on life with quietness,
These men who tend the flocks,
And watch the stars, and soundless dawn
Gild the trees and rocks.
Gentle their hands with newborn lamb,
Strong against its foe,
And swift their feet to follow where
A wandering sheep may go.

Proud is a shepherd's heritage,
For once to men like them
On far Judean hills was given
The song of Bethlehem.

The Cover: Flight Into Egypt, From a Painting by Dalsgaard
Camera Clix, New York City, New York
Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

Frontispiece: Mt. Timpanogos, Utah
Photograph by Hal Rumel

Art Layout: Dick Scopes

Illustrations: Mary Scopes

From Near and Far

I certainly did enjoy the article in the October *Magazine* "A Message to Young Mothers." It really hit home and was just what I needed. And the story about "The Farm Cellar of Long Ago" just made my mouth water with delight, and as usual, the cover was lovely. It brought a lump to my throat to see this photograph ("Autumn Leaves on a Pool," by L. Paul Roberts) and it gave me a longing once more to see that golden autumn.

—Mrs. Rae Woolf

Anaheim, California

In sixteen months it will be our turn to go home to Utah—after about four years of wonderful experiences here in New Zealand. With all the moving, the homesickness, and the usual adjustments, we wouldn't trade these four years for any other time in our lives. The wonderful *Relief Society Magazine* has followed us wherever we have gone, and its pages have been read and digested as never before because, as with all things of great value, this labor mission has taught us the true worth of both material and spiritual things. Our testimonies have grown and we are thankful to be members of the Church.

—Elaine Fluhman

Henderson, New Zealand

In the recent splendid September issue of the fine, helpful *Relief Society Magazine* I especially enjoyed the article "From the Palace of a Princess to a Place in Normandy," by Claire Noall. This descriptive article is very beautiful and interspersed with interesting history about the locality. The pictures are vividly colorful, and they give one who has longed to travel a clear picture of the Norman country and people. Being a semi shut-in for years, I have thoroughly enjoyed the *Magazine*.

—Anne H. J. Gebhart

Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to express how deeply I was impressed with the wonderful article written by Belva Barlow, "Relief Society — A Blessing to Young Women," in the August issue of the *Magazine*. Oh, how it will help and awaken our young mothers to the great love and assistance they will receive from attending Relief Society regularly.

—Gudrun K. Shurtliff

Ogden, Utah

Let me thank you for publishing my story "The Restyling" in the September issue of the *Magazine*. I especially appreciate the art work that was done for it. It really enhanced the page.

—Dorothea J. Neilson

Salt Lake City, Utah

I appreciate the October issue of the *Magazine* very much, and I was especially pleased with the article "A Message to Young Mothers," by Mary M. Ellsworth. This message could apply to anyone. It is a message I need to take into my life.

—Mrs. Helen Johnson

Jerome, Idaho

The recipes in the *Magazine* are really wonderful, and every one I have tried has been a success.

—Phyllis Stewart

Inglewood, California

I have read and appreciated the *Magazine* for many years, but never so deeply as I have since my husband passed away. In my sorrow and bereavement, I have received much encouragement and have been greatly comforted so many times upon opening our *Magazine* and finding a poem or an article that seemed to be written especially for me, so very consoling, faith promoting, and uplifting they were.

—Evelyn M. Lundell

Benjamin, Utah

The **Relief Society** Magazine

DECEMBER 1963 VOLUME 50 NUMBER 12

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President Hugh B. Brown

ON Friday morning, October 4, 1963, at the opening session of the 133d Semi-Annual Conference of the Church, President Hugh B. Brown, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, was sustained as First Counselor to President David O. McKay to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of the First Presidency caused by the sudden death of President Henry Dinwoodey Moyle, September 18, 1963.

President Brown is well known and beloved throughout the Church. When he was appointed and sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve at the April 1958 General Conference, Elder Harold B. Lee, in writing of Elder Brown's new appointment for *The Relief Society Magazine*, expressed the appreciation of many others also familiar with the great gifts and accomplishments of Elder Brown: "Seldom has there been a man whose vast service in the Church has affected the lives of so many for good, and the saints with one heart seemed to echo their acceptance of this eloquent preacher of righteousness to the high place to which he has been called."

President Brown was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 26, 1883, the son of Homer M. and Lydia Jane Brown. In his middle teens he went to Canada with his parents. There, at the age of twenty-one, he was called upon a mission to Great Britain and was released in 1906. He served with distinction overseas in the First World War and returned home as a Major in the Canadian Army. He then took up the study of law and entered into the practice of his profession. In 1908 he married Zina Young Card, daughter of Charles Ora Card and Zina Young Card. Sister Brown's father was the founder of Cardston, Canada, and her mother was a daughter of Brigham Young. Her grandmother was the third General President of Relief Society. President and Sister Brown are parents of six lovely daughters and two sons, all living, except Hugh Card Brown who was killed in 1942 while serving in the Royal Air Force. There are twenty-five grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren.

In 1921 the family moved to Lethbridge, Alberta, and when the Lethbridge Stake was organized in November of that year, it being the third stake in Canada and the eighty-fourth stake in the Church, Elder Brown was made its president. In 1927 Elder Brown and his

family moved to Salt Lake City, and Elder Brown became a member of the Utah State Bar. In 1928 he became president of Granite Stake, where he presided until 1936.

In 1937 Elder Brown was called to preside over the British Mission, and Sister Brown and five of the children went to England with him and remained there for three years. Upon his return from this mission Elder Brown became co-ordinator of the servicemen for the Church and a member of the Servicemen's General Committee. Again, in 1944, Elder Brown was called to preside over the British Mission. He returned to Utah in 1946 and joined the faculty of the Brigham Young University. In 1950 he returned to Canada as legal counsel for an oil company, and was later made president and manager of the Richland Oil Company, Ltd., in which capacity he was serving when called to be an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve in October 1953.

After serving as a member of this Council until April 1958, Elder Brown became a member of the Council of the Twelve and served in that capacity until he was called to be a Counselor in the First Presidency, June 22, 1961, during the illness of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. On October 12, 1961, following the death of President Clark, President Brown was called to be Second Counselor in the Presidency of the Church.

Relief Society women throughout the Church rejoice in this further great honor and responsibility which have come to President Brown as First Counselor in the Presidency of the Church. Sister Zina Young Card Brown, who has been the beloved helpmeet of President Brown for the fifty-five years of their marriage, has been a loyal and faithful Relief Society woman and has advanced the cause of Relief Society in the mission Relief Societies over which she has presided. President Brown has always shown a great interest in Relief Society, and Relief Society members are enriched by the wise counsel he has given at Relief Society General Conferences in his addresses, one of which is printed in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Salute to Christmas

Hazel Loomis

Turn heart, turn
 And burn with stable light
 The spinning years,
 As hastening shepherds
 Walk with sturdy staffs
 The cold and cobbled hills,
 Bearing the warming gifts
 Of nightless song.



President Nathan Eldon Tanner

Elder Nathan Eldon Tanner, a member of the Council of the Twelve, was appointed and sustained as Second Counselor to President David O. McKay at the first session of the General Conference of the Church, October 4, 1963. He has been a General Authority since October 1960, when he became an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. In October 1962 he was sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve.

Having a rich heritage of religious training, spiritual insight and devotion, and a wide experience in both Church and civic affairs, President Tanner brings to the highest council of the Church great ability and a humble, cooperative spirit.

President Tanner was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, May 9, 1898, a son of Nathan William and Edna Brown Tanner. Shortly before his birth his parents migrated to Canada. His mother returned to Salt Lake City for the birth, and when the son was only six weeks old, made the return trip to Canada. After finishing nine grades of school in the small community of Etna, Alberta, President Tanner attended high school in Cardston, and later became a student at the Knight Academy in Raymond, and then prepared himself for a teaching career at the Calgary Normal School from which he was graduated in 1919. He taught school in Hill Spring, where he met another member of the faculty—Sarah Isabelle Merrill—whom he married December 20, 1919.

While living at Hill Spring, Elder Tanner served as a health officer and participated actively in community affairs and established a general store. In 1929 the family moved to Cardston and Elder Tanner became principal of the high school. In 1935 he was elected to the Alberta Legislature and became the speaker of that house. Later, he became minister of lands and mines in the provincial cabinet. In 1942 he was asked to serve as chairman of the Alberta Research Council and acted as commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association in 1946. He had faithfully served in scouting activities for many years, and was awarded the Silver Acorn and



the Silver Wolf awards. The Silver Acorn is the highest scouting award given in Canada. During the years 1952-1958 Elder Tanner was engaged in many industrial and commercial enterprises and became president of Merrill Petroleum Company and a director of the Toronto-Dominion Bank of Canada.

His devoted service to the Church, since early manhood, has included positions as branch president, bishop, stake president, and mission president. At the time of his call to the First Presidency, he was a member of the Council of the Twelve and President of the Genealogical Society of the Church.

President and Sister Tanner have five lovely daughters, all married and living in Canada. They have twenty-four grandchildren.

The sisters of Relief Society join with Church members worldwide in appreciation and gratitude for the dynamic, dedicated leadership of President Tanner, and the inspiration, counsel, and testimony which he bears of the gospel message.

Sister Tanner is an ideal wife, mother, grandmother, and homemaker, dearly loved by a large circle of friends, relatives, and associates. She has been active in the Auxiliaries of the Church and has served in many capacities in Relief Society, among them as a stake counselor in Calgary Stake.

In addressing the saints following the announcement of his appointment to the First Presidency, President Tanner spoke of his desire for the faith and prayers of the members of the Church, and said, "I can humbly say, as did Nephi of old, that 'I will go and do the things which the Lord has commanded.'"

The Need of the Name

Christie Lund Coles

The name of Christmas is a magic name,
As are its kindred names known to our ear:
Hallelujah! Shepherd lads who came
Following the star, to see, to hear;
The syllables of Bethlehem which fall
In cadence like some long-loved, choice refrain;
The wise men, angels, and the humble stall.
Each stands a symbol of his birth again.

For somewhere, deep inside each listening soul,
Need of the names of Christmas reaches out
For reassurance . . . of the tree, the toll
Of pealing bell and children's eager shout.

Oh, Holy Night, on which the heavens smiled,
How deep our need for the name of one small Child.



Elder

Thomas Spencer Monson

Elder Thomas Spencer Monson was appointed and sustained a member of the Council of the Twelve at the Friday morning session of the Semi-Annual Conference of the Church, October 4, 1963. This high position of responsibility and leadership has come to one of the youngest men to be so called in many years. Elder Monson is thirty-six years old. He is a humble man of much experience in Church work and in business and civic affairs. He radiates spirituality, humility, kindness, and a deep and pervading solicitude for all the Heavenly Father's children upon the earth.

Elder Monson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, a son of G. Spencer and Gladys Condie Monson. He is a graduate of West High School, and received his B.S. Degree in business at the University of Utah, and is a member of Alpha Kappa Psi, honorary business fraternity.

He began his career at the Deseret News Press at an early age, and has held many positions of responsibility, including manager of the classified advertising department, sales manager of the Deseret News Press, assistant classified advertising manager of the



ELDER THOMAS S. MONSON AND HIS FAMILY

Left to right: Ann, age nine; Thomas Lee, age twelve; Elder Thomas S. Monson; Sister Frances J. Monson. Front, center: Clark Spencer, age four.

Newspaper Agency Corporation, and was manager of the Deseret News Press at the time of his call to the apostleship. A former member of the Utah Association of Sales Executives and the Salt Lake Advertising Club, he is a past president of the Printing Industry of Utah. Currently, he is a member of the Board of Directors of Printing Industry of America.

Since boyhood Elder Monson has been active in the Church, and his service in all of these callings has been marked by inspiration, devotion, and a strong and steadfast testimony of the gospel. He has been a ward clerk, counselor in a ward bishopric, and, at the age of twenty-two, he became bishop of the Sixth-Seventh Ward of Temple View Stake. After five years in this calling, he was appointed second counselor in the Temple View Stake presidency. In March 1959 he was called to preside over the Canadian Mission. In this calling he was instrumental in bringing many new members into the Church and was an enthusiastic leader of missionaries and converts. His lovely wife, Frances Johnson Monson, directed the Relief Society organizations of the Canadian Mission with en-

thusiasm, and wisdom. The strength of her own strong testimony and understanding of the gospel greatly advanced the work of the Society.

Elder and Sister Monson are the parents of three children: Thomas Lee, Ann Frances, and Clark Spencer.

Upon his return from the Canadian Mission, Elder Monson became a member of the High Council of the Valley View Stake, and later was appointed an area supervisor of nine stake missions. His positions of leadership and responsibility at the time of his call to the apostleship included serving as a member of the Adult Task Committee of the Church Correlation Committee and as a member of the Priesthood Home Teaching Committee. Earlier in 1963 he served as a member of the Genealogical Conference Staff, with the duties of attending stake conferences and presenting the genealogical program of the Church.

Relief Society sisters who have had the privilege of being associated with Elder Monson both in his work at the Deseret News Press, and in his Church assignments rejoice at the appointment of this helpful, kind, and spiritually minded leader. He is very approachable and inspires respect, confidence, and loyalty. The sisters who have served on the editorial and business staff of *The Relief Society Magazine* are grateful for the helpful counsel Elder Monson has given them through his position as an executive at the Deseret News Press. The General Board of Relief Society join with the world-wide sisterhood in expressing gratitude and joy for Elder Monson's call to the apostleship.

At the time of his appointment to the apostleship, Elder Monson expressed his feelings with deep humility. "Whether in Church or business," he said, "the sweetest blessing in all life is to feel the promptings of the Holy Spirit." He said that he had felt these promptings especially while serving as a bishop and as a mission president, being led to the doors of people who needed assistance. In pledging his loyalty and support of President McKay, Elder Monson said: "My prayer is that I may always obey you and these my brethren. I will strive to be what you want me to be."

Prayer

Gladys Hesser Burnham

I dim the light and climb the winding stair,
I fold my hands and say a silent prayer
For you and me and all the troubled world,
Place in his hands my sorrow lightly furled.
I know that with release my heart can cling
To promises from God through Christ the King
Of Kings. I ask and shall receive. My way
Is lighted by the faith with which I pray.

An Army of Good Samaritans

*President Hugh B. Brown
First Counselor in the First Presidency*

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Relief Society Annual General Conference
October 2, 1963]

My dear sisters and co-workers, I am subdued and humbled as I stand here today where my close personal friend and co-worker expected to stand, but who is now engaged elsewhere. The sudden passing of President Henry D. Moyle is a loss to the Church and to the world. I am sure all of us join with Sister Harold B. Lee in her beautiful prayer in extending to Sister Moyle and her family our love and sympathy.

After the morning meeting of the First Presidency today, President McKay asked me if I would convey to the Presidency of the Relief Society and to this great Relief Society Conference his regrets that he was not able to be present. He sent to you his love, his blessing, and his congratulations on the great work you are accomplishing.

May I pause here, sisters, to bear witness to you that President David O. McKay is a prophet, seer, and revelator. He is inspired by the spirit of the Lord and the will of the Lord is made known unto him. His great leadership in the Church, his wonderful influence in the world results from the fact that he is a prophet of God. I wanted you sisters to know that from one whose privilege it is to have daily association with him.

Whenever we think of or meet with

the Relief Societies of the Church, we think of love and loyalty, of mercy and service, of faith and charity. All these and many other virtues associated with Relief Society are exemplified by its members, and for this we are deeply grateful.

And we think of the parable of the Good Samaritan, in which Jesus taught the lesson on religion in action. The Samaritan, according to the record, held no high office, wrote no book, was not widely known, but has been remembered through the centuries because he extended to a stranger a hand of love and assistance. He did not seek commendation for what he did; he did not publicize his action.

The quiet, unpublicized work of the Relief Society reminds us of the Good Samaritan.

In fact, this organization is an organized army of Good Samaritans, one quarter of a million strong. They work mainly in "no-man's land." That phrase may have a double meaning here today. In the army, no-man's land is that area between two opposing armies which neither side claims as its own. We think of you in no-man's land because no man could or would do the work that the Relief Societies do any more than he could do the work required of a mother.

Relief Society sisters wear no uni-

forms, they have no insignia, but they are recognized because their lives conform to the truths they teach. Now that is not only a statement of fact, but is a challenge for the future.

MY mother was a Relief Society stake president in Western Canada. She traveled with horse and buggy in some very inclement weather. Thinking of her, I would like to read to you what it seems to me typifies the life of the average Relief Society officer, a life crammed with action, with responsibility and work. Some of you, most of you, I think, will not remember the days to which this refers, but some of us remember this. May I read a paragraph to you.

Grandmother, on a winter's day, milked the cows, slopped the hogs, saddled the mule, and got the children off to school; did a washing, mopped the floors, washed the windows, and did some chores; cooked a dish of home-dried fruit, pressed her husband's Sunday suit, swept the parlor, made the bed, baked a dozen loaves of bread, split some firewood and lugged it in, enough to fill the kitchen bin; cleaned the lamps and put in oil, stewed some apples she thought would spoil, churned the butter, baked a cake, then exclaimed, "For goodness sake, the calves have got out of the pen," and went out and chased them in again; gathered the eggs and locked the stable, back to the house and set the table, cooked a supper that was delicious, and afterward washed up all the dishes; fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes, mended a basketful of hose; then opened the organ and began to play "When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day." (*The Laugh's On Me*, pp. 176. 177 —Bennett Cerf).

That reminds me so much of the life of the average Relief Society officer, teacher, worker. Your labors of love remind us of the sacred shrine of motherhood; in fact you are to the Church what mother is to the home. You go to the bereaved, the unfortunate, the sick, the wounded; you go into the hospitals or wherever there is a call for help. Where there is frustration, disillusionment, sorrow, or bereavement—and these come to all of us at one time or another—the people always turn to you for comfort and re-

lief, and you never fail them. Even they who must pay the price for folly or sin find refuge here in Relief Society, and are encouraged to try again and rely upon the divine law of repentance and the love and mercy of the Lord.

Mothers minister to the needs of human beings from their prenatal to their immortal state. Neither birth nor death can break the cord of love which binds our lives to theirs. Without their tender care the home would lose its honored and hallowed place in the hearts and lives of men. The mother is the spirit of the home; she gives it fragrance, atmosphere, love, and life. And that's what the Relief Society gives to the Church.

WHEREVER human beings live, whether in a palace or a cottage, there is universal homage paid to mothers; and wherever the Relief Society is organized, in hamlets, towns, or cities, they are engaged in a work comparable to that in which mothers are constantly engaged. You render service to all ages, in all seasons, and in most of the countries of the world today. Your services are always available, whether the call comes for layettes for the unborn, for burial clothes for the deceased, or for flowers and food for the bereaved, you are always there. Men may become rulers of nations, of empires, lead armies into battle, make laws, administer justice, write books, discover the secrets of the universe, release the power of the atom and partially control it; but the mothers of the world, God's agents of mercy wherever human life exists, are exerting an influence greater than all these can do. Mothers inspired the great men to whose memory we build monuments, and they put into their work the kind of spirit which gives them a saintliness, which is distinctively their own. Among your many other duties you Relief Society workers are training the young mothers of the future and that is a more important work

than training the scholars, the statesmen, the military men of the future.

We thank the Lord for the equal partnership that exists between the mothers and the fathers in the Church. I must not, however, much as we love you, spend more time on eulogy alone.

We bring to you also a challenge and a charge, for there is great work to be done, great tasks lie ahead. Your job and ours is to teach our people to respect authority both in Church and State, to obey the law, and be made amenable to discipline. We must imbue them with a sense of loyalty and patriotism. Our people should not join in the demonstrations and marches in defiance of law and order, nor should they join organizations whose purpose is to undermine and put in question the integrity of our leaders, whether in Church or State.

With a loss of respect for the laws of the land, there comes a corresponding loss of respect for the laws of God. Your job and ours is to educate the hearts of people. Teach them to have a discriminating sense of values, to enrich their personalities, live abundantly, and glorify their intelligence with the warmth and glow of love of God and fellow men. In other words, the head and heart must work together, and support each other. Someone has said, "The education of the heart is the heart of education."

THE greatest heart that ever beat was the educated heart of Jesus. And the greatest sermon ever preached appealed to the hearts more than the minds of his fortunate listeners. Because of that education of the heart and that appeal to the hearts of people, his divine message has been effective through the centuries.

The apostle Paul's matchless chapter on charity and love came from an educated heart and a richly furnished mind. He said the eloquence of men and of angels without love is ". . . as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," that knowledge and faith that would

be sufficient to move mountains are nothing without love, and, furthermore, that giving and bestowing, though it be lavish and even sacrificial, if it lacks love, will profit nothing to the giver.

Love is the most ennobling, the most beautiful, the most sacred of men's emotions, but, and this I would like to underline because of conditions as we find them in the world, it is necessary that we warn our people against the awful influence of love's counterfeit—lust and licentiousness, the most poisonous and debasing of all of Satan's allurements. These are made, unfortunately, to appear acceptable in some publications of the day which are found in the bookstores and the book-racks available to our youth. Let us teach them to be clean, to be pure, to be honorable and upright. If, for no other reason, than that they are going to have to live with history and with memory.

Let us become progressively aware of and bring to fruition the spiritual equipment, the creative intellect, the motivating imagination, the enduring zest and vitality, the adventurous curiosity, and the aesthetic appreciation of our people.

In all these areas we find the Relief Society women working, not alone in relieving the suffering of the world, but inspiring and lifting up and glorifying the beautiful in daily life as well as in literature and art. When the choir sang "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" — and may I pause here to compliment the Singing Mothers and their talented director. Sister Madsen and I were in school together sometime ago. She was, of course, much younger than I, but I discovered then that she is a genius. She goes to Idaho, California, or Arizona, even here in Salt Lake City, and is able to find women who respond to her magic and bring beauty, harmony, and inspiration to our conferences. Thank you, Sister Madsen, and thank you sisters from Arizona.

BUT when they sang "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor," I turned to a little poem that Sister Brown handed me sometime ago from *Sunshine Magazine*. I turn to it now because at this time there is a concerted effort being made to undermine the very foundations of our country and our form of government and we must be on guard. Let us prize this America of ours and try to be worthy of our heritage. I like the verse of our patriotic anthem "Our Father's God to thee, author of liberty, to thee we sing. Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light. Protect us by thy might, great God our King." I thank God for that last line, "great God our King"—the only king we know. But this is what one wrote about America:

God built a continent with glory and filled it with treasures untold. He bedecked it with soft, rolling prairies, and pillared it with thundering mountains. He studded it with sweetly flowing streams and mighty winding rivers. He graced it with deep shadowed forests, and filled it with song. But these treasures would have meant little if the myriads of people, the bravest of the races, had not come, each bearing a gift and a hope. They had the glow of adventure in their eyes, the glory of hope in their souls, and out of them was fashioned a nation, blessed with a purpose sublime. They called it America.

Yes, they did bring us their tired and their poor and our ancestors were among them. Thank God for America.

Now with respect to this atomic age, the dangers which we face and problems that lie ahead, may I bring you a warning from a general in the army who saw clearly and spoke forcefully. He made the following statement:

With the monstrous weapons man already has, humanity is in danger of being trapped in this world by its moral adolescence. Our knowledge of science has clearly outstripped our capacity to control it. (We have too many men of science; too few men of God.) We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. Man is stumbling blindly through a spiritual darkness while toying with the precarious secrets of life and death. The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of

nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace; more about killing than we know about living. This is our 20th Century's claim to distinction and progress.

That's a serious indictment of the vaunted efforts of our great scientists. God help us to retain the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount while our scientists explore outer space.

MR. William Temple, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury, said:

Purely scientific education must produce a generation adept at dealing with things, indifferently qualified to deal with people, and incapable of dealing with ideas. We hope your knowledge — which is of the head — will be motivated by wisdom — which is of the heart. One is determined by what you know, the other by what you do with what you know. Surely out of the heart cometh the issues of life.

While we enjoy and are inspired by our "Singing Mothers," many of our young people are saved by our "praying mothers." We should teach the youth of the Church how to pray. When the disciples heard Jesus pray, they said pleadingly, "Lord, teach us to pray." When we teach our people to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," we should impress upon them the responsibility which that salutation imposes, namely, that he is our Father and that we are his children, and, therefore, there is something of him in us. Let us seek to be worthy of that relationship.

We are confronted today with a multitude of problems, many of them are soul-searching and tragic. The wreckage of divorce and broken homes is spreading into all the communities of our country, including our own. We may do our best to repair the damage, to reconstruct, to encourage, and try to get the unfortunate to begin again, but our greatest challenge is through education to prepare people to avoid these tragedies.

The problem of birth control with voluntary barrenness is poisoning the very fountains of life and defying God's

injunction to multiply and replenish the earth.

Juvenile delinquency is rampant in the world. This is aided and abetted by men and women who fail to live up to the responsibilities of parenthood. We must teach them that liberty and license are not synonymous and that obedience to law is liberty.

Some have thought that Relief Societies labor only in the background. I would like to tell the world as I observe the actions and activities of the Relief Societies all over the Church that the Relief Society sisters are in the vanguard of human progress. I would like to tell the brethren of the Church that the Relief Society sisters are blazing the trail, pointing the way and setting the pace. That is a real challenge.

I should like to call your attention to a statement made by the apostle Paul. It is applicable although you are women and women ordinarily do not go to war. He refers to the kind of armor which will fit women as well as men, and without which neither women nor men can subdue the enemy we must meet. In Ephesians we read:

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints . . . (Ephesians 6:12-18).

And now what are some of the rewards that are to come to you and to us if we can, like Paul, fight a good

fight, finish the course, and keep the faith? Here is what the Lord has promised to the faithful, sisters as well as holders of the Priesthood:

Wherefore, all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

And they shall overcome all things. . . .

These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever.

These are they whom he shall bring with him, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven to reign on the earth over his people.

These are they who shall have part in the first resurrection.

These are they who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just.

These are they who are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly place, the holiest of all.

These are they who have come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of Enoch, and of the Firstborn.

These are they whose names are written in heaven, where God and Christ are the judge of all (D.&C. 76:59-60, 62-68).

One of the duties that rests upon the brethren in the Council of Twelve and associated councils is to bear witness of Christ. Humbly, but fearlessly, I bear witness of him. He is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of the world. I know that better than I know anything else, and from the very center of my heart I say to you, Christ still lives, and though you may have many difficulties and problems to meet, though you may have sorrow, disappointment, and bereavement, remember his help is available. His ways are always right though sometimes we may not understand them. I like this closing verse:

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
And things which our weak judgments here
have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are
right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most
true. . . .

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
 breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest bloom His love can send.
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,
 And stand within and all God's workings
 see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
 And for each mystery could find a key.
 But not today. Then be content, poor heart;
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white,
 unfold.
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves
 apart—
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the
 land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may
 rest,
 When we shall clearly see and understand,
 I think that we will say, "God knew the
 best."
 —May Riley Smith

By the power and authority that is
 mine to bless, I bless you, my dear

sisters, and all those to whom you may
 return when this conference is over.
 God bless our mothers and their asso-
 ciates in the Relief Society. I bless you
 that there may be peace and love and
 harmony in your homes. I bless you
 that you may influence your husbands,
 some of whom are inactive, and pro-
 voke them to good works. I bless you
 that you may have the courage and
 fortitude and faith to continue to the
 end. I bless you that as you leave this
 building today you may carry with
 you the influence of the Holy Spirit
 that is here yearningly pleading with
 all of us to "Come unto me, all ye that
 labour and are heavy laden, and I will
 give you rest."

I leave this testimony and this bless-
 ing with you humbly, in the name of
 the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Star-Wakened

Dorothy J. Roberts

Remembrance of a child is upon the world
 Echoing through the years from Bethlehem—
 The waiting, the carols, the bringing forth,
 The ointments of worship and of wonder.

Now in the shadow of the waning hours,
 This un-pent devotion. Now when the ink of night
 Has blurred the sun in the winter-brief day,
 This springlike burgeoning within the heart . . .

This blossoming of mind . . . this rainbow fruit
 Of love bending the borrowed tree . . . this joining
 Of each to each by affection twined through
 The starry miles as tinsel through boughs.

Frozen words are freed, fingers interlace,
 And loneliness is scrolled with jeweled light.
 Hands move across the loom of solitude and weave
 This caring into silvery lengths. Doors swing wide.

Remembrance of a child is upon the world,
 A season of forgiveness, belief and wonder.
 Star-wakened, the world again cradles
 The promise and the glory in its heart.

The Relief Society Annual General Conference

October 2 and 3, 1963

Hulda Parker
General Secretary-Treasurer

THE frequently repeated comment—“It was the best conference ever!”—was uttered with sincerity and conviction by countless sisters representing the leadership of Relief Society from many parts of the world at the conclusion of the 1963 Relief Society Annual General Conference. Sessions of this great conference were conducted in the Tabernacle on Temple Square on Wednesday and Thursday, October 2 and 3.

At the 9:30 A.M. Officers Meeting for stake and mission officers and board members, President Belle S. Spafford emphasized the purpose of the conference in her welcome to the sisters by stating, “. . . you are all here this morning motivated by the selfsame purposes, that of having your vision enlarged of the greatness of Relief Society and to receive instructions as to how you may better carry forward the work.” As the proceedings of each day’s sessions unfolded, those in attendance felt that the blessings of the Lord had so rested upon the participants that these far-reaching purposes were accomplished.

Of particular interest to those in attendance at the opening session was the introduction of the Relief Society Advisors from the Council of the Twelve. Since the last Relief Society General Conference, in addition to President Joseph Fielding Smith, the

First Presidency has appointed as Advisors to the Relief Society, Elder Harold B. Lee and Elder Marion G. Romney. President Spafford expressed gratitude for the wise counsel which comes to Relief Society from these Advisors and also appreciation for the great assistance received in the past from Elder Mark E. Petersen, a former Advisor who is now presiding over the West European Mission. Each of these Advisors addressed the conference—President Smith and Elder Lee in the Wednesday morning session and Elder Romney in the Thursday afternoon session.

President Smith referred to the benevolent and charitable services of Relief Society since its humble beginning in the early days of the Church. He declared, “. . . we have seen this Society grow until it spreads over most of the civilized countries of the world. The good that has been accomplished [by it] in the care of the poor, care of the sick and the afflicted, those who are in physical, mental, or spiritual need, will never correctly be known. . . It is clear to see that without this wonderful organization The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints never could have been completely organized.”

Elder Lee discussed responsibilities of mothers toward their homes and families, emphasizing the importance

of their teaching their children the proper way of life as found in the revealed gospel of Jesus Christ.

Also a part of the opening session were the informative and interesting analysis of the Annual Report of Relief Society by President Spafford and her statement of Official Instructions related to the work of Relief Society. The roll call of stake and mission officers in attendance revealed representation from 367 stake and 17 mission organizations, with a total attendance of 3,464.

Of historic significance was the attendance at the conference of sisters from such far reaches of the Church as Southern Australia, Samoa, Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, Mexico, Scotland, England, France, and Norway. Their understanding of the conference was made possible by simultaneous interpretation through earphones in the Spanish and German languages and through the assistance of individual interpreters in some sessions in these and other languages. Regardless of nationality or tongue, the spirit and messages of the conference penetrated every heart.

Music for the opening session was impressively rendered by 301 Singing Mothers from the Layton Stake directed by Sister Loretta P. Johnson. The prelude music and organ accompaniment were furnished by Dr. Frank W. Asper.

The 2:00 P.M. session on Wednesday was a general session for Relief Society members and the general public. President Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency, as the principal speaker in this session, paid tribute to the way in which both the Relief Society, with relation to the Church, and the mother, with relation to the home, minister to the needs of human beings. He also challenged leaders and mothers "to teach our people to respect authority both in Church and State, to obey the law, and be made amenable to discipline." He concluded his inspiring and powerful message by

blessing the sisters in attendance and all those to whom they would return when the conference was over. He blessed the Relief Society sisters with courage, fortitude, and faith to continue to the end.

The three members of the Relief Society General Presidency also addressed this session. President Spafford spoke on the divinity within Relief Society. Counselor Marianne C. Sharp stressed the need of self-confidence in effective leadership. Counselor Louise W. Madsen reiterated the divine commission of Relief Society as given by the Prophet Joseph Smith "not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." Sister Edith P. Backman, as a representative of the General Board, discussed the importance of charity being exemplified in the lives of Relief Society members.

A combined Singing Mothers chorus of approximately 400 singers from the Mesa-Phoenix area provided inspiring music for this session. The chorus was directed by Sister Florence Jepserson Madsen with Dr. Alexander Schreiner at the organ. The sisters participating in this chorus were from the Mesa, Mesa South, Maricopa, East Mesa, Phoenix, Phoenix North, East Phoenix, Phoenix West, and Scottsdale Stakes.

Approximately 3,000 stake and mission leaders enjoyed the beautiful appointments in the Relief Society building and were warmly greeted by General Board members at a reception on Wednesday evening.

The vision of Relief Society leaders relative to the current year's courses of study was enlarged Thursday morning through dramatic presentations given in the Tabernacle. The presentation "Ye Are on the Lord's Errand" portrayed one of the messages contained in the new season's theology course, a continued study of the Doctrine and Covenants. Truths found in the 1963-64 visiting teacher messages were depicted in the dramatization "Truths to Live By — Jewels of

Strength." A back-glance of the six-year course on America's Literature which will be concluded with the 1963-64 season was given in the presentation "Album of America's Literature." The second year of the social science course on Divine Law and Church Government was featured with the presentation "Mothers of Men."

At 1:00 P.M. stake and mission officers heard a stirring message by Elder Marion G. Romney on the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6). He declared that "Both our homes and our society will be put in order when and only when, by precept and example, parents teach and inspire in their children a willing resolution to live the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

In the 2:00 P.M. session for stake and mission district presidences,

Bishop John H. Vandenberg, Presiding Bishop of the Church, outlined objectives of the Church Welfare Program, saying that while the immediate objective is to render assistance to those in need, the ultimate objective is "to help people to help themselves."

Through impressive presentations, demonstrations, symposiums, and talks, leadership helps and specific instructions on the respective courses of study were given in separate departmental sessions for presidencies, *Magazine* representatives, and class leaders. From 1:15 to 4:00 P.M. training and instruction sessions were conducted for secretary-treasurers, music leaders, and work meeting leaders. In this latter department a large and impressive display of beautifully made articles demonstrated the homemaking arts and skills taught in Relief Society work meetings.

Gifts of Gold

Lela Foster Morris

On a sacred night they came to Bethlehem,
Quiet little town so blessed,
For there in a manger on the hay
The infant Jesus lay at rest.

Shepherds came to worship him,
Groups of heaven's angels sang,
"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth," their voices rang.

Holy light shone on the scene,
The patient oxen did not stir;
The wise men knelt with gifts of gold,
Rarest frankincense and myrrh.

At last they found the Prince of Peace
Their treasured offerings to bring,
To the Babe in the lowly manger,
To Christ the Lord our King.

All may bring precious gifts to him,
Kind deeds to the poor and the old,
To little children who need much love —
These are gifts of gold.



EDITORIAL

VOLUME 50 DECEMBER 1963 NUMBER 12

The 133d Semi-Annual Church Conference

THE 133d Semi-Annual Conference of the Church was held in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1963, with the beloved President David O. McKay, now in his ninety-first year, presiding at all the general sessions and the Priesthood meeting.

Under radiant autumn skies, the saints from many nations assembled once more to be instructed, inspired, comforted, and to rejoice together in the blessings of the gospel. This fall the conference proceedings received the widest dissemination in the history of the Church, being carried by more than 160 television stations in Canada and the United States, including Hawaii, and by approximately thirty radio stations. WRUL, the Church short-wave station in New York, broadcast the conference to the world in English and Spanish, and, for the first time, in German and Portuguese. The Relief Society Singing Mothers from the Mesa-Phoenix area presented the music for both sessions of conference on Friday, October 4th, and their lovely voices, under the direction of Florence J. Madsen of the General Board of Relief Society, carried much richness of tone and great unity of presentation.

The saints were saddened at the beginning of conference to see the vacant chair of President Henry D. Moyle, First Counselor to President David O. McKay, who passed away suddenly on September 18th. President Hugh B. Brown, Second Counselor in the First Presidency was sustained as First Counselor, and Elder Nathan Eldon Tanner of the Council of the Twelve was sustained as Second Counselor in the First Presidency. Elder Thomas S. Monson, former President of the Canadian Mission, and a member of the Adult Correlation Committee, was appointed to the Council of the Twelve.

Several of the General Authorities were not in attendance at the conference. President Levi Edgar Young and President Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of Seventy were ill; others were away presiding over missions: President Theodore M. Burton of the European Mission; President Bruce R. McConkie of the Australian Mission; President Marion D. Hanks of the British Mission; and President A. Theodore Tuttle of the South American Mission.

IN his opening address, President McKay spoke of the Heavenly Father's concern for his children, and the gift of free agency as the greatest blessing given to mortal beings:

- Belle S. Spafford, President
- Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor
- Louise W. Madsen, Second Counselor
- Huldo Parker, Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart
 Edith S. Elliott
 Florence J. Madsen
 Leone G. Layton
 Blanche B. Stoddard
 Evon W. Peterson
 Aleine M. Young
 Josie B. Bay
 Alberta H. Christensen
 Mildred B. Eyring
 Charlotte A. Larsen
 Edith P. Backman
 Winniefred S. Manwaring
 Elna P. Haymond
 Mary R. Young
 Mary V. Cameron
 Afton W. Hunt
 Wealtha S. Mendenhall

Pearle M. Olsen
 Elsa T. Peterson
 Fanny S. Kienitz
 Elizabeth B. Winters
 LaRue H. Rosell
 Jennie R. Scott
 Alice L. Wilkinson
 LaPriel S. Bunker
 Irene W. Buehner
 Irene C. Lloyd
 Hazel S. Cannon
 Hazel S. Love
 Fawn H. Sharp
 Celestia J. Taylor
 Anne R. Gledhill
 Belva Barlow
 Zola J. McGhie
 Oa J. Cannon
 Lila B. Walch

Freedom of speech, freedom of action with boundaries that do not infringe upon the liberty of others, are man's inherent right—divine gifts essential to human dignity and human happiness. . . . Generally, there is in man a divinity which strives to push him onward and upward. We believe that this power within him is the spirit that comes from God. . . .

PRESIDENT Hugh B. Brown, after expressing the attitude of the Church on the matter of civil rights, declared:

. . . we believe that all men are the children of the same God, and that it is a moral evil for any person or group of persons to deny any human being the right to gainful employment, to full educational opportunity, and to every privilege of citizenship, just as it is a moral evil to deny him the right to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. . . .

President Brown then testified eloquently of the divine mission of the Savior, saying, "We bear humble testimony . . . that he will return and reign personally upon the earth."

PRESIDENT Tanner asked for the faith and prayers of the saints to be with him in his new calling:

I pledge with you again that my life and all that I have will be completely devoted to the service of my Maker, and to my fellow men, always with a prayer in my heart that he will give me wisdom and knowledge, courage and strength and inspiration and determination and ability to keep his commandments and serve in a way that will be acceptable to him. . . . I wish to bear my testimony that I know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ who gave his life for you and me. . . .

At the close of the conference, President McKay left his blessing with the saints:

This has been a great conference. Great messages and glorious singing have made it so. The responsibility with us now is to carry the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ into our homes . . . be true to every covenant. Our homes are the seed beds of faith in Christ our Lord. . . . In his name I bless the members of the Priesthood, the entire membership of the Church in all countries. . . .

Christmas Over the Years

In this season of good will and spiritual blessings, let us treasure the love and the traditions that bind family members together in purpose and protection as uplifted and as steadfast as the evergreen trees, a devotion as warm and glowing as the star atop the Christmas tree – symbolic of the Star of Bethlehem.

How tender and lasting are the memories of the family circle, a circle forever unbroken in eternal covenants, though time and events may change the segments of the circle and cast into many molds the individual links.

In some darkness or trouble of the middle years, there comes to one who remembers an early Christmas, a great illumination of the verities of life – of promises given or blessings delayed. Perhaps a grandfather will tell of a Christmas in the lonely hills when the only gift for the children was a newborn lamb brought in from the stable, as small and watchful as those lambs which lay in shadows of the Palestinian hills when the shepherds heard a glorious new anthem from the heavens. Perhaps the father in the home, who has blessed his children with the light of gospel teachings, will sit near the Christmas tree, by the lighted fire on Christmas Eve, and explain to his family that Jesus came not unto one nation alone, but his glory shone also upon the American Continent “. . . and he took their little children one by one and blessed them, and prayed unto the Father for them. . . . And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them: Behold your little ones.”

In the after years, many gifts will be remembered – the doll whose hair seemed to be pure gold, the little bottle of perfume, fragrant as frankincense; the little pearl ring, the workbasket, the yellow camel made of hard candy, small gifts, but rich with symbolism of love and thoughtfulness, of anticipation and surprise, and lasting luster. Yet the long-remembered gifts of Christmas – the portraits that will never pass away – are the evidences of spiritual unity in the earth family – some day to become a heavenly family. The spiritual evidences may be slight and apparently evanescent, but they will stay forever upon the indelible parchment of the mind and spirit – the tear that fell upon the grandmother's cheek when someone spoke of Christmases to come, the mother's thin and fragile hand that paused uplifted as she peeled a Christmas orange, the bowed head of a little girl buttoning a dress on a doll. Such music as the Christmas hymns breaking across the night may long be a comfort and a blessing in the years to come.

– V. P. C.

"Season of Giving"

Christmas Seals



The National Tuberculosis Association

A MOTHER, more than anyone, must be aware of seasons and the changes they bring, as she tries to guard the health of her loved ones.

One of the busiest times for a mother is the "season of giving," the Christmas season. This time of year, people everywhere are more aware than usual of the needs of others, and are ready to give to others.

In the "season of giving" the tuberculosis associations, with their Christmas Seals, offer all of us the opportunity to give to others—as mothers do—the gift of better health, perhaps even the gift of prolonged life. What's more, the Christmas Seal funds collected during this "season of giving" continue to give all year long, through research, health education, testing to uncover hidden tuberculosis, and other respiratory diseases.

When a mother puts warm winter clothing on her children, and places Christmas Seals on her mail, she has helped safeguard not only the present health of her children but also their future health. Other children suffering from asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, or influenza, and other respiratory diseases will benefit from the work of the small Christmas Seals her hands place on the gaily-colored Christmas packages and envelopes.

By using Christmas Seals on all their mail during this 1963 SEASON OF GIVING, mothers everywhere will share with pride in the progress achieved, and in the hope that TB may soon be stamped out and all respiratory diseases brought under control.

Color Scheme

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Silver the clouds in the cobalt sky,
Sapphire the lake's cool sheen,
Jade in the rushes and meadow reeds,
Silver and blue and green.

Silver the snow on the mountain peaks,
Indigo shadowed through,
Emerald ice marks the waterfall,
Silver and green and blue.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. KATHERINE B. OETTINGER, chief of the Children's Bureau, Washington, D.C., reported that in 1961, the year in which the most recent statistics are available, no State in the U.S. had as low a death rate among infants as did the Netherlands and Sweden. The lowest rate in the United States was in Utah, twenty and three tenths per one thousand live births.

MRS. HELEN C. SCHREIBER, Goldendale, Washington, and Mrs. Marian Valentine, Tevares, Florida, won special fellowships for achievement at a National Home Demonstration Agents Convention held in Salt Lake City in September and attended by eight hundred women. This program is the "country women's college," said one attendant. Mrs. Schreiber will use her award to study programs in Indiana and Missouri to help young married couples in home management—a great need in our country, it seems. Mrs. Valentine will study marketing and management as related to consumer information.

MISS SUE ANN GODDERIDGE, of Smithfield, Utah, whose father raises Holstein cattle, and who

herself, drives a tractor and drinks three glasses of milk a day, was chosen American Dairy Princess in Miami, Florida, in September. She will probably visit forty States and several foreign countries during her year's reign. Her attractive smile and healthy, wholesome look are pleasant characteristics.

BARBARA WARD is a distinguished British economist who has spent much time in India, helping with the economic problems in two hundred and twenty thousand major community centers, many of them centering around agriculture. Having recently returned from India, she says the improvement in economic conditions in the villages, after three years, is most impressive.

GLADYS ERICKSON, a reporter for Chicago's *American*, has been honored by King Paul of Greece with the Golden Cross of the Order of Efpoia for her excellent published articles on Greece. These have made Greece better known, it was announced, to the world, and to America in particular. She has promoted good relations between Americans and Greeks and has helped to strengthen those relations.

KISS of the WIND

Rosa Lee Lloyd

CHAPTER 6



Synopsis: Luana Harrington, her husband Ben, his mother Tutu, and the five children live on a pineapple plantation on the island of Maui. Emma Lu, the eldest, has recently returned from San Francisco, where she graduated as a nurse and became engaged to a Sherman Grant. Margaret Lester, Luana's sister-in-law, who lives in San Francisco, is visiting with the Harringtons. She is an artist and plans to enter an art contest in which Luana is also interested. They plan to search for Bo, a twin, who has run away.

Tutu put her knitting in the basket and rose from the table.

"Let us have luncheon before the search," she said, quietly.

"But, Mother!" Ben exclaimed. "None of us feels like eating. Make some sandwiches. We'll take them with us."

Tutu walked to the window and stood there for a moment, looking down the path that led to the highway.

"I'll help you, Mama," Emma Lu offered, as Luana took buns from the cupboard for sandwiches. "Shall I get a jug for punch? It's such a hot day."

Tutu turned from the window. Her blue eyes were twinkling.

"That won't be necessary," she

said, pointing toward the path. "Look! There comes our little Bo. Home again. I thought he would be home by lunchtime. Dinnertime for sure."

Luana dropped the buns and ran to the window with the others. Philip slapped Emma Lu's shoulder.

"I'll be your monkey's uncle!" he said. "He's coming home on his own power!"

A sob caught in Luana's throat, as she watched Bo's lonely, dejected little figure trudging up the path. She glanced quickly at Ben. His mouth was grim and unrelenting. She reached for his hand but his fists were clenched.

"Take it easy, Sergeant," she coaxed. "It took courage for him to come back so soon. Especially, when he knows he has to apologize to his classmates this afternoon."

Tutu, standing close by, put her hand on his shoulder. "I remember when you ran away, Ben," she told him. "You were twelve, I think. You were angry because your father would not permit you to have a canoe of your own until you were fourteen."

Her voice was as gentle as a lullaby. "I remember, too, how understanding and forgiving your father was when you came home before dark. He treated you like the prodigal son. He ran to meet you and kissed you."

A muscle jerked in Ben's cheek. The lines around his mouth relaxed. "The little fellow looks tired," he said, with a catch in his voice. He stepped quickly to the door and opened it wide.

"Aloha!" he called. "You're in time for lunch. We're glad to see you, son."

Benjy ran past them all and grabbed his brother in both arms.

"We'll have San Francisco hamburger!" he yelled.

Bo stood still, looking at his family. A sheepish grin tipped the corners of his mouth, but Luana could see the effort he was making not to let the tears break through. He was different from Benjy. He kept his tears inside, where no one could see them.

"Aloha!" he said, lifting his hand.

Luana thought she had never known a little word to mean so much. It said he was sorry he had caused them worry; it told them he had found the great big world outside his home was not so fascinating as he had hoped; and it said he loved them all very, very much, even though he didn't know how to say it the way Benjy did.

Soon there was food on the table — bowls of rice and poi; coconut milk and hot chocolate; thick slices of tuna fish from the

lagoon, and fresh pineapple cut through the middle and heaped with grapes. There was homemade bread for those who wanted it. And a big, round carton of cheese.

"Try the cheese, Aunt Margaret," Emma Lu suggested. "Tutu gets it from a dairy ranch high in the mountains of Molokai."

Luana smiled, as she watched Margaret take some cheese. She knew Emma Lu was curious to know if Margaret felt certain that food from Molokai was safe to use.

"It's very good," she said, eating it with her pineapple and grapes.

Ben leaned back in his chair, folding his arms across his chest. His eyes caressed his twin boys.

"It's your birthday Saturday," he said. "Your thirteenth birthday. That is a big day."

"We will have a party, of course," Luana said. "Shall we have a luau?"

Ben pursed his lips. "How would you like a picnic? The kind Queen Liliuokalani went on when she was a little girl?"

"A picnic!" Benjy yelled. "Welakahao!"

Bo's eyes perked up. "Boy!" he breathed. "I like a picnic better than a luau on birthdays."

Luana noticed that Tutu was pleased. It was she who had told them how Queen Liliuokalani had liked the picnics that had been introduced to the Hawaiians.

"What is your picnic like?" Margaret questioned Bo. "What makes it so special?"

"We take food up a valley where there are big hau trees with long loopy branches. We hide in the branches and play games. Emma Lu should take Toki — he would have fun!"

"Then we have a ti-leaf slide down a hill," Benjy said.

Ben laughed. "Let's not tell Aunt Margaret everything," he said. "She'll find out when we get there."

"She sure will," Phil said, winking at Emma Lu. "Better take plenty of soap, Aunt Margaret."

"And some rubber pillows," Tutu added, her lips quirking.

After luncheon Ben went to school with the boys. Emma Lu decided to visit with Millie Togo and her new baby. She left the house with Toki perched on her shoulder.

"You must rest, Tutu," Luana said. "Remember Dr. Hartford told you that you must rest every day."

Tutu smiled. "I will rest, Luana," she said, "but call me when Pixie comes from school. I want her to try her new sweater. She needs to wear something bright and gay. She has been moody, lately."

"I know," Luana admitted, but she forced a smile as she looked at Margaret. "Would you like to go through a pineapple cannery this afternoon?" she asked.

"I'd love it!" Margaret answered. "But can we go to an art shop first? I need some supplies."

"Why, sure!" Luana agreed. "We have some fine shops in

Maui — all kinds. I'll take you to meet a very good art dealer — Mr. Okamura. We'll go there first — then to the cannery."

An hour later Luana and Margaret were at the pineapple cannery.

"Ben belongs to this association," she explained, as they parked the car and walked toward the large white building. "They take our entire crop. Most of our friends who owned plantations have sold out to the big companies, but Ben still holds out as an independent producer."

"I know it's a big industry over here," Margaret said, "along with sugar."

"Pineapple is the bigger," Luana said. "When you hear the words *cane sugar* you think of other places in the world besides Hawaii, but when you hear the word *pineapple*, you think only of the Hawaiian Islands. It is as Hawaiian as the ukelele, the hula, or the surf-board. Here we are — follow this crowd of visitors with the guide."

Margaret's eyes were luminous, as she entered the luxurious white lobby decorated with murals of "pine" life in all its stages from cuttings to fruit.

The guide told them to stop at the large attractive containers with shiny chrome tops and help themselves to glasses of the luscious juice.

Luana saw Margaret watching the girl guides in their spotless white uniforms.

"The prettiest girls in the world work here," she told her.

"Wait until you see them at the machines."

Minutes later they were fascinated, as they watched the machines automatically peel, slice, and core the pines.

"Look at those golden circles!" Margaret exclaimed, as the pineapple slices cascaded down the chute, then separated into two streams of fruit.

Girls in long rows, dressed in white uniforms and caps and long white rubber gloves, trimmed off the imperfections and sorted the slices according to size.

As they walked from one part of the factory to another, Margaret was continually surprised.

"No part of the pine is wasted," the guide told them. "This is where we can the tidbits that didn't form perfect circles. Over here, the cores are pressed into juice. The hard, tough skins are pressed to squeeze out pine sugar in syrup form."

The guide flashed her white smile. "What's left of a pine after that," she said, "is dehydrated and made into pine bran for livestock. Every time you have a soft drink or a piece of candy, remember that the citric acid in it is probably a by-product of pines. And remember, too," she smiled again, "about eighty per cent of the world's pineapple is packed in Hawaii."

Margaret gazed in wonder as she saw the colorful cans zipping along the conveyor belt. "Like watching the rainbow," she said, "on a scenic railway."

"Each mechanical labeler wraps

and fastens the labels around the cans at the rate of a thousand a minute," the guide explained.

When they reached the lobby on the return trip, they had another drink of the fresh juice.

"Whenever I taste pineapple again," Margaret said, gratefully, "I will think of the intelligent effort it took to produce it."

"That's right," Luana agreed. "We would appreciate everything more, if we took time to realize that some dedicated persons gave years of effort to invent machines such as we saw today. And we should remember how men of vision nurtured the pineapples from little scrubs, until they became the luscious fruit we have today. Think of thousands of men like Ben, and his father before him, who knew how to plant and tend the pines, and when to pick them at just the right time for the canneries. It is so wonderfully inspiring. I am so glad to be a part of all this."

"You have such a good life," Margaret murmured. "Ben and the — children. And sweet Tutu. What more can you ask for?"

"That is right," Luana answered, humbly. "What more can I ask for?"

She bit her lip. How could she tell Margaret that her family needed so many things right now she hardly knew which way to turn. Ben needed new equipment for the plantation. Mike Togo should have a raise. He was such a valuable foreman they could not afford to lose him to the corporation. But she could not tell Margaret these things. It

would sound as if she was complaining, and she knew better than to do that. Working and praying were the only answers. That was the reason she had given every spare moment day and night to complete her painting for the contest. She had to win it, she thought, with a little prayer. She just had to!

It was nearly five o'clock when they arrived home, almost dinner-time. The sky in the west was flaming coral and amber. Margaret stayed in the garden to watch the glorious coloring but Luana hurried in to prepare dinner.

As she went through the bamboo curtains on the lanai, she heard Pixie weeping. She was standing in the middle of the room with her head bent. Her face was covered with her hands, and her back was toward Luana. Tutu was seated at the little work table. The bright blue sweater she had knit for Pixie was in a heap at her feet.

"But, Tutu," Pixie sobbed. "I only did it to make myself pretty. I wanted . . . Tommy Bryan to look at me the way he looks at Lissa Pyke. She has gorgeous blond hair. . . ." Her voice faltered, ". . . and her teeth are pretty."

Luana hurried to her and cradled her in her arms.

"My baby," she crooned, "you are pretty and so sweet and precious. . . ."

Pixie lifted her head. Luana stepped back, gazing at her in stark amazement. Pixie's hair

had been bleached to a horrible brassy color.

"Oh, no!" Luana gasped. "Oh, Pixie, how could you!"

"It's awful, Mama. I know it's awful. But Kit and I thought it would come out like it said on the bottle — honey-blond." Her face puckered into tears. "That's what I wanted to be, Mama. A honey-blond."

"And it turned out orange," Tutu murmured, sadly.

"Bright orange!" Luana echoed. "What shall we do?"

"Look, Mama." Pixie wrapped a scarf around her head. "This will cover it until it grows out. How long will that take?"

"About six months," Luana answered. "Maybe if we shaved your head. . . ."

"No!" Pixie moaned. "I wish I could die!"

"You would still have the orange hair," Tutu said. "What would Tommy Bryan say when he saw you lying there with that orange hair? I think a real, live Pixie, with her own brown hair could win his love more easily."

Pixie's blue eyes pled with her Mother. "Help me, Mama. I don't want Daddy to see my hair. I know I shouldn't have done it. . . ."

"Anybody home?" Ben called from the doorway. He stared at Pixie. An angry flush came up under his tan.

Luana drew in her breath. "Ben," she said, "Pixie made a mistake. She is very sorry. . . ."

"Go to your room," he said to Pixie. "I'll talk to you later."

(To be continued)



*The
Christmas Home*
inside and out

Christmastime

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Down the street the little corner store,
Repeats the season's window show.
Sunlight, glancing through the open door,
Points to gifts and mistletoe.

A little cone-shaped pine was found,
To make a window Christmas tree
Bright with rainbow colored lights and crowned
With one brave star for everyone to see.

With rustic charm this landmark draws,
Unhurried neighbors from a routine way.
Even moments seem to pause,
As if they, too, would stay.

When snowflake forms come parachuting down,
The door is closed to cold and din.
There is singing in the town
And it is Christmastime within.



CAMERA CLIX NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

CUTOUTS TELL THE CHRISTMAS STORY

One of the special delights of the Christmas season is the preparation for the long-to-be-remembered December 25th.

Let the children help to decorate the outside of the house, the inside of the house, the Christmas tree, and the Christmas table. A good supply of medium heavy art paper in holiday colors, some simple designs of bells and trees that mother can help supply, and bright pictures cut from last year's Christmas cards or from current magazines will provide the materials. Sequins, little odd pearls or stones from discarded jewelry, even bright buttons (gold or silver) can be fashioned into glitter and glow to decorate the paper trees and the paper bells. These trimmings can be attached with glue or even stitched with thread. Let the children make paper chains, the linked kind, cut in wide or narrow strips and glued together to make chains of solid color or alternating red and gold, or red and green. A mother and her children will experience a great joy and make lasting memories as they cut and paste and design the Christmas decorations.

A Time for *Enchanted Christmas Trees*

For many years, Christmas in Salt Lake City, Utah, has been characterized by attractive decorations in the small shops and in the department stores. Of particular interest for their original design and unusual trimmings have been the Christmas trees in the "Aisle of Enchanted Christmas Trees" in



TRANSPARENCIES BY HAL RUMEL

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, a pioneer store founded by Brigham Young. The selection of Christmas trees pictured here is presented through the courtesy of Harold H. Bennett, Executive President of Z.C.M.I.

GLEAM OF COLOR

DESIGN BY GERTRUDE GLAUSER

This unusual "tree" is a modernized design using a wire and metal frame and representing impressionistically the form of a woman. Note the head and decorated hair, the arms and stylized feet. The design is made of yarn balls and gaily trimmed blocks in a multiplicity of bright colors. The tablecloth and the table decorations are arranged to harmonize with the tree, and the bright display of gifts at the left completes the picture.

DANISH MODERN

DESIGN BY
MIKE ROSS

This design may be made from a wooden frame, with the “branches” either painted or carefully wrapped with gold, silver, or colored foil. Various kinds of candles are attached to the frame and give a decorative touch to the simplicity of the angles of the tree.



This unusually beautiful and original Christmas tree design is particularly effective in the corner of a room. The tiers are three-layered, the first being made from gilt balls, the second from twigs of greenery, and the third from small electric candles. The layers are connected by fine, strong wire, and the whole design is suspended from the ceiling. Many variations are suggested by this arrangement: numerous single colors offer a wide selection, and color combinations are unlimited—the design would be lovely in blue or rose; instead of the layer of greenery, decorative chains or ropes of tinsel might be used; the base for the tiers could be wreaths or styrofoam circles.

TIERS OF GOLD

DESIGN BY MELMUT KLUNKER

WHITE GRANDEUR

DESIGN BY PEGGY CORNIA

Here a beautiful tapered, tall tree is completely covered with white cotton wool to resemble the soft lightness of freshly fallen snow. Large blue bells and red lights accentuate the white grandeur of the tree in a design of unusual effectiveness.



The trunk of this tree may be a long dowel rod, a round curtain rod, a broomstick, or other strong round rod. The green wreaths are arranged in graduated sizes from top to bottom, and are attached to the center rod with fine gilt wire. Plastic balls decorate the tree. A variation of this design might be made by using small artificial fruits as the decorative features.

TREE OF WREATHS

DESIGN BY NELL CLAYBURN

"...AND THE ANGELS SANG"

DESIGN BY GERTRUDE GLAUSER

Four large oval frames in gold, with a red stripe form the structure of this tree. Each frame is decorated with evergreen boughs lightly tip-sprayed with gold. The lights are lovely hanging pendants. The singing figurines are clad in red robes. A smaller basic tree could be made with embroidery hoops, wreaths, or other circular or oval forms wired together.



This lovely tree is sprayed in mauve tones, with a light sifting of snow on the branches. It is decorated with blue balls, small white lights, and a few pink lights. Yellow plastic canaries may be seen on the branches of the tree, and golden bird cages, some of them containing canaries, hang from the branches. Many variations are suggested by this unusual tree—variations in color scheme, figurines, and color and shape of lights.

"IT'S FOR THE BIRDS"

DESIGN BY HARRIET DAVIS

A Lovely Gift

Ornamental Silk Panel

in Snowflake Design

Betty B. Huber

DON'T let a meager budget dwarf your creativity. There is always colored tissue paper. With it and rubber cement glue you can create a most interesting hanging.

Purchase a lovely piece of silk, either a soft beige or white. Then decide on the width and length you wish the panel to be. I hand hemmed the sides one inch wide, then machine stitched the top and bottom hems for the rods to slide through.

I obtained curtain rods for hanging the panel. Select rods with ornate knobs. You will need two rods, one for the top and one for the bottom. To the rod at the top, attach gold cording to hang it to the wall.

These panels are attractive hung in pairs, or singly, perhaps to hang over a console.

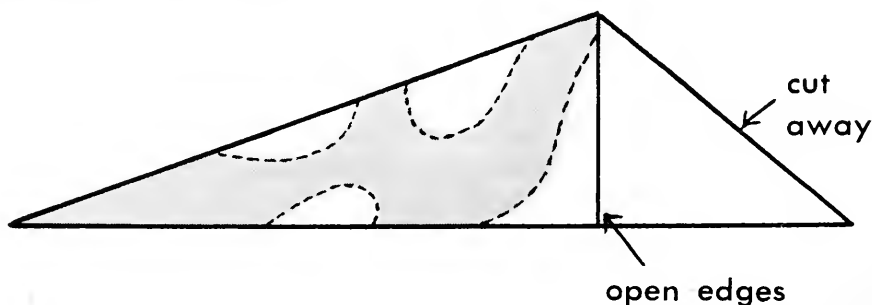
Lovely patterns and designs emerge from circles, squares, petals, and cut-outs. The base forms couldn't be simpler, but layering and overlapping make new arcs and more intense colorations. For delicate effect use the snowflakes singly, or use overlapping in different colors for the same design. Use two colors when cutting out the same design. Do not make the snowflakes too large. With small leftover pieces, add tiny flakes.

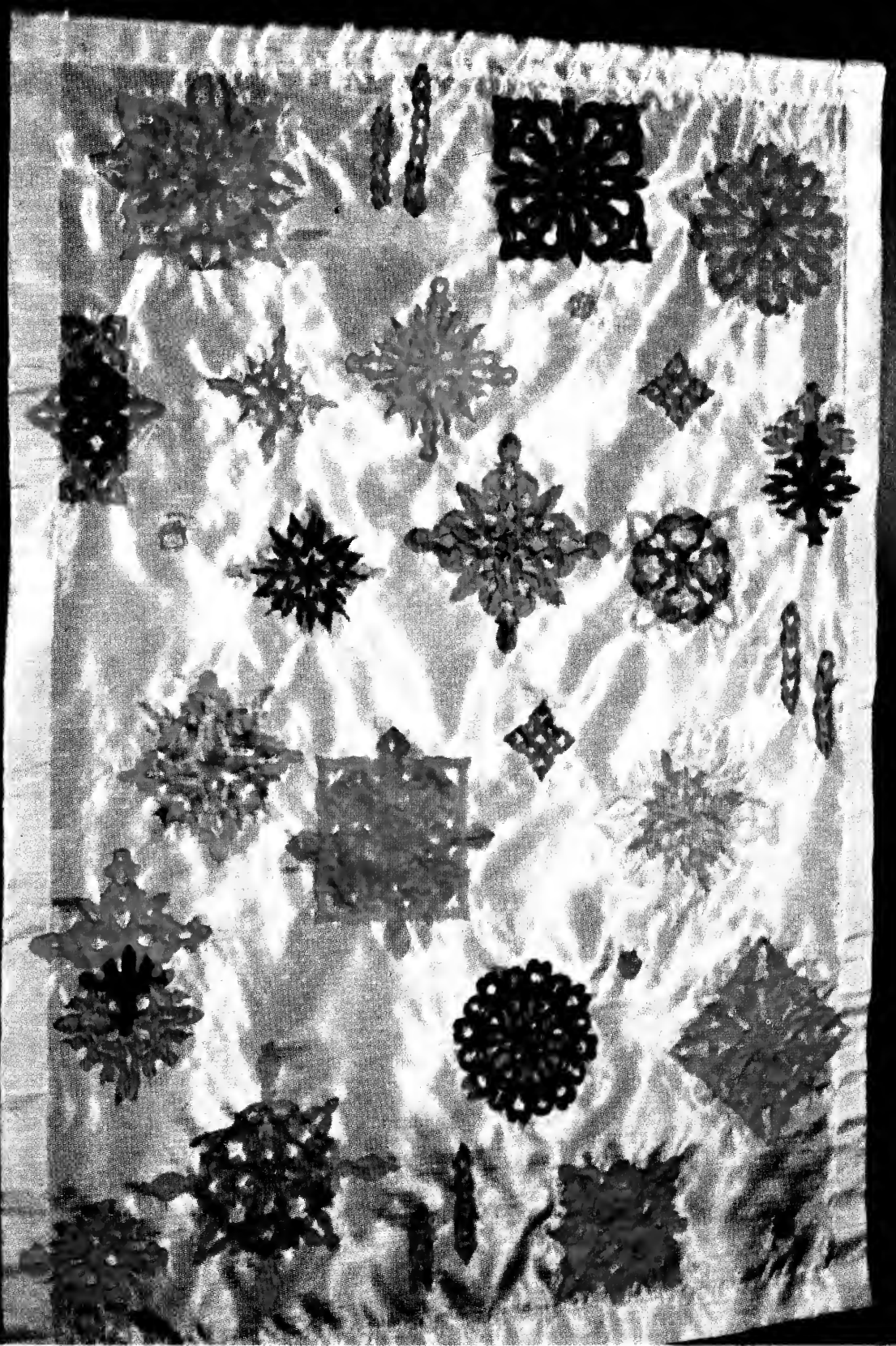
If you desire double or triple snowflakes, glue the back of each one, placing it on top of the next desired color, let dry. Next glue the back of the last snowflake and gently place it on the silk. Be sure all corners and edges are covered with glue. I found using my finger to spread the glue the best instrument.

To work on an old piece of sheeting tacked to a board makes a good work piece. After each flake is glued, quickly pull it from the sheeting. The glue dries quickly and clear.

To make sunbursts, stars, rosettes, and even strips of shaded colors running diagonally overlapping one another is attractive. Circles made of strips can be done in the same way. Squares added on circles or vice versa are interesting. The more intricate the designs, the more attractive your panel will be.

To make a rosette, for instance: Take 3 or 4 squares of tissue paper each a different color. Fold diagonally, making a triangle. Fold in half, then again and then again. You will have a cone. Now draw scallops along the folded edges or simply cut free style with your scissors. Dotted lines on drawing indicate where you should cut. The shaded portion will be the rosette. Glue the roses down one at a time on the top of each other. Note the new color you have made in the middle.





TRANSPARENCY BY HAL RUMEL

It is a good idea to experiment on regular white tissue wrapping paper before you will want to create the lovely designs from colored paper.

Most hobby shops sell the tissue paper in beautiful shades of magenta, turquoise, blue, green, red, orange, yellow, lavender, and other colors.

We have all had the experience of creating snowflakes while in school, especially in the wintertime. You will find your children will love to join in and, before you know it, you will have become an artist with tissue paper.

A Golden Candle for Christmas

Ardelle West

This tall and radiant candle is made from painted or spray-painted tin cans in graduated sizes, joined together, and decorated with odds and ends of jewelry—colored stones and rhinestones. The medallions are made of lace and they are glued to the candle.

Step 1. Use a large can for the base, perhaps a juice can. Do not empty the can as the weight of the liquid is needed to keep the candle from tipping over.

2. Fit a No. 2½ can inside the top of the can used for the base. Cut one inch from the top of this can and discard this piece. Then split down the edge about 2½ inches every ¼ inch all around the can.

3. With long-nosed pliers, curl these edges under.

4. Fit another can, about 6 inches tall, inside the No. 2½ can.

5. Fit another shorter can inside the above can and cut down and curl as directed above.

6. Fit another 4-inch can on top of this.

7. Fit a small frozen juice can inside the can described above, split and curl as before. This will be the can which holds the candle.

8. Cement the cans together with a good metal cement and let them dry thoroughly overnight.

9. Decorate the cans with bits of heavy lace, cut in various shapes, or fit a piece of lace around each can, covering it completely, or cut lace borders. Attach lace with strong glue or cement.

10. Attach upholstery braid around the top and bottom of each of the large cans.

11. When all cement or glue has dried thoroughly, spray the candle in a pale gold color, silver color, or other color, as desired.

12. Apply the trimming jewels with dart cement. The more jewels used, the more elegant the candle holder will be.





Berta Josuks

MAKE MARZIPAN FOR CHRISTMAS

Marzipan, a delicious sweetmeat of European origin, is easily made, and its possibilities of variation in form, color, and flavor make it a delight for special occasions such as children's parties, bridal showers, holidays, and *especially* for Christmas.

15 bitter almonds, or, if small, 25 bitter almonds

1 lb. sweet almonds

1 lb. powdered sugar

whites of three large eggs or 4 small eggs, beaten

1 tbsp. light-colored syrup

enough rosewater for a stiff mixture

Variations

Some recipes substitute beaten egg yolk for the egg whites listed in the basic recipe, and finely sifted granulated sugar may be used instead of powdered sugar.

If bitter almonds (*Prunus amygdalus*, variety *amara*) cannot be obtained, the amount of sugar and sweet almonds can be increased as desired, and almond flavoring, to taste, may be added, or lemon, lime, or orange juice may be used for variety. Prepared almond paste can be purchased and substituted for grated almonds. Two and one half cups of almonds equal one cup of paste.

Methods of Preparation

Grate the almonds finely on a hand grater, or, if preferred, grind them in a hand grinder, or chop with mechanical chopper, or pound into a paste. Mix almonds and sugar and add egg whites or egg yolks, syrup, and rosewater, according to the recipe used. Knead well for 15 to 30 minutes.

Shape mixture into the form desired. This may be some shapes of fruit, such as strawberries, bananas, apples, plums, peaches, oranges, lemons, limes, pears; or some vegetable, such as tomatoes, potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips, asparagus, celery, parsnips, avocado; or, especially for Christmas, the marzipan could be molded into the shape of Christmas trees, dolls, poinsettias, bells. The mixture may be shaped around a fruit center, such as a maraschino cherry or pieces of candied orange or lemon peel, dates, figs, or raisins.

The marzipan, after it has been molded into the desired shapes, can then be dipped into chocolate icing, standard white icing colored with food coloring, or part of the original mixture may be diluted with syrup, egg white, or a small amount of hot water to make a color mixture for dipping the marzipan shapes.



*Jane S. Tibbals
and Hazel S. Cannon*

When family and friends gather home for the holidays, these nostalgic reunions prompt entertaining and festive foods. The gaiety of the holly season brings out the party-giver in us.

We all have our own special menus for the traditional feast days. However, on those other occasions when we invite guests for a brunch, an open-house, or a buffet, we can make hostessing a joy by creating unusual and imaginative food dishes, many of which can be prepared in advance.



TRANSPARENCIES BY HAL RUMEL

Brunch, that delightful combination of breakfast and lunch, is a heart-warming way to extend yuletide hospitality.

Chicken Breast Gourmet
Della Robbia Fruit Wreath
Stollen Stick Bread

Orange Rice Mold with Pimento Stars
Fruit Dressing
Butter

Celery

Hot Chocolate With Whipped Cream and Red Cinnamon Candies

AFTER THE PLANE ARRIVES

Two whimsical red flannel figures, trimmed with gold ribbon braid, peel out a "welcome home." Round place mats, cut from felt with the pinking shears, contrast with the white Christmas tree plates, and bronze silverware accents the other golden touches. Hot chocolate in jolly Santa Claus mugs is crowned with a dollop of whipped cream sprinkled with red cinnamon candies (keep the chocolate mild and add a whisper of almond flavoring for a taste treat). The party-starter is tomato juice.

Featured for the main course are delicious chicken breasts gourmet and a mold of orange rice with plump light raisins and Christmasy pimento stars. An eye-catching Della Robbia fruit wreath (it's easy art) of color-bright canned and fresh fruits is served with a luscious tangy dressing—and what could be more homey than tantalizing jewel-studded holiday bread?

CHICKEN BREAST GOURMET

6 med. chicken breasts or 3 large breasts
cut in half
1 tsp. salt
1/3 c. butter or margarine
1 four-oz. can mushrooms, drained
2 tbsp. seasoned flour
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1/2 c. flour
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. chopped onion
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 c. hot water
1/4 c. light or heavy cream

Method: Mix flour, salt, and pepper in heavy paper bag. Add chicken and coat thoroughly. Brown slowly in butter or substitute. Remove chicken from pan and add onion and mushrooms; cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in the 2 tbsp. of seasoned flour. Dissolve bouillon cube in hot water and add to flour-fat mixture and stir until smooth. Add slowly the lemon juice and cream. Arrange chicken in casserole or flat baking dish; spoon sauce over chicken; cover and bake in a medium oven for about 1 hour. Uncover for the last 15 minutes if a crisp chicken is desired. Serves 6.

ORANGE RICE MOLD WITH PIMENTO STARS

1 c. regular long grain rice
1/2 tsp. curry powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 c. light seedless raisins
pimentos
2 to 4 tbsp. frozen orange juice concentrate,
undiluted
1 pt. water
2 tbsp. butter

Method: Combine curry and orange juice concentrate. (The amount of the juice used will depend on one's taste and the color desired). Mix to a smooth paste and add remaining ingredients. Place in baking dish and bake covered in a 325 to 350 degree oven for about 1 1/2 hours or until rice is done. Mix lightly with a fork to distribute raisins. Pack in buttered mold and keep warm until serving time. Unmold on serving plate and trim with pimento stars. Individual molds may be used. Blanched almonds may be added just prior to placing in mold. Nice with fried or creamed chicken.

DELLA ROBBIA FRUIT WREATH

canned peach halves
canned pear halves
canned preserved or spiced crabapples
creamed cheese, softened and whipped with
milk, if necessary
Tokay grapes
granulated sugar
canned pineapple slices
canned whole apricots
curly endive
2 or 3 green gumdrops
green grapes
egg white
pink or red coloring

Method: Use your own imagination and creativity in making this wreath, both in the selection of fruits and in the arranging of them. Remember that color contrasts are effective. The above ingredients are merely suggestive. Drain the canned fruit (save the juices for punch) and chill. Arrange a bed of curly endive on a large round serving dish or chop platter. Place all decorated fruit in a circle around a bowl of fruit dressing. The pears and peaches are pretty with two halves put together with a ruffle of cream cheese. Wipe the halves thoroughly and spread one half of the fruit around the edges with the cheese; add the other half and let the cheese extend beyond the joining of the two. A dried fruit and nut mixture may be used to stuff fruit, if desired. Make blushing pears by rubbing each half with a tiny bit of rosy coloring; stand upright, and garnish with leaves cut from green gumdrops. Frosted grapes add an artistic touch. Several hours or the day before assembling the wreath, dip bunches of grapes into slightly beaten egg white. Drain off excess egg white and dip in granulated sugar. Dry thoroughly.

FRUIT DRESSING

1/2 c. lemon juice
3 whole eggs
1 c. sugar
1 c. whipping cream

Method: Beat eggs and add sugar and lemon juice. Cook in double boiler or in a very heavy pan until mixture is thick, stirring constantly. Cool and fold in whipping cream. Makes about 3 cups of dressing. Delicious with all kinds of fruit salads. Keeps well in refrigerator.

STOLLEN STICK BREAD (Easy Christmas Bread)

3 cakes compressed yeast or 3 pkgs. active dry yeast
 ½ c. warm water
 2½ c. whole milk
 1¼ c. sugar

candied fruit and nuts
 1 tbsp. salt
 1 c. shortening (solid)
 6 eggs
 10 c. flour

Method: Dissolve the yeast cakes in warm water. Scald milk and add sugar, salt, and shortening. Cool. Beat the eggs and add to cooled milk mixture. Sift 10 cups flour and stir part into milk mixture to make a thin batter. Stir in the dissolved yeast cakes and remaining flour. Knead 2 or 3 minutes or until smooth. Place in large well-greased bowl. Cover tightly and store in refrigerator. It will keep 4 to 5 days. Shape as needed. May be made into all kinds of rolls and fancy breads—crescents, loaves, braids, or any number of other shapes. Add candied

fruit and nuts to dough for stollen bread. Top of bread may be decorated also. Let rise at room temperature until double in bulk and bake at 350 to 400 degrees. Bake rolls or bread sticks 10 to 15 minutes. Loaves will require an hour or more. Makes 18 large bread sticks or 3 to 4 loaves. May be frosted with glaze made from powdered sugar and undiluted frozen orange juice concentrate to make of spreading consistency. Decorations may be placed on top of glaze. Ideal for gift giving.

**LIGHTING
 OF THE
 YULE LOG**

What type of Christmas food and service teams best with the cheery note of the blazing hearth? The answer, of course, is the holiday buffet supper. Do-ahead foods with their festive touches, easy serving, opportunity to use one's prettiest serving pieces, and an informal setting for sharing the spirit of the season characterize this type of entertaining.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| French Onion Soup | Parmesan Cheese Garnish |
| | Melba Toast |
| | Glorified Party Lasagne |
| Winter Pear Salad | Sweet French Dressing with Pomegranate Seeds |
| Whole-Wheat Refrigerator Bread Sticks | Butter |
| | Relish Trees |
| Bavarian Cream | Grandma's Christmas Bell Cookies |

A holly tree, accented with fresh red carnations inserted in florists' tubes which hold water and keep the ball fresh for several days, points up the holiday green cloth of heavy ribbed cotton. Two smaller relish trees are laden with cherry tomatoes, Mexican peppers, olives, pickles, radish roses, and cauliflower segments. The trees are made of styrofoam balls (grapefruit may be used), impaled on dowels set in plaster of Paris in clay pots. Pots and dowels are painted white. As finishing touches, the tops of the pots are decorated; parsley is used as a base for the relish trees. Antique pearl-handled silver and white plates and cups add a sharp note.

Tasty French onion soup is ladled from an old tureen and makes a happy supper beginning as the yule log is lighted. The "pièce de résistance" is glorified party lasagne, a hearty, subtly seasoned dish, loved by young and old. With it is served a simple winter pear salad and whole-wheat bread sticks fresh from the oven. The piquant goodness of sweet French dressing with bright pomegranate seeds garnishes the pears. A lighthearted dessert, a Bavarian cream, resplendent in a green pressed glass compote, and Grandma's Christmas bell cookies are a gay finale.



MODEL: SUSAN FAITH SOWARDS

FRENCH ONION SOUP

- 1 large soup bone (also beef shank if meat is desired)
- celery, parsley, a carrot, and bay leaf for seasoning
- 6 med. onions
- 1 pkg. dry onion soup salt and pepper
- 3 to 4 qts. water
- 1 large onion
- 4 tbsp. butter
- ¼ to ½ c. soy sauce

Method: Brown soup bone on all sides and add seasonings, including salt and pepper. Add one large onion and water. Let simmer for several hours. Strain and cool, removing fat from top. Sauté 6 sliced onions in butter until transparent; add pkg. dry commercial onion soup, soy sauce, and simmer for 2 hours. Place melba toast in bottom of dish or cup. Fill with onion soup and garnish with Parmesan cheese. Serves 10 to 12 generously. Can be made ahead and frozen.

GLORIFIED PARTY LASAGNE

- ½ to ¾ lb. lasagne noodles
- 2 med. onions, grated or chopped

- 2 15-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 2 tbsp. brown sugar
- ½ tsp. onion salt
- 1 tbsp. dried parsley (2 to 3 tbsp. finely chopped fresh parsley)
- ½ tsp. oregano
- 1 8-oz. can mushrooms
- 3 hard-cooked eggs (may be omitted)
- ½ lb. mozzarella cheese or Monterey jack, grated
- ¼ lb. nippy American cheese, grated
- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 #2½ can tomatoes
- 1 to 1½ tsp. spaghetti seasoning
- ¼ tsp. garlic salt
- 1 small can small pitted ripe olives
- ¼ lb. ricotta or cottage cheese, not creamed
- 2 to 3 oz. Parmesan cheese

Method: Cook noodles according to directions on package. Lift carefully onto damp cloth. Store in refrigerator until needed. Lightly brown and cook meat until well done. Add sauce, tomatoes, mushrooms with liquid, seasonings, and liquid from olives. Simmer slowly for about two hours, or until thick. Add olives during last of cooking period. Alternate layers of noodles and sauce in 8 x 13 x 1½ to 2-inch flat baking pan, ending with sauce. Sprinkle each sauce layer with cheeses and sliced eggs, reserving Parmesan

cheese for top layer after putting other cheeses on first. Bake in 325 to 350 degree oven for about one hour or a little longer, or until slightly brown and bubbly. Serves 12 generously. Freezes well if eggs are omitted.

SWEET FRENCH DRESSING

1/3 c. sugar
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 tsp. celery seed
 1/4 c. mild vinegar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tbsp. grated onion
 1 c. salad oil
 few pomegranate seeds or 2 tbsp. chopped red maraschino cherries

Method: Combine dry ingredients in small bowl of electric mixer or beat by hand with rotary beater. Add onion to bowl. Slowly add salad oil alternately with a few drops of the vinegar, beating constantly while adding and between times. Do not shake in a covered jar. Dressing will be fairly thick. Serve on fresh and cooked fruit combinations, melon, or lettuce. If oil separates after storing in refrigerator, beat up well with spoon before serving. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

Variation: Where color scheme does not call for pink or red, add 1 tsp. paprika to dry ingredients.

WHOLE-WHEAT REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

1 compressed yeast cake
 or 1 pkg. active dry yeast
 2 tbsp. tepid water
 1 tbsp. sugar
 3 eggs
 2 c. white flour
 1 c. milk, scalded
 1/2 c. shortening
 1/4 c. sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 2 c. whole-wheat flour

Method: Dissolve yeast cake in tepid water and add 1 tbsp. sugar. Let stand until bubbly. Add shortening, sugar, and salt to scalded milk. Cool and add beaten eggs; stir in yeast mixture. Sift the flour into liquid and stir just long enough to mix in the flour. Do not knead. Dough will be soft. Grease large bowl and put in dough. Cover tightly and let stand in the refrigerator over night or until well chilled. Make into rolls and let rise 2 to 3 hours before baking. Dough will

keep several days in the refrigerator. Bake at 375 to 400 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes. Makes about 35 to 40 rolls, depending on size, or 8 large bread sticks.

BAVARIAN CREAM

1 pkg. unflavored gelatine (1 tbsp.)
 4 eggs, separated
 1/2 c. sugar
 1 c. heavy cream
 blanched almonds and green candied cherries
 2 tbsp. cold water
 1 c. whole milk
 1 tsp. vanilla
 1/2 tsp. almond extract

Method: Soften gelatin in cold water. Scald milk and pour over egg yolk and sugar mixture. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add softened gelatin and continue to stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Cool and stir from time to time to prevent a crust from forming. Fold in beaten egg whites and whipped cream and chill for several hours before serving. Can be poured immediately into serving dish and decorated after it sets with almond and green cherry poinsettias. May be put in a ring mold and served with fruit. Serves about 8.

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS BELL COOKIES

1 lb. butter
 1 1/2 c. white sugar
 4 1/2 to 5 c. flour
 1 tsp. vanilla
 2 whole eggs
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. almond or vanilla flavoring

Method: Proceed as for plain cake. Use just enough flour to handle. Roll out very lightly with well-floured rolling pin or pat out to a thickness of about 1/8 - 1/4 inch. This short bread dough must be handled with a light touch, but it is well worth it. Cut with a Christmas bell cookie cutter and transfer to cookie sheet with spatula. Decorate with sugar decoettes, candied fruit or nuts, or leave plain. Bake in 350 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes or until very delicately brown. This dough is ideal for a cookie press or it may be made in rolls and used as a refrigerator cookie. Makes 6 to 7 dozen, depending on size.

A holiday open house can be a gracious, hospitable way of seeing a large number of friends and exchanging warm greetings in person.

Mosaic Cheese Sandwiches
Crab Pinwheel Sandwiches
Miniature Ham Rolls or Cheese Ball and Assorted Crackers
Christmas Tarts
(Angel Pie, Cherry, Cocoa-Mint, Lemon)
Hot Nuts
Hollyberry Wassail

LET'S HAVE OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS IN

A pink cathedral linen cloth is used on the table, and a deeper tone of the same lush color is echoed in the plates and cups. Stylized felt wise men in mauves, blues, blue-greens, and violets, and an antique candleholder take the spotlight. A delectable hot cranberry punch (so pretty in pink cups) complements make-ahead-and-freeze mosaic cheese and crab pinwheel sandwiches which intrigue guests with their precise checkerboard pattern, but the actual preparation is fairly simple. The tasty ham rolls may be concocted from your leftover Christmas ham, or for cheese lovers, a cheese ball rolled in chipped beef is the perfect answer. For dessert what could be more glamorous than a sumptuous array of Christmas tarts—angel pie, a cherry poinsettia on top, cocoa-mint with its pink fluff of peppermint candy topping, cherry with a star cutout, and popular lemon? Make your own favorite kinds and decorate with a festive hand. If you're worried about making flaky pie crust, try the Never Fail Pastry. For filled shells, these can be made a day or so in advance of your party. Hot nuts add a special something to the menu.

CLOTH: COURTESY OF WINIFRED P. SANDERS

MODEL: CAROLE ANNE E. CANNON



MOSAIC (Checkerboard) CHEESE SANDWICHES

- 3 white lengthwise slices of bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ inch thick
- 3 whole-wheat, 100% preferably, lengthwise slices of bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ inch thick
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. soft butter (about)
- 2-5 oz. jars American processed pimento cheese (about), thinned with a little milk or cream

Method: Cut crusts off bread and make a uniform size. Make two stacks of bread slices—two white slices with a whole-wheat in the middle, and two whole-wheat with a white in the middle. Spread the bottom and center slice of each stack with butter and cheese, spreading the edges and liberally enough to make slices adhere well. Chill for a few hours or until filling is hard. Cut in slices the same width as thickness of bread ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ inch), and using 2 slices of one loaf and one of the other, put 3 slices together to form a checkerboard pattern. Spread butter and cheese on the bottom and middle slices. Chill thoroughly before slicing. Makes about 40 to 60 sandwiches, depending on length of bread. Freezes well.

CRAB PINWHEEL SANDWICHES

- 1 med. white sandwich loaf, sliced thin lengthwise
- 1 8-oz. pkg. white cream cheese
- 2 tbsp. light cream
- $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ c. soft butter
- small pitted olives
- 1 can crab meat
- $\frac{1}{4}$ c. salad dressing
- 1 to 2 tsp. grated onion
- few drops pink coloring
- small sweet pickles

Method: Add salad dressing and cream to cheese and mix well. Add grated onion, flaked crab meat, and coloring. Remove crusts from bread, and unless the bread is very fresh and rolls easily, roll slightly with rolling pin. Spread with butter and filling. Place olives or pickles across the end and roll lengthwise. Chill until filling is firm. Cut into 6 or 7 pinwheel slices. Makes about 30 to 40 little sandwiches. Freezes well.

ANGEL PIE TARTS

- 4 egg yolks, beaten
- 3 tbsp. lemon juice
- dash of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
- 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
- 1 c. whipping cream
- red maraschino cherry strips

Method: Combine all ingredients, except whipping cream and cherry strips. Cook in double boiler until thick. Remove from heat and cool. Whip cream and fold in lemon mixture. Fill tart shells and garnish each tart with poinsettia made with red maraschino cherry strips. Chill until set. Makes about 10 tarts or one 8 or 9-inch pie.

COCOA-MINT TARTS

- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter
- 2 c. powdered sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 c. whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. soft peppermint candies, coarsely crushed
- 2 tbsp. cocoa
- dash of salt
- 1 tbsp. vanilla flavoring
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. miniature marshmallows
- few drops pink coloring

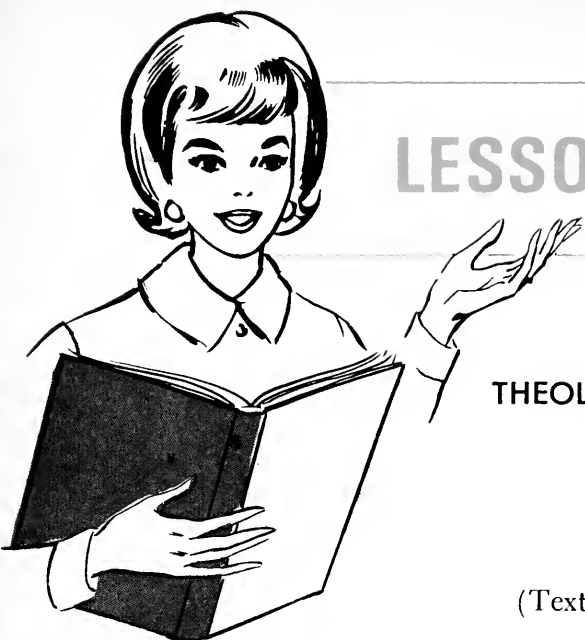
Method: Cream butter in mixer and add salt, powdered sugar, cocoa, vanilla, and egg yolks. Blend well. Remove from beater and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Fill tart shells and garnish with whipped cream to which have been added candies, marshmallows, and coloring. Fills 10 to 12 tart shells or one 8 or 9-inch pie.

MINIATURE HAM ROLLS

- 1 lb. or about 2 c. ground ham (leftover ham is ideal)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. salad dressing
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 12 miniature uncut hot dog buns
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. finely cubed celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. ground sweet pickles
- grated cheese for top (nippy or semi-nippy)

(continued on page 956)

LESSON DEPARTMENT



THEOLOGY • *The Doctrine and Covenants*

Lesson 54 — *Stewardships; A Review*

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: *Doctrine and Covenants*, Sections 70 and 72)

For First Meeting, March 1964

Objective: To learn the importance of stewardship, the work of the bishop, and the contributions of a year's revelations.

Introduction

During the first twelve days of November 1831, four special conferences were conducted by the Prophet Joseph Smith. A part of the proceedings of some of these conferences has already been noted. (Lesson 52, *Relief Society Magazine*, September 1963.) One of the principal orders of business concerned the publication of the revelations into a volume to be known as the *Book of Commandments*. At this time the Prophet gave an evaluation of the revelations which is worthy of notice by all people. His first point was that they were the foundation of the Church in the last days. The Prophet also said that these revelations were of such great benefit to the world because they brought eternal life within the reach of everyone who was willing to live by every word which the Lord had revealed. When one thinks of this fact, he immediately remembers that: first, divine directions were given to

organize the Church, with the powers of the Priesthood restored for this purpose. Second, these revelations point out the clear pathway of salvation with its principles and ordinances to lead the faithful to exaltation. Third, they also give an understanding of man's purpose in life, with specific directions on how covenants may be kept inviolate. Fourth, the Lord's will is revealed regarding present world conditions and what one may expect in the future. Fifth, the great blessing of how to achieve joy in this life through physical and spiritual well-being is indicated. These and other contributions to man's knowledge give abundant support to the Prophet's evaluation.

The first conference that convened in November voted, after approving the printing of the revelations, that

... they prize the revelations to be worth to the Church the riches of the whole earth, speaking temporally. The

great benefits to the world which result from the Book of Mormon and the revelations which the Lord has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to grant unto us for our salvation, and for the salvation of all that will believe, were duly appreciated . . . (DHC I:235-236).

Following this statement the Prophet wrote that Section 70 was received upon his inquiry.

Section 70

Several elders were named in verse 1 of Section 70, and their responsibilities regarding the revelations to be printed were outlined in verses 2 through 9. In addition to taking care of the revelations, they were to see to their printing and distribution. The books were to be sold, and the surplus was to be placed in the hands of the bishop and placed in the Lord's storehouse to be consecrated to the faithful inhabitants of Zion.

In the minutes of the conference it was recorded that four of the brethren named in this revelation — Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, John Whitmer, Sidney Rigdon — had, from the beginning, labored with the Prophet; consequently, they, with the families of several others, according to the laws of the Church, were worthy of an inheritance from the bishop in Zion. (DHC. I:236.)

Stewardships

The brethren mentioned in Section 70 were told that their obligation in caring for the revelations, as given above, was referred to as a stewardship. As stewards, these elders were to discharge their responsibilities to the letter. The importance of caring for their stewardship in this manner is thus indicated:

And an account of this stewardship will I require of them in the day of judgment (D & C 70:4).

The application of this truth, when applied to all members of the Church in what the Lord has given them, is discussed by President Brigham Young, in these words:

. . . What is our duty? It is our duty to improve upon every blessing the Lord gives to us. If He gives us land, improve it; if He gives us the privilege of building houses, improve it . . . if He gives us the privilege of gathering together, let us sanctify ourselves. In His providence He has called the Latter-day Saints from the world, has gathered them from other nations, and given them a place upon the earth. Is this a blessing? Yes, one of the greatest the people can enjoy, to be free from the wickedness of the wicked, from the calamities and clamor of the world. By this blessing we can show to our Father in Heaven that we are faithful stewards; and more, it is a blessing to have the privilege of handing back to Him that which He has put in our possession, and not say it is ours, until He shall say it from the heavens (*Journal of Discourses* 2:304-305).

All of us are stewards over the things of this earth which are ours legally, but, in fact, they are the Lord's. (Mosiah 2:20-26.) An accounting of what we do with these blessings, including offices in the Church, will be required of us in the day of judgment. During the period when Section 70 was given and for some time later, all members of the Church were under obligation to abide by the law of consecration. This exempted no one. (D & C 70:10-11.) Under this law, all were to be equal, but the equality was not of a dead-level nature. Each was to receive according to his needs and circumstances. (*Ibid.*, 14-18; 42:32; 51:3.)

Worthy of His Hire

When the Lord instructed his Seventy, who were to precede him into the villages where he would preach, he counseled them to receive such assistance as was needful from those who would offer it. (Luke 10:1-8.) Jesus taught the Seventy that "the labourer is worthy of his hire" (*Ibid.*, verse 7). This truth has been given in this dispensation, and under the law as stated, those who work for the welfare of their fellow Church members are to receive in accordance with their needs. This law not only applies to those appointed to administer in the temporal but also in the spiritual concerns of the Church. (D & C 70:12-13.) It will be recalled that soon after the Church was organized, a revelation was received giving the three branches of the Church the opportunity to provide material support to the Prophet Joseph Smith, since he was required to tend to his duties as the Prophet. (*Ibid.*, 24:3-4.) Remuneration for services or temporal assistance has been given to certain groups at different times during this dispensation. (*DHC I:220.*) What may be termed the law of remuneration was also revealed in Section 42, verses 70 through 73, and mentioned in 43:13. Where individuals must give of their full time to accomplish their callings which would not allow them to make a livelihood otherwise, a just remuneration is allowed. In the main, however, the male members of the Church function in the Priesthood without benefit of monetary help. All Church members are expected to contribute of their time, talents, and material possessions for

the advancement of the kingdom of God. The spiritual rewards of such service are known to all those who have thus participated.

Section 72

The Prophet and Sidney Rigdon undertook a mission as commanded. (Section 71.) While in Kirtland, Ohio, several elders and members raised questions which apparently required the Lord's answer; whereupon, Section 72 was received. (*DHC I:239.*)

When the Prophet had arrived in Kirtland almost one year before this, the Lord revealed that Edward Partridge should be appointed as the bishop unto the Church. (D & C 41:9-10.) Not long after that Bishop Partridge and others, including Joseph Smith, went to western Missouri, where the bishop was to take up his duties under the law of consecration. (*Ibid.*, 57:7, 14-15.) The temporal and spiritual needs of the Church in Kirtland were such that the Lord appointed a bishop in Kirtland. The appointee was Newel K. Whitney. (*Ibid.*, 72:2, 8.) An interesting story of his call is related by his grandson, Orson F. Whitney, an apostle of this dispensation:

Newel K. Whitney, staggering under the weight of the responsibility that was about to be placed upon him, said to the Prophet: "Brother Joseph, I can't see a Bishop in myself."

No; but God could see it in him. He was a natural Bishop — a first class man of affairs. Probably no other incumbent of that important office, the Presiding Bishopric, to which he eventually attained, has been better qualified for it than Newel K. Whitney. But he could not see it, and he shrank from the responsibility. The Prophet answered: "Go and ask the Lord about it." And Newel

did ask the Lord, and he heard a voice from heaven say: "Thy strength is in me." That was enough. He accepted the office, and served in it faithfully to the end of his days — a period of eighteen years (Conference Report, June 1919, pp. 47-48).

The duties of Bishop Whitney were set forth as: (1) to receive an accounting of the stewardships of the elders in that area; (2) to keep the Lord's storehouse; (3) to receive funds; (4) to administer to the wants of the elders; (5) to render an accounting to Bishop Partridge in Zion of those who were unable to pay for what they received of the Church. (D & C 72:5-13.)

Although Bishop Whitney was required to look after the stewardships of the elders in that area, yet each steward would have to give an accounting of his own stewardship, in time and in eternity. (*Ibid.*, verse 3.) Agreeable to the law that obedience brings forth the blessings of heaven (*Ibid.*, 130:20-21), we are told that,

... he who is faithful and wise in time is accounted worthy to inherit the mansions prepared for him of my Father (*Ibid.*, 72:4).

An Application

As one looks at the foregoing list of responsibilities of the bishop in Kirtland and thinks of their application to the present-day ward bishop, he sees the same or similar duties to this office. Verse 12 of Section 72 states that the bishop is to take care of the poor and needy. The calling of the bishop was well explained by President Joseph F. Smith as not only taking care of the poor, the sick and the afflicted, but also these duties:

... It is also the duty of these presiding officers [bishopric] in the Church to look after the spiritual welfare of the people, to see that they are living moral, pure and upright lives, that they are faithful in the discharge of their duties as Latter-day Saints, that they are honest in their dealings with one another, and with all the world. It is their business to see that spiritual light exists in their hearts, and that the people under their presidency and direction are living the lives of Saints, as far as it is possible for men and women in the mortal body, beset by the weaknesses and imperfections of mankind, can be Saints. Great responsibility rests upon these, and we have to work in the Church, in this relation, a vast corps of efficient men who are laboring diligently for the welfare of mankind (Conference Report, October 1904, page 3).

Conclusion of Section 72

Further information was given about the operation of the law of consecration with special emphasis upon the necessity for members of the Church in Kirtland, going to Zion, to take with them a certificate showing that they were worthy members. (D & C 72:16-26.) The same procedure is followed today in what is known as the membership certificate.

The conclusion of this revelation suggests that wise stewards are to follow the counsel given in the revelation. (*Ibid.*, verses 25-26.) In the ultimate sense, the member who follows the words of the Lord will place the interests of the Church first. Brigham Young's life of dedication to the cause of Zion is a splendid example of the faithful steward. (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 428.) Do we individually meet the requirements of the wise steward?

What of the Past?

Section 72 was the last revelation received during the year 1831. It was the most fruitful year in terms of the number of revelations received as shown in the "Chronological Order of Contents" in the forepart of each copy of the Doctrine and Covenants.

A review of the sections will indicate that, due to the growth of the Church during the latter part of 1830 and the year 1831, many problems arose in this fast-growing Church. At the beginning of the year, the Lord took cognizance of the poverty of the saints and promised that he would give his "law" which, if lived, would bring temporal relief to the citizens of his kingdom and would prepare them for spiritual unity. This would result in the blessing of each person enjoying equally the bounties of the earth. (Section 38.) Officers were added to the Church, such as the High Priests of the Melchizedek Priesthood; the bishop, the presiding officer of the Aaronic Priesthood; and a Church Historian. (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 205; D & C, Sections 41, 72, and 47 respectively.) The promised "law" (Section 42) included c o m m a n d m e n t s regarding (1) preaching the gospel; (2) moral conduct; (3) consecration; (4) administration to the sick; (5) sundry duties; (6) remuneration for services; and (7) the law concerning transgressors.

The fundamental principle that only one man may receive revelation for the Church, while others may receive individual guidance was also given. (Section 43.) There followed

the great revelation on signs which would precede the Lord's second coming and the events associated with that coming. (Sections 43 and 45.)

A series of revelations contains the keys against being deceived, for the benefit of Church members of 1831 and in subsequent years. These sections include counsel on the benefits accruing to members because of receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost, with the many gifts that strengthen one against deception. (Section 46.) Due to the presence of a sect known as the Shaking Quakers (Lesson 34, *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1961) to whom the Lord directed missionary work, the saints were given enlightenment on the purpose of the earth, the necessity of marriage, the keys against false Christs and other impostors, with the ultimate movement of the Church to the Rocky Mountain area. (Section 49.) A lesson is learned in Section 50 when manifestations of false spirits seek to deceive the unwary. Direction is provided to test false teachings out of the Church as well as in it. (Section 52.)

In counsel given to individuals who sought for guidance, there are some universal truths enunciated which point up these three facts: (1) those who seek the Lord early will find rich benefits that prepare them for a full and long life here and for the blessings of eternity (Section 54); (2) exaltation is earned by enduring to the end through constancy in living the commandments (Section 53); (3) to take up one's cross involves a large number of commitments by

the covenant child of God. (Section 56.)

The anticipation of the saints in knowing the location and the destiny of the prophesied New Jerusalem is realized. The objective to work for the establishment of Zion upon the earth is made known. (Sections 57 and 58.)

The Sabbath day observance and the rich benefits to be received by the obedient is made known during this period. (Section 59.)

A promise of "much tribulation" (Section 58), and a warning concerning the waters of the last days was also received. (Section 61.) Instructions to missionaries in exercising their talents and bearing testimony, also form a part of the year's counsel. (Sections 60 and 62.)

There is renewed the fate of the sign seeker; and counsel against falling into lightmindedness toward sacred things is given emphasis. [(Section 63.)

The sections of this year's study complete the year's revelations — forgiveness and repentance, the ulti-

mate triumph of God's work, further additions to our knowledge of Church organization — the bishopric, and, finally, the responsibility of parents in the rearing of their children.

Conclusion

It can be said in truth that the validity of the revelations is established by their contents, their unity, and their orderliness to meet the purposes of this dispensation. Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God appointed to lead those who want to be led to a divine destiny.

Questions for Discussion

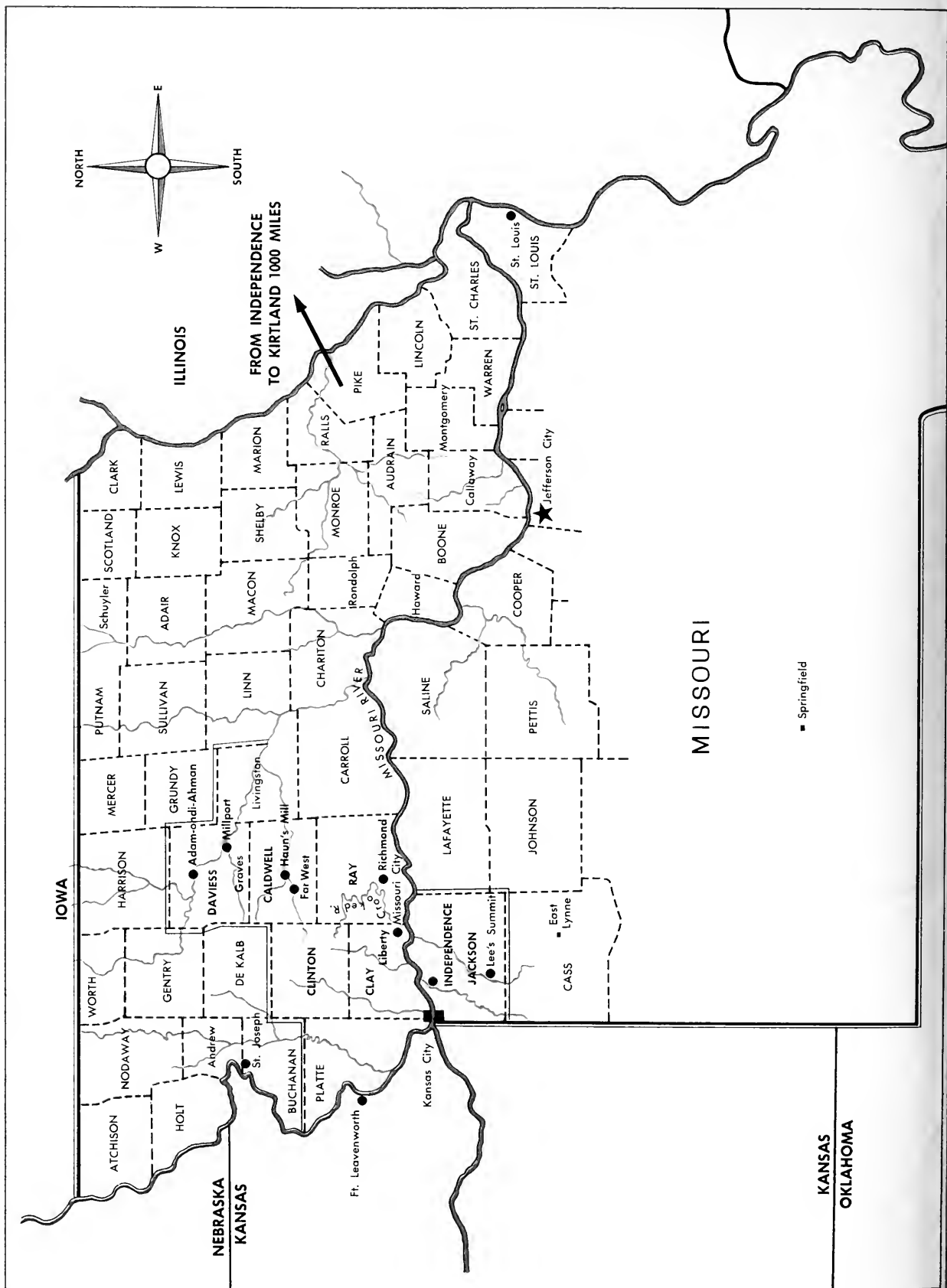
1. In what ways are the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants the foundation of the Church?
2. What would you consider the specific qualities that classify a member of the Church as a "wise steward"?
3. Discuss: "The labourer is worthy of his hire."
4. Name some of the outstanding contributions of the revelations received during the year 1831.
5. What are some of the main points in the evaluation of the revelations of 1831 as given in the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 429?

Love Is Not Words

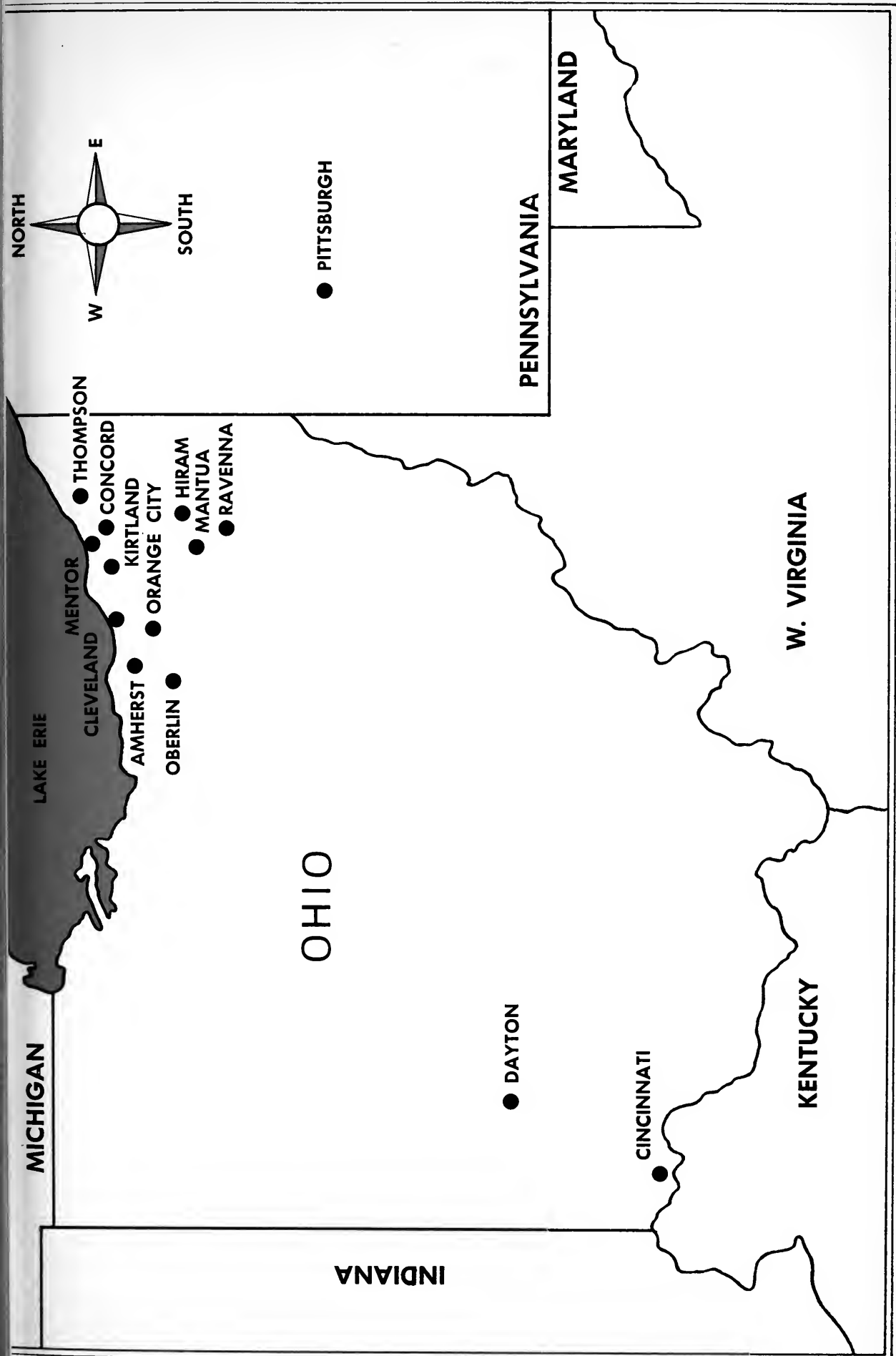
Zara Sabin

Love is not words at all —
 It is remembered laughter,
 A fragrance, a footfall,
 The stuff of dreams, long after —
 The brush of fingertips,
 A thought, a sigh, some such. . . .
 A small, small smile on lips
 Of lovers, can mean much.

No need to speak a word —
 Love will still be heard.



Map of northern Missouri, showing places of significance in Church history
 On opposite page:
 Map of Ohio, showing places of significance in Church history



VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants

Message 54 — “For Unto Him That Receiveth It Shall Be Given More Abundantly, Even Power” (D & C 71:6).

Christine H. Robinson

For First Meeting, March 1964

Objective: To show that knowledge leads to more knowledge and wisdom begets wisdom.

THE entire quotation from which this message in the Doctrine and Covenants is taken states, “Now, behold this is wisdom; whoso readeth, let him understand and receive also; For unto him that receiveth it shall be given more abundantly, even power” (D & C 71:5-6).

Those called to proclaim the gospel, expounding the things of the kingdom according to the spirit and power given them, were promised that as they proclaimed the gospel truths, more power to teach the gospel would be added unto them.

This promise of being given added ability or power is also referred to by the Savior in these words: “For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath” (Matt. 13:12).

The fulfillment of this promise is realized not only as we preach the gospel, but also as we seek after knowledge, wisdom, and understanding. The assurance of having knowledge added upon knowledge is one of the most interesting, gratifying, and comforting of life’s basic challenges.

One of the interesting characteristics of knowledge is, that as we seek and receive it, it comes to us with its own magnifier and multiplier. Truth leads to more truth. Knowledge opens the door to more knowledge and as one learns, one’s capacity to learn improves and one’s scope of understanding is broadened. President Heber J. Grant so often emphasized the aphorism of Emerson “That which we persist in doing becomes easier for us to do; not that the nature of the thing itself is changed, but that our power to do is increased” (*Gospel Standards*, page 355).

President Grant’s own life exemplified dramatically the application of this basic truth. He surmounted many unusual difficulties through practice and persistence, by taking one step at a time and by using each mastered step to assist him to take the next one. The story is well known of how he improved his penmanship from virtual illegibility to beautiful handwriting through persistence and practice. Also, as a small boy he was unable to sing or carry a tune, and those who tried to teach him despaired in their ef-

forts. Yet, through persistent practice and determination, one step at a time, he learned to sing numerous songs and hymns. George D. Pyper, famed musician, once remarked, "President Grant was born with less tune, time, or rhythm than most mortals, yet by his intense energy and persistence, he overcame this handicap" (HINCKLEY, BRYANT S.: *Life of a Great Leader*, page 48).

Certainly as we succeed in performing well one task, our ability to move forward to greater accomplishments is improved. Truly, as the Doctrine and Covenants states "unto him that receiveth it shall be given more abundantly, even power" (D & C 71:6).

During his ministry, the Savior lamented the fact that many of the people he attempted to teach, although they had eyes and ears, were unable to see, hear, or understand. Unfortunately, this is also frequently true in our own experience. We refuse to see or to receive knowledge. All too often we allow confusion, complacency, uncertainty, and lack of confidence to blind and cheat us out of the joys and accomplishments that knowledge and understanding can bring.

Some years ago a great woman swimmer who had conquered the English Channel attempted to swim the shorter distance from the California coast to Catalina Island. The water was cold and a heavy fog lay on the ocean. After successfully

covering most of the distance, the swimmer gave up and asked to be taken into the boat which accompanied her. Some time later she was asked if, perhaps, a combination of the cold water and the distance had been responsible for her failure. She replied, "No, it was not the cold nor the distance, it was the fog. I became discouraged when I could not see my objective."

Fog (lack of confidence and faith) can easily dim our eyes so that we cannot see our objectives. We become discouraged and close our minds so that we cannot receive wisdom and understanding. As a result, we fail in the accomplishments for which we are actually qualified.

In order to gain the joys which accomplishment and achievement bring, we must keep constantly in mind that one task well done leads to the next and makes its achievement less difficult. We must keep fog, complacency, and uncertainty from dimming our eyes and minds, constantly remembering, as the Lord has promised, that as we progress in wisdom and understanding, it shall be given to us more abundantly. Like a muscle that grows stronger through exercise, the successful completion of each new task strengthens our ability to meet and accomplish the next. Step by step as we progress we receive wisdom and knowledge and we enhance our ability to gain added strength and power.

WORK MEETING

The Latter-day Saint Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 14 — Planning and Preserving Traditions Important to the Family

Dr. Virginia F. Cutler

For Second Meeting, March 1964

Objective: To teach values through establishing worthwhile family traditions.

As we think of teaching values through establishing worthwhile family traditions, the thought of love of one's country should be of great importance. Patriotism and love of one's country do not just happen. We must work in times of peace as hard to preserve and perpetuate our ideals as we do to save them in times of war. Every nation has its days celebrating events dear to the hearts of its people. These days are usually commemorating the culmination of ideals realized as a result of much work and sacrifice, and they become traditions in each family, as the days are observed each year in one manner or another. To begin in the family while the children are small to teach this love of country and its flag is important. In every home there should be a flag, the symbol of one's country, and it should be flown on every important day. Family traditions that help children know its value should be carried on throughout the year.

Many nations have annual days of prayer and thanksgiving. America was not the first to proclaim such a day. Ancient Israel observed one

of the oldest thanksgiving celebrations, the "Feast of Tabernacles." The Lord instructed Moses to have the families of Israel gather together in holy convocation ". . . when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land." The families assembled in the open air and constructed booths of "boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook." Here they would "keep it a feast unto the Lord," after performing certain religious rites and with prayers of thanksgiving. (See Leviticus 23: 39-41.)

Thanksgiving is a family gathering day; one in which the traditions of the nation and the traditions of the family may be observed. The Lord has indicated that he is pleased when families gather together in the spirit of worship. A family who lovingly observes the traditions of its fathers enjoys an enduring relationship. To create or maintain a family tradition is to forge a link in a chain binding the members in a closeness of spirit that holds even though they are miles or continents apart. Many of these

special family remembrances are connected with Thanksgiving Day. (See *The Relief Society Magazine*, November 1959, Editorial pp. 738-739.)

The 24th of July calls for other family traditions. Closely linked with love of one's country is love of one's religion and freedom of worship. What can families of today do to honor the pioneers who triumphantly fought the battle of the plains to find a place where they could worship in freedom without being molested? What traditions can be carried on that will be a way of teaching children to honor the pioneers of 1847? The first celebration was held in 1849. After the raising of the national flag, the band played, and the Nauvoo Bell was rung. There was a parade and a program, and every family "dined sumptuously" on fruits of the earth produced by their own hands.

Latter-day Saint families all have some connections with the pioneers, either directly or indirectly. Whatever these connections may be, today's children should hear the pioneer stories whether they be of those coming in 1847, or at some later date. Each family has a member who was first to embrace the gospel who should be honored and remembered. There can be the raising of the flag and the ringing of a bell, and why not a pioneer meal produced in as far as possible by the family, with everyone helping? Pioneers shared whatever they had with their neighbors, and some sharing, too, can be part of the July 24th tradition.

Much has been written about Christmas traditions, and each fam-

ily should develop its own special way of honoring the birth of our Savior. Traditions of Christmas are varied throughout the countries of the world, but they have a significance to families living in each land. These traditions are so well founded that many continue to practice them and make them traditions in their own families, even when they have left the country of their origin.

The Family Hour can well become a cherished tradition. Participation by each member of the family in the planning and programs of such events makes them memorable. Married children then establish this loved tradition in their own homes.

Other traditions are built upon days of deep significance to Latter-day Saint families. The blessing of a babe by father, followed by a family gathering and a review of blessings given babes in Bible times or to ancestors, emphasizes the importance of a name and a father's blessing. The day of baptism and the following confirmation should be set apart as the beginning of a new chapter in life. The account of the first person in the family to be baptized should be given in a way that will always be remembered. Priesthood ordination days and callings to various offices in the Church should be marked by family gatherings and special recognition. These are occasions when individuals being honored will receive encouragement for spiritual growth if given the Bible or *The Book of Mormon* or a subscription to a Church magazine, with a message of encouragement from the family.

Birthdays, of course, must be celebrated, and there will be annual family reunions. But some of the traditions that involve such regular happenings as Saturday cleaning of the house, shining of the shoes, and pressing trousers and dresses in order to be at one's best

for the Lord's Day may make the strongest impression.

What are your family traditions? What ideals do they foster? Your answers will strongly suggest what your family will be twenty years hence. x

LITERATURE • *America's Literature*

The Last Hundred Years

Lesson 46 — Willa Cather, *Lover of Life* (1874-1947)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes Dryden Press, New York, pp. 833-849)

For Third Meeting, March 1964

Objective: To understand and enjoy the sustaining values of Willa Cather's world.

NONE of man's major frustrations is more vexing than his bewildering inability to live — actually, in senses and knowledge and spirit — in any moment other than the immediate one. How helpless he is to re-create into a fully compelling truth even his own yesterdays, which once he lived and was, let alone those of another, which he has never known with such intimacy. None knows this better than Willa Cather, who writes:

(“Light on Adobe Walls,” *On Writing*, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1949, pp. 123-124. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

Though she broke with other worlds and values, Miss Cather created a high artistic integrity within her own. Her art, like her life, was one of intense dedication to principle, her highest being to honor humanity as she had come to know it. Through her art she simplified the clutter which is life until such truth shone through, and she did all — see, live, create — with uncompromising integrity. All her works exhibit such integrity. They are unified by the subtle tone running beneath the surface, by the inner spiritual values which are ever

. . . Nobody can paint the sun, or sunlight. He can only paint the tricks that shadows play with it, or what it does to forms. He cannot even paint those relations of light and shade — he can only paint some emotion they give him, some man-made arrangement of them that happens to give him personal delight . . .

her true concern and which make her pages so unforgettable. Such an achievement came not by chance, but by exemplifying constantly, in her careful craft, her basic literary conviction that every fine story must leave its reader with a feeling of pleasure to be experienced over and over again in the mind, much as one can experience in the memory the perfume of flowers or a beautiful melody.

In a very real sense this integrating unity of style and tone is her most memorable achievement, for once having read her, and having at firsthand partaken of the pleasure of her mind and heart, we can never forget her. But above and beyond the page shines her "spiritual clarity," present only in those writers such as Miss Cather who love the truth with such an abiding dedication that they can tell it. And the truth of her works comes out of her life.

Miss Cather's Life

Born in 1874 to Anglo-Saxon parents who had long worked the soil, Willa moved with her family from her Virginia birthplace when she was nine to the exciting freedoms and promises offered by the virgin Nebraska plains. Nowhere in her essays of published fiction does she make a detectable reference to her parents other than in a poem, "Macon Prairie," which was published in *April Twilights*, a book of poetry which appeared in 1902. If the poem is to be trusted, her parents were bewildered by the irresistible "spirit of Westerning," even while being led west by the indomitable will of her dying aunt.

They came, at last, to where the railway ended,
The strange troop captained by a dying woman;
The father, the old man of perfect silence,
The mother, unresisting, broken-hearted,
The gentle brother and his wife, both timid,
Not knowing why they left their native hamlet;
Going as in a dream, but ever going.
(Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, page 57. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

It was these childhood years spent under the vast prairie sky while living among pioneers newly migrated from the Old World that gave her the themes and values about which her literary achievements were to be built. "That love of great spaces, of rolling, open country like the sea — it's the grand passion of my life." This she learned forever, but the sense of life, which came to have a deeper, larger origin within her, came from her great love for those common, simple folk in whom she found qualities of enduring greatness. In that decade when half a million people became sodhouse pioneers, she grew up in a pattern dominated by European influences. On Sunday she listened to sermons in French, Norwegian, and Danish. In nearby communities no English whatsoever was spoken. These transplanted settlers loved music and group celebrations. Grieg and Liszt still warmed their hearts.

Not until her family moved to Red Cloud in her teens did Willa attend formal school. She had learned Latin from the neighbors who loved this classical tongue and discipline, as she did. With her two grandmothers she read English lit-

erature. But her most important "mines of life" were the hours she spent riding her pony about the free countryside, visiting with warm-hearted Czech and Norwegian women as they baked or churned.

I used to ride home in the most unreasonable state of excitement. I always felt as if they had told me so much more than they said — as if I had actually got inside another person's skin. . . . Their stories used to go round and round in my head at night. This was, with me, the initial impulse (VAN DOREN, CARL: *The American Novel*, The Macmillan Company, 1939, page 282. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

After graduating from high school in Red Cloud, she attended the University of Nebraska where she was editor of the literary magazine, in which her first published work appeared. After her graduation, in 1895, she became a journalist, writing first in Pittsburgh (where for a time she taught English), then later in New York City where she soon became editor of *McClure's Magazine*, one of the leading vehicles for the "Muckrakers," a movement of idealists and journalists who exposed widespread municipal corruptions throughout the budding nation. Although she was thus intimately associated with the grim realities of her contemporaries, she never incorporated any of these "realities" into her fiction. As time was to prove, her imagination was far too concerned with the abundant life as she saw it to permit itself to be trammelled underfoot by life's surface furnishings and trivia.

In her late twenties she made the first of many trips to Europe, and throughout her life traveled widely, in later years returning most often

to the American Southwest. In 1911, when she was thirty-seven years of age, she resigned from her editorship to devote her full energies to creative writing. *O Pioneers!*, one of her most successful novels, appeared in 1913. *My Antonia* (1918), probably her best-loved work save perhaps for *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (1927), firmly established her growing reputation. Death came to Willa Cather in 1947 while she was living in New York City. During her lifetime she had written one book of poems, a book of essays, her autobiography, three collections of stories, and twelve novels. In very deed her art was her life, a conviction Miss Cather phrased well in *The Song of the Lark*:

. . . what was any art but an effort to make a sheath, a mould in which to imprison for a moment the shining, elusive element which is life itself, — life hurrying past us and running away, too strong to stop, too sweet to lose? (*The Song of the Lark*, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1924, page 304. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

That she loved her writing and the tools of her craft is amply proved by the above and foregoing quotations from her pen; that she honored other loves can be shown through definition and examples drawn from her works.

Love of Place

Alexandra Bergson, the strong, serene heroine of *O Pioneers!*, has shouldered the responsibility of pioneering their ranchland for her family. After making sure that the battle is won, she finally promises to marry Carl, her patient childhood

sweetheart now long grown to manhood.

"... I've lived here a long time. There is great peace here, Carl, and freedom. . . ."

"You belong to the land," Carl murmured, "as you have always said. Now more than ever." . . .

They paused on the last ridge of the pasture, overlooking the house and the windmill and the stables that marked the site of John Bergson's homestead. On every side the brown waves of the earth rolled away to meet the sky.

"Lou and Oscar can't see those things," said Alexandra suddenly. "Suppose I do will my land to their children, what difference will that make? The land belongs to the future, Carl; that's the way it seems to me. How many of the names on the county clerk's plat will be there in fifty years? I might as well try to will the sunset over there to my brother's children. We come and go, but the land is always here. And the people who love it and understand it are the people who own it — for a little while" (CATHER, WILLA: *O Pioneers!*, Houghton Mifflin, 1938, pp. 307-308. Reprinted by permission of the publishers).

Willa Cather loved a place until it became an emotion perceivable to the senses. Another example of this is found in her description of New Mexico's hot dry air, fragrant with sagebrush and sweet clover, as apprehended by Father Latour, the great central character of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. (See *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, Alfred A. Knopf, 1927, pp. 276-277.)

Love of Beauty

From her childhood friendship with a German family who dearly loved German music and their great national artists, Miss Cather grew to love "the finer things," often defending them against the greedy coarseness of pioneer life, as shown

in "The Sculptor's Funeral," one of her most famous short stories. Its same theme she later enlarged into her novel *The Song of the Lark*, which tells how a girl in a Colorado mining town escapes from her unsympathetic environment to find eventual fulfilment as a great singer for the Metropolitan Opera. This same theme is also used in her story "A Wagner Matinee." The story teller's aunt had left her position as a teacher at the Boston Conservatory to marry a shiftless boy and run away to Nebraska where they had farmed for thirty years. Now she has returned for the first time, and attends a symphony concert featuring the works of Richard Wagner. Read aloud, if available, the paragraph beginning "The first number was the Tannhauser" through "refuse about the kitchen door."

If Miss Cather's greatness is to be explained by any one achievement, it might well be by the compassion and sympathy with which she thus writes of her fellow mortals. Gentle, kind, understanding, she sees human weakness and forgives, but more often she finds strength that triumphs — often through love. Yet in this achievement she once more exemplifies her own critical standards, for as she has written, it is the gift of sympathy, the giving of himself absolutely to his material, which enables a writer to achieve something noble and enduring.

Though Miss Cather loved music and art with a lifelong passion, her own "fine thing" is her great sympathy for others, seen sharply and expressed out of her warm heart. And this beauty, along with

those already mentioned, is nicely exemplified in perhaps her most popular short story, "Neighbour Rosicky," which appears in our text. (This story is printed in *Obscure Destinies*, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1932. Excerpts are reprinted herein by permission of the publishers.)

Love of People

As the story opens, Rosicky's good friend, Dr. Burleigh, has just informed him that his heart is weak and that he must stop doing all heavy duties on the farm. As he receives the news, Rosicky's contented disposition and easy manner sustain him under such a bitter blow.

"Well, I guess you ain't got no pills fur a bad heart, Doctor Ed. I guess the only thing is fur me to git me a new one." But despite such jokes, the doctor cautions him even while reminding him how lucky he is.

". . . Rosicky, you are one of the few men I know who has a family he can get some comfort out of; happy dispositions, never quarrel among themselves, and they treat you right. I want to see you live a few years and enjoy them" (text, page 835).

Both to others, as to the members of their own family, the Rosicky's seem entirely selfless, following the pattern of the father, as they pour forth affection, consideration, and potential wealth to insure each other's health and contentment. Without envy they watch their neighbors sell their cream and put the money in the bank, buying more land and cattle than they. But when it is suggested they turn their cream into profit by selling it to the

creamery, the indignant Mary is at once on the defensive.

"Yes," said Mary, "and look at them Fassler children! Pale, pinched little things, they look like skimmed milk. I'd rather put some colour into my children's faces than put money into the bank . . ."

"I guess we'll do like she says," said Rosicky.

When Polly, his new daughter-in-law, needs to get away, it is Rosicky who arranges to lend them his car, then takes over the apron and dishcloth to clean up the kitchen so the young couple can get away for the evening to enjoy each other. After they came from their bedroom all dressed in their best and looking a little stiff:

. . . Rosicky hurried them off, and then he took his own time with the dishes. He scoured the pots and pans and put away the milk and swept the kitchen. He put some coal in the stove and shut off the draughts, so the place would be warm for them when they got home late at night. Then he sat down and had a pipe and listened to the clock tick (text, page 842).

In his hour of contentment he plans further how he can keep his Rudolph and Polly near him on the land he loves, rather than allowing them to run away, lured by the regular salary and seeming security of the Omaha stockyards, a security which Rosicky knows is slavery when compared to owning your own land.

Drought has curdled the land and Rudolph, the new husband, feels his farmer's life brings greater responsibilities than he need bear. But Rosicky tells him of past droughts far fiercer than any Rudolph has known, and how, when

Rosicky had once discovered on the Fourth of July that his forty acres of corn had been cooked and destroyed while in the husk, his family had a picnic and really enjoyed the blessings that still were theirs.

“. . . An' we enjoyed ourselves that year, poor as we was, an' our neighbours wasn't a bit better off for bein' miserable. Some of 'em grieved till they got poor digestions and couldn't relish what they did have" (*Ibid.*, page 844).

Rosicky then tells his family for the first time how hard his life had been as a starving tailor in London, when he became so hungry that he ate the goose his landlady had cooked the day before the family holiday and hidden in his room from her hungry children, feeling that she could trust him. Desperate in his self-condemnation and shame, he had met some fellow Czechs coming out of a restaurant, and, though he had never known them before, he had begged them, "Fellow-countrymen, for God's sake give me money enough to buy a goose!"

Now for the first time his family understands his endless generosity. Polly begins addressing him as

"Father" rather than as "Mr. Rosicky," and when soon he overexerts himself at raking thistles from his newly sown land and dies, all who loved him know he lies at peace in the simple cemetery overgrown with wild red grass surrounded by the land and people he loved.

Increasingly throughout her life Miss Cather solved the pressing problems of her contemporaries by ignoring them while she re-created the noble common people out of the past into literary immortality. Always her most "real" world was that of the human spirit and the goodness and strength to endure and to be happy which she always found there. And such values were created in her own image, heightened and simplified through her selfless art. This is her highest praise.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Though not an immigrant herself, why did Willa Cather esteem them so highly?
2. Discuss a passage from her writings as exemplifying the beauty which her readers have found in her characters.
3. Why did Anton Rosicky dislike large cities? working for wages? What was his real source of strength and peace?

Old-Fashioned Thinking

Beulah Huish Sadleir

What if I heard sleigh bells?
It could be a welcome sound
To complement the stillness when
New snow is on the ground.

I would hurry to the window
To see the cutter glide
Along the smoothly padded street
Where summer pavements hide.

Church Government: Its Organization and Structure

Lesson 12 — Church Courts (Councils of Justice), an Essential Part of Church Government

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Fourth Meeting, March 1964

Objective: To help establish an appreciation for justice and mercy in the divine Church.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face (Psalms 89:14).

For they shall be judged according to their works, and every man shall receive according to his own works . . . (D & C 76:111).

Behold, he who has repented of his sins, the same is forgiven, and I, the Lord, remember them no more (D & C 58:42).

Basic Philosophy Governing Human Association

The most impelling and dynamic influence in this world is love. It is the most God-like characteristic of man. It is also the most important law of life. Jesus said that the love of God and love of fellow men are basic to all the counsel and direction from heaven.

Love is a social law essential to all successful human relations. Man himself is a social being. He is the product of his interaction with people and with God. He is born into a family; he grows and develops in a group experience. Through this experience learning takes place and he becomes familiar with the values

of his groups. Through the choices he makes and the cultivation of ideas he secures a place in his family, his society, and, eventually, in the kingdom of our Father. He cannot do this in isolation. The plan of salvation is based upon knowing how to live successfully with one's fellow men.

1. The Chosen and Elect. In our previous discussions it has been pointed out that the great objective of the gospel, the real mission of Jesus Christ, is to save mankind. It is to bring men and women to a state of perfection whereby they can participate with comfort and assurance as the chosen and elect in the kingdom of God. The chosen and elect are those who can comprehend the wisdom of God and apply the correct formula for living as it has been developed in the design of the Creator. This in no way detracts from man's agency.

2. Salvation and Perfection. God made man in his image. Therefore, the potentials of Godhood are inherent in man. The plan of salvation includes the directions for be-

coming perfect. Our degree of perfection will depend on the use we make of the divine direction, instruction, and guidance.

The purpose of the Church is to save and exalt mankind. This implies giving him the opportunity for the full expression and development of his capabilities. In all its activity, the Church offers stimulation for advancement. Dr. Widtsoe says, "It should always be remembered that the Church exists to save, not to condemn men" (*Program of the Church*, 1941 edition, page 162).

Essentials in Human Behavior

To attain the perfection referred to above, there are a number of important factors that must come together in proper relationship in the life of each individual. In the first place, there must be an accepted way for human beings to act in relation to other human beings. Second, there must be firmness, patience, love, understanding, and consistency in teaching the socially accepted values. Third, the person (each person) must learn the art of self-control.

The Lord has revealed the way of life which holds the greatest promise and the most direct path to perfection. The tenderness of a mother's love provides the basic environment for the training process in the accepted values. The home is assisted in this training by the Church, the school, and society in general; but until the person has learned the art of self-discipline and is able to perform, to make choices that are in harmony with the law and in line with the design of the

Creator, he will not achieve the desired perfection.

1. Human Error. In the process of growing up (developing and maturing), infringement upon the rights of others and disregard for accepted social values become common errors. It is the human element, undirected or misdirected, that retards the perfection of the individual.

2. Law in Church and State. Government is instituted among men to secure order and protect rights, personal and property. In the United States and in many other countries, law is established by the people. Conformity to the law brings freedom to the individual and peace and security to the group. Knowing the law is basic to being free. This is even more true in reference to divine law. The scripture instructs us to know the truth and it will make us free. (John 8:32.)

Man's law has a tendency to exact "a pound of flesh" for the broken law. There is a common philosophy that the effective treatment for law-breaking (crime) is punishment, physical suffering. For each infraction of the law, the offender must pay by a like infraction on his freedom or personal comfort. As a result of this philosophy, order or obedience to the law is too frequently based on fear of the punishment rather than a growth and development evidenced in action which reflects knowledge of an understanding of the purpose of law in society.

3. The Hope of Repentance. The objective of divine law is to stimulate human beings to reach up, to extend themselves, having as their ideal the perfection of the Savior.

If and when error creeps in, the divine principles of repentance and forgiveness open the way for the reformation of the individual. Throughout the ages God has chosen great leaders to work with the wayward, calling them to repentance in an effort to bring them back to the fold.

Righteousness and Perfection

Related

There is the element of merit in all God's dealings with human beings. Credit toward perfection is given for every good deed performed in this life. His plan is to return every soul to the kingdom of heaven. As men live near to the counsel of God, they avoid the sorrow and suffering of the social evils. Freed from these shackles they are able to produce and advance. (Read IV Nephi.)

The plan of life and salvation teaches all men the value and benefit of righteous living. The wayward are given special attention with the hope that they will recognize their mistakes, exercise their agency, and elect to follow the design of the Creator. The laws of the land tend to banish people in their sins. The objective here seems to be punishment, not reformation or perfection. Jails are full of living testimonies of this attitude.

Objectives of Church Courts

The courts of the Church echo the plan of the gospel. They are designed to bring people to repentance. The objective of the Church courts is to bring to light the truth in the case, not to condemn and destroy, but to encourage reorienta-

tion of life in harmony with the eternal values of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

True repentance involves recognition of error, sincere sorrow for the action, restitution for the wrong done, and turning away from the error. The real success of the Church court is attained in true repentance of the one in error.

However, "sin is the transgression of the law" (I John 3:4) and God does not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. To persist in sin produces an evil nature and will eventually destroy any claims to the mercy of heaven. The extremes of sinfulness are found in the taking of life and denying the Holy Ghost, for which there is no forgiveness.

Church Punishment

The most severe and far-reaching decision of the Latter-day Saints Church court is to sever the person's relationship with the kingdom of God. This court action is excommunication. It means that the person has lost all of the blessings of membership in the Church. All endowments and sealings, as well as Priesthood and membership, are broken, set aside, and nullified.

While it is the duty of the court to excommunicate if the conditions warrant this action, it is also the duty of every person in the court and every member of the Church to be forgiving.

. . . I say unto you, that ye ought to forgive one another; for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; for there remaineth in him the greater sin. I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive,

but of you it is required to forgive all men (D & C 64:9-10).

However, the authorized judge in a bishop's court or other courts is required to pronounce sentence for the sins of individuals and may be in a position where he must exact severe penalties. Following judgment, every judge should have the spirit of forgiveness in his heart.

1. *It Is High to Be a Judge.* To be a judge requires great knowledge, great wisdom, mercy, love, and understanding. These are attributes of perfection. God is perfect and he is, therefore, a just judge. Those who are commissioned to act for God upon the earth, particularly in the Church courts, are expected to make their decisions motivated by the attributes of the Great Judge. As the decision is given, a program of training and encouragement for the rehabilitation of the person should begin.

2. *The Successful Court.* The Church courts are really successful when the person truly repents and, through decisions motivated by recognition of truth, moves toward the better life. God then becomes the final judge of the honesty and sincerity of the individual, expressed in the activity of his or her new life. Eventually, by following divine counsel, there is the possibility that former blessings may be restored. Certain blessings, however, can be restored only by the President of the Church or one of the apostles who is authorized to do so. We must repeat again that the objective of the gospel of Jesus Christ is to save and exalt every human being.

The Church exists to save and not to condemn mankind.

The Limitation of Church Courts

The specific function of the Church courts is to establish the worthiness or unworthiness of an accused person to hold membership in the Church. This is the only area (Church membership) over which the Church has the right of decision. One may be deprived of activity and blessings without losing membership. Action against law breakers is in the jurisdiction of the courts of the secular government.

1. *Causes for Church Court Action.* There are a number of offenses for which a person can be tried for his membership in the Church. They include persistence in the teaching of false doctrine; deliberate acts of disobedience to the teachings of the gospel; insubordination; and the breaking of the moral law with its many ramifications.

2. *Cases for Civil Courts.* In Section 42 of the Doctrine and Covenants verses 79, 84-86, specific reference is made to the type of anti-social behavior that should be turned over to the law of the land. At the same time it emphasizes the fact that for all such behavior the person is also breaking God's commandments. "And if he or she do any manner of iniquity, he or she shall be delivered up unto the law, even that of God" (D & C 42:87). The Church acts with regard to the breaking of the laws of the Lord, and the State with the laws of the land.

3. *Mutual Understanding.* In his teachings on the handling of anti-

social behavior, the Lord points out, first, that if there is a problem between two people, they should get together and settle their dispute or problem by mutual understanding. If they cannot agree, then they should call in the ward teachers to assist in the solution. Every effort should be made by the parties involved to settle their problem without bringing it to the Church courts. To do this successfully, both parties must be honest, sincere, and forgiving.

The Lord also taught the importance and sacredness of the confidence of the repentant person, emphasizing that only the people actually involved in the problem should participate in the discussion and solution.

The Value of Membership

There are two penalties that the Church courts can inflict upon the members. A person, for cause, may be disfellowshipped or excommunicated. To disfellowship a person means to deny him or her the privilege of participating in any office or calling the Church has, and highly restricts his or her activity. Eventually, through righteous living, he or she may be reinstated to full fellowship.

Excommunication, however, removes the name of the person from the Church records and takes away all rights to Church activity and blessings. The only way back to membership for this person is through repentance and baptism. Certain offenders may be re-admitted to membership by the court which took the action, but others must be determined and taken care

of by the First Presidency and the Twelve, or at least the President of the Church or under his direction.

Continued Responsibility. Membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is sacred and enduring. The covenants made in baptism, in the temple, and in accepting the Priesthood are eternal in nature. Once a member of this Church, the only way out is by court action and excommunication. However, when the covenants have been made and the ordinances performed, the responsibility never ends. The court action relieves one of the blessings, but it cannot relieve one of his knowledge of the truth. When one receives a witness of the reality of God the Father, his Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, he cannot be free of the responsibility of that testimony even in excommunication. God is eternal. He is the final judge. "His purposes fail not, neither are there any who can stay his hand" (D & C 76:3).

Divisions of Church Courts

Normally with the Church there are three councils of justice. They are: (1) The Bishop's Court. This court is made up of the bishop and his two counselors. Their jurisdiction is limited to the membership of their ward. If the counselors are not available or are disqualified, the bishop may appoint one or two high priests not of the high council to sit in judgment with him. In exceptional cases, the stake presidency may direct the bishop to hold court in another ward. This may occur if the accused has reason to believe that a member of his own bishopric

may be connected in some way with the problems involved in the case. The person could then petition the stake presidency for change of venue.

The Bishop's Court can pronounce excommunication upon lay members or Aaronic Priesthood holders who are found guilty. This court can only disfellowship holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood. They can, however, refer such cases to the stake high council for further action. There is a right of appeal from the Bishop's Court to the Stake High Council Court. (D & C 42:87-92; 134:10,11.)

(2) The Stake High Council Court. This court is composed of twelve high priests, members of the high council, presided over by the stake presidency. It hears the appeals from the Bishop's Court, but action may also originate in this court. Only the more serious cases are brought to this court. Appeals can be made from this court to the First Presidency of the Church. (D & C 102.)

(3) Council of the First Presidency. The President of the Church with his two Counselors constitutes the personnel of this court. It is within the power of this court to decide any case that may arise in the Church. They may, if they consider it necessary, call other high priests to help them. A major function of this court is to review the appeals from all over the Church. The decision of this court is final. (D & C 107:79; 102:27.)

(4) Courts in the Missions. The mission president has the authority within the mission under his direction to authorize a trial for the fellowship or membership of a Church

member. The mission president is responsible for the selection of the persons to serve on the council and to see that the court is conducted according to the approved pattern.

The only courts within a mission authorized to sit upon a case involving the membership or fellowship of a Church member, are the elders' court called by the mission president, in which he himself presides, or a branch presidency's court which sits only upon authorization of the mission president.

A branch court, with full consultation with the mission president, may levy such penalties as disfellowshipment upon any member, or excommunication in cases involving women or men not holding the Melchizedek Priesthood. . . .

Where a branch court tries a holder of the Melchizedek Priesthood and it becomes necessary to excommunicate the individual the case is to be referred to the elders' court in which the mission president presides (Mission Presidents' Handbook of Instructions, page BR 14).

Procedure in a Bishop's Court

There are definite procedures to be carried out in properly conducting a Church trial. Each step is essential. (1) The first step is signing a complaint by an accuser witnessed by the bishop. (2) A summons is issued allowing enough time for the accused to appear. (3) The trial is opened with prayer. (4) The complaint is read. The accused is asked to state whether guilty or not guilty. (5) If guilty, judgment is pronounced. (6) If not guilty, the trial proceeds. (7) Witnesses are examined to establish the truth of the charge. (8) Witnesses are examined for the defense. The accused may testify on his own behalf. (9) The evidence of each witness is written down. (10) It is then read

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to the witness involved, corrected, then signed by the witness. (11) After all evidence is in, the bishopric renders its decision. (12) The decision is written on a prepared blank. (13) A copy is given to the accused. (14) If the accused holds the Melchizedek Priesthood, and the court recommends excommunication, a complete report of the trial and recommendations are sent immediately to the stake presidency. (15) All papers used in the total procedure of this court are entered in order in a special book making a complete case record of the trial.

The responsibility for making the decision in the case rests on the presiding officer. He then asks for the sustaining vote of the council.

Summary

Church Courts or Councils of Justice are essential to personal development of offenders. They stimulate the art of discipline. They have a wholesome effect upon the sinner. These courts support and sustain the high ideals and values in our way of life.

It should be remembered that love is the real motivation of the Priesthood and should be basic to all human association. Certainly the dispensing of justice in the Church courts should be as full of mercy as is assured by the Master, himself.

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Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what way do courts contribute to law and order?
2. What is the real evidence of repentance?
3. What is the objective of divine law? Of civil law?
4. What is the working relationship between repentance and forgiveness?

Astronaut

Grace Barker Wilson

He rose to meet the morning
And outran the growing day;
He hurried through the midnight
Counting stars along the way.
He glimpsed beyond the vastness
Of earthly time and place
The smallness of the earth men,
The mighty void of space.
He drew a wider knowledge
From the science path he trod,
And a far greater vision
Of the glory that is God.

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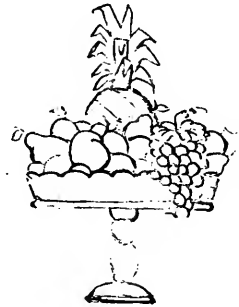
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(continued from page 929)

Method: Grind ham and pickles on medium knife of food chopper. Combine with mustard, celery, and salad dressing. Cut top off buns and remove most of soft portion. Save crumbs for other dishes. Fill each bun with ham mixture, slightly rounding top. Sprinkle with cheese and bake in 350 degree oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until buns are hot and cheese melted and slightly crusty. Makes about 12 rolls. For other occasions regular buns may be used. Note: It is necessary to order the uncut miniature hot dog buns from the baker. When using the regular size be sure to specify that they be uncut also.

CHEESE BALL

- 1 5-oz. jar blue processed cheese
- 2 5-oz. jars American processed pimento cheese
- 4 3-oz. pkg. white cream cheese
- 2 tbsp. grated onion
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. food accent
- 1 c. coarsely chopped pecans
pieces of chipped beef, if desired
- ½ c. chopped parsley

Method: Blend cheeses, onion, Worcestershire, and food accent with mixer until smooth. Add ½ of the pecans and ¼ c. of the parsley. Form into a ball. Place in a bowl lined with waxed paper. Cover and chill over night. About one hour before serving, roll ball in remaining pecans and parsley or roll in torn chipped beef pieces. Place on serving dish and surround with crackers.

NEVER-FAIL PASTRY

- 2 c. flour
- 1 c. shortening
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- ⅓ c. cold milk

Method: Mix flour, shortening, and salt until part of mixture is fine as cornmeal and part resembles small peas in size. An electric mixer may be used. Remove from mixer; stir vinegar into milk and add to flour mixture. Roll out very thin on floured canvas or cloth with well-floured rolling pin. Cut out circles to fit in tart pans. Prick well and bake for 10 to 12 minutes in 450 degree oven. Makes about 30 to 36 tarts, depending on size, or one large double crust pie or 2 large single-crust pies.

HOLLYBERRY WASSAIL

- 4 c. bottled cranberry juice
- 2 6-oz. cans frozen concentrated lemonade
- 6½ c. water
- 9 whole cloves
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 2/3 c. sugar

Method: Mix spices, cranberry juice, and water. Bring to a rolling boil, cover, remove from heat and let stand about 3 minutes. Strain and discard spices. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add concentrated lemonade. Mix well. Serve hot. If desired, garnish each cup with portion of lemon or orange slice and a green cherry. Makes about 3 quarts or 24 four-ounce servings.

After dessert has been served, like the last act of a play, the happy ending comes with an evening of conversation, or amusing games, sprinkled with Christmas carols and laughter with loved ones and friends. Home for the holidays—the epitome of good times, good food, good friends!

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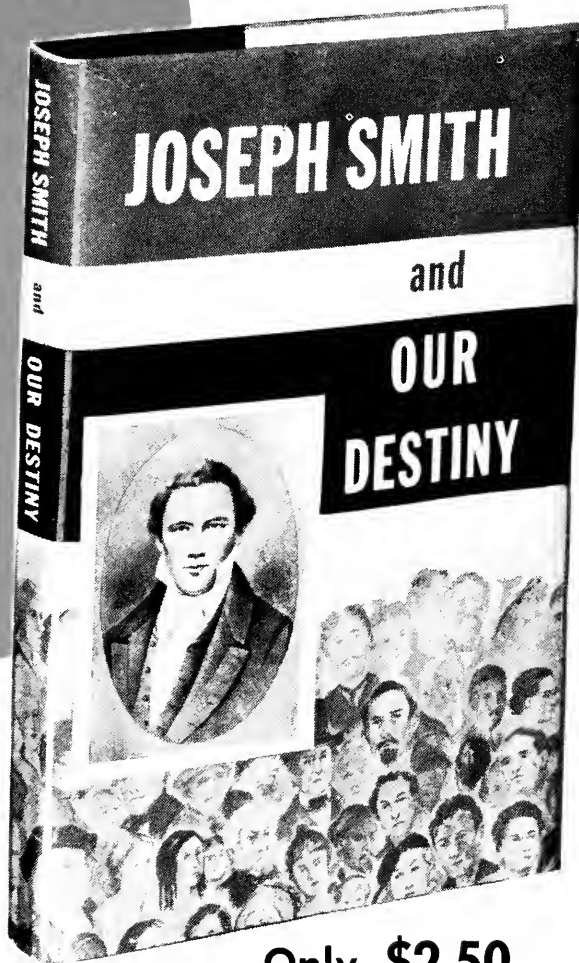
Past Grownup Sight

Ida Elaine James

She always was the queerest child,
The neighbors used to say;
The queerest, oddest, weirdest child;
When she should be at play
With children who were careless, wild,
Upon a romping day,
She would perch upon a curb, or chair,
With eyes too big and round
And somewhere past their shoulders
stare
At what her eyes had found.

She never told them all that she
Was thinking, or would hear;
But all of it she told to me
Who never called her queer.

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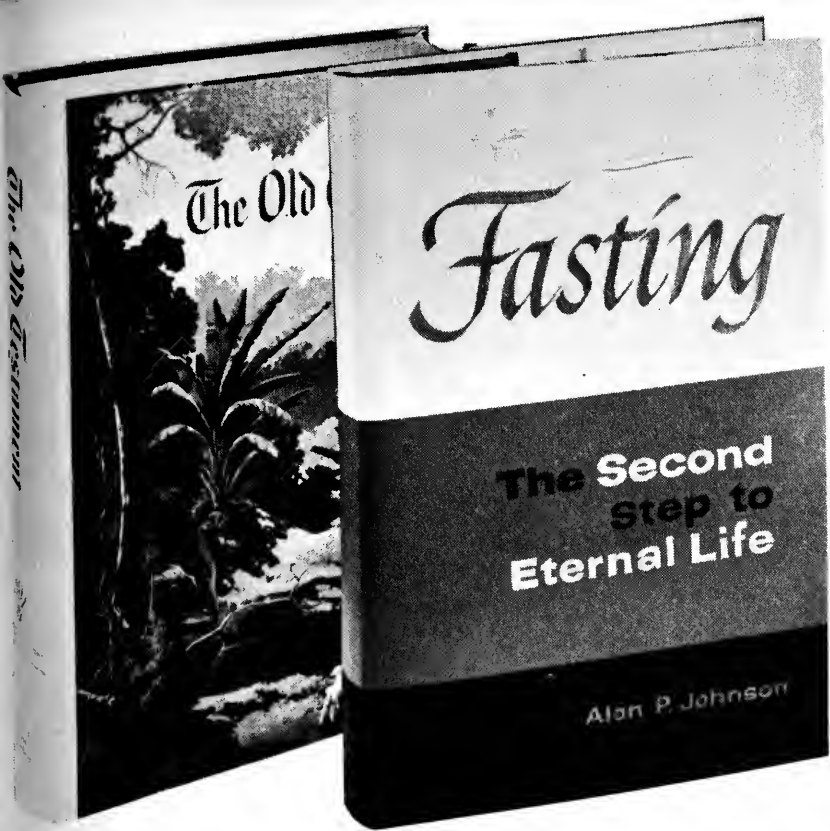
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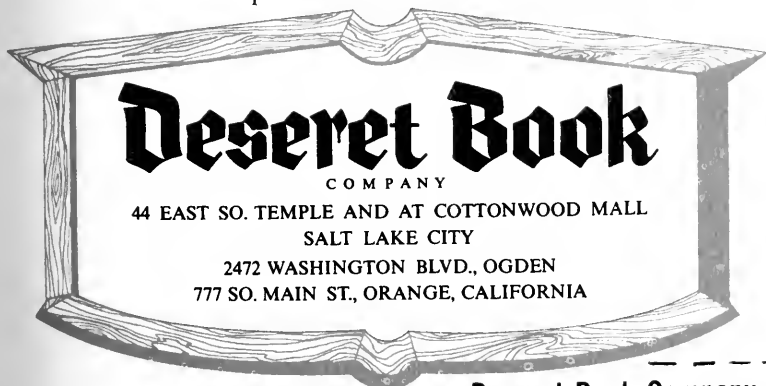
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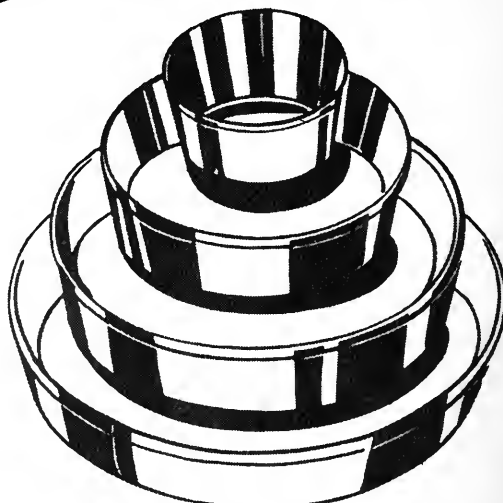
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